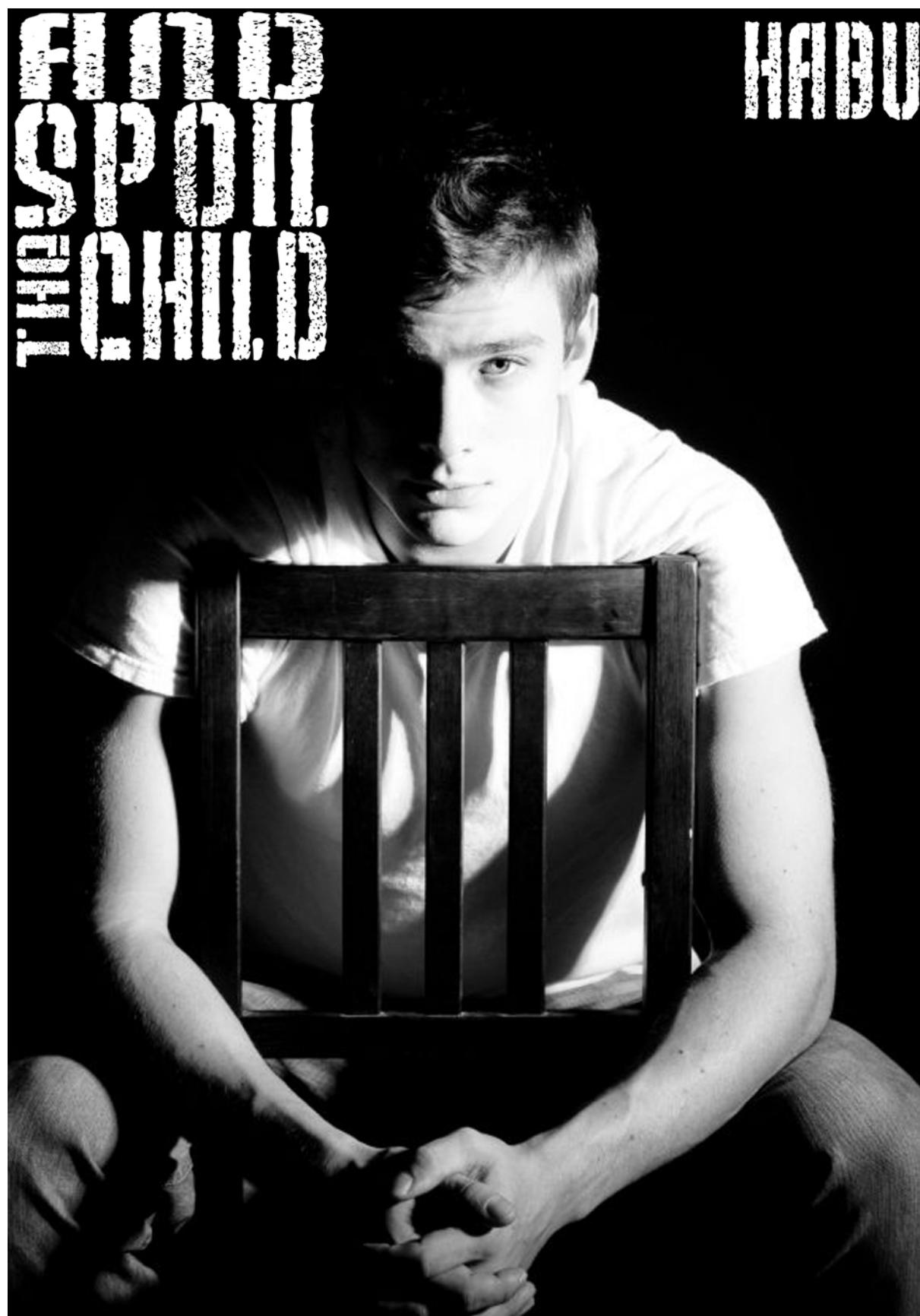


FOUND
SPOIL,
THE
CHILD

HABU



WARNING: This book is not transferable. It is for your own personal use. If it is sold, shared, or given away, it is an infringement of the copyright of this work and violators will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

This book is for sale to ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be accessed by minors.

All sexually active characters in this work are 18 years of age or older.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are solely the product of the author's imagination and/or are used fictitiously, though reference may be made to actual historical events or existing locations. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

Cover Design: Selena Kitt

And Spoil the Child © February 2010 habu

eXcessica publishing

All rights reserved

And Spoil the Child

by habu

We had to be quiet about it, and someone could walk in on us at almost any moment. But that's why I loved fucking Trevor in his office. The risk of what we were doing, right under everyone's nose, was much of the arousal I have gotten from him for over two decades now.

He was moaning as I finished preparing him, giving his cock the full attention of my mouth until he was groaning and hard as a rock, and then coming back up from under the knee-hole of his big mahogany desk and stripping off my own trousers and briefs and straddling his cock as he sat in that big leather chair of his. And while I rose and fell on his cock and he unbuttoned my shirt and smothered my chest with kisses, I stared down from the big lead-glass window behind him, down into the quad, where the students strolled back and forth to class and sports center and library and dormitory, and dreamed of taking all of them under my wing and fucking them to oblivion.

I love this school, this college preparatory school that has sheltered me and my interests ever since I was a student here myself.

Perhaps I should digress here and make quite clear what Mount Holly is—and what it is not. Mount Holly is one of those specialty schools dotted around the Virginia and North Carolina countryside for young men with special needs—and for parents living at some distance from Virginia and North Carolina who are tired of dealing with those special needs.

Our own version of the special-needs school is a post-high school, two-year prep school for athletes who have been offered college scholarships but whose grades are not yet up to par for entry into the Carolina coast universities the school feeds into. That is what we put in our recruitment brochures. What it is beyond that, why we have no

trouble keeping our enrollment up and our steep tuition being paid—what parents know by whispered word of mouth—is that It also is a “holding” school for those who have gotten themselves in trouble. A good many of them who have gotten themselves in the same sort of trouble that brought me to Mount Holly when I left high school and no college was yet ready to enroll me. To be bald, we are where parents park their sons who can’t keep their peters in their pants or their belts buckled when other men are around.

What I never can quite fathom, though, is why parents send us their wayward gay sons to “straighten” them out when an objective look at our record—if indeed we ever let anyone close to looking at our records—would clearly reveal that we do just the opposite. But then, I suppose we get the young men when their parents have truly given up on curing or curbing them and just want to get them out of town.

The proclivities that landed me at Mount Holly are the same that make a good many young men here available to me now that I teach here—and I never had the desire to have sex with other men “educated” out of me here either. If anything, my tendencies have been enhanced by Mount Holly, not least by Trevor, who had been one of my professors then—in fact, who had held the same chair I now occupy in the English Department, not to mention the same position between the spread legs of the type of luscious, willing young man that I now enjoy.

My short session with Trevor had only wetted my appetite. I decided to drift by the locker room at the sports center, which in honest recognition of what paid for this school, is plopped down in the choicest central location of the school grounds. I was in luck. Not only was there some very inviting young tail hanging out in the locker room,

soccer team practice having just completed, but when I went back toward the rear of the locker room, supposedly headed for a discussion with one of the coaches, I passed the massage room, where one of the students was receiving a special massage from what a pumping brown ass that I was sure I recognized—and soon would be enjoying myself—was driving.

I slid into the room and over to the side, beside a football equipment rack and in the shadows. The two young men seemed much too preoccupied with each other to notice me.

I couldn't see who the youth being serviced was, but by his moaning and sighing and egging the other guy on, I assured myself that he voluntarily was on his back on the massage table. He was white, I could tell that much—and small of stature, even if having the leg muscles of a runner. The legs were all I really could comment on, as those were all I could see—spread out, one to the side and one at an upward acute angle, both fisted at the ankles by big brown hands.

The brown youth was slim at the waist but broad at the shoulders, covered with black, curly body hair, and his butt cheeks were bulbous but firm and quivering as they tightened with the plunging of the pelvis and loosened when the pelvis was brought back. The only other really prominent features were that the young man had long, black, curly hair that danced around his head in rhythm to the fuck and a pair of jeans and briefs bunched up around his ankles.

He was humming and telling the smaller, white guy, what a nice, tight hole he had and what a nice lay he was—the usual things a top tells a bottom to keep him around and in control through the final act.

It didn't take them long to reach the final act. The brown student was a real pile driver. I admired the capacities of youths and thought again how great I felt to be able to work at this school. If he was who I thought he was, I'd wanted to see him in action for some time. And he didn't disappoint. The guy he was spiking cried out for him to slow down, to give him time to breathe, not to plow so deep, and the brown youth just laughed and moved his pistoning into a higher gear, met by deeper groans and moans from the youth writhing under him.

When it was over, the brown youth lowered his chest onto the other guy's and they kissed and whispered in tones I couldn't hear. I was left with the impression that the white youth wasn't fully satisfied yet. But a bell rung in the all-campus system, and the brown youth pulled his briefs and jeans up and turned, as I melted even farther into the shadows. I got a good look at his face, though, and it was as I had surmised. I was happy. It wouldn't be that long before I had him alone myself.

He left the room and the smaller white youth remained there, on his back, his knees drawn up and his bare heels dug into the edge of the table.

I walked over and stood below him, at the foot of the massage table, and he raised up on his elbows and looked at me between his legs. He didn't seem at all concerned that an adult—quite obviously a faculty member—was standing and watching him naked and spread out in a postcoital condition.

"Are you a student?" I asked. "I don't seem to recognize you, and it's a small college. I think I would."

"I'm Brian, Brian Connuit," he answered. Still unconcerned. In fact, he had taken his cock in his hand and was stroking it off slowly. And he was smiling at me. A cute

little blond. Long legs for his torso, though, and not an ounce of fat on him. Obviously a runner as I had surmised earlier. I ran “track and field” team through my mental database of students and was still coming up with a blank.

“I’ve just transferred—or rather have been sent down again—from Jackson Hall.”

“Ah, yes, now I remember.” And I certainly did. Now the name and situation occurred to me. His parents were Boston blue-blood rich, but he was being shuffled from school to school because he couldn’t get enough from other male students wherever he was. But he had promise in track and field. He was a good swimmer too, according to the records. We only take cases like his if they are also good athletes—we have a brochure reputation to maintain.

“Well, Mr. Connuit, do you have something you want to say? Some explanation for—” I wanted him, but I wanted him to be just a little afraid of the trouble he might be in.

“Yes, I think I can say something, yes. Or ask something. Are you using that hard cock between your legs, or are you willing to share?”

I looked down my belly. No wonder he hadn’t looked worried about being caught at it. I’d been so aroused at seeing him get fucked that I’d unzipped myself and had been masturbating as I watched. What was there to do in this situation, but to laugh, walk between his legs, let him draw my cock into his channel with his hands, and show him that thirty-eight-year-old professors knew a thing or two about fucking too?

God, I love my teaching job at this school.

* * * *

“Oh, God, God. You aren’t giving me time to adjust, Professor. What’s the hurry?”

“I . . . I have to finish you early this afternoon, Spiros,” I huffed. “I have a two o’clock appointment.” I had my Greek god of a senior teaching assistant doubled over the arm of my sofa in my office, and I had plowed my way eight inches into his ass.

“Ahh, ahhhhh!” he moaned. “At least let me spread my legs. Allow me to open up more. You are just too thick and long.”

