

# Orion's



The Fullerton  
Chronicles  
Book Two

By

Brian C. Copper

This is a work of fiction.  
The characters contained within  
do not practice safe sex.  
The author does.  
So should you.

\* \* \* \*

*Thanks to all the friends I've made along the way, both virtual and real world.  
Your kind words and encouragement never go unnoticed.*

\* \* \* \*

*Special Thanks....*

*Jeff, your continued inspiration brings these stories to life.*

*Tom, despite the distance, I feel you close in my heart.*

*You, dear reader, whose support helps these books to continue.*

*--Brian.*

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<b>Welcome To The Neighborhood</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Everything In Its Right Place</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>The Farmer's Market</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>Home Sweet Home</b>	<b>16</b>

## Welcome To The Neighborhood

Uncle Kurt wasn't my first choice for a relative to live with after the death of my parents. But of the few options available to me, he made the most sense. He lived on the other side of Westfield, so I wouldn't need to disrupt my school situation. The house was nice enough from the outside. Typical bachelor pad on the inside. I had my choice of the two spare bedrooms, so I opted for the one at the back of the house, putting the most distance between us in the process. The less I heard of the goings on in his room the better. There was a decent sized heated pool in the backyard too, so even during some of the cooler months I could get in plenty of swim time, which I had found to be a great way to disconnect and get out of my head.

Regardless of any of that, this was yet another situation where it wasn't my decision. My parents had made the arrangements years ago while planning their will. Kurt was mom's brother, and we'd certainly always gotten along well enough. But, I was of the impression that he wasn't looking forward to having to deal with a teenager living under his roof. Ultimately though, for all parties involved, it was what my parents wanted that mattered. I was turning fourteen next month, so it would be a few years before I could start making my own choices. In the interim, I would adjust and adapt. We both would.

I had only been here less than a week and today was the neighborhood block party for Labor Day, which fell on a Monday this year. It was the perfect opportunity to meet all the new people on the street. There weren't a lot of kids my age, and the few that were, left much to be desired in the realm of intellectual stimuli. But I had promised my uncle to at least try before shutting them all out.

This was also the day that I met Glen. Though, because he was much older than I, the introduction wasn't an easy one, so it was more of an observational type of thing until late in the evening. Most of the adults seemed to naturally gravitate towards him, so there was barely any time that someone wasn't chewing his ear, or making a toast, or playfully smacking his butt cheeks. He was a natural social animal and seemed to enjoy every moment of the constant attention. Everyone saw his sparkling blue eyes, constant smile and good natured laughter as an invitation to enter his personal space.

What I saw, aside from the perpetual barrier between us, was perfection.

By trade, he did construction and brick laying. As a result, his muscles were threatening to burst out of the tight neon orange t-shirt he was wearing, barely able to contain themselves within the taut fabric. His strong arms were covered with a layer of curly brown hairs, and hinted at the treasure underneath that was poking out of his collar, both front and back. His well defined legs, also covered in a similar layer of curly hairs, were on full display, jutting out from the cut-off denim shorts that barely covered his rounded cheeks. The type that would prevent most men from going commando during the warmer months.

Despite having a wife and three children, I would've sworn he was batting for my team. Or at the very least, he was a switch hitter. Even at my current age, my gaydar

was almost never wrong. When it was pointed at someone that piqued my interest the way that Glen did, it had never failed. The one flaw in the equation was our age difference, which, as we got older would be less of an issue, but currently, would present some serious concerns in the legal realm.

Being the new kid, there wasn't much to distract me from staring at his magnificent physique while fantasies played out in my head. Glen was the definition of eye candy in my book. One whose description would be greatly enhanced later in the day when most of the adults went on a drunken pool hopping spree up and down the street. That was when the soaked t-shirt was removed and cast aside after he'd been pushed in one of the pools by his co-worker, Paolo, who was also at the party. Actually, it was more of a flying full-body tackle that resulted in both of them venturing into the depths of the wet landing zone. Thank you, Paolo, for providing such a wonderful visual for my spank bank.

When they had ventured off to the next pool, I noticed that Glen had forgotten to bring his shirt with him. It lay discarded near one of the lounge chairs, with a small puddle underneath where the excess water spread outward around it. I picked it up and wrung it out a bit more to help it dry quicker, then headed off to watch as the drunken nomads searched for more aquatic playgrounds.

