



FANTASY
ROMANCE

DIRTY DREAMS

D. J. MANLY

Robert is heir to a very rich empire with an enviable position in his father's company. He hates his life. He's always stressed and always alone. Then he starts hearing voices and a little man takes him through a passage to a place he could have only dreamed. But is it a dream or is he suddenly brought face to face with the man of his dreams, whom is deliciously and totally in his control?

Come with Robert to Fantasium, where D.J. Manly will transport you to a world where all dreams come true, even the dirtiest ones. But the question will haunt you long after you read the book. Is Fantasium only a dream?

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Fantasium: Dirty Dreams
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Fantassium: Dirty Dreams

By

D.J. Manly

Chapter One

“He wants to see you,” Angela informed him the minute he walked into the lobby of Dune Enterprises.

“Tell Mr. Dune I’ll be right there.”

Angela picked up the phone.

Robert headed to the elevator, pressed the button and waited. His mind searched frantically for the possible reasons he was being summoned this early on a Monday morning. Soon he was joined by several other employees who were also waiting for the lift to take them to their respective work cubicles. A chorus of “Good morning, Mr. Dune,” assaulted his ears. He nodded at them, brought back to reality by the dinging of the elevator.

He adjusted his maroon-coloured tie as the elevator smoothly carried its passengers up to the pre-selected floors. One woman stared openly at him then winked. He pretended not to notice. He glanced in the mirror of the elevator and studied his reflection. Short cropped hair the colour of

sand, with large green eyes, firm chin and chiselled features, he was relatively pleased with his appearance. He was slender and toned and would have liked to be an inch taller, but at five ten, he was still a good height. He ended up alone for the last part of the ride because his office was on the top floor. He wondered why he was fussing with his appearance this morning. When the elevator dinged, he forgot about it, said good morning to his secretary, Harriet Finley, and went straight to his office.

Harriet chased after him down the corridor. "Sir, Mr. Dune..."

"Yes, I know," he turned to look at her at he unlocked his office.

She held out a cup of coffee.

"I told you, Harriet, I can get my own coffee."

"Yes, sir," she stood there uncertainly.

He reached out for the cup. "I do appreciate it. Thank you. Hold my calls, please."

"Yes, Sir."

Robert walked into his office and threw his briefcase onto the desk. He checked to make sure his suit wasn't rumpled and that his dark hair was in place. He took a breath, prepared to make that journey down to the other end of the hall, when the door opened.

"Hey, Robert."

Charles was the last person he wanted to see

right now.

"I need to see the figures again for the Washburn account."

"Why?"

"I wasn't quite convinced by your assessment."

That figured. "The Washburn account is my account. It's part of Special Projects."

"I was asked to take a second look." Charles gave him a meaningful look.

"I'll have it for you by this afternoon." Before Charles got his hands on it, he'd take a second look himself.

"You look tense," Charles said. "What did you do on the weekend?"

"Worked."

"You need to take life easier, Robbie."

Robert gritted his teeth. He hated it when Charles called him Robbie. It was always meant to be condescending. "The boss is waiting," Robert told him, "if you'll excuse me."

"Wound like a coil," Charles berated him as he moved toward the door. "Be careful you don't end up like Grandpa. Oh, and, Robbie, you have ah...a...something on your..." He reached over and brushed something off Robert's jacket. "There, that's better. Good luck," he sang and left.

"Go fuck yourself," Robert said under his breath. He walked down the hallway, nodding to this and that one as he went. He knocked on the

outer door and walked in.

"Good morning, sir," Aida Quincy looked up at him from where she worked on her computer. She was Mr. Dune's administrative assistant. "I'll tell him you're here."

"Thank you." He didn't sit down. Instead he paced a few times. He was going over the last board meeting in his mind. Everything seemed to be okay then.

The phone buzzed. Robert's heart raced.

"You can go in now, sir," Ms. Quincy said.

He thanked her and knocked on the door of the inner sanctum.

Charles Dune got up out of his leather chair as Robert entered the huge office. "Good morning, Robert," he said. "Lovely morning, isn't it?"

"Yeah, great."

"Sit, sit," he waved at him as he lowered himself back down behind his massive desk. "You look tired. Have you been getting enough sleep?"

"Yes. I'm fine."

"Charles thinks you're tense. I want you to start working out with my trainer. He'll do you a world of good."

"Yes, sir. I'll have my secretary allot some time on my schedule. What is it you wished to see me about?" He entwined his hands in his lap.

"Charles had some questions about the Washburn Account. Are you sure we can confirm

those numbers to the company?"

Damn that Charles. "I've been over it several times. I'm sure my calculations are--"

"You've never had much of a head for numbers. I'm wondering if Special Projects is truly the place for you."

"I can do it," he slid forward on his seat. "I won't let you down. I'll double check and get back to you on--"

He held up a hand. "No need. I've asked Charles to take a look. This account is just too important to leave solely in your hands."

Robert sighed and sat back in his seat.

"That's all," he picked up a file on his desk.

Robert headed for the door.

"Oh, and, Robert, your mother expects you to be there for dinner tomorrow night."

"Is it tomorrow?" He glanced at him.

"It's always the first Tuesday of the month. You know that. We will expect you."

"I'll be there," he said and left the office.

Charles Dune and his brother, Jed, had inherited Dune Enterprises from their father, Martin Dune. Charles and Jed were primed to run the company from the time they were old enough to count to ten. Martin Dune had dropped dead of a heart attack at the age of forty-one, and so, Charles and his brother stepped into their father's shoes and made Dune Enterprises into one of the

most successful investments companies in the history of North America. Then one day, Jed Dune just up and disappeared. Charles, suspecting his brother had been kidnapped for ransom, hired a team of special investigators, but without success. At the age of twenty-four, the younger son of business tycoon, Martin Dune, had vanished, and was never heard from again.

Everything had been done to ensure that Robert and his older brother, Charles Junior, would be prepared, like their father and uncle before them, to take their places at Dune Enterprises. Even when he was in high school, Robert spent his summers in the mail room, and right out of university, he was given a junior position in finance. Now he was the head of Special Projects. His brother, Charles, had always been the favourite. He seemed born to his job as Vice-president, and didn't hesitate to question every damn move that Robert made.

Back in the sanctuary of his office, he poured over the Washburn Account for the hundredth time, trying to find anything that his brother could hold him hostage to. When the phone rang, he pressed his intercom, irritated at the interruption. "I said to hold my calls," he snapped. "Take a message."

"Sir, I'm sorry, but the man on the line says it's urgent."

"Who is it?"

"A representative from Inca Corp."

"Tell him to leave his number and I'll get back to him," Robert pushed the button to mute.

Robert wasn't sure how long he'd spent reviewing those figures for that account. All he knew was that his eyes burned and his head was about to explode. When he finally glanced away from his computer, he realised that he'd missed lunch. It was twenty after two.

"That's why your head is aching. It's not good to skip meals."

For a second, Robert thought he was hearing things. He reeled back in his chair, closed his eyes and rubbed his temples. Then he heard it again.

"If you're going to perform like a machine, you have to put the right fuel into it. Other wise, the machine will break down. For a smart fellow..."

Robert brought his chair back down with a thud, his eyes wide open. He glanced around his office. "Who said that?"

"I did," a voice replied.

"Who did...where?" He stood. "I'm losing it."

"Not yet." Someone laughed. "But if you don't get out of this place, you will."

"How...how come I can't...see you?" He felt ridiculous. My God, if someone were to walk into his office right now, they'd have him committed.

"The door's locked, remember."

"Where are you?"

"Open your eyes."

"My eyes are...open."

"No, no, really, open your eyes. Gee whiz."

"Gee whiz?"

"It's a metaphor, stupid. Lot's of people walk around with their eyes open, but they don't see anything."

Robert squinted, peering around the room. He switched on his desk lamp, then put his hands out in front of him, feeling around.

"What are you doing, exactly?"

Robert stopped dead in the middle of the room. "I hear you plain as day, like you're in this very room."

"I am in this very room. Very good, genius."

Robert sighed in frustration. "Okay, this is a trick. Something Charles rigged up to make me feel as if I'm losing it."

"You don't need Charles for that."

"Look, you," he pointed in one spot, then in another, "wherever you are...I don't think I like your tone."

"Tough baby diapers."

"What? Tough what?"

"Baby diapers. You've never heard that one? Oh, that's right. I made that up."

"What in hell do you want? Who are you?"

What--"

The door suddenly burst open. Charles stood there, dangling a key. "Who are you talking to?"

"Talking to?"

"Yeah. I heard you talking to someone. I used the pass key. You weren't answering your phone."

"Did you hear someone talking back?"

"What?"

"Did someone answer me?"

Charles just stared at him.

"Were there two people talking?" Robert snapped.

"No. I thought you were on the phone."

"What do you want?" Robert shook his head. "You just can't break into my office."

"I didn't break in. I used the key." He dangled the key in the air again. "I've come for the Washburn file. I sent you an email asking for you to transfer it, but--"

"I was busy. You know, that was pretty low, undermining me like that in front of our father."

"I wasn't undermining you, Robert, but I have to look out for the interests of Dune Enterprises. We can't afford to make a mistake with this account. It's a pivotal..."

"Oh, fuck off." Robert walked over to the computer. "I'll transfer the file, but the numbers check out. I defy you to find--"

"You know I will." He smiled. "I always do."

Robert glared at him and went into his email, busying himself with sending the file.

"Meeting's at three. Don't be late."

The door closed.

"Why do you tolerate that ass wipe?"

Robert shook his head. He was losing it.