I had his legs encased between mine, tightening up his ass to maximize the friction, and the palm of one hand buried in the middle of his lithe and sinewy back, pushing his chest down in the cushions of the sofa. But now I brought my own torso down, my nipples digging into his back muscles, and my hands snaking around him, one hand going to his nipples and the other to his flat, pulsating belly. I pushed his hips higher across the sofa arm, finding new depths with my throbbing cock.

I leaned my lips close to his ear. “I thought you loved my thick, long cock,” I whispered. “I thought the length of my cock was what attracted you to applying to be my assistant.”

“That’s right,” he gasped. “But you’ve always given me time to adjust before.”

“Do you want me to stop, Spiros?” I asked. “I would never force you.”

“No, I want it, Professor. But you’re splitting me. Please let me widen my legs.”

“You were getting too used to it the other way, Spiros. I haven’t heard you moan the way you did the first time for weeks now. I want to hear that moan again.”

“Please, Professor. Oh, oh, ahhhhhh!” I had pulled nearly all the way out of him, and slowly pushed in again. Then he did start the old familiar moaning, as I stroked him in long strokes.

“That’s it, Spiros. That’s the moan I wanted to hear.”

“Uh, uhhh, uhhh. It’s never been this tight and this deep before,” he groaned.

“And yet I haven’t reached bottom yet,” I whispered in his ear again. “Tell me, did you go and get tested like I asked?”

“Yes, Sir. I’m clean, sir.”

“I’m glad to hear that, Spiros. I’m very pleased to hear that.” And then I pulled all of the way out of him, but I kept his body encased in mine, and I stayed out only long enough to roll the condom off my cock. Then I slid back into him, throbbing penis skin sliding along undulating ass walls.

“Sir, sir, but sir. Oh my God! Oh fuck. That feels so amazing. Oh, sir! Ahhh, ahhh, ahhh.”

“Do you want me to stop now?” I asked. “Just another inch or so. Can you feel it? Can you feel my throbbing cock head?”

“Yes, yes, I feel it. No, please don’t stop! I’ve never been filled like this before. I think I’m going to c-u-mmm!”

I stuck my tongue in his ear and then closed my teeth gently on his ear lobe, and with a scream of ecstasy, he shot his load, spilling his young, hot seed on the leather sofa cushion.

“And I think I’m about to shoot too,” I said in a low, husky voice. “Have you ever been barebacked before? Do you know how it feels to be flooded?”

“No, never. Oh, God, oh God!” And he felt it now, as I unloaded deep inside him.

We laid there for a couple of minutes, and then I told him he’d have to quickly dress and clean up the sofa and take off so I could prepare for my two o’clock appointment. I watched his twitching little butt go out my door and felt quite pleased with my choice of teaching assistants this semester.

* * * *

By two, the office was all cleaned up and my senior teaching assistant, Spiros, was gone, leaving me spent of sexual tension, if only for an hour or two. I had quite an appetite for the older students.

The two o’clock was going to be a chore, however. One of my students—a student I’d been thinking of quite a bit in the last day or two—had turned in a paper early, which wasn’t like him, and when I started to check it over, I found that he’d badly plagiarized nearly everything in it. This had dismayed me, not only because Pete was one of the stars of the football team, which was set to play its biggest game of the year three weeks from now, just about the time this scandal would become public, but also because he was beautiful in a way that had made my cock ache to be inside him ever since he’d showed up to my class. I had thought he was a Jamaican, with his looks that were so ruggedly handsome and his skin that was chocolate laced with milk brown, but I soon came to learn from things he’d said in class that he was from a mixed-race family. He always showed up to class, as athletes are prone to do, in sloppy gym clothes that

left little doubt about his musculature and how well his basket was filled out. And his butt cheeks were bulbous. I could hardly keep my hands off him.

And now I was going to have to do something that might get him expelled and might tick the alumni off at me.

He entered my office and both my heart and my dick took a leap. He was beautiful, as always—and the youth I'd recently seen fucking the new student, Brian Connuit, in the sports center massage room. Now he was wearing tight shorts and that school sweat shirt with the arms cut out to show off the mountainous curves of his biceps, and he was carrying a folder under his arm. The veins of his biceps and arms bulged out, being pushed out to the surface by his heavily developed muscles. The arm and neck holes were cut down enough that a profusion of black, curly body hair spilled out, while the long, black, curly hair on his head was tied off in a pony tail.

He sat down in the chair next to my desk, very close to me, putting his folder on the desk, and gave me a grin that was all white teeth. His eyes were hazel green. What a contrast in parentage. Big, powerful knees were pointed at me, bisecting big muscled thighs and firm calves, all covered with a black, curly down. He was wearing open sandals, and he had big, long feet, with long sensuous toes, dark brown, with a tinge of pink under them. I wondered if what they said about big feet on a man was true.

But I got right to business, trying to ignore the yearning in my crotch. "I've read the paper you turned in, Pete."

"And did you like it? I worked very hard to get it in early," Pete said, giving me another of his big grins.

“I liked it when I first read what you had put in it, Pete. But that was when someone else had written it. Some of this is straight out of our textbook.”

The grin faded a bit. “We have to practice hard, Professor. The Jackson Hall game is coming up. This is important for the school.”

“I’m quite aware of all of the ramifications of this, Pete. It would have been well if you had been too. I understand what this could mean for the school, particularly financially, but you are here, first, to learn. And I am here to see that you learn properly. What are we going to do with you now, Pete?”

Pete gave me a perplexed look, but that slowly changed into a mischievous grin look. Then he laughed.

“Here primarily to learn, Professor? To learn what, sir?” And he gave me a smile that had my cock hardening right up.

“Well, I’m sure we can come to some accommodation, Professor,” he continued in a low voice. His big, beefy hands reached out and settled on the top of my tightly closed thighs. I’m sure he could feel my legs trembling through the thin material of my pants. My legs felt like jelly, and I didn’t resist when the hands went between them and pulled them apart.

“I know your assistant, Spiros, pretty well. In fact, you might say I know him biblically.”

One of his hands had moved up to cup my basket. “Ummm,” he said, letting his breath out slowly and widening his grin. “And Spiros didn’t lie about you. You do seem interested in accommodating me. That would be one word for it.” He laughed at that.

“Pete, this isn’t solving your problem,” I said weakly.

“OK, I’ll get right to the point of what we can do to serve each other. I’ll suck you, here and now, and you’ll give me a passing grade on that paper.”

I just stared at him.

“Not good enough?” he said. “Well, how about if I let you ball me too, and let me turn in another paper. Now, that’s a good compromise, isn’t it? I’d be fulfilling my course requirement. We could just forget the first paper. You’ve wanted me all semester. I can tell. No need to fight it. I’m here and willing. I’m certified clean too, if that matters. If you are too, you can bareback. I just saw Spiros in the hall. He said that had really turned you on. Does that shock you, Professor? Do you find it improbable that a professor and student at the hallowed Mount Holly would fuck?”

“Hardly,” I said with a laugh. I wanted to unbalance him a bit too. “I was a student here too, Pete, much like you. And my first lover was my professor here. That’s why I stayed at Mount Holly. He’s still here too.”

Pete didn’t skip a beat. His hand was driving me crazy. He had taken his other hand and rolled my chair around until we were closely facing each other, his knees between mine. “Then a good fuck would be an acceptable compromise, would it not, professor?”

“Yes,” I managed huskily, “That would be a good compromise.” I didn’t know what else I could have done or said. I don’t think I could have let him out of the office unfucked now no matter what deal he had proposed.

“Shall we seal the bargain?” he asked. He wrapped his free hand around my tie and pulled my face into his, and we kissed. For such a big, bruising football player, he had a soft sensuous mouth. Our tongues dueled, and his won, which should have

alerted me to the fight I'd have on my hands over control. I'd always controlled my partners. That's why I usually did my fucking among my students, who depended on me for their grades—well, except for Trevor, who had been my dominant lover for decades. Pete's tongue pushed mine down, and he swabbed the insides of my mouth until I was gasping for breath. He'd obviously done a lot of this. At length, he let loose of the tie, and I collapsed back my chair.

"Does that door have a lock on it?" he asked. "I think we are about to get in a very compromising position."

I struggled out of my chair and stumbled over to the door and locked it. When I turned around to come back, he had already stripped down and was leaning against the center of my desk, his butt cheeks on the rim. He was supporting his weight with his arms out wide on the desk and his legs were out wide as well. His torso was exactly like the armor of a Roman soldier, but it wasn't armor. It was all flesh and bone and muscle, bulging veins running around and down his chest just as they did on his biceps and arms. His chest was huge, as were his black nipples, each of which was surrounded by a silver-dollar-sized dark brown aureole. And the muscles of his abs stood out like plates of armor. Although bulbous, his butt cheeks had deep hollows at the hips, which only accentuated his small waist and rounded butt.

The first thing I noticed after drinking my fill of his magnificence in was the tube of lubricant he'd taken out of the folder he had brought and laid beside him. But the second thing I focused on was at the very center of him. I was mesmerized by a respectable-sized and unusually thick dick and big, low-hanging balls. What really drew my attention was that the whole package was jet black. It was almost as if the package

had been jerked off the blackest of Africans and sewed onto a Floridian Caucasian who just had a particularly good tan.

I walked slowly over to Pete, and while I was doing so, he reached behind his head and released his ponytail, and a profusion of black hair tumbled down to behind his shoulder blades.

“Like what you see?” he asked. He was very much aware of where my eyes were locked. “It was a gift from my daddy. It’s always given the boys and girls a thrill.”

I stood in front of him, while he unbuttoned and removed my shirt, leaving my tie on and then unbuckled my belt, pulled down my fly, and let my pants drop to the floor.

“Oh, boy,” he exclaimed as he saw my low-hanging dick, now already at half erection. “Spiros sure didn’t lie about this. I bet this has always given the boys and girls a thrill too.”

“Well, the boys,” I answered. “I haven’t been much for girls for several years. We don’t admit girls to Mount Holly, and I try to keep it on campus.”

“Oh, I take all the chances I can get to bury my cock,” Pete answered.

“And I’ll bet you get a chance several times a day,” I answered with a laugh.

“Something like that,” Pete responded with a grin. He stood up and came to me; his lips went to mine, as his hands went to my cock and balls. I reached for him as well. His tool was impossibly thick and was growing under my touch. After both of our dicks were hardening nicely, I pushed him back on the desk and hovered over him, my lips going to those big, black nipples with their huge aureoles, my pelvis pushing into his, with our prongs grinding together like bayonets. I sucked him hard like a nursing baby, and he moaned in appreciation. I tongued down his chest. He had one heavy leg

propped on my shoulder and I was holding the other one up. My free hand was cupping one of his butt cheeks and my thumb was at his asshole, rimming the hole and rhythmically pressing on it. I had my tongue in his navel, about ready to travel to his package, when he grunted and struggled up to a sitting position.

“Could we do this on the rug over there between the sofa and the front of the desk? The edge of this desk is cutting into my ass.”

“Sure,” I answered. “Wherever you want. Over there and on your back. I’ve got to get you open if you’re going to take me all in.” Pete moved over to the front of the sofa and flopped down on the rug on his back. He crossed his arms behind his head and gave me a mischievous smile, showing no concern, like he was topped by a mammoth tool every day of the week. He’d taken the tube of lubricant with him and dropped it beside him on the floor. I came over and laid down on my belly below him, my chest between his legs. I wove my arms around his thighs and back onto his belly, where I let my hands glide through his hair from his belly to his nipples. I started giving that lovely, lovely black cock attention with my mouth. I could barely get it in my mouth, but I managed, and Pete seemed to enjoy my efforts. I wanted to get him off before I fucked him, but I didn’t want to do so yet. So, after I had gotten him to the point where he was arching his back and sighing and moaning and rotating his cock in my mouth with his hips, I pulled away from him and sucked and nibbled those heavy black balls for a few minutes. While I was sucking his balls, I’d brought one of my hands back to his butt and quickly had my thumb buried up his ass. I brought the other hand down, inserted that thumb and pulled him open. His hole was very tight for a player.