By the time they'd reached the last of the available pools, which happened to be Uncle Kurt's, it was well after midnight and the clan had been reduced from a horde of thirty down to five brave souls. I sat watching them for a while from the patio, seated at the glass topped table. It would be nice to go for a dip as well, if for no other reason than to get closer to Glen and all of that wonderful wet fur. But I wasn't so sure I'd be able to hide the erection I'd been walking around with the last hour or so.

My thoughts drifted off as I gazed at the hypnotic cycles of the flickering flame of the bug candle, dancing around inside its glass container. Thinking of the upcoming school year and such. I hadn't even noticed that the clan had been further reduced to two until Uncle Kurt and Glen sat down at the table to join me.

"Glen, this is my nephew David," Kurt said, then to me, "Glen lives right across the street." Then to Glen once more, "Can I get you another beer?"

"I'd better stop now before I get into trouble," he said to Kurt, then looking at me, added a subtle wink. As Uncle Kurt went inside to fetch his beverage, Glen extended his slightly damp hand and said, "Nice to meet you David."

"Nice to meet you too," I replied, then pushed the now fully dry t-shirt towards him. "You left that back at the first pool," I said, simply. "Thought you might be looking for it later."

"Thank you," he said, surprised that he hadn't even noticed it was gone before now. He was just getting ready to say something else when Uncle Kurt returned, stumbling into his chair.

"Man I'm glad tomorrow is a holiday," Kurt said, punctuating the statement with a hearty burp.

"That sounds like my cue," Glen said, smiling as he got up. "Nice meeting you, David. Thanks for keeping track of this for me," he added, picking up the t-shirt.

"No problem," I replied, watching him as he walked around the side of the house to the driveway, venturing homeward.

“So how’d you do today,” Kurt asked, after a couple of minutes, taking another swig of his beer.

“It wasn’t too bad,” I said, not feeling it needed further elaboration.

“That’s good enough for me,” he said, finishing the bottle. Then, getting up to stagger back into the house, he added, “Don’t stay up too late.”

“I won’t, Uncle Kurt,” I replied, staring at the candle again.

“What’s say we drop the uncle part,” he said, stopping at the doorway. “Sounds kind of formal.” Then, after a moment where I could feel him watching me, he added, “Goodnight, David.”

“Goodnight, Kurt,” I said, simply enough. Thinking that wouldn’t be so bad either.

\* \* \* \*

It would be two months before the next milestone in our acquaintance. Kurt was having trouble getting his car started one morning and Glen came over to assist, having seen the hood popped open and the frustration playing out in Kurt’s mannerisms.

“Betsy being temperamental again ?” Glen said, as he crossed the street to join us in the driveway.

“I’d tell you what’s she’s really being,” Kurt stated, “if there weren’t sensitive ears present.”

“Try to turn her over so I can hear what she’s doing,” Glen said, resting his hands on the side of the car near the battery, then turning towards me, adding, “Good morning, David.”

“Good morning,” I replied, somewhat surprised that he remembered my name.

Kurt turned the key and Betsy made some labored attempts to pretend to be an automobile. “Okay, hold on,” Glen told him, then took the screwdriver sticking out of his back pocket and proceeded to make a couple of adjustments to several locations of the engine. It all seemed very random to me. “Try it again,” he said, standing back a step so he could nod to Kurt behind the wheel. This time, the engine roared like a happy tiger and settled into a quiet idle.

“I don’t know how you do that, Glen,” Kurt said, getting out to shake his hand. “You’ve saved me yet again.”

“Happy to help, neighbor,” Glen replied. “Sounds like she needs a little tweaking though, so why don’t you plan to bring her over to the barn this weekend and I’ll give her the once over.”

“That sounds great,” Kurt said, happily. “Thank you.”

“Maybe David here would like to help out ?” Glen added, giving me a wink.

“Sure,” I replied, even more surprised at the invitation.

\* \* \* \*

Saturday morning couldn't have taken longer to arrive. I must have jerked off at least nine times since the Monday morning invitation, playing out various fantasies of getting to spend some time with Glen. None had involved motor grease and socket wrenches, at least not the ones before the invitation, but this could be an interesting learning experience. The variables weren't important so much as the company involved.

The barn was more of a two car garage with a loft overhead. As I crossed the street and made my way down the driveway, I could see Glen through the open door. He was wearing a mechanics coverall that zipped up the front from crotch to neck. The dark blue fabric was loose in some spots and clung very nicely in others.

"Come on in," he said, as I had stopped just outside the doorway. "Too chilly today to leave this open." He hit a button on the wall once I was inside and the automatic door mechanism whirred into a clinkety dissent, sealing out the elements.