"He's not any smarter than you. He's your father's favourite and whatever you do, it will never be good enough. Don't you want to be at the top of the heap, Robert?"

"You're not here. You're not talking to me. I'm going to eat something and then I won't hear your voice anymore." He headed for the door.

Suddenly he felt himself being forced back. He stumbled, braced himself against his desk and looked up, dumbfounded. "Who or what...in fuck are you?"

"Now," the figure before him asked, "is that any way to talk to the bringer of good tidings?"

"Good tidings?" Robert made a face. The image in front of him was a short, fat little man with a mauve scarf on his head. He was dressed in a pair of wide purple pants, odd yellow shoes and a mid-length dark blue coat with shiny brass buttons. "What in hell are you exactly?" The image seemed to waver, as if it weren't quite solid.

"I'm Tab." He bowed his head.

Robert shook his head. "I'm hungrier than I thought. If I just eat something--"

"Eat all you like. It won't have any effect on me."

"I'll call security."

He laughed. "And tell them what exactly?"

Robert moved forward a few steps and tried to touch him. His fingers went right through. "Okay, this is creepy."

"Jed sent me."

"Jed. Jed who?"

"Jed Dune."

"My uncle? He disappeared when I was a kid."

"That's right."

"He was declared dead."

"He was dead to your world. And now he's dead in this one. But his misfortune is your fortune."

"Mine?"

"Yes, you are the one he identified the most with. He wanted to save you from this. You are his heir."

"Then you're a notary?"

"Heavens no, we have no such things here."

"Where is here?"

"In Fantassium."

"Okay, look, I know I'm either sleepwalking or suffering from extreme hunger. This isn't real. I have to go and get a snack from the vending machine and get to my meeting." He looked at his watch. "I have twenty minutes."

"That's what you don't understand, Robert. There is no meeting. You have been selected to take your uncle's place in Fantasium. Come, it's time to get briefed."

"You got to be fucking kidding," Robert blurted. He stood in the middle of a huge lobby. That Tab guy sat on one of the odd shaped sofas, smiling. "I'm going to miss my meeting."

"It won't matter," he replied. "This is your fiefdom now."

"Where in hell am I?"

"I told you, Fantasium. You know for a supposedly bright guy who went to one of those higher learning, hoitie toitie places, you're a little dense. I hope you'll be able to run this place."

"Look, you, it's not every day some transparent guy wearing a clown suit appears out of thin air, going on about my dead uncle. How did you do that...bring me here?"

"It's not easy. It's like a kind of teleportation. I can do it if it's destined. And I'd appreciate it if you didn't refer to my clothing as clown clothes. I really don't know what that means, but I'm assuming it's not a compliment. I'll have you know I am considered a very sharp dresser."

Robert narrowed his eyes. "Teleportation exists." He rubbed his hands together. "That's wonderful. Who owns the patent? My father will

kneel down and kiss my feet. Charles won't know what hit him. Do you realise what this means? Listen, Dune Enterprises is prepared to pay anything to--"

"There is no Dune Enterprises."

Robert blinked. "Of course there is."

Tab stood up. "Not for you. You're not part of that world anymore. You're here, taking the place of your uncle. Now, listen. This business here is the envy of all. If your father had the key to this kingdom, he'd be doing headstands. This is a capitalist dream. And just think, you're the boss. No Charles, no Dad. The profit is one hundred percent, minus a few miscellaneous expenses, of course. The labour is free. And you have one of the most sought after products in the universe--and you have a monopoly."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. That's what Jed has given you. You see, Jed was a Dune. He knew business, and he created this one. Congratulations."

"So, this is where he went," Robert glanced around him at the grand lobby. His eyes went to the gold spiral staircase leading to the second floor. "Where does that go?"

"That goes to heaven."

"Heaven?"

He smiled. "You'll see."

"And what country are we in again?"

He shook his head. "We're not in any country. We're in an alternate universe. I told you, Fantassium."

"Okay, so this was my uncle's business, totally profitable, free labour...that's the part I don't get...how come free labour?"

"All the workers are sent here as part of a sentence."

"Sentence? You mean they're prisoners?"

"Well...kind of, special prisoners."

"What is the product exactly?"

"You'll learn about that soon enough. Let me take you upstairs to your room so you can rest. Your assistant will brief you later. The place isn't open yet."

Robert followed Tab up the staircase, looking around him. "Is it a hotel?"

"Kind of."

"Where are the guests?"

"They only arrive at night."

"That doesn't make sense."

"It will."

"Well, I have to think about this," Robert said. "I'd like to see the papers and the books for--"

"There are no papers, no books."

Robert stopped at the top of the stairs. "Huh?"

"We can't keep records. The clientele is very exclusive."

"I would like my people to take a look at--"

"You don't have any people," he said. "Not anymore."

"Speak English. I want some damn answers now. What country am I in? What business did I inherit, and--"

Tab laughed.

"I'm serious."

"You are a very, very handsome man, Robert, and when you're angry, did you realise that your eyes give off little sparks? They're blue, aren't they? I've always been partial to dark hair and blue eyes, and all those muscles."

"Answers now or I'm leaving."

"That's just it, Robert, you can never leave. Transportation is one way only."

Robert's jaw dropped.

"Now, if you'll come with me, I'll show you to the master's room. After you rest, we'll talk some more."

"That's it. You're nuts. I'm getting out of here." He ran down the stairs and through the lobby. When he got to the door, Tab stood in front of it.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you."

"Get out of my way."

"Okay, don't say I didn't warn you."

Robert wrenched open the door. As he did, he let out a yell and clutched onto the door for dear life. There was nothing outside but clouds in a clear blue sky. No ground, no earth, just sky. He

was speechless. He closed the door, breathing hard. "What in hell..."

"It's maximum security. Your uncle made sure only the right people entered and that people couldn't escape...those who weren't supposed to escape. You see, we have an agreement with Fantassium, all perfectly legal of course. They give us our staff and we agree to keep them here until their service is over. That way, the population is protected from the nastiest of criminals and you keep the business thriving because it is the real bad boys our clients pay the most for."

"Bad boys?"

"It's a great set up, except for the moralist raiders and the rebels. But as long as we keep the password secret, they can't get in."

"Moralist what and what rebels?"

"Well, the Moralist Raiders are our greatest concern because they object to X, that's what this place is called. The rebels are an anti-government militia, and well, they object to everything really."

"I have to sit down."

"Go ahead."

"You're telling me I can never leave here, that I'm stuck in this place with a bunch of...badass criminals...and under attack from some...army?"

"The Moralist are not an army exactly, rather a...mercenary squad."

"Mercenary squad? And these so called bad

boys do what here in terms of service?"

"They fuck," a voice said suddenly.

Robert looked up to see a young man walking down the stairs. He was young, blond, wearing a pair of what looked like cut off shorts and a red shirt made of some thin plastic.

"Ah, Kit, this is Robert," Tab said. "Robert, Kit is your personal assistant."

Robert was beginning to believe that he was having a nightmare. He stood.

Kit began to tour around him. He looked him up and down. "You resemble Jed. You're better looking actually, quite a hunk."

"What did you say?" Robert asked.

"I said you were a hunk."

"No, before that...about...something about fucking?"

"Yeah, that's right, fucking. You asked what the prisoners did." Kit shrugged. "And I said they fuck."

"As in..."

"Oh brother," Kit said, looking at Tab. "Are you sure he's ready for this? He doesn't even seem to know what fucking is."

"He's all we got."

"I know what fucking is," Robert snapped. "Jesus, is this a brothel or a prison?"

"A little of both really," Kit replied.

"So clients pay prostitutes for sex?"

"No. They don't get paid. They do it because they're working off their sentence."

"They pay someone, don't they?"

"Yeah," Kit said, "they pay you. You're the warden."

"Prostitutes, they're prostitutes and sexual slaves?"

"No, they're prisoners," Kit pointed out.

"That's not legal," Robert shook his head.

"It is here, it's state sanctioned. We have clients from all over the universe who come in, wealthy clients with exotic tastes. They pay a lot for the bad boys. And the population figures it's more civilized than lopping their heads off."

"And what is it that you do?"

"I train them," he said proudly.

Robert turned helplessly to Tab. "I want out of here. I'm not running any brothel."

"Too late. You've been chosen," Tab said. "There's nothing I can do about it. It's your legacy."

"And if I refuse?"

Kit smiled at him. "You either play boss or join the prisoners. I'd enjoy training you."

Robert took a few steps back.

Tab placed a hand on his forearm. "Listen, Rob, you're a businessman. Think of this as an opportunity, the ideal business, with you at the helm. You are finally your own man."

"Yes," Kit ran his gaze over him, "and think of the perks."

Just then Tab put up a hand.

"What is it?" Kit asked.

"Incoming and this one, is really pissed."

"Well, boss," Kit said softly, "looks like you're going to get a chance to get your hands dirty right away. Welcome to X."

As if out of nowhere, two armed guards appeared with a prisoner in tow. He struggled furiously against his constraints and tried to kick one of the guards again. When he got the opportunity, he spat directly in his face. When the guard lifted his arm to hit him, Kit rushed over. "Don't scar his face. He'll be worthless."

Robert took a few steps back as two huge, armed guards dragged the man over to him.

"On your knees to the master," one growled, then pushed him to the floor.

There were shackles on his ankles and they crashed against the marble floor as he went down. His hands were cuffed behind him. He lifted his face. Robert was stunned by how beautiful he was, despite the fact that his face was streaked with dirt. The man was furious, black eyes shooting poison at everyone around him. His long black hair was tangled and his torso naked.