I moved my hands to the underside of his thighs, rolled his hips up, and lowered my mouth to his hole. I rimmed and tongued him there until I heard him moaning again.

It was time to suck Pete off and then to get to my fuck. I moved my mouth to his cock and swallowed him a second time. But, quick as a flash, he sat up and turned his body on mine.

“I gotta sixty-nine, Professor. I can’t go on without checking out your cock.” He was straddled above me, head to toe. I regained a mouth hold on his cock, and he started to play my cock madly with his tongue and teeth. I quickly discovered that we were dueling for control; that he was trying to outplay me. We both soon had butt to lips and were tonguing and nipping for all our worth. He was driving me crazy, and I began to tremble uncontrollably. Although Trevor topped me, I didn’t take that from my students; I topped them. But that wasn’t going to happen this time. I gasped and moaned and collapsed back on the carpet as his skill eclipsed mine. When he had sensed he’d won the struggle for sexual control, Pete got the tube of lube open and was lathered my hole up.

This wasn’t what we’d agreed to. In a flash of anger, I started to get up and to reprimand him. But Pete unquestionably was the stronger of the two of us. He just forced me down on my belly and sat on my back, taking all of my breath from me. While I was just trying to breath, he pulled the tie off my neck and grabbed my wrists and tied them up. The other end was tied off around a leg of the desk. He had me under control, my arm movement bound to the desk and my body under his weight.

His big black dick was flapping around on my back, and I knew when he was lathering it up with the lubricant. I was still trying to reason with and threaten him when

he wrapped an arm around my belly and pulled me up on my knees. He pushed my legs wide with his and I felt his thick, thick dick head at my hole.

“God no, Pete. I’m not ready for your size. Oh, Gawwwd no!”

“Just tell me that you want me to stop, that you don’t want this, Professor, and I’ll just stand up and walk out of here now. Tell me. Do you want me to stop?”

“No,” I croaked softly. And it was true. I wanted him so badly now that I was beyond any capability of reasonable thought; my mind was possessed by the thought of that beautiful black cock.

And then he was inside me, and not just by a little. He’d pushed in several inches. I couldn’t say anything now. I was gulping for breath, straining in every inch of my being not to let my ass walls spread under this attack.

“Breathe, Professor. It will be all right if you just get control of your breath. That’s it. Regular breaths. In. Out. In. Out . . .”

“Ahhhhhrgh!” On the last out, he’d corn holed me to the root of his cock. I writhed below him, trying to arch my back. But he wouldn’t let me. Instead, after he’d held me there, fully encased, giving my ass walls time to accommodate him, he pushed me down on my belly and encased my body in his from head to toe, with my legs closely held between his. I started to gulp hard and groan and grunt again, and my ass walls tightened around his throbbing cock.

“Oh, shit, Pete. You have me filled.” I was flabbergasted. One of my students had turned the tables on me and had me skewered and pinned to the floor.

“And you’re starting to love it, aren’t you?” Pete responded with a laugh. “It’s that big black cock that’s in you, Professor. The one you admired so much. Admit it, you love

having me inside you. I've seen you giving me that look in class. You thought it was a desire to top me. But it was a desire to be fucked by me. And that was even before you saw what I have to give you, wasn't it? Admit it."

"Yes, yes," I whimpered quietly. "I do love the idea of you being inside me. Take me. Pump me with that big black cock of yours." And he did then, giving it go me in both long and short strokes.

At length. "I'm about to come, Professor. Do you want me to shoot inside you or do you want me to withdraw?"

"Inside, inside, please, Pete." His cock aroused me just like Trevor's did. I'd grown to love my own former professor's dick inside me. He had one of those slightly bent dicks that didn't look like much when he started but that grew in length and thickness once inside me, so I could feel it filling me, possessing me. "And then stay inside me. I want to feel you contracting inside me."

With a grunt and a groan from Pete and an exclamation of ecstasy from me, Pete shot his load inside me. As requested, he continued lying there on top of me, his dick buried in me, as he regained control of his breath.

"I don't plan on contracting inside you for a while, Professor. One of my talents is stamina. Something a football player's gotta have. All you have to do is give me some lip work, and I'll be ready to go again."

"No. Once was more than enough, Pete. This isn't—"

Pete had rolled us to where we were on our sides, him behind me, and his dick still inside me. The arm that was under me wrapped around so that he could get to, first, my nipples and then down my body to my dick. He had locked his lips on mine with his

mouth, and his other hand lifted my leg to give his dick full access to my hole. My desire leaped to life as he pumped me, and his desire started to build again as my kiss became passionate. In no time his cock was growing again and he was sidesplitting me deeply to a second, more prodigious ejaculation.

He pulled out of me after that and kissed down my chest and belly, his silky black hair swirling around on my torso. Then he untied my hands and lay beside me on the carpet.

“That was an outstanding fuck, Professor,” he whispered into my ear. “I’ve been wanting to do that since the first day I walked into your class. And you want to know a little secret?”

“What is your little secret, Pete?” I asked in a flat voice.

“It was all a ruse. The plagiarized paper was only a ploy to get my dick inside you. And you’re glad I got my dick inside you, aren’t you, Professor?”

“Yes, Pete,” I sighed. And I was glad, but now I had to become the professor again. “I’m very glad you did that, but we haven’t really moved one step beyond our agreement. There’s still a plagiarized paper and an agreement.”

“But that’s the funny part of it,” Pete said, as he sat up beside me and let his long black hair cascade over my chest. He was making little circular patterns around my nipples with the finger pads of one hand. “The paper just doesn’t count. I’ve brought another paper with me today. One that hasn’t been plagiarized. It’s in that folder on your desk that I brought today, and I’m turning it in before the deadline. So, this changes everything.”

“No, it doesn’t change everything, Pete,” I answered dully. “I can choose to accept only the first paper you turned in. I don’t appreciate being played this way. I’m not a bottom. I’m a top. You didn’t think that two fucks by you would satisfy me, did you?”

“Well, you did seem to be pretty satisfied to me,” Pete answered indignantly. “And I’ve turned in a paper on deadline, and I can raise a stink all the way to the president of the university if need be. I’m needed in the Jackson Hall game. Who do you think he’d believe and back? You or me?”

“I rather think he’d believe me,” I said, as I struggled out of his hold and painfully rose to my feet. I stood over him, looking down at him and along the long line of my body extending down my chest to my still pretty hard eight-inch cock.

“How do you figure that?” Pete asked, looking up at me with eyes that contained a hint of worry.

“That professor I told you about who fucked me all through graduate school. He’s now the president of this university.”

“Oh. Shit.”

“Oh shit is right Pete. We made a deal. I want you back up and laying on your back on my desk. Right where we started before you began to take control. And this time I don’t want any of your games. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir,” Pete answered with a newfound meekness. He rose and walked around to the other side of my desk and lay down on his back there. His rotund butt cheeks were perched at the edge of the desk, and his legs were opened wide and his knees were bent, with the heels of his big, long feet dug into the edge of the desk.

“OK, if we must do this, let’s get it over fast,” Pete said. He was approaching this like it was a less-than-favorite drill on the football field.

“Well, I’m afraid that it’s going to be a little more involved than it would have been if you had not played this little game, Pete. Now you have to be punished as well as me getting the fuck I negotiated for. You have to be taught a lesson. You’ve heard the adage ‘spare the rod and spoil the child,’ haven’t you, Pete?”

“Yesss,” Pete answered, not sure where this was going.

I opened the bottom drawer of my desk, rummaged around, and brought out a flexible rubber cock enhancer and a riding crop. The enhancer would lengthen my cock out to a good eleven inches when I strapped it on, and it would added a good inch of added girth to my already-thick cock, as well. It had knobs and ribs that were somewhat like the threads of a screw running down it. I had acquired it to ensure the pleasure of one of my students who had been doubled so often that his hole was too slack for even my cock to fill, and, until today, I’d only used it on him.

I lifted the enhancer up and showed it to Pete. “Well, this is one of the rods that will deliver the reminder you need not to mess with me or any other professor here, Pete.” I then lifted up the riding crop. “And this is the other, more conventional, rod.”

Pete cried out in horror at the sight of the enhancer. “You’re not putting that in me!” he cried. But there was something in the tone of his voice that made me think he was just putting me on. A gleam had come into his eye that indicated that he was more than game for this punishment I had devised.

“It’s this or probably expulsion, Pete. Make your choice. Are you going to take the consequences like a man, or are you going to take your chances with expulsion.

Everyone of importance connected with the school knows I'm gay. What about you? Many of the alumni know it, of course, but do they want it publicized? Will a good university want you with this sort of scandal in public?"

Pete's answer was to turn his head to the side and whisper, "Do what you have to do." But, when I looked closely, I could see that he was smiling.

"Good answer, Pete." I retrieved the tube of lube and greased up both Pete's hole and the rubber dildo liberally. Then for several minutes I worked at opening the hole with the dildo, while Pete grunted and groaned for me and did the best he could to keep his hands from trying to intervene. I retrieved my tie and tied his hands together so that he could try to keep them over his head and out of the way. While I was working with the dildo, I leaned across his chest and played with his nipples and in the hair running down to his belly with my tongue and teeth. I could tell that this was pleasantly distracting him. Then I strapped the dildo on my cock, lengthening my weapon to eleven inches and thickening what I already possessed, and I started screwing my tool into Pete's hole. And as I mined his tunnel, I flicked his butt cheeks with the business end of the riding crop. He gave a little yip each time I stung his brown flesh with the crop.

I have to give him credit. His torso twitched and trembled and writhed while I was plowing into him, especially for the first five inches and the last two inches, and he did a lot of grunting and groaning and arched his back, but he stoically took the punishment. I held his legs out as far as I could by the ankles to help him stay open. When I had crammed the whole eleven inches into him, I held it there for a good five minutes. I know he was afraid that I'd start pumping him with that knobby-surfaced dildo at any time, but I didn't do so. I still wanted to have my pleasure as well.

Pete almost cried out in relief when I pulled out of him and unstrapped the enhancer. I had let loose of his legs, which had just flopped down over the desk edge and started to sit up. But I pushed him back on back onto the desktop.

“I’m not done with you yet, Pete,” I said. “That was just the punishment part. We still have to consummate the deal we made. Now you get me and just me inside you. Or would you prefer to stop here and take the grade I’d give you on your first paper?”

“Do me,” Pete answered in a husky voice. “Screw anything about the paper or a grade. Come back inside me.”

I unbound Pete’s hands then, and he opened his legs wide to me and guided my unsheathed cock into his ass with his own hands. I held his legs out again with my hands, and slid slowly up his ass chute. He was sighing and moaning again, but this time there was more pleasure than pain. The dildo had strained his ass walls; my cock, though large and long, was a relief after that. I stopped at several depths and rotated my cock in his channel. He seemed to enjoy this. While I pumped him in alternating short and long strokes, I bent first one leg, and then another, and brought those sensuous feet to my lips and sucked his toes. I then told him to hold his own legs out, and I stroked his cock and rolled his balls until he came again, shooting his semen up his magnificent abs. I lowered my chest on his. He encircled me with his arms and wrapped his strong legs around me below the hips and took over in moving me in and out inside him by exercising the muscles in his legs against my buttocks. We were engaged in a deep kiss when I ejaculated eight inches up his ass.

