

A Good Citizen

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: In the not-too-distant future, Joe just wants to be a good citizen. After he is arrested by the Civil Security police, who use a machine to read his memories, he starts to wonder whether the machine has made a few changes during the process.

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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1.

On the spring morning that he would be arrested, Joe woke to sunlight creeping through the window by his bed in his government-issued apartment. He yawned, stretched, rubbed his eyes, and then lay back, pushing down the single sheet covering him, bunching it at his thighs. He ran his fingers over his lightly fuzzed chest and downward. He gripped his morning-stiff dick, teased it proudly, before letting it slap back against his flat-curved belly. "Horny, buddy?" he asked it and chuckled, finger-stroking it lazily. "You should still be worn out after last night!"

Joe had a sleek, strong build that other men certainly found attractive, and he packed plenty of cock. Last night, he had gone down to the neighborhood bar, spotted another horny stud, traded the ritual of buying drinks with him, then led him out into the government-mandated sex room in the back of the bar, each of them knowing what they were going there to do. They had stood in the shadows, touching, stroking, arousing

each other, careful not to show too much emotion or lust--*A Calm Citizen is a Happy Citizen*--before finally opening their shirts and dropping their pants. The stranger was a little older than Joe, shorter, and hairy-chested, and Joe had bent down to suck his thick, stubby cock and bulging testicles. Then the man had knelt in front of Joe, murmuring with forbidden excitement at the swollen largeness of Joe's dick, tongue-washing it, choking when he tried to suction it throat-deep, finally getting to his feet and turning to offer his ass to Joe.

Now, lying naked on his bed in the warm sunlight, Joe remembered the sex-hunger he felt last night when he shoved his lube-slick rod into the stranger's clenching muscle-ring. The stud had gasped and groaned, but he took every inch of Joe's rigid cock. "Fuck me, man!" the man had whispered, squirming back against Joe. "Fuck my ass with that big dick!"

Yes, right there in the darkened sex room in the back of the bar, Joe delivered a long, slow stand-up fuck. Other men came from the shadows to watch, and one of them crawled underneath and swallowed the stranger's cock while Joe continued to plow his tight butt. Finally, Joe had wrapped his arms about the man and clamped their bodies together, as first Joe and then the stranger soared into the nerve-blazing ecstasy of climax. Joe always unloaded in powerful, distinct bursts, and he knew he was flooding the stranger's guts with hot cum, and the stranger was popping his load into the mouth of the cock-sucker under him. And as their orgasms crested, they held together, barely moving, exhausted, until they finished settling from the thrashing summit they had reached together.

"Thanks," the stranger murmured at last. "That was great!"

"Yeah, real great," Joe replied, his voice carefully casual. No big deal, right? He had sure shown this stranger why his stud-rating was A-8--not that the stranger had asked. With a sigh, "Thanks," Joe released the stranger and withdrew his softening dick from the slippery asshole, and then he pulled up his pants, turning away. "See you around, maybe."

"Sure, maybe."

Joe, fastening his shirt and trousers, started toward the door that led back into the bar and the street exit beyond. They had not exchanged names, nor had either wanted to. *Fuck 'Em and Forget 'Em*--just like the slogan on those Department of Civil Security posters said.

And then Joe saw the policeman standing in the shadows, tall and rugged-looking, his tailored uniform emphasizing his wide shoulders and slim hips, his high, polished boots glistening in the dimness. Joe stood and watched for a moment as the cop face-fucked the man kneeling before him viciously; Joe quietly hummed a bar of the latest *The Police Are Your Pals* jingle. And he started to remember--No, he did not want to bring back that memory!

No, that was last night, and now Joe was lying naked on his bed, the morning sunlight lapping at his exposed flesh, his powerful cock arched back and pulsing against his belly, and he hopped to his feet, flexed his muscles, scratched his sex-tight balls and headed for the kitchen alcove. "If I'd brought that stud home last night, I could be fucking him for breakfast," he grouched to himself. Then he shuddered as he pressed the button on the coffee-maker, because that idea of bringing a guy back here to fuck seemed dangerously close to sex-rebel talk. "Hell, no--I don't want any guy moving in here, no matter how fuckable his ass is!" *Fuck 'Em and Forget 'Em*. No need to risk dangerous emotional attachments. Joe wanted to be a good citizen.

He sauntered back to the bathroom, giving his cock time to relax enough to make pissing possible, and he took his usual legs-spread stance in front of the open toilet. He fumble-aimed the dangling, heavy-crowned column toward the bowl, and he watched the golden piss stream from it. He looked over at the mirror and studied his reflection. Joe was in his early twenties, with short, curly black hair and strong, masculine features. His shoulders were wide, and his suntanned torso narrowed sharply to his slim hips. He was hard-

muscled, built sleek and trim. He liked what he saw. "Maybe," he said to his reflection, "I'll skip work and spend the day down at the gym."

The law required two visits a week to a state-run gym, to ensure citizens' good health, but Joe went the local one more frequently. Men only, clothing optional. Joe enjoyed exercising naked like most of the other guys, swimming bare-ass in the pool, getting his rocks off in the showers or steam room. He liked the change of pace, working on his muscles, showing off his body and meat, sucking and getting sucked and fucking in the impersonal darkness, resting up on one of the benches, then starting all over again.

But the last time he had been there, a burly, horny son of a bitch had tried to fuck his ass. *Hell, no*, Joe told him--he had never gone for getting a stud's cock up his butt, no matter what the stud's rating.

Joe tugged the last droplets from his dick, and the toilet auto-flushed as he turned. "Fuck 'em and forget 'em," he mumbled to himself. At the shower stall, he flicked on the controls, and the water began to spray, automatically adjusting to Joe's preferred temperature.

The abrupt electronic voice--"Visitor; priority entry requested"--chimed from the front door of the apartment. "Visitor; priority entry requested."

Joe grabbed a towel, wrapped it about his waist, and hustled to answer the summons. Without checking the video feed--hell, the announcement had said this was a priority request--he unlocked and opened door. Two uniformed Civil Security policemen in khaki uniform shirts and pants-bloused boots faced him. Naturally their name badges bore their first names only. *Hello! My Name Is Chet!*--This officer was round-faced and blond. *Hello! My Name Is Whit!*--The other was built rugged, black-haired, and swarthy. As he looked from one name badge to the other, Joe felt the subliminals embedded in them starting to work on him, making him feel relaxed and calm, cooperative. Joe had never been in trouble with the law, and he wanted to be a good citizen.

"You Joe?" growled the cop with burr-clipped black hair--*Hello! My Name Is Whit!*--as the two officers pushed their way into his apartment. "You're under arrest."

2.

"What's going on?" Joe asked, still groggy from the subliminals, as the officers pushed their way into his apartment and closed the door behind themselves.

"We're taking you in for interrogation," Whit announced. He was rough-featured, his dark eyes set in narrow slits between his thick brows and high cheek bones, his neck melting into massive shoulders and barreled chest. A glimpse of flat-lying hair showed at the throat of his uniform shirt. In spite of the situation, Joe felt a tingle of sex-heat run through his groin.

The blond one named Chet was bronzed, brown-eyed, and easy-grinning, and his uniform lapped at his wide shoulders and sharply tapering torso. He nodded toward the bedroom. "You alone?"

Joe nodded. "Of course."

"From the way you're dressed, I thought maybe you had company." Chet offered an easygoing smile that lit his tanned features, and he fingered the tuft of sun-bleached chest hair showing at the throat of his shirt as he studied Joe's towel-clad physique intently. "No roommate? No lover?"

"Hell, no." Joe bit his lip nervously, unsure of what was happening, suspecting a trick question. *Lover?*--No way! "I was just going to take a shower."

The two officers were a few years older than Joe but about his height. Neither one carried a weapon, but the police were almost never armed. *The Police Are Your Pals*, as the slogan on the Civil Security posters declared.

Whit ordered quietly, "Better hurry up--clean up and get dressed, Joe. We're taking you in."

"Yeah ... Okay."

Joe went back to the bathroom, whipped off his towel, and stepped beneath the shower spray he had started earlier. The warm water spanked against his nakedness, and he picked up the soap and began lathering himself automatically. *Shit*, he thought, *none of this makes sense!* He had not broken any law; he always tried to be a good citizen; and he was current on his taxes and his Adjustment Appointments. Why were these two officers here to arrest him? The lingering haze from those damned subliminals still had his mind too fuzzy to figure out the situation. *Dammit!* Two sexy bastards, friendly as hell in their body-tailored uniforms. Real prick-teasers. *No*, Joe thought, shaking his head, *it doesn't make sense!*

He scrubbed and rinsed, turned off the shower controls, toweled himself hastily, then went to the sink and started to shave. His always-ready prick bobbed against the porcelain coolness of the basin, and he wondered how the hell he could feel turned-on at a time like this. He scraped the stubble from his face and, as he finished, he saw Whit reflected behind him in the mirror; the officer leaned in the open doorway, a steaming coffee cup in each hand.

"I found the coffee brewing," Whit growled. "Want a cup, Joe?"

"Thanks." He rocked forward to splash the last of the shaving foam from his face. "Pour one for Chet too?"

"He's down at the car, checking in." Whit viewed Joe's nude body openly. "Like he said, how come a good-looking stud like you doesn't have a roommate or a lover?"

"I don't go that route. I'm no sex-rebel. I've never missed my monthly Adjustment Appointments, not once."

"Fuck 'em and forget 'em, huh?"

"Yeah." Joe straightened, dried his face and turned to display his full nakedness to the cop for the first time, as he reached for the offered cup of coffee.

"I'm the same way." Whit's gaze shifted over Joe from head to toe and back, and then he shrugged and turned, sauntering into the bedroom, calling over his shoulder, "Been getting much action lately?"

"My share, I guess, sure." Joe watched the back muscles ridge and shift beneath Whit's shirt, and the abrupt, masculine rise-and-fall of his tight-rounded ass. Joe followed, gulping a swallow of coffee. "How about you?"

"I never get too much, that's for sure."

Joe could not figure out the situation. The officers had shown up to arrest him and now he was talking to one over coffee like they were old friends. "Crap!" Joe exploded at last, slumping on the edge of his bed. "I haven't done anything to be arrested for, Whit!"

"Who knows?" Whit shrugged, leaning back and studying Joe, and he dropped one hand to rub the crotch of his trousers lazily. "A sexy bastard like you--? Well, maybe one of your bed-buddies got pissed off and reported you for something."

"Shit, I don't have any 'bed-buddies,' Whit. I just suck and fuck when I'm horny, then walk away, like the law says." Head-down, Joe let his gaze move to the burly policeman, and he watched the cop's stroking fingers outline the swelling column beneath the taut cloth. "Uhhh--maybe we can work something out ... you know ... just you and me."

"Meaning?"

"You know," Joe repeated, his eyes fixed on Whit's cock-tented crotch, and he felt his own dick shudder and harden in response. "Maybe we could help each other out ... You're horny ... I'm in trouble with the law ... You know ..."

"Think that's the way it works, huh?"

Joe watched Whit come closer, high-polished boots gleaming, khaki pants binding to muscle-thick legs and thighs, hard prick showing clearly beneath the tailored cloth. The cop stopped directly in front of him, unfastened his belt and opened his fly, and Joe shivered with nervous anticipation.

Whit wore no under-shorts, and a thin trail of black hair trickled downward over his flat-curved belly to merge with the thicket of pubic fur at his groin. He briskly shoved his trousers down to his knees, and his powerful genitals fell free. Joe took a fast breath and stared at the man's rising prick. Whit's rigid meat bobbed forward, the long, thick shaft ridged with taut veins, his heavy testicles swinging almost tauntingly below. The cock-head, broad and crimson, aimed at Joe's face.

Numb, Joe knelt and bent forward and ran his lips over the slick crown, and he inhaled the male scent of the policeman's crotch. He bent further, touching his tongue to that dick, washing the massive cock-head. He took it into his mouth, slid down on his knees before the silent man, sucked, worshipped the man's powerful rod.

For an instant, Joe remembered a few years ago, back when he was in school, about to graduate from adolescence to adulthood and citizen status; remembered being on his knees in front of a man of authority who had meant something to him; remembered having the man's prick jammed down his throat--*Make love to my meat, cock-sucker--worship it*, the man had said--and a new madness filled him.

Ignoring the size of Whit's stiff giant, Joe pressed downward until his lips were buried in the hair at the base. Then he swallowed, tightening his throat muscles on the bulging shaft, and he heard the cop's pleased murmur. Joe wrenched back to release Whit's spit-gleaming rod and gulp for breath, and then he jammed his face into the burly policeman's crotch again, licking the sensitive linings of his thighs; moving upward to the valley between his thighs and his groin; nudging his cock aside and tongue-lapping the virile, exposed testicles; spreading the slippery nuts with his tongue; sucking first one and then the other; and then back to the towering cock.

Dammit, Joe decided, *I'm gonna make this son of a bitch cream his nuts off!* He used his best tricks as he mouth-worshipped Whit's rugged masculinity, the way that other half-remembered bastard had ordered him to back in Joe's past--but this time, Joe was doing it willingly. He suctioned eagerly, his own prick throbbing with heat, and he ran his palms upward over the policeman's hips and belly, beneath the uniform shirt, finally reaching high to finger-stroke the man's massive, fuzzy chest. Then he felt Whit's hands on his head, holding him in place for a moment, then moving downward to grip Joe's bare shoulders, drawing him even closer.

"Suck!" Whit hissed, pawing at Joe with mounting excitement. "Awww--that's it. Take it, cock-sucker!"

For Joe, the events played out like a slow-motion movie. His perspective was on his knees, naked and cock-hard, the burly uniformed-and-booted cop towering over him with his huge dick convulsing in Joe's mouth. The cop's tight, faraway hiss: "Yeah, Joe!" The first burst of thick, hot cum coating his tongue. The lush,

masculine taste as he swallowed. The second explosion. The bulging cock-head and shaft thrusting base-deep in his throat. Swallowing. Another blast, then another, each separate and distinct, just like the way Joe unloaded when he was turned-on. Another. The final, all-out flood of sperm. Joe's thought, *Yeah!--Made this bastard cream like a son of a bitch!*

Joe drifted back to reality, the still-firm cock resting in his throat, and he wondered if he had popped his own load when Whit had. He had done that once, shot his cum just from the excitement of sucking off a stud, a long time ago. He reached down between his legs, and his dick was still rigid, the slick-wet head dribbled with pre-cum. No, he had not creamed, but he sure felt as though he had.

Joe sank back on his heels, gasped for breath, then looked up at Whit. The man loomed over him, returned his stare with cold, narrowed eyes, his features expressionless.

"Jerk off, if you want to," Whit said at last, nodding toward Joe's soaring hard-on. "Then we gotta get moving."

"Still going to take me in?"