"I'm a...not a..." Robert was going to say that he wasn't his master.

Kit interrupted. "What's his crime?"

"Public exposure," the guard said.

"Fucking jerk," he muttered. "I wasn't exposing myself."

"The judge condemned you," the guard shook him. "You will do your sentence."

"You can't make me do anything," he grunted and glared at Robert.

Robert swallowed.

"Cooperate or lose your head," the other guard threatened, lifting a heavy round sharp object over the prisoner's head.

"No," Robert called out. He cleared his throat. "Ah, Kit, take the prisoner wherever he's supposed to be taken, please."

Kit folded his arms across his chest. "Not until he's given the calming shot, I'm not."

"Calming...what?"

"You have the key," Kit told him.

"I don't have any key. What are you talking about?"

The prisoner was still struggling.

"Head down," the guard barked and kicked him in the ribs.

"Where is this calming stuff?" Robert panicked.

Tab crooked his finger. Robert stepped around the prisoner and followed.

"Sorry about this. Not fun, your first day. It looks like we got a wild one. They are usually glad

to be here, beats the alternative, but I have a feeling he was set up. Government enemy. And those sorts are usually trouble."

"What in hell is a...calming...shot?"

"Just something to take the fight out of them until we get them secured in their quarters. You must go in there," he pointed to the next room, "your uncle left you all the information you need. Good luck."

Robert could hear the prisoner swearing, and raising a ruckus again.

Tab gave him a warning look. "I'd hurry if I were you."

Robert nodded.

A voice spoke to him suddenly. "I've been waiting."

Robert gasped and turned around. A man stood there, looking transparent, like Tab had in his office.

"I'm your Uncle Jed."

"I...why did you bring me here? I don't want to--"

"I created this world, Robert. I wanted to escape. I wanted you to be free like me. You are like me. You need freedom, stimulation. You will thank me for this."

"How do I get out of here?"

"You don't get out of here. Robert, use your

head for business, you can make this work. Don't try to impose the values of your world on this place. Allow yourself to experience pleasure."

The prisoner yelled again.

Robert shuddered.

"You are the boss, act like it. The key is here." Suddenly, a key appeared in thin air. "It will give you access to the calming shots. Usually, they adapt after awhile, even learn to love their work." He smiled. "Good luck."

Robert shook his head. He was gone. Shit. Shit, shit. He looked at the key in his hand. There was a little cupboard there. He opened it and took out a syringe. The cupboard closed immediately, the key vanished.

"Robert, hurry," Kit yelled.

Robert came running.

Kit grabbed the shot and plunged it into the man's bicep. He fell immediately onto his face.

The guards seemed relieved. "There," one of them said, "finally. He's your headache now. His names Dylan Hollinger, real badass, should fetch you a pretty price, given that he's hung like a horse...too bad about his mouth."

"His crime is that he exposed himself in public?" Robert said in disbelief.

The guard laughed, looking at Kit. "He's a rebel, of course, intergalactic warrior captain. A great prize. Good luck. You're going to need it."

Robert looked at Kit, then at Tab. The two guards vanished as they walked away. "Now how did they get out of here?"

"Special transport, courtesy of the state," Tab said.

"And he's a rebel?"

"Oh, some people," Kit clicked his tongue, "got a beef with the state about oppression or something, nothing to do with us. We don't meddle in politics. We're in entertainment. Now, if you'll excuse me, boss, I better get this live one secured, before he wakes up. I don't want to have to wrestle him, do you?"

Robert shook his head. "No, thanks."

Chapter Two

There were ten prisoners working at X, as Kit called it. The place was huge, with every luxury, exercise room, library, sauna, pool, huge dining room, and exceptionally beautiful men, each of them bowing their heads to him when Kit quickly took him in and out of each room.

"They're all especially trained as well," Kit said. "Feel free to try them out."

Robert actually blushed.

Kit laughed. "You can tell you're not from here. Your values are screwy. Anyway," he explained as they continued walking down the hallway, "all except for the place we have Mr. Hothead, each prisoner has his own room and is free to wander around. At midnight, the celestial door opens and the pre-booked guests arrive. This is your private office," he said, "and it's connected to your luxury bedroom."

Robert followed him in. "Wow," he said. There was a huge round bed, mirrors everywhere, deep

red carpets and drapes, a whole lot of techie equipment he'd never seen, a sauna and private bathroom.

"Your office is here," he opened another door. "The names and special requests of the exclusive clients are on this list here." He picked up a book. "They will appear by themselves. The clients will deposit the gold in the entrance box before being allowed in. Tab collects it."

"Gold?"

"Yes, gold. It's the only thing we trade in here. The prisoners are responsible for the cleaning and upkeep as well, and do that during the day. If you want them to clean naked, go ahead and tell them to. They will obey."

Robert's eyes widened.

"They also have to keep fit, but I crack the whip on them for that. They are not allowed to have sex with one another unless a client requests a show. A bell will summon you to dinner. You may eat with us or in your quarters as you wish. If there are any problems, I administer punishment, unless you decide otherwise. Now, I will be busy for the next few days attempting to train Dylan. You may have to assist. Most of the prisoners here chose this over death. They agreed to cooperate. I believe sending that wild boy here was like some kind of a joke on the part of the judge."

Robert was overwhelmed. "And all this gold is

mine? What about payment for you and..."

"I'm a trustee." He smiled.

"You're a prisoner?"

He nodded. "I've earned my position. You will have no worries about me."

"And Tab, that funny little guy?"

"He guides the clients here and takes them back out again, and collects the money as I told you. He doesn't require payment. It's his purpose."

"Oh. I think I need to sit down."

"Go ahead, enjoy. I'm going into the war zone to see Mr. Rebel Commando boy. Wish me luck."

Robert didn't even want to think about that. He had to put everything into perspective. If this was a dream, it was a crazy one. Was he a pimp now, or a warden, or a little of both? And it seemed this was perfectly legal, a businessman's dream, no overhead, pure profit, and it looked like he didn't have to do much. Not to mention, he glanced back up at the second floor as he walked down, he was surrounded by beautiful men all waiting to do his bidding.

His father had been on his case to find a nice girl and settle down, but he'd been hedging because it wasn't *a nice girl*, he wanted. In fact, that bad boy, Dylan Hollinger, stiffened his cock just fine, and if he could have him, well, maybe this place wouldn't be so bad after all.

Kit appeared suddenly, looking as if he'd really been in a war zone. He was limping, and muttering under his breath. He collapsed onto one of the velvet-lined settees in the front parlour.

"What happened?" Robert asked. He was trying not to smirk, but it was kind of funny. "I assume it didn't go well."

"Looks like Dylan isn't ah...quite ready yet for training," he rubbed his thigh.

"So, what did you do exactly that he didn't quite approve of?"

"I just tried to cut his shirt off."

"Ah. Isn't it supposed to be...ah calm?"

"Yeah, supposed to be, being the operative word."

"Is he constrained?"

"Yeah, okay?" Kit raised his voice. "He's in shackles and still I can't get near him."

Robert stood up. "Well, if I'm the warden here, guess I'll have to start acting like it. I'll deal with Mr. Hollinger."

"I wouldn't if I were you."

Robert didn't pay any attention. He walked up the stairs and headed to the door at the end of the hallway. When he walked in, his gaze zeroed in on Dylan. Kit had chained his wrists above his head and shackled his ankles to the floor, but the chains were too loose on the legs, which would give the prisoner enough room to lift his knee and

do some damage if you got close enough.

His head had fallen to the side. He was dozing, but Robert knew that he was aware. He kept his distance. "Mr. Hollinger," he said.

Dylan picked up his head and looked at him warily. He didn't speak.

"You realise that you are a prisoner here?"

"All the evidence points that way." His voice was deep and surly.

Robert laughed softly. "Some judge didn't like you."

"I told him to execute me."

"And he thought it was too good for you?" Robert wandered a little closer, his gaze running over him. He was dressed in a light brown uniform. The guards had already ripped the first three buttons off the shirt and Robert could see the top of his chest.

"Apparently."

"I've got a deal for you."

"I don't make deals."

"You might want to listen to this one."

"Do I have a choice?"

"Not really."

"Go on," he narrowed his eyes.

Robert eyed Dylan's legs, judging the distance between them and his chains. "Look, I've just recently been brought here. I'm as much a prisoner as you. I'm not even sure if this is reality,

but I figure I should make the best of it."

"Is there a point to this story?"

"Oh, you are a real bad boy, aren't you?"

"If you say so."

"Anyway, I've had a look at all the others. They're all beautiful, willing, but there's not a lot of substance to them, but you..." He smiled. "Here's my deal. If you're a good boy and do everything I tell you to, I'll exempt you from the other clients. You'll only have to serve my sexual needs."

"That's your deal?"

"Yes," Robert said.

"Forget it."

"Come on, Dylan. Are you telling me that you'd rather service countless strangers than to answer only to me?"

"I'm telling you I'm not intending on answering to anyone."

"You don't like men? You're a virgin?"

He laughed.

"Does that mean no to both or only one? I'll consider you a virgin if you've never been fucked. I don't count it if you've always been on top." God damn it but he was a beautiful man, and the *hung like a horse* part that one of the guards mention earlier, definitely interested him. He'd visited several male prostitutes over the years and not one of them had a cock which was large

enough to really fuck him the way he'd always dreamed of. And those who did, he wouldn't have looked twice at. But Dylan had it all, if what the guard said was true. It was hard to tell with those pants on. "So, are you a virgin where men are concerned, or not? I don't mind. I'll break you in."