Watching him work was bordering on hypnotizing, but I had to stay focused for those times that he asked me to hand him this tool or that. Little by little, the grand mystery was beginning to make sense to me. It was merely about learning what all the parts did individually to make the whole function. Glen was a great teacher, breaking down how this did that and why this needed to operate such as it did. Within twenty minutes I had a clear understanding of an automobile engine. After three hours under his tutelage, it felt like I had been doing this for months.

When we were finished, he drove the car across the street and parked it in our driveway. Then casually walked back over to the barn for cleanup time. I assisted with hanging various tools on the pegboard holders and did a bit of sweeping. When we were done, you would never have guessed what had gone on during the past few hours.

"Thanks for your help today, David," Glen said, shaking my hand.

"That was quite a learning experience," I said, noticing that somehow I had managed to get more dirt and grease on my own hands than Glen had, even though he had done most of the work.

"Why don't we see about getting you cleaned up," he said, also aware at how dirty I was. "We'll get that grime washed off in no time."

We made the short trek across the backyard to the basement door. Once inside, Glen gave me a quick tutorial at the basin on how to use the heavy duty soap to loosen up all the grease and dirt first, then giving it a thorough rinse to remove most of it from my hands. It had felt good to help out today, but it also felt better to be clean again once it was all finished.

Glen pulled down the zipper on the front of his coveralls, exposing his muscular furry chest hiding underneath. I had assumed that he was fully clothed inside there, but could see now that he was only wearing a pair of boxer briefs. He caught me staring at the fur that covered his torso, smiling when I looked up at him, then diverting my eyes with a touch of nervousness.

"Any time you see me out in the barn, you're more than welcome to come over and help," he said, sincerely. "A few more lessons and you'll be fixing cars all by yourself."

"You think so?" I asked, not sure if he was kidding around.

“You’re a natural,” he assured me. “Once you have a complete understanding of the engine, you’ll be keeping me on my toes.” The quick wink that had accompanied that last statement wasn’t lost on me.

“You’re a really good teacher,” I said, noticing the subtle wrinkles on the outsides of his eyes as his smile widened slightly.

“It helps to have an attentive student,” he said, with a gentle tone. “If you’re not busy next weekend, I’ve got some work to do on my truck to get her ready for winter. Think you’d like to give me a hand ?”

“Yeah,” I replied, excitedly, “that sounds great.”

“Plan for 10:00 AM,” he said, his eyes twinkling slightly. “You can go with me to pick up the things we’ll need at the auto parts store.”

“See you then,” I said, extending my hand. His skin was soft and rough at the same time, radiating a comfortable warmth into my palm. I would fantasize about how the rest of him felt as soon as I got to my bedroom. Playing back scenes from the barn and basement to fuel the three times I jerked off before the day was done.

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## Everything In Its Right Place

It was a surprisingly easy transition welcoming Max into my home on a more permanent basis. Our time together seemed to flow so naturally, as though we had been together for years instead of weeks. On those few occasions that we spent the night apart, my house felt somehow different. Gone was that familiar comfort that I had grown so used to over the years flying solo. In his absence, gone too was this new sensation of having everything in its right place. It was replaced by an odd energy that felt more like a slight anxiety than anything else. That feeling of unease would disappear just as quickly as it had manifested once Max arrived back at my door, be it the following day, or the day after that.

I could see that he was feeling somewhat similar during our time apart. It would become apparent as the faintest hint of something in his gaze as he stepped back into my arms upon his return. It wasn't like any of the other expressions that played out on his face. Not that twinkle in his eyes as the sunlight crept into the bedroom in the early morning. Nor that look of complete serenity on his face after having fallen asleep in my arms during cuddle time. Not even that last little glimmer of bliss as the afterglow took us both into the realm of slumber.

It was none of those, yet all of those, and so much more.

The nexus of this transition came after our longest time apart since having officially met. Max had just come back from being gone for three days, during which he had worked two days of double shifts plus one day staying at his place to recuperate. When he had arrived at my door, as our mouths were getting reacquainted, there was a sense of what felt like a faint trace of electricity running through our bodies. I had thought at first that it was just me experiencing it. Perhaps brought on by the excitement of having him in my arms again. Then Max pulled back from the kiss for a moment and asked, "Do you feel that?"

My smile widened as I said, "You should move in."

His simple reply of, "Okay," had sealed the deal.

Later that night, while we were cleaning up after dinner, I casually mentioned, "You should hold on to your place for the time being." It elicited a slightly tilted head and curious expression from Max, as though maybe I had reconsidered the earlier offer, so I quickly closed the gap between us and amended the statement with, "I don't want you to feel any pressure going into this. Think of it as your escape hatch. Just in case all of this starts to feel like it's too much too soon."