While we were putting ourselves back together, I told him that I would, indeed, accept his substitute paper, but only with one condition.

“What’s that, Professor?”

“That you come personally to my home to receive the evaluation and grade,” I said.

“Yes, thanks. I think I’d like that very much. I’d like to see your house. Spiros tells me you have interesting equipment in your basement,” he answered with a big grin. “I won’t give you any trouble with where you put that cock of yours ever again.”

“And I would very much like to entertain that wonderful black cock of yours again,” I responded, giving him a smile of my own.

* * * *

My senior teaching assistant, Spiros, was trembling and shuddering and moaning for me as I ran one hand over his chest and belly and sides while I flicked the flesh of his torso with the riding crop held in the other hand. He was trussed up in the sling in my basement playroom, all four appendages cuffed off high on the four chains suspending the sling and a chain around his neck holding his head in place. Only his pelvis was moving, slowly up and down, as I stood between his legs and alternately fed and denied him my cock in long, slow strokes.

I moved my hand to his cock, wrapped my fist around it, and thumbed his piss slit until he cried out in ecstasy and spouted his young, hot spunk on his heaving belly.

“Did you enjoy that, Spiros?” I asked.

“Yes,” he whispered in a husky voice, his eyes slitted with lust. “Please, sir, can you do it again.”

“Soon, Spiros,” I answered. “Soon. When we have company. Would you like to have company?”

“Yes,” Spiros whispered.

“And maybe we’ll use my new toy, this vinyl cube over here. Would you like to see how that works, Spiros?”

“Yes, yes, please,” he answered. He was licking his lips and giving me a look of wanting. I started around to the side to slip my cock between his lips, but just then I heard the door chimes.

“Don’t go away, I’ll be back soon,” I said, with a laugh, and started up the stairs to the first floor of the house, one of several scattered around the college campus for the use of the senior faculty members.

I had a surprise at the door. I was expecting Pete. I wasn’t also expecting the transfer student, Brian Connuit.

“Umm, hello guys,” I said. And I just stood there.

“Can we come in?” asked Pete. It didn’t really sound like a question, though, more of an expectation.

“The appointment was with you, Pete . . . to go over your class performance—whether or not you’ll pass.”

“Yes, well, the scenario has changed a bit, Professor,” Pete said. And he was grinning at me. He had the audacity to grin at me.

“I don’t understand.”

“Neither did I,” Pete said. “You scared me with that ‘the university president is my lover’ bit, saying it trumped my pull with the alumni football fans. But then, I found out who your lover really is. Trevor Harding, right?”

I said nothing.

“Trevor Harding is the president’s assistant, not the president. He influences squat—other than you, I guess. I think we can consult on whether I pass the class now, can’t we? No hard feelings, and I think you’ll be pleased I brought Brian along.” Oh, he was looking so smug. He knew we were playing a game here. No hard feelings indeed.

Mute, my mind racing, trying to find a bit of leverage to come out on top again in this struggle for control, I simply stepped back and let them enter, and then, upon Pete’s repeated demand, I showed them how to get to the basement playroom he already knew was there.

It didn’t take me long to figure out why Pete had brought Brian along—for crowd control. We barely made it to the basement before the two of them were stripping off the trousers I had pulled on before going to the front door and had manhandled me over to my new toy—a vinyl cube with cuffs attached at various strategic spots—and had cuffed me at wrists and ankles straddling the cube and on my belly.

After Pete pushed his dick into my face for preparation and then came behind me and thrust inside me and began to pump me in long strokes, Brian, who had been watching up to that point and working up his own cock, went over to the still-trussed Spiros in the sling and began fucking him. The room was rock walled and high ceilinged, so it wasn’t long before there was a cacophony of moans and groans in quadruplet echoing around the walls.

Pete was flicking my flanks with increasingly sharp strokes of the riding crop, and when I moved to object, he just laughed and said. “Spare the rod and spoil the child. Isn’t that always what they say in these prep schools, Professor.”

I stopped objecting, as I knew it only egged him on—I’d seen what Brian’s begging for mercy had brought out in Pete in the sports center massage room.

At length, Brian let Spiros up, and Brian got a go at me. Taking him was a piece of cake after Pete had opened me up. And then Pete’s inventive mind came up with the ever-fascinating Pete fucking Brian fucking Spiros fucking me tableau. It wasn’t long before I didn’t care in the least about giving Pete high passing marks on my course. He certainly had earned an “A” for creativity.

Then, as we were all cooling down and before Pete and Brian left, which then allowed a now-quiet-humble Spiros to uncuff me—seeing as how he had no leverage over me and my grading pencil—Pete bent down to me and whispered in my ear, “If you are thinking of getting on top again, you might be in Trevor Harding’s office at three tomorrow afternoon.”

Although I was in Trevor’s office the next day at that time, I hadn’t given that much thought to what Pete might have in store. And I also had no intention of pursuing him any farther. There were other students at the school. Pete was too equal my match for me to continue this one-upmanship game with him. We might meet again for a good fuck, but it could be when we’d both cooled down from this game.

“We’d better not right now,” Trevor said when I entered his office, which was to the right of the reception room of the college president’s office suite, with the president’s own office beyond, taking up the width of space occupied by both the reception room

and the assistant to the president's office. I had come behind Trevor's chair and was running my hands down onto his chest.

"Oh?" I said. "Not in the mood?"

"Of course I'm in the mood. I'm always in the mood for you. But there's someone in the president's office now. They might hear us."

"Someone in the president's office with him?" I asked, my ears and antennae perking up.

"Yes, a student."

"One of the football stars?" I asked, my fears catching up with me.

"Why yes, now that you mention it."

I walked over and started to quietly open the door between Trevor's and the president's offices. Just a crack, just so I could peek through.

"What—?" Trevor whispered.

"Shhh," I admonished him and then I peeked in.

President Crandall was laying back in his chair, head thrown back, a beatific expression on his face, while a naked Pete, long, black, curly hair swirling around his face in a gentle rhythm, was sitting on Crandall's cock and giving him a premium fuck.

I clicked the door shut and turned and walked out of Trevor's office and slowly strolled across the quad to my own office. "Check," I muttered under my breath, giving Pete his due, acknowledging that he had one-upped me again. Not only did he know the president wasn't my lover, but he had also made the president his own lover. I hadn't intended on continuing with this "get on top and fuck hard" game, but I surely was going

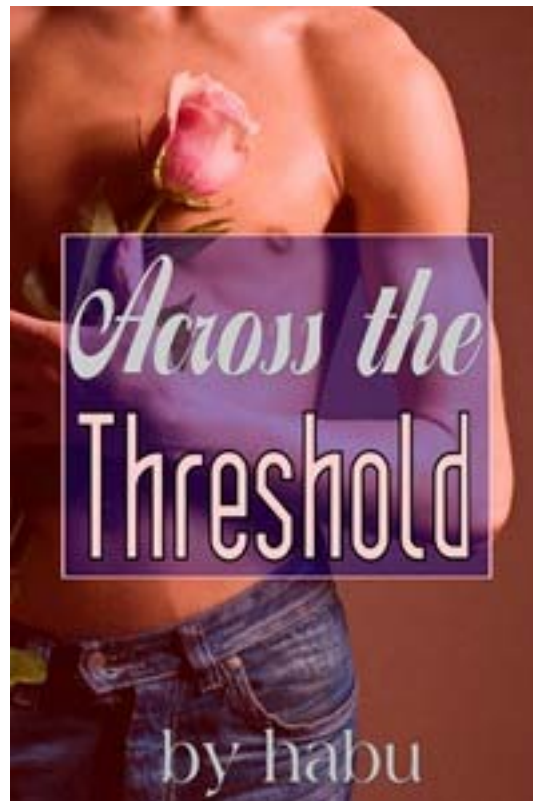
to take it up again now. My mind was spinning on just what I could do to Pete next. And I wanted him again now more than ever before.

The End

ABOUT HABU

habu, a bisexual former supersonic spy jet pilot, intelligence agent, and diplomat, is a published mainstream novelist and short story writer under another name and in another dimension of his life.

If you enjoyed AND SPOIL THE CHILD, you might also enjoy:



[ACROSS THE THRESHOLD](#)

By habu

What gay male can ever forget his first full-blown sexual experience—a particularly memorable first time, given the conventions of society? The first time can be the culmination of long-held frustration, or completely casual and come as a complete surprise. It can be traumatic or sought; imprisoning or releasing, disappointing or far beyond the wildest dream. First times can be prearranged or ritualistic; spontaneous or unexpected by both parties. The first time could have been instigated by a predator, a new lover, or a savior, or even by the first timer himself. The situation and venue can be sordid or off-the-cuff convenient, or might involve silken sheets, candles, champagne, prolonged seduction and foreplay.

But for most men, the one thing it cannot be is forgotten.

This anthology provides a treasure trove of thirty-five short stories of separate, varied “first time” gay male experiences, from the stalked to long anticipated, from the romantic to the brutal, for the young or not so young. The one central theme of all of these stories, however, is the experiences depicted all result in the beginning of a new lifestyle, not the ending of a world.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and m/m sex.

Excerpt From ACROSS THE THRESHOLD:

“So, don’t tell me you haven’t thought about it, Jake. We all do, of course. Don’t you?”

“No . . . Ummm, yes, I guess so now and then.”

Wrong answer. The hand that wasn’t using its fingers to brush my arm was now tentatively fondling my cock. And my cock was responding, not paying a bit of attention to the signals of confusion and muddleheadedness and panic that were racing around my body.

Lance was still lulling me with a nonstop soothing chant in the sing song voice of his. He was pulling me with him through the opening in the rock into the first, more confining, more private pool—the pool with the cascading waterfall that filled my ears with the sound of rushing water. I was crying out as Lance’s hands raced across my body, finding curves and crevices and making me tremble and twitch and feel oh so aroused and concerned and needy and reluctant and violated all at once. The splashing of the waterfall dulled even to my own ears my cries and moans of receding protests as Lance turned me and hunched down and made a lap to accommodate the mounds of my buttocks. My own cries should have steeled my defenses against the feel of his strong, throbbing cock running under mine and his fingers pinching at my nipples and

his teeth nipping at the hollow of my neck as he pulled me closer into him and let me feel the heat and inviting hardness of him. But the noisy splashing of the waterfall covered all of that, dulled my senses of what the cries should have alerted me to.

I did clearly hear the cry of pain and invasion when Lance lifted me and settled me down on his cock head and forced his way past my virgin ring and ever so slowly and relentlessly filled me to capacity to the bottoming depth deep inside me. But it was too late then for cries. And there was no one else in this forested fastness to hear me or to come to my rescue or to witness this passing beyond a threshold that I never again could regain.

My whimpers of pain and violation slowly receded into cries of passion and urgings of filling and satisfying as Lance lifted and lowered me in that watery swirl on his powerful tool. He nuzzled my cheek with his lips and continued to whisper calming words of endearment and encouragement to me, as he lifted me up and down on his manhood with strong hands on my hips. I arched my back in the taking, first, stiff as a board, but as I realized both that I had now given up all there was to surrender and that I not only could now accommodate it but also was enjoying it, the tension flowed out of my body and I began to match the rhythm of the fuck. Sensing I had melted to him, Lance nibbled at my cheek and I turned my head to him and let him possess my mouth, making my surrender, my acquiescence, my complicity complete.