"Well, sure. It's my job." Whit hauled his pants up, shoved his heavy genitals inside and fastened them. "Put on some clothes, Joe, unless you want to go to jail naked." He shrugged his burly shoulders. "Hell, it won't make much difference."

Joe swallowed the lingering taste of Whit's cum, and he got to his feet, feeling dazed and uncertain. *Doesn't make any sense*, Joe thought desperately. Civil Security had no reason to send Whit and Chet to arrest him, and he had gone down on Whit, and he was still under arrest.

Without thinking, he got a standard-issue gray work shirt from the closet and pulled it on; then his pants; no underwear. As he pulled on his shoes, Joe thought about how Whit did not wear under-shorts.

He went to the bureau to pick up his identification card and his wallet; they were gone.

Whit cleared his throat to catch Joe's attention. The cop stood in the doorway, uniformed and booted and holding a pair of handcuffs in one hand and a cooperation collar in the other. Joe understood and turned, offering his hands behind his back. Whit first slipped the collar around Joe's neck; when it clicked shut, Joe felt the calming heaviness, so like that of the mind-machine during his Adjustment Appointments only not as strong, spread through him, making him feel woozy and docile, ready to follow instructions. *A Calm Citizen is a Happy Citizen*, he remembered from another slogan. The metal handcuffs snapped tight around his wrists. *Your Safety is Everyone's Safety*. Yeah, Joe decided, he must have committed a crime because he was under arrest.

Whit clapped him on the shoulder as if reassuring him, and Joe liked the feeling of their physical closeness. Hell, he decided, Whit was just doing his job.

Head-down, Joe obediently allowed Whit to guide him from the apartment and into the musty hallway, and--*Shit!* he realized through the collar-induced fog in his head--every guy in the apartment house was probably watching them pass on their video feeds and would know the cops were hauling him in.

They went down the stairs and out the front door of the building, and the morning sunshine was bright and clear. A police transport car, nondescript beige, was parked at the curb, and Chet sat in the front, blond and flashing his friendly, easygoing smile as they approached.

Whit opened the rear door and helped Joe inside, then shut the door behind him, and slid into the other front seat. Joe settled, and the auto-guidance system started the car forward.

"Want to get your rocks off, Chet?" Whit asked the blond beside him casually as they rode. "Joe likes to suck cock."

"Any good?"

"Damn good."

"He must be, if he took that bull-dick of yours," Chet snickered as the car steered around a corner. "Shit, I got a blow-job from one of his neighbors while you were messing around." Grinning, he caught Joe's reflection in the rearview mirror. "You live in a real friendly apartment house, Joe."

"I wouldn't know," Joe mumbled. "I don't screw around close to home."

"Fuck 'em and forget 'em," Whit and Chet acknowledged in unison.

The policemen in the front seat sex-bragged and joked, and outside the streets were coming to life with guys like Joe heading for their jobs. But Joe was headed for jail, accused of committing an unknown crime, and he could not keep from remembering the sensations of sucking Whit off, the desperation Joe had felt, the physical sensations almost as if he was orgasming too, though he had not ejaculated. He was surprised by the intensity. Hell, he often remembered the sex he had with strangers but, thanks to the mind-machine and his Adjustment Appointments, he never remembered any of it being that powerful after it was over. No matter--after his next appointment, the memory of this encounter too would be muted, almost forgotten.

A Calm Citizen is a Happy Citizen.

The vehicle slowed and halted before a massive, foreboding building: Department of Civil Security Central Headquarters.

Joe had passed the building hundreds of times without giving it a second glance, and for the first time, in spite of the cooperation collar, he felt a stab of fear in his stomach as he gazed out at the sprawling, windowless structure.

Whit climbed out from the front seat, stretched and tugged at his bulging crotch, then opened the back door. "Let's go, Joe."

"Okay." Joe squirmed from the car and stumbled to his feet, off-balance with his hands cuffed behind him, and Whit caught him to keep him from falling. The man's grip was firm and sure, and Joe was glad Whit did not let go quickly. *Your Safety is Everyone's Safety.*

Then Chet joined them, and they went up the short flight of stairs, and through the tall, open doors that welcomed them, and passed the latest Civil Security posters declaring *The Police Are Your Pals!*

The lobby was tall and warm-lit, clean and efficient; hushed, soft music played from hidden speakers. Uniformed policemen moved about, briskly guiding civilian-clad men from station to station. Over there was a line for traffic violators, one for curfew breakers, one for lesser misdemeanors, and more. Some men were coming, some going.

Chet and Whit guided Joe to a side doorway and into a tunnel-like corridor, and he heard the slick-skidded door whoosh closed behind them.

No more music.

Shadows.

The cops' heels clicked on the coarser flooring.

Chet stepped ahead and opened a side door, and Whit's guiding hand nudged Joe through it into large, windowless office, then fell from his shoulder. Overhead lights glared on a wide, battered desk at one side. A lanky redheaded man, maybe twenty years old, wearing a worn worker's shirt and pants, sat at one end of it, hunched over a computer display.

"Hi, Lefty," Whit said to the youth. "Where's Parker?"

"Danged if I know," the lanky man answered with a thick country drawl. "He don't tell me nothin'--but he said fer you to stick around fer the interrogation, Whit." He turned and gave Joe a grin. "Howdy."

"This is Joe," Whit explained. "He's here for interrogation."

"Got a Form Thirty-Two filled out fer him?" Lefty asked quickly, then sighed. "He can't be interrogated without a Form Thirty-Two, and I sure don't cotton to makin' up the facts to fill out more paperwork."

"I brought his wallet and identification card," Whit said, passing the documents.

Joe realized that Whit must have searched his apartment while he had been in the shower. Hell, he decided, what difference did that make?

Lefty glanced at the papers and sighed. "Dang it, Whit, this ain't no Form Thirty-Two, and you dang well know it. Okay, I'll call up the form and fill one out fer you, but this is the absolute last time." Then he shifted his gaze to Chet with a broad smile. "Been behavin' yourself, partner?"

"Hell, no."

"That's what I figured," the youth acknowledged cheerfully. "You're on the interrogation team too, Parker says."

"No problem."

Lefty turned to the computer keyboard abruptly and began typing, and Joe knew his personal data was being registered--name, address, occupation, vital statistics, stud rating. He wondered why they weren't using a system that auto-recalled his information him from the central identity database. The rapid *clickity-click* of the keys echoed in the silent office.

A side door opened, and a tall, sparse man with graying hair entered, wearing the dark uniform of a senior officer. He had angular features, and he viewed Joe with sharp, blue-gray eyes for a moment. "What's his collar set at?"

"Three," Whit answered. "He ain't given us any problems."

The senior officer nodded, then crossed to read the form Lefty was completing.

"Ain't right to read over a feller's shoulder, sir," Lefty grumbled. "I was brung up proper, and it ain't right."

"Damn farm-boy!" the officer chuckled and mussed the lanky man's hair playfully. His voice was deep and warm, and he turned back to face Joe. "Hi, Joe. I'm Parker. You ready to confess?"

"To what, sir?" The effect of the cooperation collar made concentrating difficult, as though each thought had become separated from the next, but Joe managed to hold on enough to connect two. "I haven't done anything."

"That's what they all say. You got a roommate? A lover?"

"No."

"That's good; law-abiding usually is. Though sometimes in a situation like this it'd help if you had someone who could be a witness for where you've been and what you've done, like where you were last night, Joe."

"Down at the local bar."

"Make out?"

"Yeah." Joe was sure he had not broken any law while having sex with that guy last night. "In the sex room down at the bar."

"Know the guy's name?"

"Shit, no." Joe's gaze drifted to Whit standing stoically with his arms folded over his barreled chest, and Joe could not help grinning. "Fuck 'em and forget 'em. Right, Whit?"

Whit met Joe's gaze evenly, but his expression did not change and he did not answer.

Lefty continued to tap the keys, the steady *click-click-click* breaking the silence.

"So you've got no witness to appear in your defense, Joe?" Parker asked quietly, pointedly.

The cooperation collar made thinking so damned difficult. "Uhhh--there were guys around ... You know ... There always are ... Watching ..." He tried to remember details. "Hey, there was a cop getting a blow-job when I finished."

"Know his name?"

"No."

"Too bad." Parker looked at Lefty. "Let the record show that the accused claims an unidentified officer was in the sex room at a bar last night. And make a note to send out an all-points to all police officers who got blow-jobs last night; see if any can confirm being there."

"Yup," Lefty drawled, typing furiously. "Lordy, I wish you'd confess, Joe! I'm goin' to wear out my fingers doin' all this paperwork!"

Joe stood there, collared and handcuffed and vulnerable, and the hall door opened again. Two burly men, bare-chested and wearing uniform pants and boots came in, and Joe thought he heard a pained groan from outside before the heavy door slammed shut again.

Chet and the two new men conferred with Parker in low voices. Then Parker shrugged and announced, "Well, let's get started." He waited while Lefty called up a different screen and began tapping the keys again. "Strip him," Parker ordered quietly, and Lefty went on typing.

Chet peeled off his uniform shirt, his face lit by his usual, easygoing smile. His shoulders were wide, and his strong, tapering physique was golden-tanned. Blond hair dusted the hard plates of his chest, and his large, amber nipples stood up in half-cones at each side. He nodded to the two newcomers, and the three men closed in on Joe.

Joe felt engulfed by the athletic policemen, their bared torsos rubbing against him, their hands pawing at his

clothing, their fingers ripping his work shirt. In spite of the handcuffs locking his wrists behind him, he considered thrashing but the cooperation collar kept him too quiet, prevented him from turning the thought into any kind of resistance as they tore his shirt to shreds. They stroked and examined his bared chest and arms. He was trapped between the groping studs, the masculine scent of their bodies filling his nostrils and--*Dammit*, he realized, *I'm getting a hard-on*.

Joe shut his eyes, letting himself surrender to the effect from the collar, the mounting excitement in his crotch, as the male hands roamed over his torso, then downward. Hands opened his trousers, worked them down on his legs, and he felt his swelling cock bob free. He realized Whit and Parker and Chet and Lefty and all the damned bastards could see him aroused and erect--shit, Joe realized, he had shown his body and rigid dick to plenty of horny strangers, so this situation should be no different. But it *was* different somehow, dammit, and that bothered Joe in spite of the collar. Maybe, he decided, if he kept his eyes closed--what?--maybe what was happening would not seem as real?

The gliding fingers stripped him completely, and he stood there, handcuffed and trapped, collar-dazed, naked, his tormentors continuing to arouse him. One of them moved behind him and palm-stroked his muscular ass cheeks and probed between them. Dammit, Joe hated having anyone mess around with his butt--he always had--and he kept his eyes shut as he tried to twist his hips and ass to escape as the fingertips scraped lightly down his crack, too close to his puckered asshole.

"Horny, friend?" a voice whispered in his ear, and then Joe felt his hard cock caught in a sure, masculine grip. "Man! Check out this stud's meat, you guys!"

"Yeah, he's hung like--," one of the guards started.

"Like Whit!" the other interrupted. "Almost."

"Says here his stud rating is A-8," came Lefty's voice from one side.

Joe wanted to protest that he should have been rated A-9 but the clerk registering him had waited too long, Joe had started to lose his erection, and the clerk had logged him as an A-8 instead. But these men could not care less about that, Joe realized. He was under arrest, and his stud rating was not the issue; no, they were going to interrogate him, even though he still had not been told what crime he had committed.

"Knock off the bullshit!" Parker ordered. "Whit, turn his collar to five. Pump him off, Chet."

"You bet!" Chet began fisting Joe's hardness slowly, chuckling. "Stand back, guys. I'm going to make this stud shoot his load all the way into next week!"

For a moment, Joe remembered another guy saying *shoot all the way into next week*--and then the wooziness from the collar changed and Joe felt incredibly horny, his body saturated with arousal, and the pumping pressure on his dick increased, almost like a cock-sucker mouthing on his rod, almost like one of those studs taking it in the ass--no, back in school--getting jerked--almost like--

"Awh!" Joe yelled *awh* the way he had the first time he had gotten jerked off, as his cum churned and burst free of his balls, the first blast jumping free of his dick, then another--"Aw, fuck!"--and the next, cum-blast after blast, spurting, flowing, dribbling.

The men held Joe securely while Chet drained his convulsing dick, and Joe remembered just a few years ago when he had watched a youth in school get his first hand-job in the back of the gym shower room, the young athlete laughing and cursing and struggling to escape Joe's horny buddies, thinking this was some sort of teasing prank, until their buddies held him tightly, finger-stroked him to quick hardness, and made him shoot his load, then the high-fives all around. Joe knew at the time he must have felt an intense arousal--back then

he had been a hormone-driven bundle of emotions--but his first Adjustment Appointment a couple of years later when he himself graduated into adult citizen status had muted all of that--*A Calm Citizen is a Happy Citizen*--just like his next one would dull any memory of what he had just experienced at the hands of these cops.

"Hot damn!" Chet snickered, wiping the last droplets from Joe's weary prick. "You sure pop hard, friend. All over the fucking floor."

Joe drifted back to reality and opened his eyes, and he was standing naked and cock-drained in the brightly lit interrogation room, surrounded by the muscular, masculine policemen, puddles of his cum glistening on the concrete flooring. If anything, he felt even more will-drained and docile than before. He focused on Whit, still standing against the far wall with his arms folded across his massive chest, and Joe thought he saw a hint of an amused, pleased smile on the rugged son of a bitch's face. Lefty continued to peck at the keyboard steadily, ignoring what was happening.

"That'll take the edge off him," Parker grumbled. "Get him in the chair and let's get him hooked up to the machine."

The three shirtless officers hauled Joe, still afterglow-weak, over to the reclining examination chair in the corner, unlocked his handcuffs, and pushed him down into it. With practiced, quick efficiency, they pulled his hands to the armrests and locked the restraints around his wrists. One officer plugged a cable into the back of the cooperation collar, and the helmet began to glide down over Joe's unresisting head. The chair--the helmet--these seemed just like the mind-machines Joe knew so well from his monthly Adjustment Appointments. But surely the officers had not hauled him all the way to Central Headquarters and into this interrogation room just to give him an Adjustment treatment? That seemed like a lot of effort, when Joe already reported for his appointments exactly as the law required.

"This ain't like the machines you've used before," Parker said coolly, as if answering Joe's unasked question. Through the open faceplate for his eyes, nose, and mouth, Joe could see and hear the officer easily. "It don't tamp down your reaction to your memories--it does the opposite and makes you relive 'em. All you have to do is answer some questions, and the machine will do the rest. Got it?" Parker turned toward Lefty. "Everything ready?"

"Yep," Lefty replied. "But, dang it, without a Form Thirt--"

Parker interrupted with, "Then get started."

Joe heard the helmet around his head begin to hum quietly. He was not afraid. *The Police Are Your Pals!* This was all some sort of mistake and they would surely understand that once Joe answered their questions.