He smiled at the words and said, "It doesn't feel that way at all, but I understand your thinking."

"I'm glad you do, because I don't," I said, playfully. Then, more seriously, "I just know that I like the idea of having you here. This is all still very new to me, but I feel much better when we're together than when we're apart."

"You and me both," he said, simply, pulling me tighter into his arms.

“But, who knows, you may find that once the initial puppy love wears off...” the words causing him to laugh at my unexpected pun. The rest of the thought was replaced by his tongue slipping into my mouth. Bringing with it that ghostly hint of current lingering just below the surface.

“Sorry about that,” he said after a moment. “I didn’t mean to interrupt you.”

“I’m glad you did,” I replied. “It was just more over-thinking on my part.”

“Mmm, what else are you thinking ?” he said, rubbing his crotch against mine.

“The usual array of wondrous perversions you have the habit of inspiring within me,” I said, sliding my hands down onto his firm ass.

“Okay,” he said, his expression becoming serious for a moment, “but afterwards we’re having ice cream.” He punctuated the words with a playful wink.

“Of course,” I replied, sweetly. “Anything for you.”

\* \* \* \*

The next morning, I awoke to Max’s beautiful furry face staring at me. He was lying on his side, head resting on the palm of his hand, elbow propped on the pillow, with the slightest trace of that cheshire grin. His left arm was resting across my chest and left leg draped over me.

“I’m glad I don’t drool while I’m unconscious,” I said, as my eyes adjusted.

“It wouldn’t matter if you did,” he stated, sliding his hand up to caress my cheek.

“Oh, Little Max is awake too,” I said, as his hard cock pulsed against me. “How long have you both been watching me sleep ?” I asked, curiously.

“Long enough to remind us how wonderful it is to share a bed with you,” he replied, leaning in for a tender kiss.

“Tell me if this sounds like a good idea,” I said, after a moment, trying not to get lost in his sparkling eyes just yet. “We’ll go out for a nice breakfast over at The Diner, then swing by your place so you can pick up anything you’d like to have here.”

“Are you sure ?” he asked, with a slight hesitation.

“I’m very sure. Despite any hint of indecision that may have been taunting me last night,” I said, pausing just a moment to make certain the words were coming out right. “Waking up like this, with you, is something that I want as much of as I can get.”

“Won’t this put a damper on your other activities with clients ?” he asked.

“There will need to be some adjustments on both sides of this,” I replied. “But I’m not overly concerned. I can block out the times that you’ll be here and everyone else will have to make do with whatever is left.”

“As you’ve seen,” he said, “my schedule jumps around a bit.”

“Yes, but that isn’t a problem,” I stated. “Nobody just shows up out of the blue. There are very strict protocols in place to protect people’s privacy.”

“That’s quite the tongue twister this early in the morning,” he said, with a slight chuckle.

“I prefer this tongue twister,” I said, pulling him on top of me. Our mouths connected, as his hardness rubbed against my morning wood. He thrust his hips

instinctively as the passion awoke to join us. “Let’s move this into the shower. A good flip fuck is always a nice way to start the day.”

“You read me mind,” Max replied, throwing the covers aside and jumping out of bed. He extended his hand to help me up, pulling me into his strong arms. We managed to keep our tongues wrestling the entire time as we made our way over to the bathroom. I fumbled with the nozzle to get the water going, testing it with my hand as the cooled down liquid that resided in the pipes overnight morphed into the warmer temperatures coming up from the water heater in the basement. The wet stream of the shower head cascaded over us as we stepped into its path. Our hard cocks pulsing against each other as our tongues continued to dance.

“I need this,” I said, breaking the kiss so I could turn around and put my hands against the tiled wall, shutting off the water and widening my stance to invite him in. He grabbed the container of lubricant that was on the shelf next to the shampoo and squeezed out a healthy dollop into his hand. He spread most of it over his hard shaft and then wiped the rest between my cheeks. His cock poked my ass button, teasing me with the building anticipation. I leaned back into him, arching my body, needing to feel him deep inside me. He gladly obliged, thrusting his full length forward to fill me up. His movements were slow and tender at first. As his desires battled with his primal needs, the pace increased and the thrusting became rougher. I held strong, braced against the wall, allowing him to have what he needed. Feeling his warmth explode inside me as the sensations overtook him. His whole body trembling as his seed was planted in my ass garden. His arms wrapping around me as his body pressed against mine, barely able to stay on his feet as the sensations raced through him. His scruffy whiskers tickling my neck and shoulder. The hot air panting out of his mouth as he struggled to catch his breath. His hardness still there as he slid out of my ass and we switched positions.