He settled me down into his lap, his dick far up into me, just holding now, as he moved a hand around to my cock and stroked me off until the water around us was cloudy with my cream.

Then he raised out of his crouch and moved through the water, still buried deep inside me, back to the middle pool. He moved over to the side of the pool, near where our clothes lay. He made a cushion of sorts with my clothes on the rocky ledge dropping right at the side of the pool and, pulling me off his tool, turned me and laid me gently down on my cushioning clothes on my back. He was standing in the water between my legs then. He lifted and spread my thighs, pushing my knees up into my torso, with his strong hands, and slowly slid his cock back inside me and fucked me, fucking and fucking and fucking until I felt him give a little lurch and then pull his cock out and shoot his warm cum on my belly...

BUY THIS AND MORE TITLES AT
www.eXcessica.com



eXcessica's [BLOG](#)

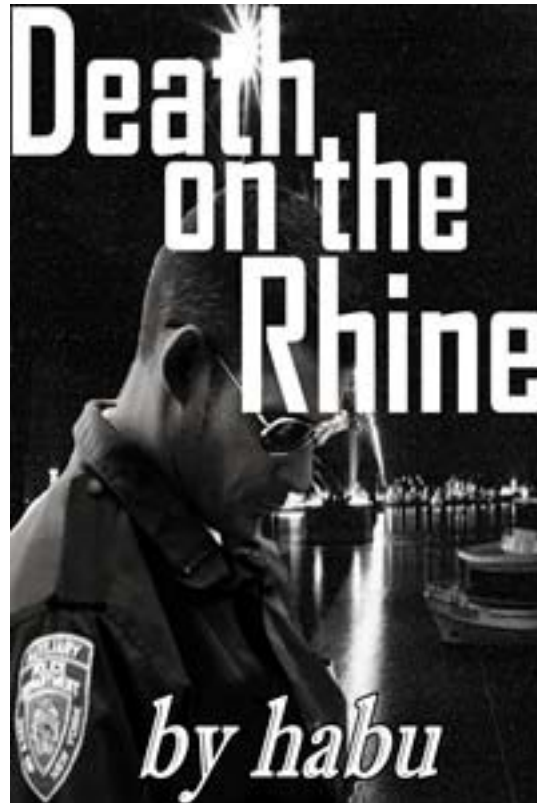
www.excessica.com/blog

eXcessica's [YAHOO GROUP](#)

groups.yahoo.com/group/eXcessica/

**Check out both for updates about eXcessica books, as well
as chances to win free E-Books!**

And look for these other titles from habu:



DEATH ON THE RHINE

by habu

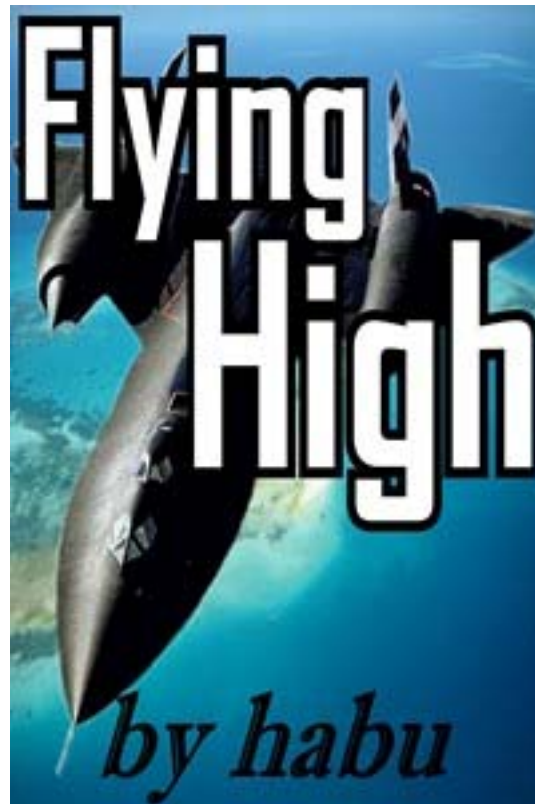
When his partner and lover is murdered in an investigation of an international crime syndicate, New York police detective Clint Folsom takes leave from his job and flies to Europe in pursuit of the killer. Folsom finds his quarry on the Rhine River gay male-oriented cruise ship, the MS River God, murdered in the same sadomasochistic manner his partner had been killed. As the cruise glides down the Rhine toward Amsterdam, stopping at German cities along the way to add flavor and twists to the increasingly complex plot, Folsom is thwarted at every turn in his inquiries. He slowly unravels not only what is at stake but also who is involved while finding sexual release among the crew and passengers of the River God. When the German police inspector Sigmund Frist enters the scene, Folsom himself becomes the pursued in more ways than one. A traditional “who done it?” detective murder novel chockablock with intriguing gay male characters and encounters.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, m/m sex and violence.

RAINBOW REVIEW FOR DEATH ON THE RHINE BY FROST’S FANCY: 4/5

An astonishing opening rockets the reader straight into the heart of this very intense novel...Death on the Rhine is a truly nonstop rocket of a story with sexual adventures that never end and murder, sadism, and sociopathic evil determined

to carve its wedge out of society...Not for the faint of heart, Death on the Rhine is still a fascinating, explicit, suspense-laden mystery which will keep the reader flipping the pages with caught breath.



FLYING HIGH

by habu

Warning: This title contains graphic language and m/m sex.

Flying High provides a three-decade memoir of the gay portion of a male bisexual's awakening to, nearly unfettered enjoyment of, and sometimes bittersweet reflections on the active gay lifestyle on the international scene in the latter third of the twentieth century. The author was a male model and film actor who turned to international intelligence service during the Vietnam War era, a career that started off in the stratosphere as an SR71 photo-reconnaissance jet pilot and moved on to more earth-hugging intelligence and diplomatic service in Asia and the Middle East

Although coming late in his late twenties to the gay scene, the author's sexual encounters and experience as a willing bottom blossomed quickly in the exotic, sexually free, risk taking, and pre-AIDs environment of Bangkok, Thailand. Flying High covers the high points of the author's sexual experiences in twenty-three short stories that are chronologically laid out.

These stories take the reader from the author's male-male initiation in Bangkok in the mid 70's through sexual encounters during stints in Japan and the Middle East to the concluding years of the last decade of the twentieth century as he thought his gay life activity was waning, only to be joyfully reawakened. The author provides a no-holds-barred, insightful, never shirking from bittersweet remembrances series of snapshots that move from the free, sensual, "anything goes" international gay scene through the realities of the horror of AIDs to appreciation for the deep, lasting relationships that arise from the world of men loving men.



SECOND COMING: EMILE LACOUR UNLEASHED
by habu

Emile LaCour, scourge of the finest young male flesh of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries in the plantation area of the Louisiana delta region, has been freed from his tomb to sustain himself once more by loving the young men of New Orleans to death. He does so by draining them of their blood and vitality which then rejuvenates LaCour.

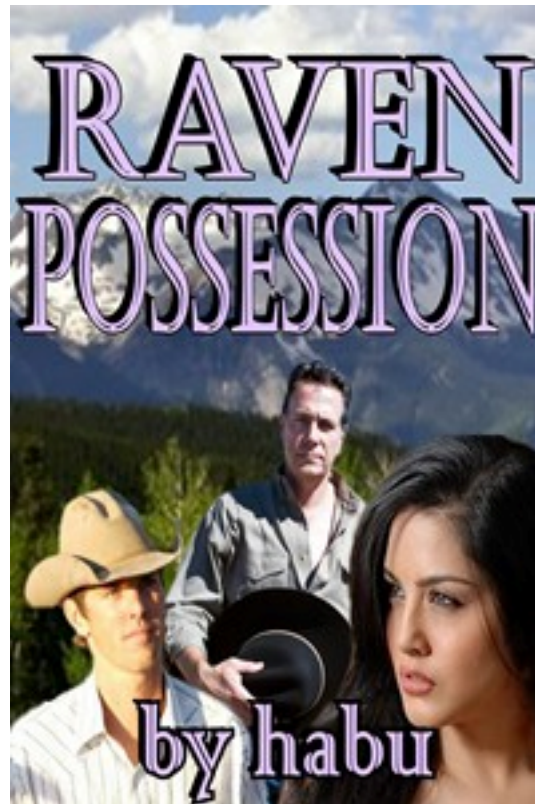
Lamont Breaux, who is responsible for freeing LaCour in an effort to uncover the vast fortune LaCour's family hid before LaCour was entombed, oversteps his greed and falls victim to LaCour's wrath. Needing a new financial manager and now wanting a companion as well, LaCour seduces Gage Angle, a blond giant member of a motorcycle gang.

LaCour's experiment to find the balance between making love to Gage and loving him to death goes awry when the curse of LaCour's never-ending life and the extreme requirements to sustain that lifestyle are transferred to Angle. Angle, however, is not the self-possessed moral decadent LaCour is, and his struggle with what LaCour is and what he himself has become leads to a fiery conclusion.

[Review for Second Coming by Frost's Fancy, Rainbow Reviews:](#)

Emile LaCour is a tantalizingly subtle novel of the paranormal and a neat interweaving of historical and contemporary settings. Settle back in your favorite armchair and curl up for an enjoyable read of characters, plotting, and vivid imagery... Prepare to be tantalized and scintillated by Emile's upfront eroticism...he is like a force of nature. Caution: kicker ending!

Warnings: This title contains graphic language m/m sex.



[RAVEN POSSESSION](#)

by habu

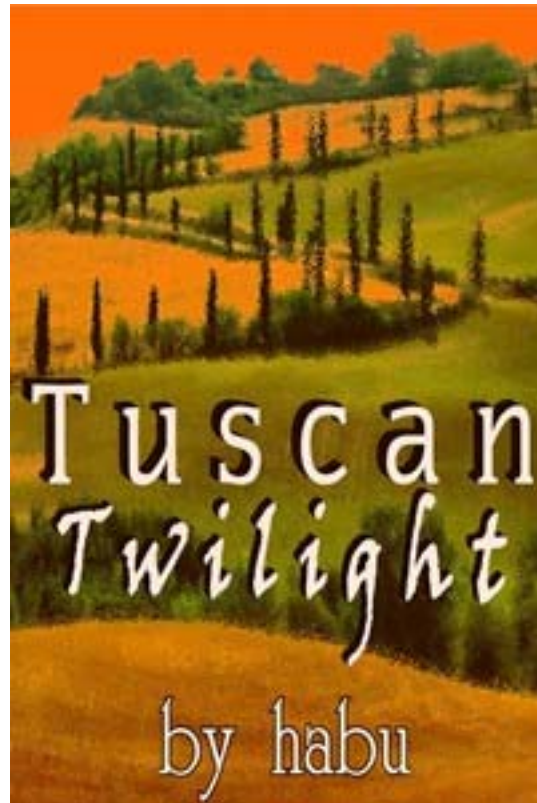
Raven Possession is the saga of six decades of a remarkable woman's life and of a strong man's vendetta of possession and control over that woman's family. Ada Raven, born in poverty and religious fundamentalism, wanted "it all" out of life and strove successfully to get it, but at a high cost, torn between an acclaimed

novelist of enormous ego and determination and the man who patiently waited in the wings for decades to provide her refuge. J. H. Kincaid, a larger-than-life novelist of men's adventure stories and of "bonding" and sweeping appetites wanted not only Ada but her sons to the third generation as well. Ada wanted to experience and escape the world at the same time. And she wanted to be loved by men, powerful men, and her ravenous beauty guaranteed that she was. This saga of the Raven family takes the reader on a journey through the highlights of six decades of American history from the homesteading of the West to the false interlude of peace in the 1960s. It follows Ada from the small town Midwest, the St. Louis World's, Fair, and the Spanish flu epidemic to a celebrity dude ranch in Colorado and ultimately to the halls of government in Washington, D.C., and the exotic Southeast Asia. But everywhere she turns, there is the brooding presence of J. H. Kincaid, manipulating and subjugating her family, until it all ends in smoke and explosion.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and f/m/m threesome sex.