"You like getting jerked-off, Joe?" Parker asked casually, coming up close in front of the young man.

"Uh ... Yeah, I guess so. Shit, who doesn't?" Joe shrugged and answered, feeling his scalp prickle as the machine began its work, probing into his mind. "But I haven't settled for just getting my rocks off that way for years."

"Who was the first guy you traded hand-jobs with?"

Why was Parker interested in hand-jobs? Those were too superficial to matter. Even back in school, when he was still learning about sex, hand-jobbing with his buddies was no big deal. "Hell, I don't remember. Who gives a damn about who's done what after--"

A flare of pain burst into Joe's midsection, sudden and unexpected, and his breath whooshed from his lungs.

He tried to double forward against the restraints and the helmet, and a second pain-zap in his head made him straighten back, dazed, unsure what was happening. Joe heard himself cry out. The mind-machines in his Adjustment Appointments had always made him feel hazy and dreamy--they had never caused intense pain like this!

"When I ask you a question," Parker said quietly, "I want the truth, not 'I don't remember.' Got that? The machine will punish you again if you don't cooperate."

Joe tried to remember that the police were his pals. Whit, Chet, Parker, the other bare-chested cops leering at him, watching him gasp from the agony.

He wondered why he had been arrested, why Chet and Whit had stormed into his apartment that bright, sunny morning, why he had felt so damn turned-on by sucking Whit off, why the rugged policeman had brought him here, what law he had broken.

Joe sagged into the chair. He felt numb and beaten. The room was silent except for the quiet hum from the helmet, Joe's residual gasps, the sound of Lefty continuing to type.

"Let's try it again," Parker said at last. "Who was the first guy you traded hand-jobs with, Joe?"

"I don't remem--" Then, his scalp prickled, and something seemed to happen inside his head, and images swam before his eyes, like a dream. What had Parker said?--That this machine would make him relive the memories? For the first time in years, he remembered his school friend. "Ron," Joe said as the images took over, like being submerged into a daydream that replaced reality and made him experience everything all over again. "His name was Ron."

3.

Joe was in school, an eager, fast-maturing youth, a year and a half away from graduation, and like all pre-citizens he was assigned to live in a state-run crèche with twenty or so other youths until he graduated into adult citizenship. To delay his after-school returns to the crèche, Joe always hit the library for a couple of hours to study. He took his usual table, underneath the row of Civil Security posters. A few minutes later, also as usual, Ron settled in the opposite chair across the long table and slung his backpack into the adjoining seat.

They shared a physical education class, but Ron was a year older than Joe and so would graduate a year sooner, just a few months away. He had reddish-blond hair and wore the standard student uniform of a crisp white shirt and jeans. He slumped and opened a reference textbook on his screen. "What's going on, Joe?"

"Studying." He could not keep from checking Ron's strong features, the easy grin, and masculine features, the glow of the tanned physique beneath his shirt, the outlined curves and hollows, Ron's matured sureness. "Got something better to do in a damned library?"

Ron snickered. "Wiseass."

The two youths concentrated on their textbooks, and from time to time, Joe found himself looking up to stare at Ron's solid build, the fuzzy early chest hair at the open throat of his shirt, the hint of his masculine body beneath his clothing. Only a year separated them, but somehow Ron seemed so much more mature physically, almost as if he was an adult already to Joe. Then Ron slumped lower in his chair and, beneath the table, Joe felt Ron slide one heavy-soled shoe between Joe's spread thighs, firmly against his crotch.

"Hey!" Joe quiet-yelped. "Cut it out!"

A too-innocent grin came in response. "Something wrong, buddy?"

"Yeah--somebody'll see." Joe felt Ron slightly increase the pressure against his hidden genitals, taunting him. "Plus, I'm not wearing a jock-strap today."

"So?"

"My cock shows when I get a hard-on. That's why I usually wear a jock, so it won't show if it pops up in class." He wet his lips, head-down. "You know what it's like."

"Hell, when I throw a rod, I don't give a damn who sees," Ron bragged, not only keeping his shoe firmly in place but also squirming it to the right, then to the left. "Getting one now?"

Each move of Ron's shoe caused a jolt of pleasure to run through Joe's cock. "Dammit, Ron--"

The e-librarian pinged for silence, and Joe tried to focus on the textbook on the screen in front of him. He felt Ron's foot pressing against his balls and felt his cock swelling in response, and he wondered if Ron knew what he was doing to him. Yeah, of course he knew, Joe decided, the bastard! Joe's dick was getting stiff as hell, and Ron's grin said he knew exactly what he was doing.

"Crap!" Ron muttered, grabbing for his backpack. "I've had it for today. Let's get out of here, okay?"

"Uh--okay. Sure." Joe, disappointed, felt the shoe pull away from his crotch and watched the young stud swing to his feet, and Joe saw Ron's erect prick cleanly outlined inside his jeans. "Damn." Joe stood up and covered his stiff-bulging crotch with his own backpack, and he felt kind of funny, tromping across the library with a damn hard-on!

"Want share a ride back to the crèche?" Ron asked as they went outside into the long, silent corridor. Ron's crèche was a few blocks farther, Joe's along the way, and they often shared a transport car after school.

"Sure. Thanks." Joe's cock still pulsed hungrily.

Ron pawed the front of his jeans openly. "I'm horny as hell. I should've whipped off a load after gym class."

"You--uh--you jerk much?"

"All the time," Ron admitted casually. "How about you?"

Joe blushed. "Once in a while, I guess." Hell, he beat his meat whenever he got the chance, but he had never talked openly about it before, even though all the sex-ed video classes said masturbation was a perfectly normal thing to do. "It doesn't hurt anything, right?"

"Fuck, no!" Ron changed direction, veering down a side hall. "C'mon."

Ron led the way up the stairs to the top floor of the building, with Joe hurrying to catch up as his friend stalked down the narrow, shadowed hallway. Suddenly Ron was pushing into him, pushing Joe up against the wall and moving in close in front of him, groping Joe's bulging crotch.

"Shit!" Joe gulped with surprise. "What the hell're you doing?"

"Checking your signal levels," Ron snickered, and he probed the hidden genitals with sureness. "Man, that's some lever you've got!"

"Dammit, Ron--"

"Shit, you're not a kid anymore, right? Shit, feels like you're getting the signal loud and clear." He pinned Joe back against the wall. "We'd better get your rod out and give it room to grow!"

Dazed, his heart pounding with excitement, Joe felt Ron press flat against him, holding him in place, felt the fingers opening his fly, slipping inside, rubbing across his lower belly, sliding downward, beneath the elastic waistband of the boxer shorts he had worn instead of a jock-strap that day, through the tangle of pubic hair at his groin, gripping his inflamed prick, hauling it out. "Ron ...?" Joe had never had another guy touch his cock in this bare-and-hard state before. His breath caught, and he shivered from the sensations churning inside him. "Aww--"

"Yeah, you're getting the signal loud and clear," Ron repeated with sureness, and he jerked open his own metal-buttoned jeans. "Go ahead, buddy."

Joe looked down at the fingers locked about his throbbing dick, and then he brought one hand up and thrust it into Ron's jeans. He tensed as he discovered his friend's bare flesh and the crisply trimmed pubes adjoining his cock-base. "You don't wear underwear, huh?"

"Told you I don't. I don't like getting tangled up when I throw a rod," Ron murmured, stroking Joe's hard-on gently. "With all the meat you've got, you ought to skip wearing shorts under your jeans too. No harm in showing off what you got, right?"

"Yeah, uh, I guess so."

Joe moved his fingers downward, and for the first time in his life, he was touching another guy's prick, swollen and sex-hot. Slowly, he grasped the powerful column and worked it free from the open clothing, and then he was matching Ron's stroking motions.

Joe had jerked off often, thousands of times, but he had never done this before with another guy. Ron was older, almost ready to graduate into citizenship, and he was treating Joe like an adult too, so Joe did not want to embarrass himself by letting Ron know he had no experience. And it felt so damn good! And then--"Crap!"--Joe heard noise from the stairway at the end of the hall behind him, and he wrenched away and covered himself, facing the wall as he jammed his dick back into his pants and fastened up. "Someone's coming."

"No sweat," Ron laughed, peering around the corner. "It's just the damn sweeper." He waited until the device glided by into one of the classrooms, and then he turned away in the opposite direction. "C'mon. We can finish off down here."

Joe sensed what Ron meant, that they were both horny and needed to get their rocks off, and he followed the handsome young blond.

Ron sauntered to a storage room at the opposite end of the hall, a shadowed area Joe had never noticed before, then past a partial barrier of ancient pre-technology desks and chairs, all covered in layers of dust, and behind the barrier was an open space large enough for a bunch of guys to mess around in. "Hey!" Joe exclaimed, following Ron into the shadows. "I didn't know there was anything back here."

"Hell, there're a zillion places around school where guys can jerk off." He turned back to face Joe, grinning, and his heavy-headed erection still speared outward from his open fly. "I'll have to show you."

"Jesus!" Joe muttered, staring at Ron's exposed rod. "What if someone'd seen you going down the hall like that!"

"You worry too damn much," he chuckled, coming up in front of Joe. "Shit, if I had as much meat as you do,

I'd let it hang out all the time. And I bet ninety percent of the guys would be lined up to latch onto it!" He brought both palms up to rub over Joe's wide chest, then began picking at the buttons on his shirt. "Let's get this off, buddy."

Joe gulped for breath as his shirt was opened and spread wide, and then Ron's fingers were wandering over his exposed skin. He was not sure what to do--hell, he had never done this before--but he needed to keep Ron from guessing that. Tense with excitement, Joe unbuttoned Ron's shirt, matching the older youth's movements; touching the revealed masculine chest; the light-colored fuzz covering the solid pectoral arcs; the small, pinked nipples; the solid torso.

Ron reopened Joe's pants, shoved them and his boxers down, let his already-hard dick swing free. And Joe popped the single button still holding Ron's jeans on his hips and let them drop. They were both half-naked and facing each other, aroused and cock-stiff. Joe understood what to do now and gripped Ron's rod without thought and began pumping it aggressively.

"Ow! Slow down," Ron scolded. "Don't rush, damn it!"

"Sorry," Joe whispered, breathless.

Once again, they let their hands examine the other's bared body and aroused organs, and Joe felt enthralled by the sensations. His palms explored the muscled curves and hollows of Ron's masculine physique and into his crotch, and he eagerly copied the way Ron was toying with Joe's large, tight-sacked testicles.

"Damn, you've got big nuts!" Ron muttered. "They must work overtime, huh?"

"Uh, yeah, I guess so."

"Mine, too. Seems like I can't never get enough." Still holding his balls with one hand, Ron began stroking Joe's rigid dick with the other. "Ready to pop your load?"

Joe hissed a quiet, "Yeah." He looked down at the fist tugging on his arousal-swollen cock and at Ron's counterpart in his grasp, and he felt a flush of youthful pride as he noted his hard-on was longer and thicker than his buddy's. Then Ron was moving closer, pumping steadily, and Joe matched him, stroke-for stroke.

"I'm close--nearly there!" Ron exclaimed suddenly. "Catch it in your hand!"

Joe released Ron's churning testicles and cupped his palm under the slick cock-head; and an instant later, the first spurt of juice shot from it. Ron gave a hoarse, throat-tight groan of ecstasy. And then his cum was pouring out in a long, almost steady flow, into Joe's hand.

Joe had never felt another male cream before, and his own prick quivered with surging excitement.

"Damn, that was great!" Ron murmured at last, gasping for air, and then he was jerking Joe again eagerly. "Your turn, buddy!"

"Yeah!" Joe knew he was too hot to hold off, and he rocked forward to press his face against Ron's shoulder, muffling his unstoppable gasps of pleasure. "Ah! Ah!" The first spasm of climax shook him, and then his spunk was belching loose in massive, distinct bursts. "Awh!" He felt as though he were climaxing harder than ever before, earthshaking explosions following in a slow, wrenching cadence as Ron's pumping fingers continued to coax more and more sperm from his nuts.

For the first time in his life, Joe had traded hand-jobs with another stud, and he decided it had been the greatest experience ever. He settled lazily from the totally masculine peak he had reached, and he found

himself slumped against Ron, each of them still holding the other's cum-sticky rod.

"Man!" Ron exclaimed at last. "You shot harder than any guy I know!"

"You, too." Joe had no clue how hard most guys creamed, but he refused to admit that to Ron. "Kinda messy, huh?"

"Caught yours in my hand, like you caught mine." He stayed for a long moment, then shrugged himself back. "We'd better clean up."

Still numb from the overwhelming sensations he had just experienced, Joe watched as Ron pulled away and reached for a stained cloth on a shelf behind them. Ron was wiping Joe's sperm from his fingers like it was nothing at all, like he had maybe wiped off plenty of other guys' cum before--other times, other jerk-offs.

"You drop a load here often, Ron?"

"Only when I'm in a hurry." He tossed the cloth, partially stiff with dried spunk, to Joe. "Lots of guys use the restroom in the basement where it's pretty dark, but the best action's down at the gym after school." He wet his lips, watching Joe, half-naked, towel Ron's load off his hand, then wipe the end of his slackening prick. "Know the old shower room next to the swimming pool?"

"Yeah."

"Sometimes it's dead, but usually there'll be some of the guys around, showering, wrestling around bare-ass, maybe jerking off and trading loads." Ron reached for his jeans and hauled them up abruptly. "Jonesy'll shit when he sees you pop."

"Jonesy?" Only one guy at their school was named Jonesy, and Joe pictured the burly young football hero. Joe tossed the towel back on the shelf and buttoned up quickly. "What about him?"

"He holds the record for shooting the farthest and the most." He moved past Joe toward the hallway. "I bet you'll beat his record real easy."

Joe felt odd, stuffing his shirttail into his pants as he followed Ron from the alcove. Minutes before, they had been half-stripped and pumping each other off, and Joe had shared his climax with another stud for the first time--and now they were strolling down the hallway and down the stairs as if nothing special had happened.

Hell, all they had done was jerk each other, and he sure as hell did not want Ron to know that had been his first time! Yeah, Ron must have jerked with plenty of the other guys, prick-hot studs like Jonesy and more--and maybe done more with them than just jerk off?

They reached the ground floor of the building and went outside, heading for the parking lot, and Joe tugged at his crotch, wondering what wearing jeans without a underwear underneath the way Ron did would feel like, throwing a hard-on and not giving a damn who saw, no more wearing a jock-strap to keep his dick pressed down when it suddenly swelled up. Joe followed to a waiting transit-car and got in, and the auto-driver steered the vehicle from the lot and down the twilight-shadowed streets toward the crèche zone where they both lived.

"You weren't bullshitting me, Ron? About Jonesy and the other guys, I mean."