"You might be breaking something, my friend, but it won't be my ass."

He laughed. "Do you have a big cock, or do you just brag about it?"

Dylan didn't reply.

"Okay, think about what I said, and if you agree to my proposition, I'll release you from those chains. You'll sleep in my room." Robert turned to leave. "Oh," he said, looking over his shoulder, "I will have those clothes off soon."

Dylan swore under his breath.

Robert smiled as he left the room.

"It's an erotic dream right?" Robert asked when Tab suddenly appeared downstairs in the lobby.

"What?"

"This...all this, it's an erotic dream. What I want to know is how you guys conjured up my deepest fantasy?"

"What are you talking about, boss?"

Robert lay back on the settee. He watched as several scantily clad prisoners walked around, cleaning everything.

"You want them naked?" Tab asked.

Robert smiled. "Yeah, why not?"

"Take 'em off, boys!" Tab called out.

The young men immediately began to strip.

"Enjoy the scenery."

"Um, very nice," Robert said, his vision filled with smooth bubble asses and semi-erect cocks.

"But you didn't answer my question."

"Which was?"

"How did you know what my deepest, darkest fantasy man was? Dylan is perfect, he's tall and he's muscular, long dark hair, a fiery, bad boy soldier, with a big cock. I've fantasized about a man like that most of my life."

"We didn't conjure anything. He just came here."

"Yeah sure," Robert said dreamily, rubbing his cock as he watched one of the prisoners turn and bend over. "Ooh, baby," he breathed.

Tab chuckled. "You want to fuck him?"

Robert didn't have time to reply.

Tab clapped his hands. "Sandy, come over here to the boss."

Sandy walked over, his eyes down, a smile on his face. "Boss?"

Robert hastily undid his pants and slipped them down to his ankles. "Ah, straddle my cock," he demanded, then looked at Tab. "Lube?"

"Don't need any," he said, "no lube, no

condoms, these boys are self-lubricating, believe me."

The one called Sandy faced him and spread his thighs. He took Robert's cock in his hand and stroked it a few times, running his tongue around his lips, then he positioned it and began to swallow up Robert's cock with his ass.

"Oh Goooooooooooood!" Robert cried out as the nimble young man started to move up and down on his cock. Robert's head went back and Sandy fucked him fast and hard, his cock bobbing up and down as he fucked Robert's cock with his ass.

Robert came with a shout, howling out his orgasm as Sandy crawled off him and stood obediently by.

Tab smiled at him as he slowly regained his breath and Sandy handed him a wet towel and clean himself up. He pulled up his pants. "That will be all," he told Sandy. "You can go back to cleaning."

Sandy bowed his head and disappeared.

"This is a dream," he said, shaking his head, "and before I wake up, I want you to send two guards into that room where Dylan is and make sure he can't move his legs. And tell them to come and inform me as soon as it's done."

"You want them to strip him?" Tab asked.

"No," Robert smiled, "I plan to do that myself."

The guests arrived as planned, a motley crew of characters, disappearing into the separate rooms above. Tab brought him a bucket of gold to put into the safe. "It's that easy?"

"It's that easy. And by the way, the guards finally secured Dylan's legs. They are the worse for wear, and it took them awhile, but the mission was a success.

"I admire his spirit. Now," Robert grinned, "if you'll excuse me, I have a date with Dylan Hollinger."

Tab chuckled. "Hope you survive it."

Just as he was climbing the stairs, Kit came down them. "All is under control, sir. Would you like me to help you with Dylan's training?"

"No one touches him," Robert warned. "He's mine."

Kit nodded. "As you wish."

Robert was whistling as he walked down the hallway. A variety of moans and groans could be heard coming from the rooms. "Satisfied customers are repeat customers," he said with a smile.

He opened the door to the room as the end of the hallway and closed it again. "Ah, there you are, you naughty boy," he said. "I hear you gave the guards a hard time."

"Forgive me if I don't grieve."

"Have you thought about my proposition?"

"I already told you. I don't make deals."

"That's too bad." Robert started to undress.

Dylan narrowed his eyes. "What are you doing?"

"I'm taking off my clothes, then I plan to take off yours."

"Over my dead body."

"It won't come to that, beautiful, because I've figured this out. It's a dream."

"This is no damn dream," he started to struggle. "And you won't touch me."

Robert undid his pants and took them down. He noticed that Dylan avoided looking at him. He walked over and took his chin between his fingers. "Oh if those eyes could kill, I'd be dead." He laughed. "Except," he said softly as he moved his other hand down in between Dylan's thighs and pressed it against his groin, "no one can die in this dream."

"Dirty son of a..." He sputtered.

"Oh my," Robert grinned, undoing the zipper on Dylan's army fatigues. "What a nice cock you have there, little boy...or I should say," he took the pants in both hands and yanked them down. He rubbed the bulge through the underwear, then stripped them down as well.

Dylan was livid. He thrashed his body in anger, which of course made it all the more exciting.

"Look what you've done to my cock," Robert

said.

"If I was loose, you wouldn't want to see what I could do to your..."

"Oh come on, Dylan," Robert said, reaching out and holding onto Dylan's cock. "Relax. I only want to give you pleasure, no pain. My God, but how big is it?"

"Fuck you."

"Oh, you will. Don't worry. I'd guess it was nine inches...ten hard, and uncut. Beautiful. They got it right, right down to that part. It's amazing. I want to see your chest." He slowly undid the buttons on Dylan's shirt.

Dylan's chest heaved a little as he glared down at him.

Robert spread his shirt open, then moved around back and ripped it up the middle.

Dylan swore under his breath.

Robert tore off his shirt, leaving only a scrap of material around his arms. "I'll cut that off later. He moved back around him again. "Nice tone, great nipples, stiff, too. Are your nipples always erect like that? You know what I notice? Your cock is stiffening. Maybe you like me a little?"

Dylan wasn't talking. He was only glaring.

"Ever had anything in your ass?" He moved around again, slapped one of the hard cheeks. "We call this a bubble butt, perfectly round, hard, so fuckable."

"God damn you," he swore, trying to look behind him.

"Eyes front forward, soldier." He laughed. "Now, where are those scissors? And there must be lots of toys around here somewhere."

Robert glanced over at the table. There was a pair of scissors and a whole box of fun stuff. He walked over and picked up the scissors. "What a great place. You think things and they appear. Now stand still, baby, I don't want to nick that beautiful body of yours." Robert bent down and cut through his pants and underwear in the middle, then he cut through the legs and threw them aside. Next he clipped off the shirt from around Dylan's broad shoulders.

"Still in a bad mood?" he asked, peering at him with a smile. He ran his hand over his cock, cupped his balls. Dylan's body reacted. Robert lapped at one nipple, then the other, twirling his tongue around, biting them gently, and he heard him utter a little sound in his throat.

Robert stood back. He smiled at him. "Let's go see what I got in the box." He took out one item at a time, holding it up, showing it to Dylan. "Nipple clamps, delicious on your nubs, love the little gold chain. Butt plug, cock ring, gawd...look at this huge monster of a cock toy!"

"You're not sticking that into me."

"Honey," Robert walked over with a couple of

items in his hand. "That's just the thing. This is my dream and you, you big hunk of man with the most beautiful body I've even seen, are mine to play with. I'll do what ever I want, without consequence. This isn't real."

"I assure you, it is real," he said looking right at him. "And when I get loose from here, you'll pay."

"Oh God, I hope so." He licked his lips. "If paying means being your sex slave, I'm more than ready. But first, I must do my duty and train you. And if you don't please me, you're going to be on your knees to every weirdo who comes through here with his gold, you got it?"

He didn't reply.

"So we understand each other. Now," he smacked his lips, "I'm going to oil you down with this. You'll look gorgeous and it will make it easier to slip things on." Robert laid down the few items he had and sprayed some oil on his hands. He looked at the bottle. "Says this stuff makes you horny. Let's see if it can soften your hard skin." He placed his palms on Dylan's chest and rubbed, paying special attention to his nipples. He rubbed it around each muscle, across the waves of his stomach, then knelt to oil his cock and his balls.

Robert was satisfied to see Dylan's body trembling as he rubbed the oil into his thighs, his calves, his feet, then moved to the back to do his

shoulders and down his spine. He put some more on his hands and massaged his luscious globes of his ass, then opened him up, pushed him forward and poured some onto his anus. His finger slipped inside easily and Dylan groaned.

Robert grabbed his hair, pulled his head backward and inserted his finger deeper into his ass. Releasing the hair, he reached around and massaged his oily dick, now twice the size. "God," Robert breathed. "It's got to be at least ten inches, and thick. What a cock."

Dylan's body was in motion. Robert smiled. He turned his head and kissed his lips and Dylan opened his mouth and melted his tongue with Robert.

Robert moaned now, too, letting one of his hands slide all over Dylan's slippery muscles while he fucked Dylan's ass with two of his fingers. "You like that?" he murmured against Dylan's mouth.

Dylan didn't answer, but his cock spoke volumes.

Robert removed his fingers and picked up the nipple clamps. He walked around the front and cupped Dylan's balls, massaging them in one hand. He kissed him again. It was irresistible. Dylan was irresistible. He rubbed his nipples between his fingers, then clipped on the clamps. The chain was delicate and lay against the golden

skin of his succulent pecks. Dylan winced a little from the pressure, but his tongue came out and licked his lips. Next Robert wrapped a leather strap around the base of his cock. It lifted it beautifully. "On display for me alone. Oh no, Captain," he whispered, running his fingers up the shaft and leaning down to play with the flap of skin on the head with his tongue, "this cock is mine and mine alone. And I'm going to ride it often."