DARK ANGEL REVIEW FOR RAVEN POSSESSION BY FROST

habu demonstrates a particular gift for winning the reader's attention immediately while weaving a complicated plot with numerous main and secondary characters swimming in a sea of erotic stimulation and suspense buildup... Caution, reader: once you open the first page, you're hooked!



TUSCAN TWILIGHT

By habu

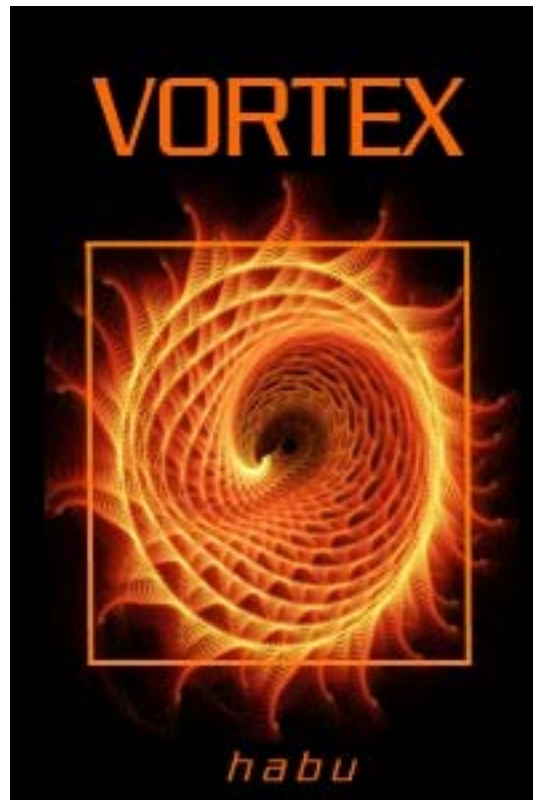
The aging Conte, Luciano, in an autumn glow of romance, takes the stranger, Dakota, as his long-lost lover, whom Luciano had forsaken to take up his traditional role as the head of the family. Dakota quickly begins to act as a catalyst throughout the moldering Italian noble family, already too overly burdened by a quickly disappearing traditional order of society in the vineyard-clad hills of Tuscany.

The Conte's grandson, Paulo, training by family tradition for the priesthood, latches onto the American stranger as his deliverance into another lifestyle altogether, while the Conte's granddaughter, Gabriella, thoroughly disgusted with the paternalistic order she is bound to, seeks any avenue of escape. Rosella the maid—and Conte's mistress—a woman society designated to serve the noble family, and the local villager portraitist, Giovanni, besmitten with Gabriella but unable to break the barriers of social status to claim her, are both also caught up in the winds of change unleashed by the appearance of the American stranger.

This is the story of five men and women, all thrown toward disintegration and release by the appearance of one young, blonde American stranger, the fiery spark who sets the sun on an ancient Tuscan order.

RAINBOW REVIEW FOR TUSCAN TWILIGHT BY FROST'S FANCY: 5/5

Author habu once again captivates with his winning lyrical prose style, and immediately catapults the willing reader into entrancement... Even when setting his fiction in an exotic locale ~ in this case Tuscany ~ habu is a wizard of enchantment and entices readers into his cave of magic with a few well-chosen phrases, then introduces us to characters who come to seem as close as our family, friends, and neighbors...Again habu serves up a don't miss, steaming, character-driven story that deserves reading and rereading. Tuscan Twilight is very special.

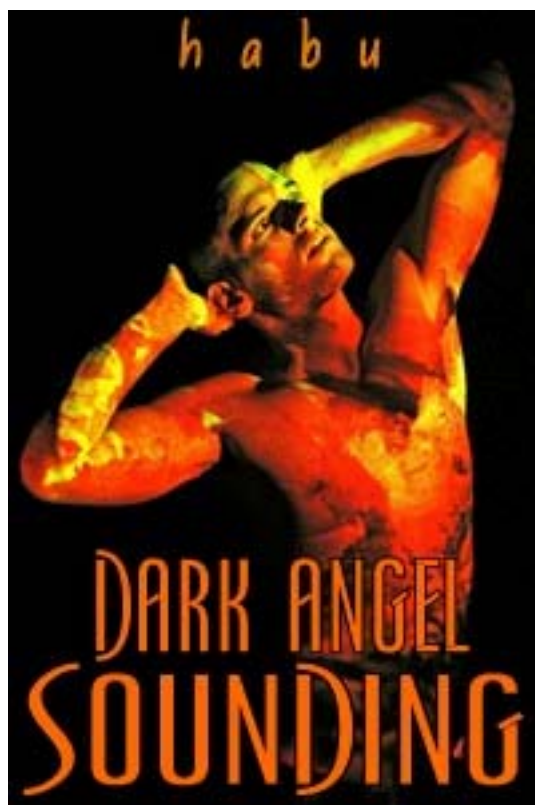


VORTEX

By habu

Young, naïve and enticing, Kevin is driven by curiosity in alternate lifestyles and finds himself smitten by hunky Doug—and more, is willing to be taken by him. But what Kevin doesn't know is Doug has only seduced Kevin to provide a virgin for the satanic “rejuvenation” ritual of a coven mastered by the rich and hugely endowed Donatien. Still driven by his attraction to Doug, Kevin schemes time and again, in a spiraling vortex down toward despair, to pull Doug from the clutches of the coven and to escape Donatien's obsession with possessing him. Will both Kevin and Doug be sucked into hell on earth, or will they eventually find a way out of the whirlpool together?

Warning: This title contains graphic language, bdsm, nonconsent, m/m and anal sex.



DARK ANGEL SOUNDING

By habu

A young man's personal experience cautionary tale of falling ever deeper under the sway of a practitioner of one the most dangerous and invasive and least discussed and written of male sexual practices—sounding—in his pursuit of being totally and fully dominated and possessed. How fully can he be taken? Will he succumb to the satanic magician or escape the wand of control invading his very being?

Warning: This title contains graphic language, elements of bdsm, fetish, sex toys as well as m/m, anal and group sex.

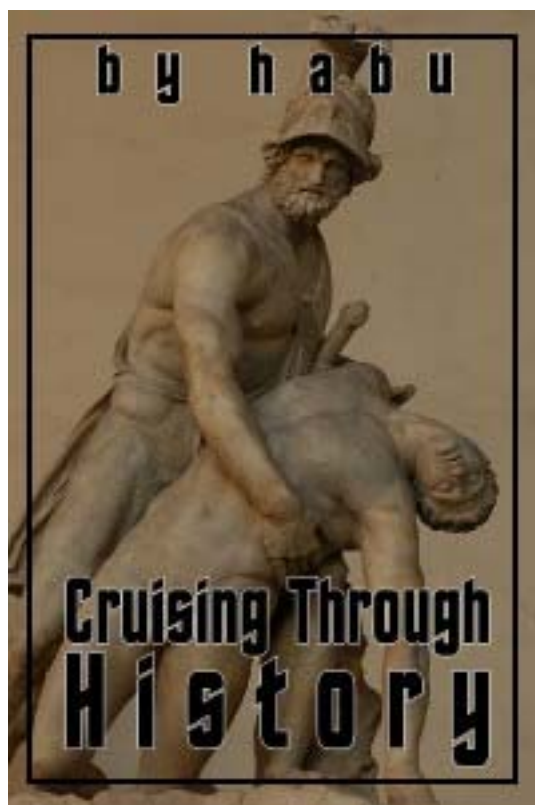


HARD KNOCKS U

By habu

Ron might be a hunk, but he's incredibly naïve, and now that he's transferred to a college far away from home, he quickly becomes the prey of both male professors and students alike. His logic professor manages to seduce him by—what else?—using logic, and when he goes to the dean-slash-wrestling-coach to complain, he's taken in once again. When the wrestling team starts handing him around like popcorn, Ron decides the only way to escape his predicament is to recruit a replacement—and sexy, young Ben is just the sort of naïve student he's got in mind...

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, m/m, mmf, anal, group and nonconsensual sex as well as bondage and sex toys.



CRUISING THROUGH HISTORY

By habu

Since the beginning of man, the unfolding of history has been dominated by the forces of conquest, seduction, and lust. And the pursuit of man by man, although mostly carried out in whispers and in the shadows, is as ancient and constant as history itself. This is a cruise through history in twenty-two short stories, careening from a brash assault on the gates of a Chinese brothel by an adventuring, demanding West to the shores of Tripoli, from an American Revolutionary War colonel's tent to the brutal dawn ravishment at Pearl Harbor—and even on to alien visitation and into outer space itself. Herein you will discover a fast and furious journey of varied and unique tales, touching down capriciously here and there in unexpected places and events in time where men seek out other men for conquest and pleasure. You will be entertained and heated up to the fantasy and treachery and the triumph and glory of the passion one man can have for another—and the sometimes dire, sometimes fully satisfying consequences, that can have in the pursuit of that passion—down through the ages.

Warnings: This title contains m/m, mmf, bdsm, graphic language, fetish, anal sex, group sex, violence and nonconsent.



DEATH IN EDEN

By habu

In the second Clint Folsom gay male murder mystery, unapologetically promiscuous bottom NYPD detective Folsom finds himself flying to a wealthy hunt country suburb of Washington, D.C., at the request of a former lover, Peter Blair, who is now the Loudon County, Virginia, police chief. He has been summoned to whitewash the murder of a former Mafia sex-torture assassin, Johnny "The Club" Wallace, who had once assaulted Folsom himself. Wallace has been salted away in the unlikely rich hunt country location with the witness protection program but, at the time of his death, was close to being charged in the molestation of the Loudon County Commonwealth Attorney's luscious blond hunk son, Jason. Blair himself was known to have threatened the life of Wallace. Although obviously meant to finger the Mafia for the hit on Wallace, the Loudon County authorities haven't counted on the dedication, honesty, and tenaciousness of Clint Folsom.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, m/m, anal and group sex, bdsm elements, fetish, sex toys and rape.