"Hell, no," Ron chuckled, and he dropped one hand to cup Joe's mounded crotch, fingers probing. "Wait 'til I get you into a circle-jerk in the shower room, buddy. I'm betting on you to set a new world's record!"

"Take it easy," Joe muttered, squirming on the seat. "You're getting me hard again."

"Ready to pop another load?"

"I'm always ready, dammit!"

"Good!" Ron told the car to turn down a dark side street near the warehouse district, quiet this time of day, and Ron turned to grope Joe with both hand, peeling his jeans open. "Gimme your meat! Yeah, I'm going to make you shoot all the way into next week!"

Now, years later, his head clearing and the memory-images fading, Joe found himself back in the interrogation room, under arrest for an unknown crime, stripped, and strapped into a mind-probe chair, and being questioned by a cop named Parker while Whit and the others looked on; and for the first time in years, he remembered those first experiences with Ron. Really remembered them. Remembered how intense they had been, an intensity he had forgotten, thanks to his Attitude Adjustments. The memory seemed almost too overwhelming to deal with, and Joe wished he could ask for an Adjustment to make it fade to a manageable distance again. "Fuck 'em and forget 'em," Joe muttered to himself.

"What happened to Ron?" Parker asked in his usual cool tone.

"I don't know. We got together nearly every day after that ... But a couple of weeks later, he--he just disappeared. No one at school or at his crèche would tell me what happened to him."

The room was silent except for the steady click of Lefty's typing.

Joe looked up and found Whit still slouched back against the far wall, arms folded over barreled chest, impassive squinted eyes fixed on him. He wondered what the hell Whit was thinking. The rugged, horse-hung son of a bitch stared like he knew something. *The Police Are Your Pals?* Bullshit!

"Finished?" Parker asked the farm-boy at the keyboard. "Got it all down, Lefty?"

"I reckon so." Lefty slouched back in his chair and pawed the front of his work pants. "Shee-yit, I can think of a heap of things I'd rather be doin'."

"Horny bastard," Parker snickered at the youth. "We all know there's only one thing you'd rather be doing, and that's getting your fuckin' rocks off, huh?"

"Yup, I reckon so." Lefty sighed. "I do believe listenin' to Joe's story got me riled up more'n usual."

"How'd you like to have him suck you off?"

"That'd be mighty pleasin'!" Lefty hopped to his feet, lean and open-faced, a broad smile lighting his features as he strode toward Joe. "Yup, I reckon this feller could do a fine job on my pecker."

"Give it to him, kid!"

As the helmet retracted, Joe watched the young redheaded worker hustle toward him, watched him unbutton his shirt as he came, spreading it to reveal his youthful physique, unfastening his fly quickly, jerking his stiff cock free. Lefty offered his erection to Joe eagerly, a long ivory column topped with a glistening, arrowhead crown. Joe grinned at Lefty's undisguised sex-hunger--hell, he often felt the same way, and sex meant nothing more than getting off, a way to satisfy that horny feeling, and Joe bent over the edge of the chair to nuzzle Lefty's super-heated dick with his lips.

Someone unlocked the restraints holding his wrists, and Joe felt as though he had relinquished all resistance to the flood of horniness that the machine made him feel; he sank off the chair, falling to his knees before the youth, pulling his work pants, gripping his sinewy-muscle thighs, and taking his sharp-tipped cock-head into his mouth. Yeah, Joe wanted to make this horny, drawling guy feel all of the strong sensations of getting his rocks off!

For the second time that day, Joe was sucking a stud's prick, and he knew Whit and the others were watching him. He wondered what Whit was thinking, if he remembered how easily and how willingly Joe had gone down on him. Hell, giving a stud a blow-job did not mean anything, especially after an Attitude Adjustment sent any emotional connections away so they could go on being good citizens.

"Man," Lefty whispered, shivering, "That surely is mighty good suckin', Joe!"

Joe swallowed the male rod hungrily, tip to base and back, stroked the youth's strong legs, played with his loose-swinging balls, reached higher to examine his taut, sleek torso. Shit, Joe told himself, he did not give a damn about who was watching or what they thought.

One of the men stepped up behind Lefty, embracing him tightly, like a special bond between them. "How's it feel, friend?" Chet. "Good blow-job?"

"Dang good! Almost as good as you and--" Lefty gulped for breath. "Joe's got my balls about to bust!"

"Go ahead, Lefty. Give him your load."

"*Fuck!*"

Joe clamped himself onto Lefty's cock, pressed his face all the way to the farm-boy's groin on the down-strokes, and now Lefty's cum poured into his mouth and throat: thick and hot and male-tasting. Joe drank it down, like he had swallowed so many others', like they had swallowed his, all those sex partners he had forgotten. *Fuck 'Em and Forget 'Em.*

The spurts of Lefty's cum ended, and Joe sank back on his heels, keeping the cock-head in his mouth and looking up at the half-naked stud. The youth was slumped back against Chet's bare chest, eyes closed and happy-smiling, satisfied; and Chet was holding him close in a special way; and Joe was the outsider; the cock-sucker mouth who had taken the kid's load, nothing more, damn it.

"Fuck," Lefty whispered again, appreciatively, and reached down to pat Joe on the head, then pulled back, freeing his softening rod from the kneeling man's mouth. "That sure was mighty pleasin', Joe."

The youth hauled up his work pants, fastened them, and returned to his keyboard as if nothing had happened. *Fuck 'Em and Forget 'Em.*

Joe stayed where he was, expecting Parker or one of the others to step up and face-fuck him, but they ignored him.

"That's enough for now," Parker said at last. "Whit, get Joe out of here."

Joe stumbled to his feet, clumsy from the mind-daze of the cooperation collar, and Whit reattached the handcuffs on his wrists. Then Whit's grip on Joe's shoulder led him out of the office and into the hallway. Joe was still naked, but thanks to the foggy effect of the collar, hell, he found he did not care who saw.

"Lefty sure enjoyed that blow-job," Whit said casually, sauntering beside Joe down the dull-lit corridor. "He's a horny young buck."

"That was kind of strange, the way Chet held on to him."

"They room together. They're partners."

Joe blinked in surprise. "Oh." He had heard about that, the way some guys roomed together and sexed together, sometimes exclusively, but Joe had never gone that route. The state kept a close eye on men who decided to become roommates, lovers, partners, made sure they kept up their scheduled Attitude Adjustments so the arrangement was more like friendly convenience, without any dangerous superheated passion. The state made damn sure guys who partnered never became sex-rebels. *A Calm Citizen is a Good Citizen*. Attitude Adjustments kept strong emotions--and strong emotional bonds--at bay. Thanks to the Adjustments, crimes of passion, violence, and most types of mental illness had become rare, almost unknown, in their enlightened society; and Joe acknowledged that the people in charge of the state must surely know what they were doing. *A Calm Citizen is a Good Citizen*, indeed.

But the way Chet had held on to Lefty seemed like more than just friendship. Joe frowned for a moment, then pushed the thought away.

Joe glanced at the burly officer, still fascinated by his almost brutal masculinity. "What about you, Whit? You got a roommate? Or a partner?"

"Hell, no. Fuck 'em and forget 'em, remember?"

"Yeah." Joe drew a fast breath. "How come Parker wanted to know about Ron? I haven't thought about him in years. Has he got something to do with my being arrested?"

"I dunno." Whit shrugged his massive shoulders. "You said he disappeared, so I checked the records. He was arrested."

"Is that what happens to guys who're arrested? They just disappear?"

"Yeah." He clapped Joe on the shoulder and urged him into a side passageway, and Joe heard distant cursing, a groan of pain, a heavy door slamming. "Maybe your friends and neighbors in your apartment building will wonder what happened to you, but some other stud will move into your place. Maybe he's already moved in. Anyway, they'll all forget about you, like you forgot about Ron."

Joe felt numb, confused. He had woken up that morning, his prick at full-mast as usual, and then the two policemen had come to his door. *The Police Are Your Pals*. And Joe gone down on Whit, trying to bargain his way out of being arrested, and the blow-job had been damn good, sucking off the rugged, horse-hung stud cop. And Joe had been arrested anyway, brought to headquarters, gotten stripped and jerked off and plugged into the machine that drilled into his memories, been questioned about things he had forgotten, and sucked Lefty's eager dick, and he still did not know why he had been arrested or what crime he was charged with committing.

The hallway was lined with heavy cell doors. One slid open as they approached, and Whit guided Joe through it, into a narrow, windowless room, a lightbulb glowing overhead, a single iron cot hung against one wall, a recessed latrine at the rear.

"Make yourself at home," Whit said, unfastening the cuffs from Joe's wrists. "They'll pass your chow through that panel next to the door. Lights-out in about an hour."

"Okay." Joe gazed at the rugged officer, at the powerful physique outlined beneath the tailored uniform, at the unmistakable cock-bulge at the crotch, and he shivered, remembering the unexpected excitement of going down on Whit. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Yeah." Whit spun toward the open doorway. "Confess and get it over with!"

Joe watched Whit stomp out and slam the heavy door, and he could not help chuckling to himself. That damn Whit had been getting a hard-on!

Joe strolled into the latrine section of the room to wash up, and his smile faded as he saw his familiar shaving gear neatly placed on the shelf over the sink. He remembered what Whit had said about how a prisoner disappeared when he was arrested. The police must have already cleaned out his apartment. As far as the outside world was concerned, Joe no longer existed.

He cleaned up, and when he returned to the main part of the cell, a tray of food was waiting. He ate hungrily. He had just finished, returned the tray to the panel, and sat down on his cot when the overhead light went out, and the windowless cell was dark, not even a crack of light from around the door.

Joe stretched out on the cot and closed his eyes, and he ran his palms over his virile nakedness, once more recalling his experience with Whit that morning. Yeah, that had been an intense experience, kneeling in front of the burly, horse-hung cop, sucking his huge rigid cock, drinking down his heavy-flowing cum, and--

Joe woke with a start as the light came on again, and he needed a moment to regain his bearings and remember that he really was in jail, that it had not all been a bad dream. Then he stumbled to his feet and headed for the latrine area to shower and shave. When he finished, his breakfast was waiting on a tray at the door panel, and he ate automatically, sitting naked on the cot.

The door opened, and Whit came in, crisply uniformed and expressionless. "Back to interrogation, friend." He cuffed Joe's wrists together again. "Let's go."

They walked down the maze of hallways side by side, the rugged, boot-heeled officer and his nude, athletic prisoner, and Parker was waiting in the interrogation office with Chet and the two other bare-chested guards, Lefty already hammering at his keyboard.

"Howdy, Joe," Lefty drawled, flashing his wide-faced grin. "It's mighty pleasin' to see you again."

"Thanks, I guess."

Joe was efficiently uncuffed and pushed down into the interrogation chair, and the moment the machine helmet slid back into place over Joe's head, the helmet hummed and made Joe's scalp tingle--a not unpleasant sensation--and Parker began his questioning: name, age, birthdate, crèche number, childhood memories, growing up, learning about sex, jerking-off with his buddies in school--the same questions Joe believed he had already answered, over and over. Joe knew he had not committed any crime, and he tried to answer truthfully, dragging up memories he never thought were worth remembering. He never wanted to remember anything more than getting his rocks off, but Parker was making him go over these events again and again. And Whit was standing there, watching as though he did not give a damn.

"When did you get into sucking cock?" Parker asked quietly. "Was it with Ron, the guy you jerked with in school?"

"No. It was ..." The helmet hummed as Joe thought and remembered and the memory started to overwhelm reality again. "Jonesy ... Yeah, it was Jonesy."

4.

Joe was in the school library after classes had ended for the day, and he was angry as hell because Ron had

not shown up--again.

Last Friday, they had gone down to the shower room in the back of the gym to circle-jerk with the guys, each showing off how big his hard-on got and how far it could shoot cum; and afterward, Joe and Ron had lagged behind and pumped each other off, shower-wet and soapy.

And Ron had not shown up at school since then. As far as Joe could tell, he had just plain disappeared. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday--Ron had not responded to messages. No one at his crèche knew where he was. He had not shown up at the library after school, sitting opposite Joe across the table and shoving his shoe-sole into Joe's crotch as a silent sign that he was horny, ready to go to one of the places where they could get their rocks off, the alcove at the end of the hall, or the dim-lit restroom in the basement where the guys pretended not to know each other while they beat their meat, or the old shower room at the gym where the studs were wiser and showed off their dicks and how far they could shoot, some of them even willing to trade hand-jobs the way Ron and Joe did.

Joe tried to concentrate on his studies, but he missed Ron; Joe was horny, and he could not stop thinking about getting his rocks off. "Shit!" he muttered to himself, a little too loudly, earning a ping from the e-librarian for silence, then quieter: "I'm going to the gym."

He swung to his feet, clapped his backpack over one shoulder, and sauntered from the library, and his jeans scraped against his always-ready prick. He had stopped wearing underwear, not even a jock-strap under his jeans, just the way Ron did, and maybe it was the pressure and rub of the coarse cloth against his genitals that kept his balls working overtime ever since.

Joe tromped down the corridor, and a couple of younger guys came from the stairway, eyeing his crotch openly, probably seeing the outline of his thickened cock. Hell, Joe decided, he did not give a damn if a guy checked how he was hung. Ron had taught him that. Ron had shown him that he sure as hell was not the only one who jerked off. Ron had introduced him to the meat-beating sessions with the guys--shit, everybody does it--and Ron had been right about how Joe could shoot more cum, and farther, than any of the others he had jerked with.

And now Ron had just plain disappeared!

Joe had messed around with Ron, both of them bare-ass and cock-hard, squirming around together and working each other up, pumping each other off, and Joe had always felt more satisfied when he traded cum with Ron, more satisfied than when he circle-jerked or showed off with the other guys. But Ron had disappeared, and Joe already had trouble remembering the touch of his body, the slipperiness of his balls, the hardness of his dick.

"Crap!" He tromped down the stairs and out from the building, heading for the gym. "There're plenty of other guys around, if Ron doesn't show up!"

Joe had always gone down to the shower room in the back of the gym with Ron, but this time he was going alone. He entered the warm, silent locker room and inhaled the humid, sweat-scented air, and his cock throbbed with rising sex-hunger. Ever since Ron had shown him the deserted shower room, Joe had been turned-on by just coming into the male-and-disinfectant smelling dressing room. Sucking in a deep breath, he strutted down the main aisle and through the small doorway at the rear, down a short hallway, into the shadowed, musty area normally used by the swimming team.

Rusted lockers lined the walls, and a tiled corridor at one side led to the showers and the pool beyond. No one was there, but Joe tried to appear casual as he tossed his backpack into one of the lockers and began to undress. The tension rose in his loins, and his genitals fell free and heavy when he peeled off his jeans.

"Yeah, I'm ready!" he muttered, stretching and flexing his maturing muscles.

Naked, he strode down the tiled hallway, and he grinned as he heard the sound of running water coming from the shower room.