Dylan's head went back. He whimpered.

Robert showed him the huge dildo. "This, it goes in that gorgeous ass of yours, deep and thick, spreading you like you've never been spread before."

Robert pulled on the nipple clamps, making Dylan moan, then he moved around to the back. "Take a deep breath, handsome," he said and slowly sunk the big dildo up inside of him.

Dylan cried out. "God, damn...ah...ah... fuck me. Fuck me with it."

Robert yanked his head back again. He kissed him deeply and began to thrust the dildo in and out of his ass. God, he was beautiful, just perfect, and all his.

When Robert was sure he was ready to come, he reached around, tormented his cock a little bit, then undid the strap on his cock. He shot realms of come, his hips bucking onto the dildo.

Robert pulled it out and threw it aside, coming around front and removing the clamps from his nipples. He laved both of them thoroughly with his tongue and milked the rest of his cock.

In Robert's favourite fantasy, after doing this to a big, resistant hunk, the hunk would seek his revenge by punishing him for his crime. The punishment wasn't going to happen because Dylan was in his power, but that was okay. He could live with this.

"Okay, stud," Robert said. "What do you say? Are you mine, or do I give you to the clients as a toy?"

His chest heaved and sweat ran down Dylan's face and chest, mingling with the oil. "I'll do what you want," he said softly.

"Good, because the first thing you need to do is fuck me. But I don't trust you so..." He smiled. "I have a special set up." He looked around "Tab?"

Tab appeared. He glanced at Dylan. "Oh my, he is something, isn't he?"

"He's off limits. I want the guards to come in here. I want Dylan suspended above that table, his hands tied behind his back, his legs spread apart and attached as well, but close enough, and with enough leverage to fuck. Is that clear?"

"Of course, part of his training?"

"Just do it. And have Kit rub that oil all over his body and place something in his anus, which will

vibrate and keep him hard."

"Done."

Robert smiled at him. "See you later."

"Robert?" It was the first time he'd called him by name.

"Yeah, baby?"

"Why don't you just release me? I'll fuck you good, I promise."

"I don't trust you, Dylan."

"Good call," he replied.

Chapter Three

“I love this,” he told Tab. He had slept like a baby and now naked beauties served him a breakfast fit for a king. But he was restless, anxious to see Dylan. “Have they done what I asked?”

“Yes. The hunk has been hanging there all night, oiled and spread with his anus open and stimulated.”

“Good.”

“You are going to let him service the clients, aren’t you?”

“No, he’s mine. This is my dream.”

“It’s not a dream,” Tab said.

“Right.” He laughed. He got up, slapped one of the prisoner’s asses and made his way upstairs. “I don’t want to be disturbed,” he called out.

Dylan looked delicious hanging there, his cock again on display, suspended straight out. He was hard as rock, his body beautifully oiled. The guards had even clamped his nipples and the contraption sticking out of his ass was vibrating.

Robert pulled off his clothes and crawled on the table under him. "There are little springs, giving you the ability to move in and out." He looked up at him. "Hey, beauty. I love the way they attached your hands behind your head and then to that pulley there."

"I'm going to kill you," he said between clenched teeth.

"No, you're going to fuck me." Robert laughed, hunkering down and taking Dylan's cock into his mouth. He sucked all of it that he could into his mouth. So sweet. It tasted beautiful. As he sucked and licked his cock, he massaged his balls and Dylan started to buck his hips. Perfect.

Robert rolled over. He reached out to both sides where the pulleys were attached. Dylan would fuck him, but he could control everything. He got up on his knees, spread his legs and reached for the pulleys. He reached behind him, positioned Dylan's cock and pulled down. His cock just about spilt him open, thick, big, and Robert spread himself wider, then played with those pulleys. Dylan was fucking his ass now, moving on his own, competing quite desperately with Robert's manipulation of the pulleys. Robert pushed his ass higher, Dylan went even deeper and Robert moaned with pleasure. "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!"

Dylan was coming inside of him and Robert

bucked his hips back, coming with him. He saw stars. This was fantastic, euphoric. He wanted to stay in this dream forever.

Finally, he rolled over, looked up at him. He played with his cock, pulled on the nipple clamps, reached up and entwined his tongue with his. "I want to play in your ass," he whispered. "You want to be fucked, don't you, baby?"

"Oh yeah," he said.

Robert slid off the table. He manipulated the pulleys and Dylan was on the table now on his stomach, his hands still behind his head, his legs to the side.

Robert crawled on the table between his thighs and began to pull out the dildo. He fucked him with it quite violently until Dylan cried out his release.

Robert pulled the sex toy out of him and threw it aside. For a minute, he stayed there, stroked his hair, his back. "It would be nice if this wasn't a dream, if you really cared for me, Dylan. I think I could fall in love with you."

If Dylan heard him, he didn't respond. He had gone to sleep.

When he went back downstairs, he told Kit to have the guards release Dylan. "Bring him to one of the rooms, let him wash and find him some clothes that fit."

Kit stared at him. "You're joking, right?"

"No."

"We can't let him free yet. He could kill us all."

"No one can kill anyone here. It's a dream."

"This isn't a dream," Kit told him.

"I'm the master, right?"

"Yes,"

"Well then do what I say."

Tab appeared suddenly out of nowhere, like he had a habit of doing. "We have rebels trying to breach the celestial barrier."

Some of the prisoners looked alarmed.

Kit looked at Robert. "That's not good. You should consult with Jed."

"But he's dead."

"Yes, but he is available for consultation," Tab informed him.

"Get the guards to do as I ask, go and take Dylan to his room," Robert told Kit. He nodded and ran off to do his bidding. "Now," he looked at Tab, "how do I contact Uncle Jed again?"

"Go into that room where I sent you before. He's there," Tab urged, pointing.

Robert nodded and walked to the door and opened it. He walked in. Immediately the door slammed shut behind him.

"So, you like the bad boys, do you, Rob?"

Robert blinked. A silhouette of his uncle stood before him. "Is this a dream?"

"What do you think?"

"I don't know anymore. Did you really create all this?"

"Yes, out of my imagination. I hated Dune enterprises as much as you do, and like you, I wasn't the favourite. Your father was. And we have other commonalities, I like bad boys, too." He smiled.

"Will I wake up eventually?"

"That depends on you. Do you want to wake up?"

"No. I have everything. I'm in control. I have the most successful business on earth and there's Dylan. But if I hadn't held him prisoner, he wouldn't have looked at me twice. But I don't feel guilty because it isn't real."

He shrugged.

"You're not going to help me out here?"

"You have to work it all out for yourself, kid."

"The rebels are coming, what should I do?"

"They won't be here for awhile. How about you try and get to know Dylan on a more...let's say...equal footing?"

"How's that supposed to..."

"All that really matters in the end is love, Rob. Love makes everything all right."

He was gone. "Great!" Robert threw up his hands. He was out in the lobby again.

Tab was looking at him curiously. "I take it that

Jed wasn't too helpful?"

Robert shook his head. Suddenly he looked up and saw Dylan walking down the staircase. He caught his breath. He was dressed in white pants and a black shirt. His long hair had been washed and brushed. He'd had a shave although there was still a ghost of a shadow on his jaw. Robert was spellbound.

"What do we do about the rebels then?" Tab asked.

"What rebels?" Robert asked, never taking his gaze off of Dylan.

"Oh brother," Tab rolled his eyes.

Robert walked over to greet him and everything faded away. Suddenly there was a grand ball room with beautiful music.

"Thank you for releasing me," Dylan said.

"My pleasure. Thank you for not beating the crap out of me."

He smiled faintly. "The evening is young. My men are on their way."

"I've heard. How long?"

"A few hours."

Robert touched his face. "Dance with me."

"Dance with you?"

"Please?"

He shrugged. "That's it?"

"For now," Robert smiled slyly.

Dylan took Robert into his arms and swept him

across the dance floor. They went round and round. The beautiful music faded into the background and Robert felt quite helpless looking into Dylan's beautiful dark eyes. "I'm in love," he told him.

Dylan laughed. "You're insane."

The music stopped. Robert brought him closer. "I want this. I can't live the way I was living, caught up in that endless whirlwind of dollars and cents, always trying to get my father's respect. I don't even like it. And I'm not going to marry some society girl. I want stay here with you forever, Dylan, in your big, strong arms. Take me upstairs and throw me on the bed, make love to me as if it's the last time. Kill me if you want, but please, please, love me."

Dylan looked down into his eyes. "And you won't pass me around to your strange guests?"

"No, never. I wouldn't let one of them touch you. I want you all for myself."

They were on one of those huge beds, naked and Dylan pinned Robert's arms over his head on the bed. He kissed his mouth tenderly, then his throat, his chest.

Robert could feel his hard cock pressing urgently against his thigh, and he moaned.

Dylan's mouth moved down his belly and captured his cock, sucking it gently into his

mouth. He cupped his balls and massaged them, also taking them into his mouth.

Robert cried out, "Fuck me, Dylan. Oh God, fuck me like you mean it."

Dylan moved up over him, his long hair brushing Robert's sensitive skin, his nipples tingling as Dylan kissed each one, then yanked his legs apart and began to delve his tongue deep into his ass. "Oh God, baby, baby!" Robert cried out as Dylan continued to rim his ass and massage his cock at the same time.

Then Dylan positioned his beautiful big cock in the right spot and went into him, bit by bit, through the ring of muscles and beyond.