“This won’t take long,” I said, grabbing some lube to add to the precum on my swollen head, then lined up my dick against his hole. He arched his back as his ass pushed outward to greet me. My slicked cock delving deep inside him. I grabbed onto his hips and began thrusting at a fairly quick pace. The stimulus was strong, but there was a second sensation building beneath it. My body was jostling to determine which it wanted more, to cum or to piss. I tried to focus on the task before me, sliding my hands up over his hairy back. My fingers tracing through the wet fur, dampened by the water and his sweat, then coming to rest on those two patches that looked like angel wings across his shoulder blades. Max flexed his ass muscles a few times, matching my rhythm, trying to coax the cum out of me. It was that little extra bit needed to push me over the edge. The orgasm causing my body to tighten, as I pushed all the way in. My legs trembling as only my toes were touching the floor.

The wave wasn’t subsiding, but this didn’t feel like what had just occurred. As I was starting to pull out, the stream of piss began unloading from my cock inside his ass.

“Oh, god,” Max said, suddenly.

“I couldn’t stop it,” I replied, continuing to withdraw.

“No, keep going,” he said, pushing back onto me. Trying to get more of my dick inside him again. “That feels so good.”

If this were a normal middle of the day piss, it would have been done by now. But the morning pee was always the biggest, having built up overnight. Now that it was

here and I was being encouraged to continue, I let it all go. I leaned forward, bringing my arms up around him to hold him closer. This was an unexpected occurrence, but it felt surprisingly enjoyable.

“I think we just found something new to add to the roster,” Max said, turning around to pull me close after my spent dick slid out of his ass. Our mouths connected again. “Though I should probably evacuate all this extra fluid. It’s one thing to hold your cum inside me, but this won’t stay in for very much longer.”

I turned the water back on as he walked over to sit on the toilet. When he returned to the walk-in shower, each of us took turns soaping up the other. Making sure that everything was thoroughly rinsed and clean.

“What a wonderful way to work up an appetite,” I said, handing him a towel.

“Indeed,” Max replied, leaning in for a tender kiss.

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## The Farmer's Market

It was September already and we were nearing the end of the yearly cycle for the farmer's market. If things went well, we could have several more weeks of fresh seasonal produce. Then we would begin the gradual decline where items would just disappear, not to be seen again until the next growing season starting in the spring.

As I was making my way from booth to booth, an unfamiliar voice called out from behind me in a questioning manner, "Mr. Harmon ?"

I turned to see a face that I recognized at once, despite the absence of the beard that was present during that meeting, but the associated name was temporarily lost just beyond the tip of my tongue. It had been over a year since I'd last seen him, so that wasn't too disconcerting, especially given the suddenness of his arrival to my vicinity. I opted for the diplomatic approach while I awaited for the playful word to return. "Well, hello," I said, my smile increasing, as I stuck out my hand. Wondering if I would be tested early on to prove I knew who I was speaking to. Trying to keep my gaze diverted from the tuft of reddish brown fur poking out of the top of his blue and black plaid shirt. The two open buttons making it a difficult task.

"Do you come here often ?" he asked, his expression indicating he shopped here frequently and found it odd that he had not seen me before.

"Usually on Tuesdays, but every so often on Saturday," I said, then adding, "but at varying times of the day, depending on my schedule."

"That must be it," he replied, content that the mystery was solved.

"Is this your wife ?" I inquired, nodding towards his companion.

"Oh, dear god, no !" he exclaimed suddenly, his tone having the slightest hint of disgust.

This provoked an immediate, "Hey !" and a playfully hard smack on the ass from the unnamed female in our trio. "He's such a jerk when he sees eye candy," she said, indicating that I was the candy in question. "I'm Janice," she stated, offering her hand, then adding, "we're just friends."

"Very nice to meet you, Janice," I said, shaking her hand.

"Yeah, he's completely gone," she said, pointing out the enraptured state her friend was currently in, as he continued to stare at me silently. She wrapped her knuckles on the top of his head and said, "Hello ! Rex ! Are you in there ?"

Thank you, Janice. There was the word I needed.

"Hey," Rex said, trying to fend off the hand banging on his skull. "And you wonder why I'm gay, when you do shit like that ?"