Just one man was in the room: Jonesy, the solidly built athlete Joe had beaten in a jerk-off contest.

"Hey, stallion," Jonesy said, lathering his muscled shoulders and smooth, full-arched chest lazily. "How's it going?"

"Okay." Joe started one of the showers and doused himself thoroughly before reaching for the soap. "We got the place to ourselves, huh?"

"Yeah. I thought Tony might show up." He faced Joe, washing his thick, amber-crowned cock and loose-sacked testicles openly. "You know Tony, right?"

"Sort of. You guys play football together, right?"

"We play a lot of things together. Like you and Ron do, maybe." He pumped his swelling prick. "Is Ron around?"

"I haven't seen him for a couple of days." Joe toyed with his stiffening iron, grinning. "Ready for another shooting match, Jonesy?"

"Hell, that's for beginners," the football star scoffed as he rinsed and turned off his shower. "Let's hit the towel room where we won't be disturbed."

"Uh, okay. Sure."

Joe washed quickly, flicked off the water, and hustled after Jonesy into the large, shadowy room. Soiled towels were piled on the floor, and he grabbed a clean one from the stack by the door, drying hastily.

Then the husky athlete was coming toward him, naked and cock-hard. "I've wanted to get you alone for a long time," Jonesy grinned, pressing flat against the youth. "I'm going to drain your nuts dry, stallion!"

"You're asking for it, buddy!" Joe exclaimed, dropping his towel and embracing Jonesy hungrily.

"Damn right!" Jonesy ground their warm, aroused bodies together for a moment, then eased back. "Shit, I better show you what Tony and I like to do."

Abruptly, Jonesy dropped to his knees and gripped Joe's rigid prick, and he rocked forward, pressing it to his lips. Joe tensed, staring straight ahead as he felt the taunting pressure, and then the warm moisture of Jonesy's mouth was encircling his arousal-swollen glans and swirling about the shaft. Joe gritted his teeth, and his muscles quivered with tension. Jonesy's strong hands rose between his thighs and cupped his churning testicles, tugging them gently as the lips moved downward again, consuming more and more of the inflamed column. With a pleased groan, Joe grasped the crouching man's shoulders, and then he let his gaze drop. Jonesy's head bobbed slowly, lips visible around the vein-etched shaft, coming closer and closer to the thicket of black hair at the base. Joe dug his fingers into the muscled flesh and eased his hips forward, offering himself completely. He wanted to plunge his throbbing ram to the depths, but the young athlete held it partway, tongue-turning with aching slowness.

"Jonesy--?" Joe broke off, not sure what he was asking.

Jonesy drew back to the wide-collared flange, applied a renewed pressure as he drove downward again, then pulled all the way up and released the spit-glistening spike. Joe shivered at the sudden air-coolness.

"That's one hell of a chunk of meat," the kneeling athlete muttered. He wiped the back of his hand across his mouth and got to his feet. "Your turn, stallion."

Joe recognized the challenge and hesitated. "I--I dunno, Jonesy."

"Shit, go ahead."

Joe sank to his knees. The muscular athlete stood before him, massive legs spread, one hand on his hip, and the other hand wandering lazily over his solid chest. Joe stared at the rigid, masculine rod thrust toward him. The smooth, rounded head gleamed with hardness, topping a sleek, marble-like shaft that sprang from a tangle of dark wire below the pale, flat-curved belly. A hand slid down and half-covered the hair-matting as the fingers supported the base of the column, aiming it toward Joe's face.

"Suck on that rod, stallion!"

The body warmth wafted against Joe's nakedness, and he could smell the lush, fresh-washed scent of Jonesy's maleness. Joe bent forward, letting his lips touch the athlete's swollen knob, slightly moist and sticky. Joe opened his mouth wide to take the thick club, and he gagged at the unfamiliar taste and sensation. "Crap!" he grumbled defensively, not wanting to admit his inexperience. "Fuck, if you can do it, so can I!" He took a deep breath and tried again, imitating what Jonesy had done, slowly drawing more and more of the rigid tool into his mouth, running his hands up the muscle-tight linings of the thighs until his fingers found the full, loose-swinging testicles. Fascinated, Joe played with them as he pressured the pulsing cock more securely, and then his lips met the thick, strong fingers still supporting the shaft. Jonesy pulled his hand away. Joe eased forward to consume the tantalizing erection completely.

"That's the way, stallion! Yeah, man, you've got all of it!"

Spurred on by the hoarsely whispered encouragement, Joe applied increasing suction and felt the muscles quiver in response, and he hardly noticed that his hands were being carried up over Jonesy's belly and outward. Then the brawny athlete was holding Joe's head in place and hip-pumping aggressively. Choking at the sudden onslaught, Joe tried to free himself, and the powerful thighs locked about him, forcing him to accept the lunging cock again and again. The iron-hardness jammed into his throat, and the clearly marked tube along its underside pressed down on his tongue.

"Now, damn it!" Jonesy groaned. "Yeah!" An instant later, the rod convulsed and the first explosion of Jonesy's thick male liquid came spurting from it. "Aw, yeah!"

Joe swallowed automatically. His body shook with the thunder of his heartbeat, and he could hear Jonesy's sharp, animal cries of relief.

"*Aaah! Aaah!*"

Clinging to the man's hips for support, Joe plunged forward, drinking the hard-flowing stream thirstily.

"Aw, fuck, *yeah!*"

When the surge was over, Joe pulled away and sprawled back on a pile of towels, covering his eyes with one arm. His body trembled with nerve-aching tension, and his throat rasped with gasps for air.

After several moments, Jonesy hunkered down to rub one palm over Joe's heaving chest. "You liked that,

huh, stallion?"

"Crap! It was--" Joe shivered, then covered the young athlete's hand with his own and pushed it downward toward his still-erect prick. "It got me so fucking hot!"

"You're telling me! Shit, your pecker's dripping the way Tony's does when he's all worked up."

"Get me off, like I did for you. I need to pop my load."

"Any time, buddy."

Jonesy dropped to his knees between Joe's limp-spread legs, and his lips clamped surely about the bulging, slick-rounded head of the youth's stiff cock. "Yeah, Jonesy!" Joe watched the man press downward until the dark-haired head was buried in his crotch, felt the powerful arms wrap about him, the hands rubbing the backs of his thighs and rising to cup the muscled cheeks of his ass, groaned from the maddening excitement churning through him, shuddered at the sensuous suction on his rigid prick, writhed helplessly as the pent-up fury overwhelmed him--

"Jonesy!" he whimper-warned, and then it was too late. "Agh!" The climatic pleasure ripped through him, his balls pumping, semen overflowing, the searing ecstasy racing the length of every nerve in his tortured cock-head and shaft, the churning cum exploding in sharp, wrenching bursts. "Ah!" The hands beneath his butt jerked him upward, and the warm, hungry lips suctioned steadily. Joe arched his body, straining to drive himself even deeper into the shattering pleasure, which crested, held, and then began to fade. He collapsed, spent and exhausted.

Jonesy lowered the youth on his back, released him, and stretched out next to him. "That was fucking hot, stallion." He put one hand on Joe's chest, smoothing the sparse hairs to the heaving curves. "You damn-near drowned me. You sure shoot a lot!"

"So do you."

"Worn out?"

"Hell, no." Joe opened his eyes and grinned at Jonesy. "Ever see me quit after just one hand-job?"

"Damn," Jonesy snickered, watching his fingertips stroke over Joe's wide, dark nipples. "If Ron doesn't show up again, Tony and I'll make sure you get plenty of action."

"You guys mess around a lot, huh?"

"Shit, that's the only good thing about school. Nobody gives a shit about what we do as long as it's not illegal, no one gets hurt, and we're in by curfew. No one cares if we buddy up and mess around with each other every chance we get. Hell, we've got all these hormones and we're horny as shit all the time and always looking for action. This is when we're supposed get it all out of our system before we graduate into citizenship and have to calm down for the rest of our lives. So we might as well have plenty of action together, right?" Jonesy chuckled. "You ought to see the football team after a good game."

"Yeah?" Joe wondered if Jonesy was right about school--no one had ever described the way guys seemed to buddy up and mess around quite that way to him before. He squirmed on his back. Hell, maybe Jonesy was right? All the Civil Security posters and everyone who had graduated extolled the virtues of calmness as the key to being a law-abiding citizen, but being horny all the time made Joe feel antsy, the opposite of calm. Adults still fucked around, but sex seemed more like stress relief for them, not a driving need the way it felt for Joe. What if Jonesy was right, and buddying up and messing around was what they were supposed to

do?--Burn the sex-need out of their systems before they graduated and became full citizens? Maybe that was supposed to keep them from becoming sex-rebels. Yeah, Joe decided, that made a lot of sense, and he breathed a soft sigh of relief.

Now Joe could relax and enjoy the quiet time he knew would soon lead to more balls-hot sex. Hell, he thought, grinning, maybe an experienced stud like Jonesy could even teach him a few new tricks? No harm in asking. "Ron said that most of the guys around here go for--" He broke off, hearing a shower start in the other room. "We've got company."

"No sweat." Jonesy rolled to his feet, his prick dangling free and loose. "If it's one of the hand-job beginners, I'll get rid of him."

Joe watched the burly football player saunter from the room, and he smiled to himself, remembering the all-out excitement of his body locking up against Jonesy's mouth, of getting his cock sucked, of sucking a guy's dick for the first time, of drinking male cum, of blasting his own load down Jonesy's throat--and he heard muttered voices from the shower room. He suspected who Jonesy was talking to, and his prick stiffened and slapped back against his belly with renewed strength.

A male body appeared in the doorway, black-haired and swarthy, built like a tank, and pawing his crotch: Tony!

Tony had rough-cut features, and his thick, short neck melted into muscle-bulging shoulders. His broad, barreled chest was already plastered with dark man-hair, wide nipples, and his solid torso trimmed neatly to the strip of swarthy, untanned flesh at his hips. His massive thighs were sleekly muscled, and his heavy-shafted cock curled outward and down, partially hiding his large, free-swinging balls.

For a long moment, eyes narrowed to slits, Tony stared at Joe, and then he gripped his thick prick, stroking it slowly as he advanced toward the youth sprawled back on the piled towels.

Joe felt mesmerized as he gazed at the huge, naked man looming over him, and he rose on his knees, his eyes fixed on Tony's swelling iron.

Without a word, Tony stepped forward, pressing his genitals against Joe's face, and the kneeling youth trembled through a surge of excitement. Tony's beefy hand cupped the back of his head, caressing, drawing him deeper into the heated crotch, and Joe felt surrounded and dominated by Tony's total, confident maleness. Obediently, Joe ran his lips over the crinkle-sacked testicles, nuzzled them, lapped them with his tongue, suctioned gently, first one and then the other, licked hungrily upward to the massive, swollen cock.

With a grunt, Tony pulled back and thrust the tip of his dick against Joe's lips, and the youth took the slick-coated glans into his mouth. He swallowed the lusty, masculine taste, and Tony's hand on the back of his head urged him forward. Joe gulped down on the powerful cock, finally taking it all the way into his throat, his lips against the coarse hair at the base.

"Suck!" Tony ordered sharply. "Suck!"

Now, years later, the images faded as the probing machine helmet receded, and Joe blinked, finding himself back in the present. He was a prisoner, naked and stiff-dicked from reliving his sex-memories, and he was being questioned by a policeman named Parker while the others looked on and Lefty typed steadily. Joe focused on Whit, and he remembered the virile excitement of going down on the burly cop, like those times back in school, and just thinking about those days had the images trying to come back, and he almost lost himself again in the memory of that day when he had knelt obediently in front of Tony and sucked him off--

"So--"

Parker's voice snapped Joe back to the present.

"You liked trading blow-jobs with Tony and Jonesy?" Parker asked calmly.

"I traded with Jonesy," Joe replied, and he realized he was definitely in the present, lying there naked in that damn interrogation chair with a damn hard-on. Hell, these guys had seen him throw a rod before. "Tony never sucked."

"He fucked you?"

"No." Joe did not want to talk about getting his butt screwed. "What's the crime I'm supposed to have committed, damn it!"

"Joe needs some exercise and a change of scenery," Parker said to the other men. "Take over."

The men moved in, unhooked Joe from the chair, and hauled him to his feet, shoving him through a doorway Joe had never noticed before at the rear of the office.

The heavy door clanged shut behind him, and the black walls of the room were solid and windowless, pulley-hung ropes dangling from the ceiling, torture equipment laid out and waiting.

A fist smashed into Joe's midsection, and a new nightmare began. The athletic, bare-chested men surrounded him and punched at his nakedness with their fists indiscriminately. Fingers locked about his balls, and he fought against the crippling pain stabbing upward from his groin. The cooperation collar and the lingering effects of the chair had him too woozy to defend himself. The chained cuffs on his wrists bit into his skin, and maybe he screamed.

The beating continued, slowly, methodically. Whit drifted up in front of him, and Joe viewed the cold, rugged policeman with dazed curiosity. Whit was stripped to the waist, and his broad, full-curved chest was washed with silky, flat-lying black hair. Powerful muscles were etched across his dark-tanned shoulders, and his physique narrowed sharply to his slim hips and low-dipped trousers. Joe remembered kneeling in front of the brawny cop and sucking his huge, aroused cock, and he wondered if he was smiling.

Whit drew the long, wide belt from the loops of his uniform pants, wrapped the buckle end in his strong paw, moved out of sight behind Joe. Joe braced himself, sensing what was to come: the whistle as the belt cut through the air, the brutal snap of leather against his bare skin, the searing pain slashing across his shoulders, the long pause while the agony turned to numbness.

Then another stroke. And another. The flogging continued at a steady, calculated pace.

The belt ate its way down Joe's quivering back and across his tight-clenched ass, and then it returned to his shoulders and began crisscrossing the earlier crimsoned streaks. Joe thrashed helplessly, gasped, cried out, groaned, edged toward unconsciousness. "Whit," he hissed at last. "Please, Whit!"

The whipping ended abruptly, and Joe sagged on the bindings holding him upright. He blinked, and he was still in the original interrogation room, still helmeted by the machine that ate into his memories. The beating had not actually occurred--Joe had dreamed it--and the thought occurred to him that a machine which could make him relive his own memories as if they were happening then and there, all over again, could certainly make him live through some new scenario as if it were real too.

"Yeah, he sure didn't like that punishment scene," someone said from far away, a smirking tone.

Joe blinked again, still panting, slowly focusing: the windowless interrogation room, the half-naked guards,

blond and tanned and grinning Chet, redheaded Lefty--and Parker's face bent down over him. "Ready to confess?" Parker asked with his usual coolness.

"I--I can't," Joe mumbled, as the guards unhooked him from the chair and pulled him to his feet. "I ... don't know what to confess to."

"*The Police are Your Pals*," the interrogator quoted automatically and turned to Lefty. "Want to take this stud off the way he took your load yesterday, farm-boy?"