They moved together, sensuously, beautifully until Robert's head fell back and he cried out with pleasure.

Dylan came inside of him, moaning in a voice so deep and erotic that Robert's orgasm went through the roof.

They lay in each others arms. Robert kissed Dylan's luscious lips and stroked his skin. He wanted him again, and again, and again. A few minutes later, Dylan held Robert's legs in the air and fucked him for the second time, long and hard. And this continued on and on until they both fell into a much needed, deeply satisfied sleep.

He opened his eyes and reached for him. "Dylan," he said sleepily, "where are you, baby?"

"Who in the hell's Dylan?"

Robert blinked open his eyes and looked around him. His brother, his secretary and three other office workers peered down at him. He was lying on the leather sofa in his office.

"Leave me alone with my brother," Charles said to the others, and they filed out of the office. As soon as they'd left, Charles demanded to know what in hell was wrong with him "Do you realise you missed the meeting? I told you to stop skipping lunch. Your blood sugar is probably in the toilet."

Robert sat up, looked around. "It was a dream."

"What was a dream, and why were you calling a man baby?"

Robert shook his head. "It had seemed so real."

"What?"

"My dream. I saw Uncle Jed."

Charles pointed at him. "Go home. Dad postponed the meeting until tomorrow morning. And get some rest." He paused. "And ah...Robbie, don't be calling me baby, people will think you're...you know."

"What, gay?"

"Yeah, that," he appeared to shudder as he left the office.

Robert sighed and let his head hang down. He

guessed he really did need a break. Maybe he should take a vacation and then let Charles run things here, take an easier job within Dune Enterprises. He was through competing with his brother.

That night he went home and dreamed of Fantassium. He saw the naked prisoners and Kit. Tab was there, too. And then the rebels, armed and dangerous.

"They've invaded the barrier," Tab called out. "Thank the heavens, Robert is safe. We sent you back for your own good, master," Tab whispered in his ear.

"I understand," he murmured.

"The Rebels have come to take their leader. Dylan has asked them not to hurt anyone. They are willing to liberate anyone who wants to go. The prisoners have decided to stay, all except for Kit, who really likes one of the soldiers. Love is in the air."

"Dylan," he moaned.

"Don't worry," Tab told him, "you'll see him again."

"Where? How?"

Everything faded. He opened his eyes. The sun was shining in the sky. He reached out in the bed. It was empty. "Dylan," he whispered.

He got out of bed, showered, dressed and ate breakfast, taking his time this morning. If he was late, to hell with it! "Fire me, old man," he laughed like a crazy man as he got into his car and drove to the office.

He waited for the elevator, the employees shouting out their greetings as usual. "Good day," he said. "You all have a wonderful day."

In the elevator, the people eyed him curiously. He was wearing jeans and a t-shirt. No suit and tie today.

As he walked down the hallway toward his office, his secretary was there with his coffee. "Hello, Harriet."

She stood with him outside his door, holding the coffee mug. He unlocked the door and walked in.

"Sir. Did you need me to pick up a suit for you at the cleaners?"

"Nope," he said. "Come in, Harriet, sit down. Drink the coffee. I'm off coffee. I'm going to start drinking green tea."

"Green tea, sir?"

"Yep. Sit. What can I do for you?" He plunked down in his office chair, put his hands behind his neck.

"I have a lot of memos for you, and your father said not to miss the meeting today. It will be at--"

"Meeting, shmeeting," he laughed and gave her

a hug.

"Sir?" She looked at him as if he'd lost his mind.

"Harriet. Have you ever thought of working somewhere else?"

"No, sir. I love my job."

"Oh, well, good. That's important. I'm considering changing professions."

"Really?"

He smiled. "Yeah, really."

Charles raced into the office, looking very stressed out, as usual. Although he always accused him of being the stressed one, Charles could hold his own on that count. Charles glanced at Harriet and then at his younger brother.

For once, Robert wasn't stressed at all. It felt good. In fact, it felt bloody fantastic.

"What in hell...why aren't you dressed?"

"I am dressed," he said.

"Dressed for work?"

Robert smiled at Harriet. "Take the day off with pay."

"Really?"

"Really. Go."

Harriet quickly left the office.

"What in hell was that? We need Harriet. And you can't just give employees paid holidays. When is her regularly scheduled—"

"She's given this firm twenty-five years of her

life. It's a nice day, maybe she'd just like to walk in the park for a change."

"Have you lost it? This is one of our most important accounts and you're sitting there acting like...I don't know what. I'm telling Dad."

"I wish you would, and by the way, brother, I'm ah...you know."

"Huh?" He glanced at him over his shoulder.

"Gay, queer. I love bad boys, in fact, the worse they are, the better. And I think you can have special projects. You'd be much better at it than me."

"You want me to call someone?"

Robert laughed. "Nope. I feel just fine. In fact, I feel better than I ever have in my life."

Charles shook his head. "I need to talk to Dad."

"Come on, Tab," Robert spoke out loud when his brother was gone. "Where are you? Come and get me. I want to go back now. I miss Dylan."

He stood up, walked around. Nothing. No Tab, no voice in his head. He looked out the office tower window. Clouds. He closed his eyes. So, he dreamed it. He dreamed Dylan, too. He couldn't believe it. Dylan had been nothing but a dream. But it was time to get out, still time to change his life. "Thank you, Uncle Jed."

"Uncle Jed?" a voice asked. The voice belonged to his father.

Robert turned around. "I dreamed of him."

"Really? Did he tell you where he got to all those years?"

"Better. He showed me."

"I don't understand. What's all this, Robert? Charles thinks you've lost your mind."

"Dad, this isn't for me. I don't need to compete with Charles in these high profile jobs. I don't want to be Charles."

"So, that's why the jeans and the attitude?"

"I think we should all loosen up around here and try to appreciate our staff more. They work hard for us."

"I don't understand where this is coming from, son. Everything I've done, I've done for you and Charles. You have the world at your feet and you don't want it. Are you telling me you plan to leave Dune?"

"I don't want to leave, but I need a change. I need to do something I enjoy. I think we need something to improve staff morale, a kind of a human resource manager."

"If you want that position, we'll create one."

"Dad," he said enthusiastically, "I really think I could improve the profit margin, and increase production if we invested more in our staff. I have some ideas about programs and training, even fitness, which would reduce the number of sick days people take in the long run."

"I haven't heard that amount of excitement in

your voice since you first got your driver's license." His father chuckled.

"Then we can give Special Projects to Charles?"

"Your first job is to find Charles the right assistant. He's overworked already. I don't want him to end up like my father."

"Me neither," Robert said. "Thanks, Dad."

He nodded. "Now, can we please prepare for this meeting? I need you in there."

"Okay. But I'm not wearing a suit today."

"Robert, I think--"

"Dad, no."

He shrugged. "As long as you act like you know what you're talking about. And the report was well done, by the way. Even Charles couldn't find a flaw in it, and you know how he is." He actually grinned at him.

"Thanks for that."

"Anything else I should know?"

"Yeah, I'm gay."

"You're what?" he choked.

"Gay." He looked him in the eye.

"Gay? Are you sure?"

"Oh yes," he nodded, "very sure."

"What are we going to tell your mother?"

"That I'm gay," he said with a grin and walked past his father. "I guess you'll all have to deal with it. I already told Charles. And, Dad, we better get going. We do have a meeting to go to, don't we?"

Chapter Four

That night, Robert slept like a baby. He didn't need aspirin or any sleep aids. He woke up feeling refreshed. He didn't feel the emptiness until he turned over on his side and looked at the empty place in his bed. "Dylan."

He gave himself a mental slap. He had to let it go. It was a great dream, but it wasn't real. As he showered, he wondered how it had happened. One minute, he'd been hearing voices and the next, he was transported onto some strange plane of existence. He figured that he must have been so tired, he'd fallen asleep. But what was that voice he heard? And Tab. He could have sworn that guy appeared to him in the office.

Maybe it was a sign. He'd changed his life just before he'd bought the farm, so to speak.

On the way to the office, he thought about Dylan. Of course, it was pure fantasy that a guy like that could exist, a man who had everything he'd ever wanted. God, what a turn on. If he was

going to be happy, he needed to find someone to be with, but he'd sure as hell have to lower his expectations.

At the elevators, Robert said hello to all the people waiting, addressing them by their first names, if he remembered them. On the top floor, he stopped to talk to Harriet, then went into the small kitchen and poured her a cup a coffee. He set it on her desk with a smile.

She smiled back.

In his office, he called the guy in maintenance and told him to come up and change the sign on his door. When he arrived, Robert said, "Keep the name, but put, Director in Charge of Employee Morale Improvement."

"Is that a new position, sir?" He smiled.

Robert narrowed his eyes, came closer. "Kit?"

"Who?"

"Is your name Kit?" My God, he looked just like him.

"No. My name's Pete, Pete Hart."

"Oh, sorry," he shook his head.

"I'll get working on your door right away, sir."

"Thanks," Robert said.

Charles stopped by suddenly. "What's going on?"

"Didn't Dad tell you?"

"He said you created a new position. We already have a staff party committee for Christmas

and such."

"It's not that, Charles," Robert slapped him on the back. "I'm going to create programs and incentives for our employees."

"Do you have budget for that?"

"We'll find the budget. We'll save money in the long run."

"You'll have to run it by the board and —"

"Charles," Robert interrupted, "do you want to go out for a beer after work?"

"Well, the kids have a —"

"Charles, just a beer, to relax, to talk, to remember that we're brothers?"