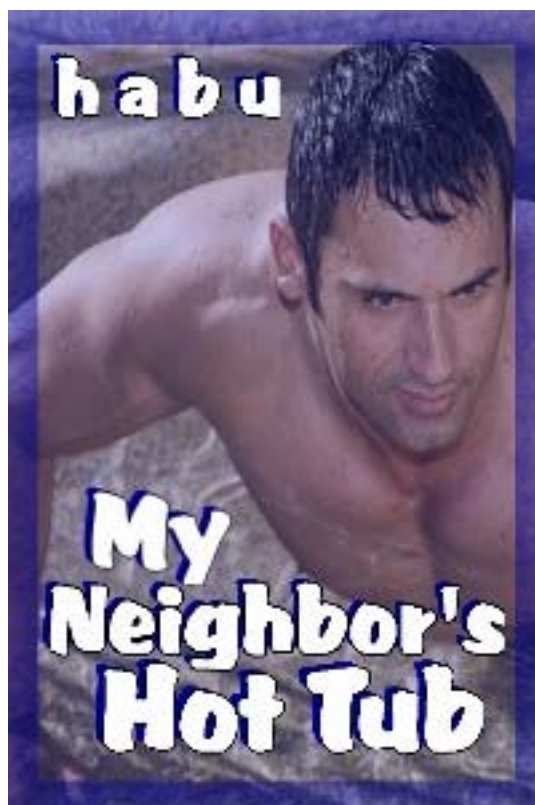


MAN'S MAN: TALES OF A HIGH-PRICED GAY HOOKER

By habu

Brian Hinton hasn't set out to be a high-priced male prostitute based in L.A. but traveling far and wide to serve the desires and fetishes of rich and powerful men who can afford to pay \$3,000 an hour for his attentions. Like many young, handsome men with acting talent that shines brightly on the small-town stage, Brian wants to break into movie stardom. But also like many of these young men, he finds that his greatest talent and charisma is in being at the beck and call of already-successful men who have unusual appetites and thick wallets. Unlike some of these other men, though, Brian embraces the possibilities and makes the most of the natural allure that he evokes in other men and, with gusto and without apologies or reservations, enters into a fascinating life of making the most of what he has in a reality-based arc in the spotlight that begins in naïve, overstretching ambition and ends with a satisfied sigh.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, bdsm, fetish, sex toys, and m/m, anal and group sex.

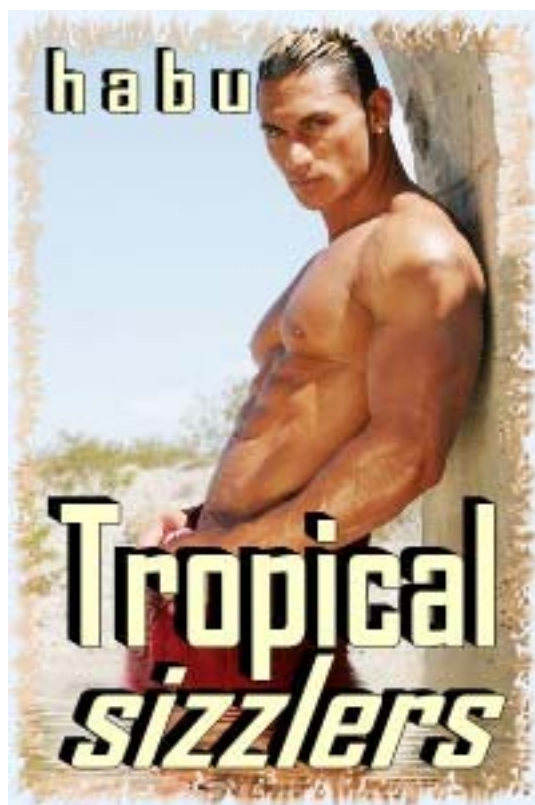


MY NEIGHBOR'S HOT TUB

By habu

A warm spell after a particularly cold winter and early spring can be unHINGING, leading one to be open to adventure, getting comfortable, and letting loose. Young Glen is straight but is the curious sort and always is happy to experiment in search of pleasure and new adventures—and his wife has gone to her mother's for a week. These events intersect to find Glen accepting an invitation to try out the hot tub of his older, but hunky divorced neighbor, Marty, who is prone to bringing young men home from the gym. The result is inevitable and explosive.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, m/m, anal, group and nonconsensual sex.

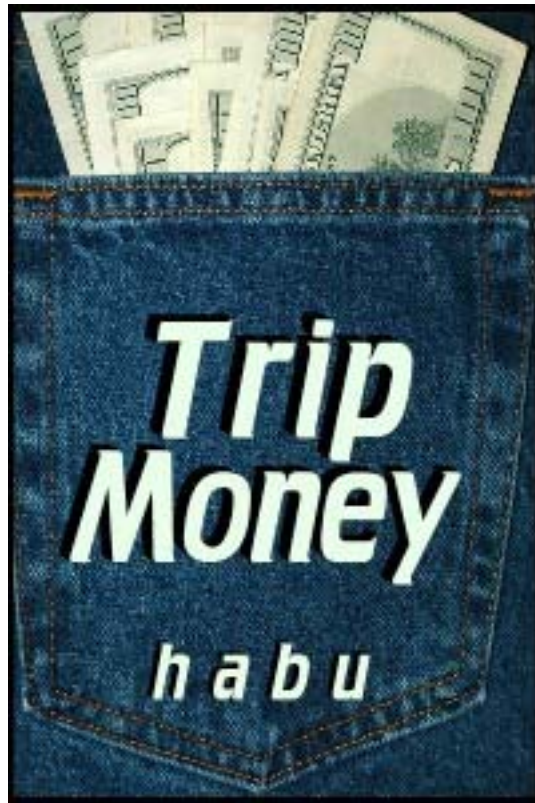


TROPICAL SIZZLERS

By habu

Steamy climates. Hot men. Sizzling man sex. This meaty forty-story anthology takes you around the tropical and semitropical belt of the world in a whirlwind introduction to some of the hottest and most exotic male-male action and varied tales of taking you could wish for. We have served up for us herein spicy platters of drama, amusement, pathos, domination, discovery, arousal, melting of reluctance, irony, and surprise: your porn stars gone wild, your jungle soldiers in search of adventure, your older men dominating young hunks, your sex-rocked yachts, your gay bordellos and male prostitutes on the prowl, your no-swim suit pools, your exotic sex nests, and your hot night life and full-throttled spirals into seduction and realization of dreams and hot-blooded passion. So, pull on your Speedos (or not) and head for the tropical beaches of the Caribbean, the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean, and the Pacific to see how many ways and in how many different hot and humid locales you can be aroused and satisfied.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and m/m, fetish, anal, group and nonconsensual sex.

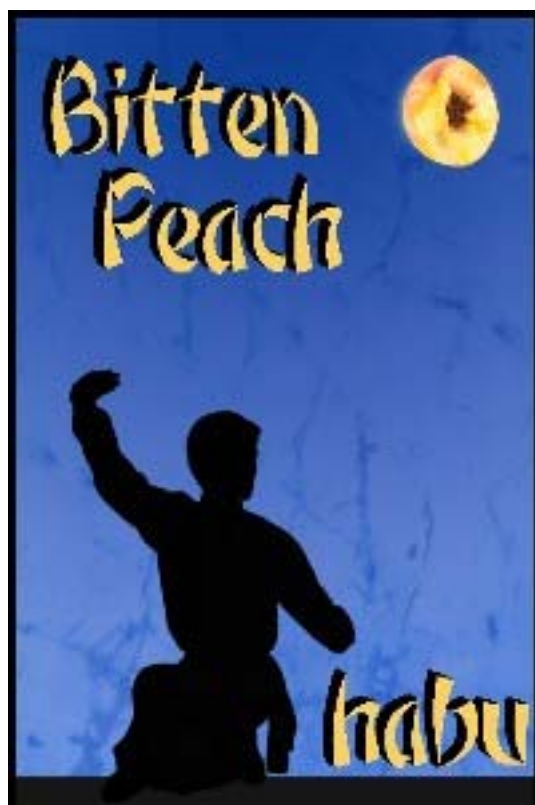


TRIP MONEY

By habu

It was not a good day for Ben. He'd stumbled upon the sight of his best friend, Digger, in the sack in their shared university dorm room with his girlfriend, Stacey, who had put off his own advances because she was "saving herself for marriage." Then suite mate J. D. both lets Ben know that Digger and Stacey had been going at it all semester and then comes on to Ben himself. Confusion sets in when Ben realizes that he was more attracted to Digger than to Stacey when he'd seen them in the act. Ben doesn't know for sure who he wants, but he is soon put on the spot when Digger calls for a beach trip to his parents' Nags Head vacation house for the whole gang. Ben doesn't want Digger and Stacey going to the beach without him, but he doesn't have the money for the trip. Enters older gym buddy Clint, with an interesting business proposition to help Ben earn his traveling money, a proposition that only adds to the pressures and confusions Ben has fallen prey to.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and m/m sex.



BITTEN PEACH

By habu

Bitten Peach is an eleven-story anthology capturing the essence of the deliciously euphemistic Oriental world of men making love to other men, arranged in a chronological sequence covering a 2,200-year period. These are stories that go beyond the random act of sexual release between men. They offer more complex and context-richer studies of gathering age-old themes, exotic settings, and all-so-human characters up into the Floating World of the Orient in which men give themselves to other men-some more freely than others-for something in return, whether it is for money, position, power, survival, honor, service, devotion-or, not all that rarely, really, in unconditional love.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, m/m and nonconsensual sex.



DEAL CLOSER

By habu

An unabashed male-male, wall-to-wall action adventure of the lengths corporate executives will go in providing fringe benefits to close the deal with the big client.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, m/m anal sex, intense group sex, bondage and double penetration.

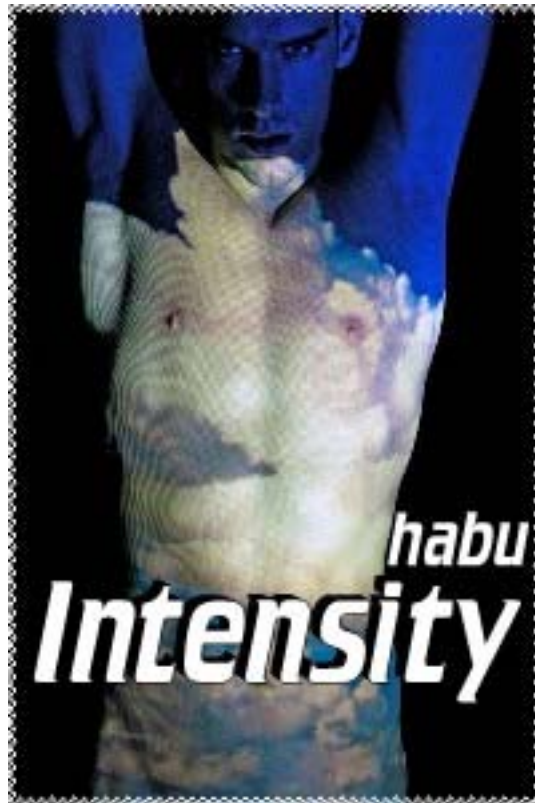


BLUE ROSES TATTOO

By habu

Laurie is living a dull life as a diner waitress in a nowhere town in a Podunk state. She craves adventure and the exotic but is left to settle for small-town life and Sam, the truck driver. And then one day, Hank, a James Dean-handsome mysterious stranger with a full-body blue roses tattoo walks into the diner and sees Laurie as someone who needs his help.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and sex, as well as mind control and anal sex.