Lefty nodded and grinned. "I surely do!"

Joe saw the grinning youth come forward eagerly, shirtless, wide shoulders, lean physique, running his fingers over Joe's sweat-glistening chest, dropping to his knees in front of Joe.

Joe looked down and saw that he had a hard-on, and he could not make sense of why he had thrown a rod during that flogging scene they had put in his head. And then Lefty was licking and sucking his stiff dick, gulping, swallowing, wanting his cum.

Joe remembered when he had gone down on Lefty and the way Chet had come up behind the aroused farm-boy to embrace him as he orgasmed, and Joe felt a man lock up against his back the same way, holding him tightly in a special way, like Chet had held Lefty.

Whit?

Suddenly Joe was spurting his cum-load like a damn kid--like he had shot off in school when those forgotten studs had taken him off--like when it had been more than just getting his rocks off--

Whit!

Everything ended in fire and skyrockets--and darkness--and Joe must have passed out because the next thing he knew, he was coming back to life back in his small, dimly lit cell.

Joe lay face-down on the narrow cot, and a shaft of light speared from the doorway as someone entered.

"Joe?" Lefty's gentle drawl. "Whit gave me some stuff to put on your wrists." Pause. "If it's okay for me to spread it on you, it'll help you to heal faster."

"Go ahead." Joe rolled onto his back and lay flat on the bare mattress, arms and legs spread, eyes closed, and he felt the youth sit beside him, then the ointment-cool fingers sliding over his forearm. Joe examined his wrist as Lefty smoothed salve over it. He must have struggled against the restraints during the punishment dream and torn up the skin on his wrists. And now Lefty was applying dollops of cool ointment to the angry whelps. "You always take care of the guys Parker and them interrogate?"

"Nope, you're the first. Whit said to."

"How come?"

"Danged if I know. He has a style all his own." Lefty worked the medicine into Joe's raw skin gently, and he gave an easy laugh. "It was mighty pleasin', first havin' you suck me off so fine, an' then suckin' you in return today."

"I blasted my load like crazy," Joe admitted softly. "It was kinda special."

"That 'cause Whit was holdin' on to you from the rear?"

"Shit!" Joe exclaimed, then relaxed again. "What's Whit's story, Lefty?"

"I ain't never figured him out," the drawling youth answered thoughtfully. "I do believe he's got his rocks off with almost every feller he's wished, me included, but he don't go back for seconds, know what I mean?"

"Yeah," Joe murmured. "Fuck 'em and forget 'em, right?"

"Somethin' like that." Lefty spread the soothing ointment over Joe's other wrist. "Only for Whit it ain't because of an Adjustment Appointment. The police are exempt from that, and Whit don't wish to go. Fer him, it's a personal thing." Joe paused, then snickered. "I've got a feelin' Whit wishes to fuck your little tail."

"No way! I don't go that route."

"Dang!" Lefty gasped in surprise. "You ain't no way still a virgin back there, are ya?"

"Hell, no! It's just that ... Well, I don't like it, and I don't go that route."

"That first one to fuck you--was it that feller at your school? The one you told us about? Tony? Or, maybe Jonesy? Or--"

"No," Joe whispered, remembering. "Don't tell Parker, okay? I don't want that damned machine digging though those memories." He took a deep breath. "It was ... just before my graduation to citizenship ... Steve and me in the gym ... And the coach ..."

5.

In the late afternoon, Joe strolled across the campus toward the gym. He was set to graduate in just a couple of months, and he already had received notice of the appointment date for his Civil Security registration, where he would be evaluated for his stud-rating, issued his adult identification card, assigned his own apartment and job, and given his very first Attitude Adjustment treatment. Yeah, he thought with a grin, no more school and no more living in the damned crèche. Yeah, he was practically out of there already; soon he would be adjusted and all adult-aloof, no longer at the mercy of these hormone-driven emotions he felt so intensely--too intensely, maybe.

He wondered how many times he had headed for the gym after school lately. Yeah, he had gotten his rocks off with plenty of guys in plenty of places, but he liked the old shower room best--horny young studs hopping around all soaped up, getting turned-on and showing off their rigid dicks, maybe wrestling together to see who was stronger, jerking each other off, sucking. Shit, Joe had had his share of blow-jobs, and he himself did not mind going down on a rugged, demanding athlete now and then either.

Maybe Vince would be there today.

Vince was a real rough-and-tough son of a bitch, and he had surprised the hell out of Joe by wanting to sixty-nine. That had been a really wild experience, Joe remembered, getting Vince's load and shooting his own down Vince's throat seconds later.

Joe entered the gym and went directly to the team locker room, and his prick tingled with excitement as he stripped. Yeah, all he had to do was think about sex and his dick began to get ready.

Naked, he strode down the tiled corridor to the showers. The room was empty. "Dammit!" Hell, maybe some of the guys would show up soon.

Joe flicked on a shower tap, adjusted the temperature, and stepped beneath it, wetting down completely, and then he began lathering himself with soap. His palms rubbed over his wide, strong shoulders; muscular arms; the increasing hair around his cock and on his broad, firm-arched chest; hard-tipped nipples; washboard-firm stomach; heavy-shafted, dangling cock; heated balls. Joe started to reach down and--

"Hi, Joe." A blond, swimmer-built youth was entering the room, Joe's age, bronzed and prick-swinging naked. "What's new?"

"Nothing. How about you, Steve?"

"Coach is pissed at me. He keeps giving me extra laps in the pool."

"Tough shit, pal."

Steve was the star of the swimming team, and Joe could not help grinning as he remembered that time the kid had hustled into the showers after school, wide-eyed and virgin-innocent when he realized he was interrupting a circle-jerk. And the guys had jumped Steve and held him. Steve had gasped and cursed and laughed, thinking this was a game; and it was in a way, just not the type Steve had thought; and he got really quiet really quick when his cock start to harden and he realized what was happening. He protested a little, just at first, but they had held him, jerked him off, and made him shoot his load, making him moan and cry out in pleasure as they initiated Steve's virgin cock into their all-male world of sex-games. And Steve had sure come back for more after that.

"What's so funny, Joe?"

"I was just thinking about the first time you found us guys messing around in here," Joe chuckled. "You acted pissed-off as hell, but you sure shot a big load!"

"That was a long time ago," Steve muttered, though in fact that first time had been just a few months before, and Joe decided not to correct him. Steve looked down as he started to wash himself. "It was--you know ... No one talks about that kind of thing at my crèche. Back then, I'd never thought about jerking another guy, much less doing other stuff ..."

"Yeah." For an instant, he remembered his own first introduction--trading hand-jobs with Ron, the surprise that someone else did it, pumping the cum from his nuts--and Ron had disappeared a long time ago, nearly a year. "You haven't been down here with us guys recently."

"Coach has been keeping me busy. He's been a real bastard lately." Steve stayed hunched over, soaping his thighs and sun-bronzed legs. "And there're other things a guy can do besides jerk."

"Yeah?" Joe asked with a snicker, playing innocent as he fumbled his heavy prick openly. "What kind of things?"

"Things," Steve repeated nervously, and he was obviously watching Joe's swelling cock. "You know."

"Maybe. You got something in mind?"

Joe could see the youth's thick, pink-tipped dick quiver and start to rise, and Joe was nearly ready to grab the sexy swimmer and strong-arm hustle him into the towel room when he saw a burly figure appear in the doorway--*crap!*--the coach!

"What the hell're you punks doing?" the man growled.

"Nothing." Joe had spun automatically to face his shower spray and cover his surging hard-on. "Nothing, Coach."

"Steve," the coach ordered, "I didn't say you could go. Get your damn ass back into that swimming pool. I want twenty-five more laps, and I want them now!"

"Uh ... Yes, sir," Steve muttered and headed for the pool.

"Joe, you dry off and get to my office pronto." Coach turned away. "I want to talk to you. On the double, you hear me?"

Joe obeyed automatically. He rinsed off, went into the towel room, willed his urgent cock to go soft as he dried quickly, wrapped the damp terrycloth about his hips, and hurried to the office.

"You wanted to see me, Coach?"

"That's what I told you, punk." He came out of the shadows. The coach was in his early thirties, with buzz-cut hair and craggy features, and he wore loose gray sweatpants and a T-shirt that outlined his mature, muscular physique. His office was plain: a desk at one side, venetian blinds closed across the window behind it, shadowed photos of school teams going back years on the walls. He moved behind Joe and snapped the door lock sharply. "You and Steve were messing around in the showers, right?"

"No," Joe replied, thinking, *Not yet anyway*. "Hell, we weren't doing anything."

"Bullshit!" Coach peeled off his shirt, and his shoulders were broad and solid, his full-curved chest glazed with slick, black hair. "You figure on graduating in a few months, right?"

"Yeah, sure."

"You won't make it if you flunk Physical Ed. I haven't sent up your grades yet." The coach viewed the towel-clad teenager coldly. "Understand me?"

"I--I've done okay ... Uh, haven't I?"

"That's up to me." The coach brought one hand up to his crotch, groping meaningfully. "I'm no punk fooling around in the gym showers."

Fascinated, Joe watched the man's fingers rise to the drawstring at his hips and tug the knot undone, and the coach's loose sweatpants slipped down his muscled legs. He was naked underneath, and his heavy cock swung from a broad nest of pubic hair at his crotch, the wide crown rimmed by a thick fold of foreskin.

Wait, Joe blinked, were full citizens supposed to act this intensely horny-hot, like some sex radical? "Uh, Coach--"

"You want to graduate, don't you?" the older man interrupted pointedly. "Take off that damn towel."

"Yes, sir." Joe pulled the towel from about his waist and let it dangle from his grip, and his prick bobbed forward, hardening and rising in spite of himself. "I--I can't help it ... It's got a mind of its own sometimes ... You remember what it was like before you--?"

"Horny, huh, punk?" He studied the youth's nakedness intently. "You've got plenty of meat and a damn good build. The other punks in the shower room must like that, huh?"

"We just horse around," Joe mumbled, staring down at his rising iron. "Jerk off, stuff like that."

"Bullshit!" the man declared. "You're too grown up to settle for kid stuff, right?" He braced his hands on his hips. "Give me the truth!"

"Yes, sir!" Joe confessed, and the words started pouring out without strain, under orders from the demanding coach facing him. "I used to beat my meat a lot all by myself, and then I got to doing it with other guys. Then somebody told me about the shower room. I like it like that, getting stripped down all the way and messing around with a bunch of hard-up guys and--"

"Sucking cock?" the coach barked, pointing his now-rigid prick toward the Joe. "On your knees, punk! You're gonna make love to my meat, cock-sucker! Worship it!"

Joe obeyed. He sank down and stared at the aroused cock held toward him. He gripped it and brought it to his lips. He took the tip into his mouth and tasted the heated maleness, and then he suctioned collar-deep on the powerful shaft. He looked up at the rugged, muscle-tensed coach who was stud-dominating him, and he saw the look of triumph on the man's face. Strangely aroused, Joe ran his palms upward over the brawny, masculine naked body, and then the coach grabbed Joe's head with both hands and jammed him all the way down on the rigid column. Joe choked, not at the size of the man's dick but at the unexpected fury, as it drove into his throat again and again.

"Punk! Just a horny punk!" The coach pulled free suddenly and slapped his spit-glistening meat sharply across Joe's upturned cheek. "You love sucking a real man-sized rod, right?"

"Y-yes, sir," Joe half-whispered automatically.

"Say it! Say you love my big, hard dick!"

"I, uh, love it, sir!"

"That's more like it," he gloated, stepping back. "Stand up and bend over, cock-sucker. I want to screw your ass!"

"No way! Please, Coach ... I--I've never been fucked."

"You're going to do whatever I say if you want to graduate," he reminded Joe, and he grabbed the youth's towel and spread it over the top of the desk at the side of the room. "You can lean on this. I don't want pecker-tracks all over my damn desk if you squirt your load."

Joe looked at the naked, cock-hot man, then down at his own inflamed prick. He was about to graduate, and the state had already scheduled the appointment that would mark his official transition into citizenship, but that would all get delayed, maybe for months, even a year, if the coach flunked him in Phys-Ed. But what choice did he have? Joe felt numb as he moved to the desk.

The coach went to a cabinet, brought out a well-used tube of lubricant, and smeared his shaft with the ooze. Joe took a deep breath and bent forward, bracing his outstretched arms on the towel-covered desk.

"Stretch out. Lay flat," the man ordered, "and spread your legs."

"Yes, sir." Joe planted his feet farther apart and sprawled forward on the desk, and he knew his virgin butt was fully exposed. "Honest, Coach, I've never--"

"Then it's high time your little ass got reamed out, ain't it." Coach stepped up behind Joe and gripped his slim, pale ass cheeks, digging into the muscled flesh and pushing them apart. "Yeah, you're gonna be a full-fledged citizen soon. It's time you got a man-sized dick fucked into you!"

"Please, Coach--" Joe broke off as the blunt-crowned ram thrust against his sensitive muscle-ring, and he clenched his eyes shut at the first stab of pain. "No! Don't! Please--it's too big!"

"Bullshit! You're gonna be a citizen soon. You can take it."

"Ow!"

Coach speared the ruthless invader into Joe brutally.

"Fuck, Coach! Lemme go!"

"Take it, punk!"

"Aaagh!" Joe cried out as the man's hard-on drove into him, and he clawed at the edge of the desk, pinned down, teeth clenched. "You son of a bitch!"

"You love my cock, remember?" the coach taunted, forcing his dick deeper into the thrashing youth relentlessly. "You loved it down your throat, and you're gonna love it up your ass! There! You've got it all, punk." He ground his crotch against Joe's quivering butt.

Through the wall of pain, Joe heard himself make an incoherent sound.

"Get used to it!" Coach slammed down, plastering himself against Joe's back, and his voice sounded hoarse and excited in the youth's ear. "Now, you horny punk, I'm going to show you how a real man fucks." He began hip-pumping ruthlessly. "Yeah, I'm going to teach you."

Joe groaned with each penetration and he tried not to think about what was happening to him. He tried to make his body relax--he'd heard somewhere getting ass-fucked hurt worse if things tensed up back there. He was stretched out naked on the coach's towel-draped desk, and the brawny man's rod was hammering into his guts. Rough fingers pawed at his bared flesh, and the sex-heat lingered in his loins, but his always-ready prick had retreated into softness, dangling heavily between his spread thighs. He wondered how he could cream and leave pecker tracks without getting a hard-on. "Dammit, Coach!" he hissed, almost whimpered. "Agh! Finish it! Get it over with!"

"You want my cum up your butt?" the man growled triumphantly. "Beg me for it, punk!"

"Please ... sir," Joe panted through the pain. "Please let me have your cum ..."

"Yeah! Damn right!"