"Oh, Rex, my dear," she said in a silky sweet voice, adorning a fake southern accent, "you're queer because you like cock, and we both know that you like to play much rougher than what I just did, Sweetums." Janice caught my amused expression and quickly said in her normal speaking voice, "I'm very sorry, I'm not usually this crass, I assure you," her face showing the faintest signs of blushing. "We've been friends forever and he brings out the worst in me. I'm gonna go check out the grass fed beef

over there. Very nice to meet you,” she said, as she wandered off down the row of booths.

“Nice to meet you as well,” I replied, smiling as she departed.

“I’m really sorry about that, Mr. Harmon,” Rex said, looking and feeling embarrassed. “I can’t take her anywhere without some sort of incident occurring.”

“It’s quite alright, but please, call me David,” I said, seeing a prompt comforting shift in his composure.

“I remembered hearing that plumber guy call you that,” he said, surprising me that both of those details had stuck with him all this time. “I didn’t want to come off as presumptuous.”

“No worries there,” I assured him. “I respond to either,” I added with a wink.

“So, how is the...” we both said at the same time and stopped abruptly.

“Jinx,” I added, playfully.

“You first,” he said, with a mild blush forming on his already rosy cheeks.

“I was going to ask, how is the delivery job going ?” I said, simply.

“It’s been pretty busy,” he said, his sparkling ice blue eyes still locked onto mine since this whole encounter began. It was a look that said, ‘I can’t wait to see what’s inside this gift box’, more than one that said, ‘I wonder how many people would see me pull him into the back of my van ?’. It was rather charming and somehow not in the least bit creepy. I waited a moment to see if there was more to his reply, but that seemed to be the extent of the answer.

“You were going to ask ?” I reminded him.

“Yes, sorry,” he said, suddenly sounding a bit hesitant. “I was going to ask how things are in the ‘you know what’ ?” he said, raising his eyebrows a few times.

“The playroom ?” I offered, letting him know that he needn’t be too discrete. I had seen at least three people here at the market in the past half hour that had made visits at one point or another. But I was also of the impression that most of the folks in our close proximity were more concerned with vegetables and organic cheese than anything we might be conversing about.

“Yeah, that looked like quite the setup you were working on there,” Rex said, the words punctuated with a wink.

“I’d gather you get to see a few of those in your line of work,” I suggested.

“Surprisingly not so much,” he replied. “Certainly nothing like what you had going on.”

“You should come by sometime, now that it’s no longer a work in progress,” I offered, noting the immediate delight that spread across his face.

“Seriously ?” he asked, wondering if I were pulling his leg.

“Indeed,” I stated, simply. “Do you remember the address ?”

“Fuck yeah,” he said, excitedly, then noting the slight cringe on my part at his choice of word, added, “Ooh, sorry about that. I’m still working on toning down my bad language. Hanging out with truckers all day, it becomes second nature.”

“No worries, Rex,” I assured him. “I trust you’ll get a handle on it soon enough.”

“What I meant to say,” he continued, his composure relaxing again, “any time I go past your driveway I start to get aroused just thinking about it,” his voice lowering as the sentence progressed. He leaned in a little bit near the end to be more discreet.

“When is your next day off ?” I asked, casually, thinking it better to have some time to get acquainted before venturing in to the more playful aspects of a visit.

“They’ve got me on the next six days which is why I’ve got today off,” he said, sounding a bit disappointed.

“Are you busy later ?” I asked, not having anything scheduled in the immediate future, but certainly interested in trying to be accommodating.

“Yeah, sure,” he said, his smile widening again. “What did you have in mind ?”

“When I get home, I’m planning to make a nice beef stew with some of that grass fed meat your friend mentioned and this wonderful assortment of vegetables from today,” I said, pointing to my basket. “How about some time around 5:00 PM ?” I suggested. “That will give the crock pot enough time to get the meat nice and tender.”

“That sounds great,” he replied, still unbelieving this conversation was taking place, let alone going in this direction.

“Excellent,” I said, “I’ll see you then.”

“Can I bring anything,” he offered, his tone quite sincere.

“Just you,” I said, simply, “and a healthy appetite.”

“That I can do,” he replied, a noticeable twinkle in his eyes. He looked mildly awkward for just a moment, trying to decide on a wave, or a handshake, or a hug. It was actually quite cute to witness, but I didn’t want to be mean and let it keep going on much longer.

“Rex,” I said, my tone very calming, “whichever you prefer is fine with me.”