He nodded, smiled. "Yeah, okay. You're on." He lifted his hand and slapped Robert's palm.

The rest of the day, Robert worked on his new program and Pete repainted the sign on his door. No more headaches or stress attacks. Now, the next order of business was to go out and begin to have a social life again, call up some of his old friends, find someone to share his life. *Dylan*. He had to keep reminding himself that Dylan was a dream. There was someone out there for him and he was determined to find him.

His reconnecting time with Charles was good. Charles was laughing and joking with him. It felt like they'd gone back ten years.

When they were ready to leave the bar, Charles

said, "Rob, listen, the gay thing, it doesn't matter to me. Just be happy, okay?"

Robert hugged him. "I will. Kiss the wife and kids. I'll come and visit soon."

"Maybe we can all get together and go on holiday this summer, rent a cottage?"

"That's a great idea."

"Does Mom know?" Charles asked on the way out.

"I'll tell her at the family dinner."

"Dad seems all right with it."

"So far." He waved his brother off and got into his car.

Tonight, he was going out and he was going to have himself a real good time. Maybe he'd even bring someone home to fill that empty space beside him in the bed.

He'd seen the advertisement for the club in the newspaper. It was brand new and he chose it because its name was Celestial Passage. Given that he dreamed about a Celestial Passage, he figured it was a sign that this was the place he should be.

There was line-up, but that was okay. He was surrounded by a bunch of hot looking men, and there was nothing else to do but chat each other up. There was one guy just in front of him who looked familiar. Robert was trying to figure out where he'd seen him before when he turned

around.

"I hear this is the place to be. I wonder how long we'll have to wait."

"Sandy?"

He held out his hand. "No, I'm Duncan. Have we met before?"

Robert wanted to say *yes, you rode my cock on another plane of existence*, but he knew that would probably send the guy running in the other direction.

The line moved up.

"No, you just look like someone I knew, that's all."

"Was he hot?"

"Oh yeah."

He laughed. "Then I'm flattered."

Robert smiled.

"So you'll dance with me?"

"Sure. What was this place before, Duncan?"

"It was a real dive, a hooker pick up really, some café bar."

"Café bar?" Robert studied the building. Yes, he'd been here before. He had picked up a male prostitute here about a year ago.

"Yeah, they were intending to tear it down before this guy bought it, some foreigner, a little person."

"A little what?"

"That's the politically correct term, I believe.

They don't say midget anymore, a little person. He's supposed to be at the door tonight, handing out free drink coupons. But it's random. So, one of us might get lucky."

"Um, in more than one way." Robert grinned, bumping up against Duncan.

Duncan smiled and pushed back. "I like your style."

When Robert arrived at the entrance, there was no mistaking the little person. He stood up on a chair, randomly handing out coupons for beer. It was Tab, and although not dressed in his clown-like suit, he did have on a purple shirt.

Tab looked right at him and handed him a coupon. "Enjoy," he said.

"Tab?"

"Next," he shouted. "Keep the line moving. The Celestial Passage can only hold so many."

He was inside a grand room. Music streamed in everywhere and men were getting down to some raunchy tune on the dance floor.

Robert looked around for Duncan, but he'd lost him. He was sure he'd find him later.

The men were all beautiful with gleaming sweaty muscles, and ready for action. If he couldn't find someone to take home tonight, it wouldn't be for lack of opportunity.

Slowly, he made his way through the crowd.

He was headed for the bar, figuring he'd try to get that free drink. It felt as if he was dreaming again. He reached out and touched one of the bar stools to be sure.

The man who was sitting there turned around and Robert almost fell on his ass. "Dylan?"

"Who?" he demanded.

"Dylan?" His face burst into a huge smile. "My God, I thought you were a dream."

The man on the bar stool narrowed his eyes. "You've had a bit too much to drink there, buddy."

"No," he placed a hand on his arm and felt it. "You're real."

"Yeah, I'm real, and if I were you, I'd keep my hands to myself if you don't want to find out how real I am."

Robert lowered his hand. "I'm sorry." He shook his head. What in hell was wrong with him? He was losing his mind. He kept seeing all these characters from his dream.

The man on the stool had turned around again, presented his back to Robert. He was talking to the bartender, who looked mysteriously like one of the prisoners on Fantassium.

Robert took a seat across the bar from the man who was a dead ringer for Dylan. He was wearing a tight, white sleeveless t-shirt and jeans. His long dark hair was loose and hanging around his

shoulders. He was sure the bartender was trying to take him home tonight. Who in hell could blame him?

Robert nursed his beer. He tried not to stare too much, but that was impossible. He could picture him, his body naked and oiled, his hands shackled behind his head...damn, he was hard again.

Someone asked Dylan, or the man who could have been his twin, to dance. He left the bar and walked to the dance floor.

Robert turned and watched him.

"Gorgeous, isn't he?" the bartender said suddenly, his attention on the dance floor as well.

"Yeah."

"He was in the military. I got a thing for soldiers."

"Military? Damn it, it is Dylan."

"Dylan? No, his name is Clint." He sighed. "Clint Montgomery."

"And he was in the military?"

"Yep, a commanding officer, to boot. He could command me any day or night, baby."

"What in hell is going on? Where is Tab?"

"Who?"

"The little guy who owns this place?"

"I don't know, still at the door. Why, you unhappy with the service?"

"No, it's fine. I need some answers." Robert got up and made his way through the crowd. He

recognised more faces. Every guy in that dream was here in this place.

When he got back to the entrance, the door was closed, and the little guy was no where to be seen. Robert went to open the door, but he couldn't get out. It was locked. "What in hell is going on?"

"What's wrong, Robert?"

He turned around and there he was, Tab.

"Are you trying to drive me insane? Where are your funny clothes?"

The music had stopped. In fact, the place seemed empty. Robert craned his neck. "Where is everyone?"

"They're around."

"I saw Dylan. He doesn't remember me."

"That's because I blocked his memory."

"But you left mine?"

He smiled. "All of these guys here needed Fantasium, so I took them there, not all at the same time. But they've all been there."

"Why?"

"Because they were headed for disaster, and they had some redeeming quality that made them worth saving."

"And Dylan?"

"Clint, you mean?"

"He is real?"

"As real as you are."

"I think I know why I needed this place, but

why him?"

"Unhappiness. That's what you all share. You just need a few adjustments, that's all."

"But why am I back here?"

"You're still unhappy. You fixed everything except for your love life." He smiled. "And Clint is your destiny."

"Um," Robert snorted, "he sure doesn't see it that way. Couldn't you jog his memory a little?"

"That would be cheating."

"Come on, Tab. He thinks I'm a loony bird."

"How you get Clint to fall in love with you is your problem. Now I got all you guys back here. Your destiny now is up to you." He looked at the clock. "At the stroke of midnight, three minutes from now, this bar is going to be just another bar, and the rightful owner will take my place. My job is done here."

"And will I remember everything?"

He smiled. "For the next ah...two minutes, yes. After that," he shook his head, "afraid not. Now, I have to go, Rob. The Rebels have invaded and there are a whole lot of new convicts coming in. Ta, ta."

"Wait," Robert cried out, but he was gone. Robert looked up at the clock. One minute to go. He raced through the crowd and got onto the dance floor. Dylan was dancing with two other men and having a great time.

He kept his gaze on Dylan. Everything started to whirl around in his head and then he fell.

When Robert opened his eyes, he was lying on a sofa in an office. He had the strangest sense of déjà vu, like he'd done this before. He looked up and there were the most beautiful eyes looking down at him.

"Are you all right?" the man asked.

"Yeah," he smiled. He could hear the music thumping in the bathroom.

The man handed him a glass of water. He was tall, dark, delicious, with muscles everywhere.

"What happened?" Robert asked him, sipping the water.

"You were on the dance floor and you just passed out. There was a doctor in the club and I asked him to take a look at you. He said you were probably dehydrated. Would you like me to call someone?"

Robert smiled. "No. Thank you. Whose office is this?" He sat up.

"Mine. My name is Clint Montgomery. I'm the owner." He held out his hand.

"Robert Dune," he shook it.

"Of Dune Enterprises?"

He nodded. "Yeah, I'm the director of employee relations."

"Sounds like a great job. Anyway, if you're

alright," he said, "I'm going to get back out there."

"Sure. I appreciate this. I'm not prone to passing out."

"Hope not." He laughed.

They walked out of his office together and back into the bar. Clint Montgomery walked off in another direction. Wow, what a hunk, and nice, too. He'd love to take him home.

Robert hit the dance floor and danced with a few guys. He was careful to drink a lot of liquid, deciding to stick to mineral water with lime. He'd have to see his doctor about this. Maybe his blood sugar was low.

It was almost two in the morning when Robert decided to call it a night. He had met a lot of nice looking men who all hinted that they'd be into going back to his place, but he found himself seeking out the owner several times during the night and just watching him from afar.

When he was ready to leave, he figured he'd go up and thank him again. He was standing at the bar, talking with the bartender.

"Hey," Robert said, touching his shoulder.

Clint Montgomery turned around. "Oh, hi." He grinned. "Been staying on your feet I see."

"I'm trying to. I wanted to thank you again for, you know."

"No problem."

"You wouldn't be hungry, would you?"

"Hungry?"

"Yeah, I'd like to thank you properly, maybe after the bar closes, we could go get something to eat. It's on me."

"I won't be through until about three thirty," he said.

"I'll wait."

He smiled. "Okay. I accept."

Robert smiled back.

At about a quarter to four, Robert walked down the street with Clint Montgomery toward the all-night diner, a few blocks down.