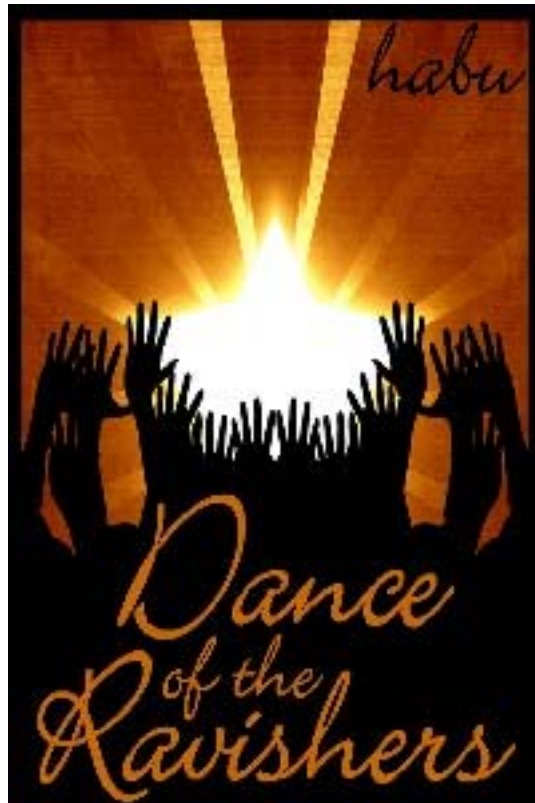


INTENSITY

By habu

The thirty stories offered in this anthology explore, agonize over, and celebrate the ever-present atmosphere of intensity in the world of man coupling with man. Choosing the gay male lifestyle is, in itself, an emotionally charged rocket ride from the heights to the depths. The gay male always lives in the spotlight-and is always directly in tune with that very next breath, that very next encounter. The intensity reflected in these stories of physical emotion and relationship, in both the dance of choosing and joining together and in the frequent loss-is one of those sweet, albeit sometime bittersweet, emotions that make life worth living.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, anal, m/m, group and nonconsensual sex.



DANCE OF THE RAVISHERS

By habu

When Beau Lafleur was awarded the graduate student slot in the Sudan archaeological excavation project of the legendary Dr. Emmet Emory, he assumed he would have to curb his voracious appetite for gay male sex. What he discovers, however, is not only is the dance of sexual release rampant within the expedition's camp but also that the men of the expedition become swept up in a local tribe's fertility ritual, the Dance of the Ravishers.

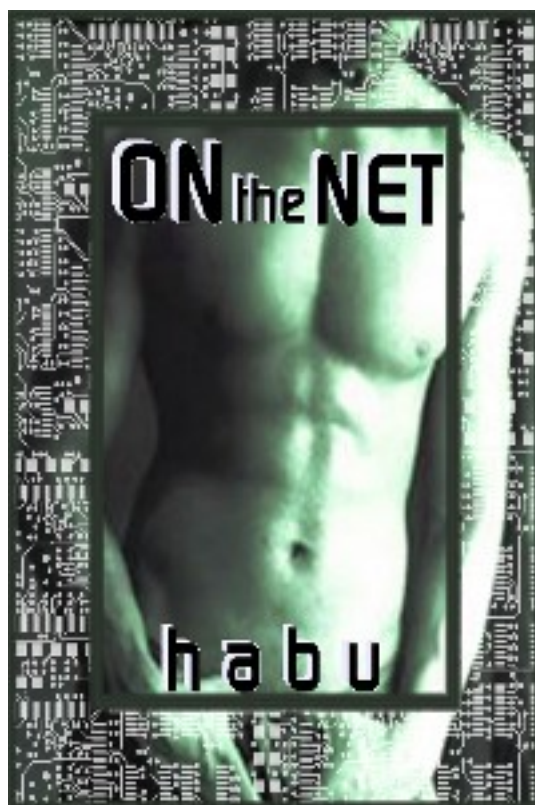
Warnings: This title contains graphic language, fetish, and m/m, anal, group and nonconsensual sex.



SMILE
By habu

There are all kinds of smiles: happy smiles, wicked smiles, knowing smiles, ironic smiles, surprised smiles, sneery smiles, guilty smiles, pleased smiles, “I told you so” smiles. Sex is usually viewed as serious, tense, emotionally charged-and this is especially so with gay male sex. And erotica tends to take the act more seriously than does real life. However, sex can be great fun-and playful sex is often the best, most satisfying kind. Here are nineteen gay male stories designed to evoke at least a trace of a smile of some form from readers. Enjoy. Smile. Go on, you know you want to.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, fetish, m/m, anal, group and nonconsensual sex.

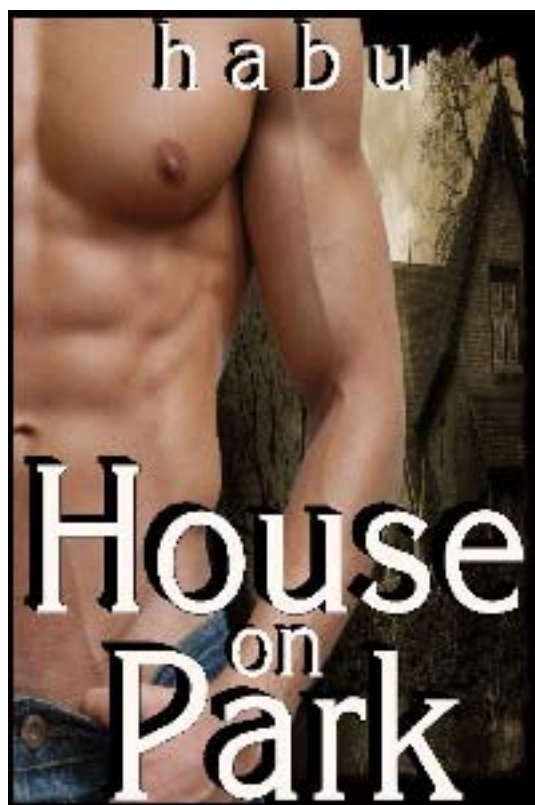


ON THE NET

By habu

The advent of the computer age-and especially of the Internet-opened up whole new worlds, not the least in the realm of erotica. For the gay male, the Internet has provided access to whole worlds of possibilities and connections. This fourteen-story anthology explores male connecting with male, sometimes with humor and surprise and sometimes poignantly-but always in steamy hot discovery and fulfillment-across the realm of computers and the Internet in all of its variety and complexity.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and m/m sex, including fetish, anal and nonconsensual sex.



HOUSE ON PARK

By habu

A young classic automobile collector becomes entrapped in neverending sexual debauchery at the hands of two master male lovers in the house on Park Street. It almost seems as if the sexual ravishment of anyone entering the house is being orchestrated by the house itself, and it requires all of the young man's fortitude and strength-and the help of a smitten burglar-to break free of the siren song of the house on Park.

Warnings: This title contains contains graphic language, m/m sex, extreme GM sex situations, and nonconsent.

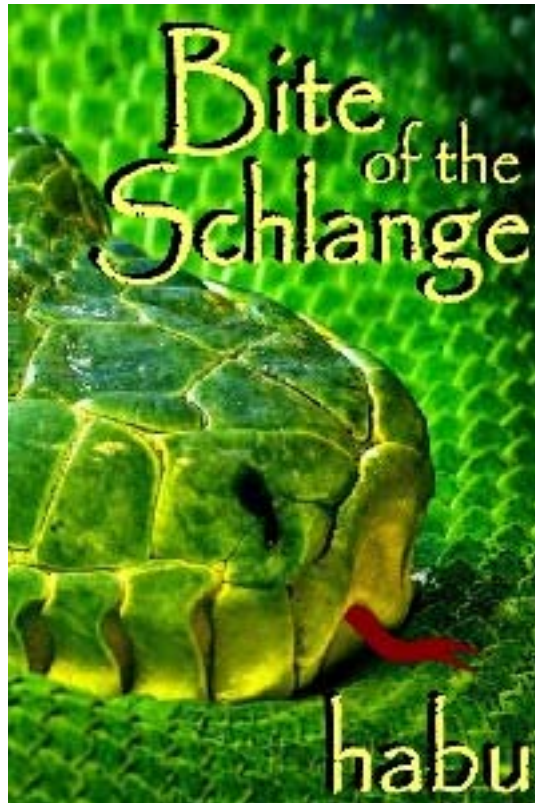


ROUGH RIDES

By habu

It isn't just the act of sex that can be rough for a gay male-the relationships involved and the whole circumstance in which one male comes together with another (or more than one) male to satisfy basic hungers can be explosive in both physical and emotional terms. In this compendium of forty-two stories, both new and previously published, habu hones in on giving readers some scintilating examples of tales and circumstances-and sexual acts-that are on the rougher side in more than one dimension. This collection isn't for the faint of heart-but it's a must read for those who like their GM stories rough and raw, both physically and emotionally.

Warnings: This title contains M/M, graphic language, fetish, anal sex, group sex, BDSM, and nonconsent.



BITE OF THE SCHLANGE

By habu

On Sunday, April 28, 1793, the earth splits Mount Serpente on the inland island of St. Silvus down the center, flinging the guardian White Furies into the heavens and releasing the black ship of the Schlange and its crew of satyrs to sail out on the lava flow into the world in search of young, perfectly formed men to overpower and defile. The cream of manhood is needed by the Schlange to keep it rejuvenated, and the searching White Furies force the monster to try to shoot the sea's entrance into the larger hunting field of the greater ocean. For this, as well as its other appetites, the Schlange needs to capture and enslave the magnificent young A'zam, the navigator prince of the Ottoman Empire.

Warnings: This title contains M/M, graphic language, fetish, anal sex, group sex, nonconsent, and horror and supernatural elements.



DOUBLED

By habu

For a seeker of stories featuring one of the most extreme gay male fetishes, double anal penetration, the hunt is often a frustrating one that requires extensive research for sometimes only tertiary satisfaction. That hunt is over. This anthology provides twenty-five stories by the prolific erotica author habu that each includes at least one lesser or larger scene of what you are looking for when you are in just “that” mood. These stories, many of which have never been published before, run the gamut from being centered on men seeking that particular sexual coupling, like “Doubling Bets” and “The Exchange Students,” to excerpts of scenes including the sexual act from habu’s many previously published works. There no longer is any need to search extensively for just a hint of a mention here and there-this anthology centers on this specific fetish, from the romantic to the exotic to the nonconsensual and dominated. So, if you are so inclined, get comfortable, open up *Doubled*, and prepare to double your pleasure. There is no where else you are going to find a collection as extensive and as focused on this particular theme.

Warnings: This title contains M/M, graphic language, fetish, anal sex, group sex and nonconsent.



LAST CALL

By habu

***Last Call* is a glimpse into the secret world of Middle East intrigue by an author who has “been there/done that.” Intelligence agent “Jack” reaches the heights of pleasure, including sexually, when he is dominated by the senses of danger and fear. This is why he is what he is-not only a spy working in the Middle East, being used as candy to suborn foreign men of intelligence interest, but also a seeker of experienced, mature, forceful men who will dominate him and push him to the edge of sensuality. On the last night of his assignment to Cyprus, Jack has come to the picturesque Turkish Cypriot harbor castle town of Kyrenia to give himself to Tahir, an in-place asset he has been running. This last act is in fulfillment of what Tahir has been slipping him secrets from the Turkish Cypriot prime minister’s office to attain. There Jack is introduced to Tahir’s even more compelling and arousing uncle, Fazil, an international arms smuggler of great interest to Jack’s government. In a whirlwind sail around the Mediterranean, Jack and Fazil engage in a cat and mouse game that not only fulfills the sexual fantasies of both, but also brings Jack repeatedly to the fine edge separating supreme pleasure from pain . . . and death . . . and challenges Fazil to choose between safety and his primeval urges.**

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, m/m sex, BDSM, fetish, graphic sex, and group sex.