He opted for a big bear hug, not too tight, but it was accompanied by a gentle sigh that lasted nearly as long as the embrace. He added a little kiss on the cheek as he pulled away, then turned to go seek out his wandering companion. There was a definite lilt in his stride as he walked down the row of booths.

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## Home Sweet Home

“So this is where you sneak off to when we’re done playing,” Charlie said, as I closed my front door behind him. We had just gone out for a nice lunch at ‘El Azteca’, having both really enjoyed the food there on two other occasions. This came after spending a few hours in the morning tidying up at Alex’s house, who would be returning from vacation with his family tomorrow. As such, we would no longer be able to utilize his place for our playtime and needed to move our activities elsewhere.

“I’m sure that you of all people understand my cautious nature about bringing random strangers to my home,” I said, watching as he scanned the living room the same way he had done at Alex’s house on our first day there, getting better acquainted with a new environment.

“So, I’m a ‘random stranger’ now ?” Charlie said, half jokingly.

“You know what I mean, Charlie,” I stated, shaking my head with a smile.

This was really the most logical choice. Charlie’s place was out of bounds, since he was staying there as a guest while he and Melinda tried to get back on track with their marriage. Moving our explorations to a hotel room seemed problematic too, as we would have to go a couple of towns over to be certain nobody recognized Fullerton’s Chief of Police and started gossiping about why he was spending time with a man half his age.

My place made perfect sense. It was the next town over in Westfield; not visible from the main road; had parking for two cars; and the gay couple I rented it from spent more time traveling than sitting around wondering what their tenant was up to. Most importantly, I felt safe with Charlie. Safe enough to invite him inside my home without a second thought, even though we’d only met two weeks earlier.

“Can I get you anything ?” I said, heading towards the kitchen.

“I’m good,” he replied, though it sounded more like a distracted reflex, as he found his way to the sofa. His expression proved as much as I came over and sat down next to him with my beverage. “You didn’t tell me you had root beer,” he stated.

“Actually, I have all of their flavors,” I said, pointing to the Fullerton Springs logo printed on the bottle. “Would you like one, Charlie ?” I asked, offering him mine. “I didn’t drink from it yet.”

“It wouldn’t bother me if you did,” he said, playfully, “considering that you’ve had your tongue in my mouth so many times already.”

“Yes, that’s true,” I stated, “but not since arriving here.” Then adding with a wink, “Yet.”

“Is it okay to get one ?” he asked, leaning in to give me a kiss on the lips before getting up.

“Of course,” I assured him. “The kitchen doesn’t close until after midnight. You can always help yourself. I was just trying to save you a trip when I offered.”

“Thank you,” he said, heading to the kitchen. I heard the fridge door open, then a moment later he said, “How old are you again ?”

“Twenty, as of two weeks ago,” I replied, wondering why he wanted to know.

“And you live here alone ?” he inquired further, stopping in the doorway to take a sip of his lemon-lime soda, having opted for that over the root beer. I had to smile, as that was my second favorite.

“Yes, for nearly two years to the day, as a matter of fact,” I said, with an eyebrow slightly raised. “Why do I feel like I’m being interrogated ?” I asked, continuing my curious look.

“I’m wondering why it is that you, still being underage, have alcohol in your refrigerator ?” he said, his tone sounding more serious than playful.

“Are you going to arrest me using your handcuffs or mine ?” I said, seductively, taking a very suggestive sip from my bottle. Licking around the top of the neck, then sliding it in and out of my mouth several times. Tilting my head back and moaning as the fluid flowed past my lips.

“Okay, don’t think that you can just avoid the question by getting me all worked up,” he said, adjusting his stiffening cock through his jeans.

I put the bottle down on the coffee table and walked over to him. His eyes remained fixed on mine as I stood before him, reaching forward to pull down his zipper. Sticking my index finger through the opening to poke gently at his hardness, while I asked, “Are you going to read me my rights, Chief ?”

“You’re obviously waiving your right to remain silent,” he said, trying desperately to maintain his composure as I toyed with him. Seeing how quickly I had switched him into this submissive role he had grown to enjoy so completely.

I slid my hand inside his pants and tenderly cupped his balls, giving them a light squeeze. His eyes rolled back in his head at the gesture. Still holding on, I guided him over towards the sofa with a gentle tug, but keeping him on his feet. I removed the half finished bottle from his hand, holding it up to him first to see if he wanted another sip. He shook his head back and forth, still not breaking eye contact, so I placed it down on the table next to mine.

“If you must know,” I said, letting go of his tightening balls and diverting my hands to the buttons on his shirt, “those are a gift from my landlords for when I have guests.”