The conversation was easy and Montgomery was really easy on the eye.

"So what made you decide to open a dance club?" Robert asked him.

"I don't know, I just woke up one morning and decided that's what I wanted to do. I did ten years in the military, and I think I'd had enough of pain and death. I wanted to see some happy people for a change."

"Well, those guys were certainly happy tonight." Robert laughed.

"And you, Rob," he said, pausing outside the diner, "are you happy?"

"I could be." He smiled.

Clint laughed. "Oh?"

"Let's go get something to eat and we'll talk

more about that."

"Okay." He smiled.

They ordered hamburgers and coffee, and the breakfast crowd was coming in before they decided it was time to leave.

"Hell, the sun is coming up," Clint squinted up at the sky.

Robert took his arm. "You know, I usually don't do this, but would you consider coming home with me?"

Clint pressed Robert up against the building. Robert could feel the muscular definition of his body, and a definite bulge in his pants. "I thought you'd never ask."

"If you have a big cock, I think I'll get religion," Robert teased, already aware that what he carried in his pants was more than adequate.

Clint squeezed his hand and kissed him lightly on the forehead. "Then I suggest you start praying."

Robert laughed and grabbed his hand. They started to run down the street to the parking lot where Robert had parked his car. "Hey," Clint said, stopping him in the parking lot. He looked up. "I live above the club. How about you come upstairs with me? I don't think I can wait much longer."

Robert nodded.

Clint kept hold of his hand and took out his key

with the other. He put it into the lock, switched off the alarm and pulled him inside, locking the door again.

He ran down the hallway and around the corner. Robert was breathless as he chased after him up the stairs. He felt like a teenager in love, giggling as Clint pressed him against the wall at the top of the stairs and kissed him deeply.

"Um," Robert grunted.

Clint let him go and took off his shirt. He threw it aside and walked backward down the hall, motioning with his hand as he undid the zipper on his pants.

Robert followed him like a man in a trance.

Clint paused, kicked off his shoes, and stepped out of his pants and his underwear, pulled off his socks.

"Ooh, baby," Robert gasped. He had a body to die for and at least a ten inch cock, uncut to boot. "You're beautiful."

Clint smiled at him. He grabbed his arm and pulled him into his arms. "Dance with me?"

"Dance with you?" Robert laughed as Clint twirled him around. "Baby, I want to do far more than dance."

Clint pulled off Robert's shirt as they danced, then fumbled with his pants. "Take 'em off," he urged.

Robert stopped and pulled off the rest of his

clothes. Clint swept him up again into his arms and they danced, Clint humming some tune in his ears.

Robert moaned as Clint kissed him, then slammed him into the wall, pinning his arms above his head and kissing his mouth, his throat, his nipples. Clint let his arms go, and Robert reached for his luscious big cock, imaging being impaled by it.

Clint went to his knees and kissed his calves, his thighs, his balls, then took his cock into his mouth.

Robert closed his eyes and got religion.

He was on the verge of coming when Clint dragged him over to the bed. Lube and condoms in hand, he took his time and lubed his ass slowly, driving him again to the edge.

Robert was panting. He undid the condom and rolled it onto Clint's dick. "Extra large and lubricated, eh?" He laughed as he threw the wrapper aside.

"Of course," he winked, hoisting Robert's legs up.

"Fuck me, soldier," Robert licked his lips.

"My pleasure," he whispered and went into his ass.

"Oh God!" He was big and thick, and the first push hurt like hell and then hell transformed itself

into ecstasy. "Oh yeah," he grunted. "Clint, baby, fuck me. Go!"

Clint had some staying power, and the fucking went on and on until Robert's teeth rattled and he was practically begging to come.

Clint came with a shout inside of him, his hand on Robert's cock. Robert came with him in perfect harmony, feeling as if the heavens had opened to admit him to paradise. "Baby," he grunted as he reached up to pull his mouth down on his. "Oh, baby."

Clint lay beside him now, his beautiful face profiled in the sun coming through the window.

Robert reached for his cock and stroked it lovingly. "God, I've always dreamed of a cock like yours. And the fact that it's attached to such beauty is..." He couldn't go on. He kissed his mouth tenderly. "Is this for real," he asked, "or is it a dream?"

Clint turned his head and looked at him. "That's exactly what I just asked myself." He opened his arms and Robert sank down into them, and they fell asleep.

They spent all day Sunday together, ate at a nice restaurant and went back to the club to fuck again. Robert didn't want to leave him so he got up early Monday morning and went back to his own place change. He had to go to work. They agreed to meet for supper before the club opened,

and Robert clung to Clint before he left. "You won't disappear, will you?"

"I'm not going anywhere," Clint said.

Chapter Five

He was humming that tune Clint hummed to him all day on Monday. He worked quietly in his office, watching the clock. At precisely five o'clock he left, promising his father he'd be at the family dinner the following Friday. "Oh, and I might not be alone," he said. He didn't give his father a chance to reply.

When he got to the club, Clint came outside to meet him. Robert ran into his arms, practically knocking him over. "Let's go upstairs."

Clint grinned. "What about supper?"

"To hell with supper," Robert said, kissing him urgently and pulling on his shirt.

Clint looked around laughing, and they went into the club and ran upstairs.

Robert didn't realise that something had changed until he heard a voice behind him.

"I guess you're in my power now, Rob."

He turned around and saw Clint. He was

dressed as a military officer, a high-powered rifle in his hands. "What in hell?"

"You don't remember?"

Robert shook his head. "Come on, Clint? Is this a joke?" *Don't tell me the man, who I am sure is the love of my life, is crazy?* He'd heard about what could happen to a soldier who'd been in combat too long.

"No joke. Take off your clothes. You're no longer in control, and all that time you made me submit to you, well, it's payback time."

The room turned. "Fantasium," Robert breathed. "Dylan?"

"Forgotten my name already, have you?" He came closer. "Okay, boys," he said, "strip him down and shackle him. Then leave us alone, it's time I took a little R and R."

Several soldiers grabbed him and began to strip off his clothes. He looked for Dylan, but he had disappeared. He licked his lips in anticipation. Dylan was going to dominate him with that beautiful cock of his? Oh, baby, he was his slave. *Thanks, Tab.*

A few minutes later, he was naked and in the same room where Dylan had been when he was first apprehended. His legs were thrust wide apart, but hung halfway in the air, his upper thighs supported by a little strap. His arms were suspended from the ceiling. He was no more than

a few feet from the ground, the perfect height for Dylan to do whatever to hell he wanted. And Robert knew that he would.

Robert's cock was hard when Dylan walked into the room. He was naked. The gun was gone. He was holding a small box.

"Toys," he teased, "my turn to torment you."

Robert's gaze was on that big cock of his. "I'm already tormented, believe me."

"Good. Let's get started." He moved around him like a cat stalking his prey. He lubed up his fingers and inserted two of them together up into his anus.

"Ooh, God," Robert grunted.

The other hand pinched his nipple and bent closer and tongued it. He removed his fingers and pinched the nipple again, putting on the clamp.

"Oooh," Robert squirmed a little. It pinched.

Dylan smiled and did the other. Then he inserted his fingers again and began and move them back and forth.

Robert's cock hardened. It stood straight out. Dylan licked the underside.

Robert licked his lips. "Yeah, suck it," he urged.

Dylan laughed. "Oh no, it's not that easy." He fucked his ass again with the fingers, then pulled out.

"Oh God, stop it," Robert begged. "Your cock. I

want your cock."

Dylan held up a big sex toy, shaped like a penis with many bumps all over it. "This in your ass. My cock in your mouth."

Dylan began to insert the dildo while he pulled on the nipple clamps.

The sexual tension was exquisite. "Yeah, yeah, oh, Dylan. Dylan. Fuck me with it. Fuck me."

"No, not yet. Feel that inside your ass, filling you."

"Um, um."

Dylan moved around back. He stepped up on a platform, pulled Robert's head back and ran his cock over his lips.

Robert licked the head.

"Open wide," he said, his hand in Robert's hair.

Robert tipped his head back and took in as much of Dylan's succulent cock as he could, licking and sucking and swallowing as Dylan pulled mercilessly on those clamps and reached around to play with his balls occasionally.

Robert's cock began to pump and Dylan pulled out the dildo, took his cock out of Robert's mouth and began to fuck Robert's ass from the front. He held him steady in the air while he slammed deep inside of him.

With Robert's legs wide like that, he felt as if Dylan was fucking his soul.

He screamed out his release as the world

turned and he found himself on a bed, on all fours, with Clint's beautiful cock pumping into his ass.

"Yes, Yes," he cried out. "Baby!"

He collapsed on the bed, Clint on top, their sweaty wet bodies drained of energy.

"Happy," he said softly. "God, I'm happy."

Clint chuckled and rolled off him. "That was good, wasn't it?"

Robert looked at him. "Good? It was fantastic." And suddenly he saw him, in his rebel uniform. "My Dylan," he said.

Clint glanced at him. "What did you say?"

Robert kissed him passionately. "I called you Dylan. You are my Dylan. You don't remember, do you?"

Clint rolled over on top of him. "I remember everything," he whispered softly, his tongue moving along Robert's lips. "It was Fantassium."

About the Author

I write not only for my own pleasure, but for the pleasure of my readers. I can't remember a time in my life when I haven't written and told stories. When I'm not writing, I'm dreaming about writing, doing something wild and adventurous, or trying to make the world a better and more open minded place to live in. I adore beautiful men, and I know I'm not alone in this! Eroticism between consenting adults, in all its many forms is the icing on the cake of life!

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