Numb, dazed, Joe felt the coach's arms embrace him, with the convulsing column still jammed into his tail. He was getting accustomed to the pain, and coach's cock inside him was starting to set off a new feeling, a fullness with little sharp jolts of pleasure. But before he could decide whether he liked this new sensation, Joe felt the body-quivers of a male in climax against his back, heard the stifled howls of ecstasy, knew the man's sperm was spurting into him, felt the man's lips and tongue caressing his shoulders.

Joe understood the sensations his fucker was enjoying, the balls-hot explosions, the skyrocketing and the ultimate exhaustion--and Joe felt a weird pride because he, his body, had taken the coach through all that special ecstasy--and now the once-demanding man was licking and nuzzling his victim's sweat-dripping skin--and Joe had not popped his load.

"Yeah, punk! That's the way," the coach muttered at last, his cock softening quickly, and he pulled back, letting it slither free of Joe's ass. "Damn good fuck, huh?"

"Yeah," Joe murmured drily. "Great."

"I figured it was time you got your cherry popped." He sauntered to the wash basin in the corner of the office and began washing, his back to the youth. "You'll know what to expect next time."

"Huh?" Joe straightened and grabbed the towel from the desk, wiping the grease-slick cleft in his ass, then wrapping the cloth about his waist. "What do you mean, 'next time'?"

"Until you graduate, you're going to bend over any time I want to plug your tail. Otherwise, you don't graduate, right?" The coach turned, drying his shriveled prick and grinning. "You're one hell of a stud, but from here on, you're going to spread your buns for a man, not those other punks in the shower room. You're going to suck, get fucked, anything I say, any time I say."

"Y-yes, sir."

"Clear out of here, punk. Go take a shower and get back to your crèche."

Joe left the coach's office in a daze. The first penetration of his virgin asshole had been painful and brutal, but before that, he had knelt and licked and sucked the man's aroused genitals willingly. He recalled the way his coach had growled, *Make love to my meat, cock-sucker! Worship it!* Yeah, Joe had obeyed the rugged, mature stud--and he decided being bent over the desk and fucked was kind of wild, even if it had hurt like hell, especially at first.

He peeled off his towel, tromped into the shower room, and doused and lathered his nakedness. His asshole was tender and sensitive to his touch, and his balls were still working overtime, his cock plumping a bit as he remembered and threatening to go full-hard. "Shit!" he declared, wishing he had gotten his rocks off when the coach had.

"Hey, Joe!" Steve, the swimmer-built blond came hustling in from the pool, nude and dripping wet. "I thought you'd be gone by now." He hopped under the spray, bronzed and prick-swinging. "What'd Coach want?"

"Nothing."

"How about picking up where we left off?" Steve asked, toying with his dick meaningfully.

"I dunno. It's getting late. I should be heading back to my crèche." He stared at the swimmer's cock. "You should too."

"It's not that late." Steve eyed Joe quizzically for a moment, then snickered. "Hey! I bet the coach fucked you!"

"Shut up."

"Joe got his ass screwed!" Steve chanted mockingly. "Joe got his ass screwed!"

"Shut up, dammit!" Joe glared at the young blond, then blinked as a sudden thought struck him. "How do you know about the coach?"

"Shit, he's plugged most of the guys around here."

"Including you?" Joe felt his cock begin to stiffen in earnest, and he reached down to finger it, grinning. "You like getting fucked, huh?"

"I--" Steve hesitated, his gaze locked on Joe's expanding prick. "Holy shit! You've got more meat than Coach does. He's always bragging about being 'man-sized,' but his hard-on isn't near as big as yours."

"I didn't notice." He flipped his now-rigid meat at the staring blond. "Want to spread your buns, Steve?"

"Maybe ... if you slick it up real good with plenty of lube first."

"Sure, buddy." He nodded over one shoulder. "Back there, in the towel room."

Steve headed for the other room, and Joe felt a hungry eagerness grip his guts. Yeah, he was going to fuck ass for the first time!

Joe hurried after Steve. Remembering how the coach had greased himself, Joe grabbed the nearly empty bottle of lubricant someone had stashed behind a stack of clean towels for guys who liked to make their hand-jobs slick, and he applied a generous layer to his solid hard-on.

The trim young swimmer was on his hands and knees on the towel-strewn floor, blond and naked and willing, wanting it doggy-style, and Joe knelt behind him, hoping to hell that Steve would not recognize his inexperience.

"Lemme line it up for you," Steve murmured, reaching back to grasp Joe's slippery shaft and guide it into the narrow, shadowed cleft. "Okay, go ahead!"

"Yeah!" Joe shivered at the sensation of pressing his heated cock-head against the puckered opening, and then he thrust with sureness. His rod slithered head-deep into the clenching flesh-ring, and he gasped, fighting to control his flaring sex-pleasure. "Fuck!"

"C'mon, man," Steve hissed impatiently. "Fuck me hard."

Joe remembered his own pain-filled cry when the coach's thick meat had rammed into him, and then Joe was easing forward, sliding his cock deeper and deeper, inch-by-inch, enjoying the spine-tingling experience without rushing it, deeper, all the way to the pubes around his cock-base! He looked down at the blond hunched before him and the slim, pale ass cheeks pressing against his crotch, and he reached down to run his palms over the swimmer's shower-damp back. "Okay, Steve?"

"You bet. Screw me hard, buddy."

"Okay. Yeah."

Holding Steve in place, Joe hip-pumped slowly, drawing his prick back to the flange and then plunging in again, and he heard the swimmer's pleased gasp as the potent cock filled him. Once more, Joe remembered the coach's brutal, thrashing attack, and he wondered why the hell the man had wanted to rush anything that felt so damned good!

"More, Joe. C'mon--stop teasing and really fuck me!"

"Okay," Joe said. He realized Steve was enjoying this as much as he was, and he rocked forward, blanketing the youth with his sweating nakedness as he continued his steady thrusts, trying to hold to a steady rhythm but finding his hips kept speeding up, as if his body craved more speed, more depth, more sensation.

"Man," Steve sighed, shoving his butt back to meet each penetration. "Fuck! Fuck! *Fuck!*"

Joe locked his arms about the excited blond, and he gave in to his body's demands for more because those

were his demands too, and Joe gave up caring about Steve's pleasure. Joe thrust into that ass, deep-dicking it as quickly as he could. He did not want to rush the fuck-- but, dammit, he needed to get his rocks off, as soon as possible!

Without breaking his clumsy rhythm, Joe figured out how to kneel between Steve's spread legs. Then he managed to settle on his haunches and dragged the younger stud back to sit on his full-stiff cock. Steve's body took over most of the motion, making his ass bob up and down on Joe's erection, making that dick hard-ram into him. Joe ran his hands over the swimmer's slick, broad-plated chest and tight, small nipples, then downward over his muscle-marked stomach and into his crotch. Steve's prick was fully hard, lean and straining, and his balls were pulled up cum-tight. Joe remembered how his own cock had gone soft when Coach plowed into his virgin asshole earlier, but Steve sure did not react that way. Joe wrapped his hand around Steve's dick and just held on, letting the jerks and thrusts of Steve's body move his cock inside Joe's fist.

"Fuck me!" Steve choked, thrashing in his embrace. "Yeah, man! Fuck!"

Steve's hand wrapped around Joe's, both of them stroking Steve's dick. Joe felt Steve's rod quiver in his grip, and then Steve's cum was pouring from it, spurting and dribbling down over Joe's fingers. The need to pop his own load overwhelmed him, and Joe hammered his prick into the young blond's pulsing asshole. "Ah!" Then his climax was starting. The first long, intense blast of sperm! "Aw!" The second explosion--another--another--again and again and again. "Ah!" Joe slammed Steve face-down on the piled towels, and he hurtled into the total fury of his orgasm, the all-male summit, the ecstasy, then the slow and exhausted retreat, the emptiness.

Joe lay plastered against the trim swimmer's back, holding Steve's cum-soaked cock, his own still-firm dick locked in the youth's tail. Joe had fucked a stud for the first time, and it had been--

"Great," Steve murmured. "That was real great!"

"Yeah." Joe drew a deep breath, descending to reality. "You got your rocks off, huh? So'd I."

Steve's head hung limp as a ragdoll's. "I've never done that before, popped my load just from getting fucked. Want to do it again?"

"Right now?" Joe asked, amused.

"Anytime, Joe. Anytime."

Now, years later, Joe's head began to clear for a moment, and he was still under arrest, still in the interrogation room, still strapped in that damn chair, and he realized everything he had just seen and experienced was just a dredged-up memory that damned machine made him relive. Joe blinked and saw Parker's face looking at him. He heard one of the shirtless guards say, "Yeah, it's really got its hooks in his head now," and Parker asked him if he was ready to confess, and Lefty said--

Joe was in his cell, lying naked on his cot while the farmer-faced youth rubbed salve on his raw wrists. "Man," Lefty sighed. "I surely wish I'd been the one to plug your ass fer the first time. You've got a mighty pleasin' little butt."

"I don't like getting fucked. I don't go that route."

"Maybe you just ain't been fucked proper-like," Lefty suggested eagerly. "That's somewhat the way I felt before I met up with Chet."

"Chet fucks you, Lefty?"

"We take turns," he admitted cheerfully. "It don't seem proper not to share each other." He hesitated and wet his lips, suddenly thoughtful. "I reckon Chet'd be pleased to plow your ass, too. I'd best ask Whit if we can both hump you."

"Forget it," Joe muttered automatically, and then he turned his head to look up at the drawling youth. "Wait, what's Whit got to do with it?"

"Parker says Whit's in charge of you." Lefty hopped to his feet abruptly. "I'd best get back to Chet. I ain't sure whose turn it is tonight, but I do believe it'll be mighty pleasin', either way!"

"Lefty--"

"I reckon Whit'll want to plug your ass before Chet and me get a chance," he drawled, tromping toward the door. "It's a good thing you've been plowed before, 'cause Whit's somewhat large, as you know from havin' sucked him." He stopped in the doorway and sucked in an audible breath, then spoke softly. "Whit'll know. He'll know you've been fucked ... and I do believe he'll know that the first time with your coach wasn't the only time!"

Lefty left, the heavy door slide-slamming shut behind him, and Joe was in the semidarkness, rolling over on his stomach, cock-hard, remembering Whit's sex-hot prick in his mouth, and the other times the coach in school had ordered him into the office to worship the coach's dick and get fucked, and the times Joe had screwed Steve. Sure, Joe had told himself every time that he would never again bend over for that damn coach again, but the next time the man demanded it--well, Joe wanted to graduate, so he did it. Hell, Joe admitted, he found what the coach made him do kind of exciting, being forced to kneel in front of the burly man, licking the sweat off his balls and sucking his prick, sprawling across the desk to get his ass plowed ruthlessly, like the coach was a damned sex-rebel or something. But Joe never creamed from getting plugged, not the way Steve did.

Then one night just before graduation, the coach threw a beer-bust in the gym for the guys, and before long they were stripping down and horsing around. *Damn right*, Joe remembered, *every stud there knew how to party!*

The entire gym building was in semi-darkness except for the lights spilling in from the hallways and the nightglow from the skylights overhead, and Joe felt a weird excitement from everything: the beer, knowing he was breaking curfew by not being back at his crèche on time, the naked youths, and the freedom of knowing they would never all get together again--one last party to blow off steam together before graduation, Adjustments, jobs, the obligations of citizenship. He drifted into the shower room with some of his friends and, in spite of the dimness, he could see a couple of guys he had never seen nude and cock-hard before.

"Hey, Joe!"

A hand groped his genitals, and he grinned as he recognized the president of the student body, handsome and athletic--and not hung worth a damn. Joe groped in return and wandered away, and a couple of the guys were trading hand-jobs in the corner, snickering and showing off, just warming each other up. Joe lathered himself, and he was surrounded by horny young males, most on the cusp of citizenship like him but the coach had invited several of the younger members of the athletics teams too. Someone went down on him, and Joe shot his first load of the night, too damn fast.

Someone else palm-stroked Joe's ass and fingered into the cleft between his buns, and Joe pulled away fast. "Knock it off!" he growled and headed for the towel room. "Fuck!"

The coach had fucked him--and when Joe reached the towel room, the beer keg was flowing, and the coach was standing there, screwing Steve, out where anyone could see. Joe dried off and had some more beer, and Vince was coming toward him from the shadows, rugged-built and looking so damn horny. Hell, they had traded blow-jobs before.

Joe sank to his knees and sucked Vince's steel-hard prick, locked between his tree-trunk thighs, cum belching down his throat--

"Joe ... Shit, I want to fuck you!--Wanna make love to you--and--"

Joe wondered what it would be like, having Vince's massive cock shoved up into his guts. *Make love to you.* And then another stud was taking Vince's place, and Joe sucked him off.

Hell, tonight nobody gave a damn about who was doing what!

Joe grabbed more beer and wandered through the darkened gym, and naked guys were all over the place, getting their rocks off any way they wanted to. One of the younger athletes grabbed Joe's dick in the locker room and pumped it eagerly. "Suck!" Joe ordered. "Get down there and--"

"Shit, man! I don't do that sort of stuff!"

"You will," Joe said wisely, grinning at the startled youth. "Before you graduate, you'll let go and do everything."

"What makes you so sure?"

"Because last year when I was your age, I was as dumb as you are. I wised up fast, and you will too,"

A couple of studs were trading blow-jobs in the shadows, maturing bodies clamped together, and Joe headed for the urinals to take a leak. Too much beer, dammit! In the tiled latrine area, a bunch of the guys were messing around in the corner. Joe ignored them and sidled up to the nearest urinal, and he had already started to pee when he saw the burly male body stretched out next to the urinal, motioning for Joe to aim his cock that way: Louie, the star of the hockey team. And Joe shrugged and figured what the hell, so he turned and pissed all over him, and Louie pulled up to lick the last droplets from Joe's cock-head as he finished pissing.

What the hell, right?

Joe started back for where the action was, and the coach was there blocking the doorway.

"Get your butt into my office, Joe."

"Go to hell, you son of a bitch!" He knew he was set to graduate. "No more of that shit, Coach!"

"I just want to talk," the man murmured, slightly drunk, his gaze fixed on the naked youth.

"What about?"

"You and me. Now that you're graduating--becoming a citizen--" He spun away. "C'mon."

With a shrug, Joe followed, and as they went through the dim-lit locker room, he saw Vince screwing the handsome student body president in the ass. Joe wondered what being in the student body president's place would be like, having Vince's massive rod pushing into his hole--and, maybe, fucking Vince afterward--

Joe went into the coach's office and heard the door close behind him, the lock snapping sharply, and then he

was facing the dark, burly man.

"Okay, Coach, what's up?"

"I want us to be real buddies," the coach mumbled, head down. "You know ... Partners ... Sex-buddies."

"Bullshit. That's sex-rebel talk, Coach. You're drunk."