Charlie smiled and nodded, content with the explanation, as I continued tending to the buttons. When they were all undone, I slid my arms around him inside the shirt and pulled him closer, enjoying the soft fur that covered his back with my exploring fingers. His cock throbbed against me as I slid my tongue into his mouth. He moaned heavily and his arms came up to wrap around me. I broke the kiss and said, “Not so quickly, little pup,” stepping back to put some space between us. Then adding, “Stay,” in a very serious but gentle tone.

I went into the bedroom to grab a pair of handcuffs and came back to join him. Holding them aloft on one hooked finger, swinging them back and forth, as I crossed the room. I stepped behind Charlie and fastened them to his wrists. Clicking them into place tightly, the way he preferred it the most. Then coming back around to the front of him again, I undid the button on his pants and slowly slid them down to his ankles. My fingers spread out as my hands travelled southward across the fuzzy landscape of his outer muscular legs. Then reversing the motion along the more sensitive insides as I stood to face him again. His cock was pulsing a steady rhythm and soaking his underwear with precum, straining against the confinement of the cloth to be released. I

reached for it and began playing with the swollen head through the damp fabric, watching as his range of expressions told me how much he was enjoying this teasing motion.

Leaning in again, I offered him my tongue. His lips eagerly parted and invited me in with a loud moan of pleasure. He was already aching to cum, but I was just getting started. We were playing the edging game, and I was going to make him beg for release. Bringing him closer with my hands and tongue, then pulling back before he could slip into that zone of no return.

I could clearly see the yearning in his eyes each time I pulled away. But he didn't stand a chance. In our short time together I had learned how to read his mannerisms quite well, and spot when things were getting too intense for him. I'd also learned that I could stave off his orgasm by paddling his balls with the palm of my hand, if I had somehow managed to miss one of his signals. It was a wonderful piece of knowledge to acquire so early on in our journey.

Forty minutes in and he was getting wobbly on his feet, swaying slightly, so I moved him over towards the archway that separated the living room from the kitchen. It provided a means of support while he attempted to fight off what was certainly beginning to feel like torture to him. By the time we had reached an hour, his legs were starting to tremble and his moans were taking on a sense of urgency. Attempting to communicate with their wordless pleas how desperately he was hoping I would show him some mercy from this assault on his senses.

At the ninety minute mark, which must have seemed like a lifetime to Charlie by this point, I knelt down before him. Pulling his soaked boxer briefs down to his ankles, I slid his swollen cock into my hungry mouth. The pulsing head was only half way in when the cum erupted. I quickly sucked his throbbing shaft deep into my throat, as each wave caused him to grunt loudly. I saved the last few drops for him, delivering them on my hot tongue to his anxiously waiting mouth. Then I slid my arms back around him inside his opened shirt, pulling him away from the wall. Holding him up as the afterglow settled in and tried to knock him off his feet.

I unlocked one of the metal bracelets around his wrist and allowed him to finally wrap his strong hairy arms around me. His tongue probed at my mouth, needing to feel closer to me than the press of our bodies was facilitating.

He had begun to perspire fifteen minutes into our game, and now at the end he was dripping in sweat. His exposed skin glistening before me. His shirt had soaked through nearly completely and his drenched fur was doing a fine job of wetting my shirt as well. The perspiration on his legs had run down to dampen his pants, and there were traces of moisture on the wall where he had been leaning. The random curved shapes he had left behind seeming to form some modern piece of abstract minimalist artwork.

When Charlie finally allowed me to come up for air, I said, "Somebody enjoyed that," and leaned in to grab another quick taste. "Was it good for you too?" I asked, playfully.

"I thought for sure I was going to pass out on more than one occasion," he replied, still seeming a bit unsteady on his feet.

"Let's get these clothes in the washer and get you cleaned up," I said, removing the other handcuff so I could get at his shirt.

He pulled up his pants and boxer briefs for a moment so that he could step out of his shoes, then managed to remove the rest of his clothing without falling over. I gathered the discarded garments and brought them into the laundry room, adding my shirt and a few items from the hamper to fill up the machine a bit more.

When we reached the bathroom and Charlie got a look at the size of the deep tub, he said, "If I weren't so worn down after that workout, I'd want to take a long bath with you instead. But I'm afraid I might fall asleep."

"We can certainly do that some other time very soon," I offered, noting how his smile increased at my agreement of his proposed activity. "For now, let's give you a quick suds and rinse and then head to the bedroom for a nice afternoon nap."

"That sounds amazing," he said, the bliss evident on his face.

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