"I mean it." Without raising his head, he put both hands on the broad arcs of Joe's chest and stroked them slowly. "It would be damn good, you and me together."

Joe watched the man's fingers trickle downward over his nakedness, finally reaching his crotch and caressing Joe's genitals for the first time, and his cock stiffened automatically. Silent, the coach dropped to his knees and ran his lips over Joe's all-powerful cock.

Joe stared down at the mature, rugged stud, the son of a bitch who had made him suck cock, the burly bastard who had forced him to bend over across the desk repeatedly and get fucked. Now he was sucking Joe's cock and talking about them being together--like lovers--or sex-rebels. *Coach must be crazy--or too damn drunk*, Joe thought, but he liked the idea of Coach being on his knees. "Make love to my meat, you cock-sucker!" Joe's voice rasped as he repeated the words the coach had used that first time. "Worship it!"

"Yes, sir!"

The man kissed the tip of Joe's fully hard prick, took it into his mouth, sucked, all the way to the hilt. He pulled back and tongue-lapped Joe's tightening balls, ducked down and licked back along the flesh-ridge leading to the teenager's butt. Joe turned around, presented his butt to Coach. Coach spread Joe's ass cheeks and buried his face mouth-first in the youth's tail. "Aw, man!" Joe felt ten feet tall, bulletproof, invulnerable, standing over the bastard stud who had used him for months, the man now reaming his asshole with a hot, worshipping tongue! Joe loved the feeling of superiority over the fucker who had busted his virgin ass! Joe was bossing the coach around, and he was going to work the coach over and make him beg. "On your feet, shit-face!" Joe ordered. "It's your turn to bend over your damn desk!"

Ignoring the man, Joe went to the cabinet and got the lubricant, and when he turned back, Coach was already sprawled forward on the desk, the pale curves of his butt practically luminous in the semi-shadows. Without emotion, the youth smeared ointment on his throbbing dick and moved into position, and he did not bother to warn the muscle-tensed stud before pile-driving his cock into Coach's exposed asshole.

The man gave a choked cry at the fierce, brutal penetration, and Joe did not give a damn. He screwed all the way into the straining flesh-ring. He copied everything Coach had done to him, and Joe cursed him and made him beg. Yeah, he was pissed off at the son of a bitch, and now he was venting that anger on his submitting coach. "Damn ass-wipe! Ass-licking coach!"

"Yeah, Joe! Anything you say!"

"Damn right!"

Joe plowed his rigid dick into his victim's guts again and again steadily, fiercely, angrily. He corkscrewed his hips, spreading Coach's ass-lips to their limit. He fucked as hard as he could, ignoring the man's agonized groans. Joe was the king of Coach's ass, and he did not give a damn, and he was getting his revenge and getting his rocks off at the same time.

After a long time and an awful lot of work, Joe finally shot his load into the stud who had been his coach and master. Big deal. All over.

Nothing.

He lay flat against the man's back, sweating and cock-softening, and he sure as hell did not feel anything like he had when he had screwed Steve!

"Anything you say," the coach whispered again.

"Huh?"

"Whip my ass, fuck my butt ... Anything you want, Joe." Coach took an audible breath. "I love you, stud!"

"Bullshit!" Maybe Joe was not a full-fledged citizen yet, but he sure knew enough to understand that what Coach was saying was dangerous, illegal stuff. Joe wanted to be a good citizen, not a sex-rebel. Getting off was one thing--allowed, commendable even--and youths who had not reached the age of citizenship yet were allowed to feel strong emotions--hell, adolescence had generally been nothing but strong hormone-driven emotions and horniness for Joe--but staying partnered together as adults, citizens shacking up, forming dangerous emotional bonds--that was a different situation entirely. No, Joe wanted to be a good citizen, wanted to have the emotional distance that was the hallmark of a good citizen. *Fuck 'Em and Forget 'Em*, as the slogan declared.

Joe jerked his prick free and stepped back from the coach, as though fearing maybe the man's sex-rebel ideas were contagious. But Joe could not keep from grinning as he saw the coach's cum dribbling down the side of the desk. Yeah, the rugged bastard had gotten his rocks off right along with Joe, just from getting fucked!

Joe shrugged and sauntered from the office, heading back for the showers.

A couple of the guys were lathering each other under one of the sprays, and Joe washed up separately. His cock dangled heavily between his thighs, spent; and for once, he did not feel like messing around. He dried off and strolled to his locker, where he found Vince sitting on the bench in front of it, naked and stretching his shoulder.

"You screw the coach, Joe?"

"Yeah. How'd you know?"

"He digs getting a big cock up his butt, and you've got a big one." He stretched again. "I been plugging him a lot the last couple of months. Fucked him earlier tonight too."

Joe staring at the muscular youth. Vince was built like a son of a bitch, tough as hell, and well-hung.

"Did the coach say he loved you, Vince?"

Vince shrugged. "Sure. So what? I think he's just drunk."

"After I went down on you earlier tonight, you said you loved me."

"Crap!" Vince chuckled, and he reached up to grasp Joe's loose-falling cock and balls. "I'm no sex-rebel. What I said was I wanted to make love to your dick ... and fuck your ass. That's different." He tightened his grip. "Ever sleep with a guy, Joe?"

"Hell, no!" He tried to pull away as the fingers clenched painfully. "Lemme go!"

"Graduation night, we're going to sleep together, Joe ... And my cock's going to make love to your ass, all night long. Right?"

"Y-yes, sir!" Joe understood Vince was repeating Coach's spiel, but he found himself willing to go along with what the other athlete was offering. After all, Joe's registration day and his first Adjustment Appointment had already been scheduled in a few weeks. Once he was registered and adjusted, nothing he had done before would matter. So he might as well try what Vince was offering. In a few weeks, none of it would matter any longer. Who gave a damn what a couple of horny pre-citizens did, right?

"Graduation night," Vince repeated. He let go of Joe's genitals and moved off into the darkness.

Joe dressed, wondering if he were making the right decision, and he went home to his crèche, sneaking in, and no one gave him any shit for missing curfew because they knew he was about to graduate; and Joe jerked off in the blackness of the crèche dorm, thinking about what spending a whole night with Vince would be like--or with Coach ... or both. Which would he choose?

But neither one of them showed up for the graduation ceremony. No Coach. No Vince.

And somehow that pissed Joe off, so intensely that the anger and horniness spooked him. He was ashamed and angry that Coach and Vince had so easily tempted him with something forbidden--furious with them, furious with himself--and now this no-show betrayal from both of them? Well, he would show those fucking assholes, right? Like the slogan said: *Fuck 'Em and Forget 'Em!*

The next morning, he had called the Civil Security office and begged until his registration appointment was moved up. Two days later, still disgusted by how easily he had been duped into wanting something lasting with Coach or Vince--*Like some damn sex-rebel*, he swore at himself--Joe tromped into the headquarters and got himself registered and stripped and stud-rated; and that damn clerk waited too long and Joe started losing his hard-on, so his stud-rating came out only an A-8 instead of the A-9 like it should have been; and then naked Joe had been led into another area and told to sit down in one of the mind-machine chairs, and the helmet moved into place, and he had his first Adjustment.

And later, after being issued his first citizen work clothes, when he went back to the crèche for the last time to pick up his few belongings as he moved into his state-assigned apartment, the other, younger guys had teased him about his adult-calm expression and *ooo'*ed and *aah'*ed their admiration of his new identification card with the A-8 stud-rating, which was still damned impressive even if it was not the A-9 he deserved--and Joe had not felt a damn thing, not about his crèche-mates, not about Coach or Vince or any of the others.

Fuck 'Em and Forget 'Em!

And Joe began his adult life as a good citizen, starting his state-assigned job the next day, and fucking studs when he was horny, no strings, no commitments, and forgetting them afterward. Then a few years later he had been arrested and taken to this damn interrogation room where he was waking up again, realizing he had been lost in remembering yet another memory, with Parker and the rest leering at him, and that damn Whit leaning against the wall and staring so inscrutably at him.

6.

Joe had lost track of time. He had not seen daylight since he had entered the building, and he had no idea of how long he had been a prisoner.

When the light went on in his small cell, he rose to shower and shave, the grogginess of being half-asleep never fully going away because of that cooperation collar that remained locked around his neck. When he returned, his breakfast was waiting on a tray inside the door panel, and he ate alone. Then Whit arrived, black-haired and swarthy and rugged as hell in his crisp, tailored uniform, and he snapped the handcuffs to Joe's wrists. Then Whit marched Joe, naked and not giving a damn who saw, down the long corridors to the

interrogation room, Whit's heels clicking on the flooring, his strong hand resting on Joe's bare shoulder.

Parker was waiting to question Joe while Lefty pounded away at his keyboard, and Whit stood by, watching and listening intently.

Sometimes Joe was sure the burly cop had a hard-on going inside his pants, but Whit never offered it. When Lefty or Chet or any of the others were horny, Joe was forced to go down on them, but not Whit.

That damn machine sent Joe through another scene, always as though the events were happening to him again for the first time. Sometimes he dreamed memories from his past; other times he dreamed of tortures, nightmare punishments to make him confess, where Parker told the men to take Joe into the other room, the room that did not exist when he was awake, and they tortured and beat him. Whit laid his belt across Joe's back and ass methodically. When Joe was returned to his cell, Lefty came in to smear his battered skin with soothing ointment and drawl about *wishin' to fuck that fine-lookin' tail*, though Joe wondered if he dreamed those times with Lefty too.

Joe ate alone. When the light went out, he slept. When the light came on, the routine began again.

"Remember Mike?" Parker asked abruptly during a questioning session.

"Yes." Joe had worked like hell to forget about that damn Mike. But yesterday--if it had really been yesterday--a memory-scene had brushed up against Mike, and Joe had known Parker would be sure to follow up, and now he was.

"Tell me about him, Joe."

Joe had been twenty-one. a full citizen for a couple of years, working his assigned job, getting his rocks off with guys, exercising at the local state-run gym three or four nights a week. And then he met Mike.

Mike was about Joe's age but shorter, black-haired, an almost boyish face, a chunky muscle-solid build; and the first time Mike came tromping into the gym, Joe felt the always-ready heat in his loins but did nothing about it.

Hell, Joe could find a stud any time he wanted some action--but Mike was kind of special. Yeah, right from their first meeting, Mike was damn special. Stripped down in the showers, his youthful features were countered by the athletic maturity of his stocky physique, the glaze of dark silk across his muscle-arched chest, the size of his heavy genitals--and he had the damnedest hero-worshipping eyes when he met Joe's gaze.

Night after night, they worked out together at the gym, and joked around afterward, and had drinks at the local bar where one or both of them could always get a blow-job from some anonymous guy in the sex room in the back, but somehow they never got a blow-job from each other. Doing sexual stuff with someone he knew seemed too risky. But, finally, Joe suggested that they have a drink at his apartment, just the two of them, something he had never done before. He had always kept his home strictly for himself.

Mike seemed to fit in, hunkering around the place, growling and griping and kidding Joe while they had a couple of drinks.

"Got a bed?" the chunky stud asked suddenly.

"Sure," Joe chuckled. "Why?"

"I figure it's time we hit the sack together." Mike faced him with a grin. "I'm real good when it comes to sex,

and little guys like me got a lot of pep in the sack."

Joe found himself hugging Mike, or maybe Mike had locked up to him first, and then they were hanging onto each other, kissing, moving into the darkened bedroom, falling onto the bed together. Hell, Joe had gotten his rocks off with a hell of a lot of studs, but suddenly he was as excited as a kid at his first jerk-off session! And for once, he did not want to hurry. Yes, his heart was a pounding kettle drum and his prick was iron-hard, but he wanted to make this experience with Mike last, not like the slam-bang, suck-or-fuck action he had always wanted before.

With dreamlike slowness, Joe ran his palms over Mike's chunky physique, and then he began unbuttoning the stocky young man's shirt. Shit, Joe had seen Mike stripped and cock-swinging in the gym locker room and showers plenty of times, but for the first time he was touching the full chest, the silky-sleek hairs, the dark nipples, the muscle-solid maleness--and Mike was opening Joe's shirt and finger-stroking his bared flesh--and they both peeled off their shirts and pulled up on their knees and grabbed onto each other, face-to-face, and clamped together again, half-stripped. Horny. Willing. Something more.

Joe's fingers found the front of Mike's work pants and opened them, and he felt his own pants being unzipped and pushed down his thighs. His rigid cock snapped forward and met Mike's, and they continued to hold each other. Joe wanted to say something, to tell Mike how special-great he felt--like never before, dammit!--but the words refused to come.

They eased back down on the bed, squirmed out of their pants, lying clenched together, stripped and prick-hard, horny as hell but not rushing it. Joe rose on one elbow and gazed down at Mike, the boyish face, the short and stocky physique, the muscled shoulders and arms, the barreled, hair-washed chest, the taut, breath-quivering abdomen, the full-swollen cock arched back against the pale, flattened belly.

"You're hung damn big, Mike."

"So're you."

Joe bent down and ran his lips over Mike's chest, lapped at the hair and hard-tipped nipples, worked lower and lower--until, yeah, he was sucking Mike's nuts, his cock; and the hunky stud was twisting to suck him at the same time. Thrashing together, orgasm hit quickly, and they soared into the full fury of their shared too-soon climaxes, and Joe drank down Mike's exploding cum as he poured his own load into the hungry stud's throat.

Slowly, lazily, Joe descended from the summit, and he wondered if he had ever felt this damn satisfied before. He licked Mike's massive, still-rigid prick clean and reluctantly released it, and he felt Mike roll free from his own cock.

"Say something, Joe."

"I ... don't know what to say."

"Me, either." Mike twisted back to nuzzle Joe's genitals, then laughed happily. "I never creamed that hard before."

"You shot like a damn geyser."

"So'd you. We kinda match up, huh?"

"Yeah, I guess we do."

Joe lay back, unsure, half-afraid of these dangerous feelings, and then Mike was turning and scrambling up to sprawl on top of him, naked and chunky and holding on tight, nakedness to nakedness, prick against prick, no bullshit, just lying there, the short, hunky stud pressed up to him, drifting off to sleep.

Joe was no amateur at having sex with men, but he had never shacked up with any of them, and now Mike had given him no choice. Yeah, the chunky little guy had sacked-out easy as hell. Joe grinned, and held onto Mike, and dozed off himself.

And drifted awake to enjoy the relaxed maleness, to toy with Mike until he woke up with a raging hard-on. To trade blow-jobs again. And slept again. And woke with the warm sunlight pouring through the open curtains and the warm stud grinning at him.

"You sleep good, Joe."

"Huh?"

"You don't roll around and squash a little guy like me; you come on strong in the middle of the night; and you wake up with a rod going!"

"Crap!" Joe pulled up on his elbows and stared down at his hard cock, firmly held in Mike's strong fingers, and then he frowned. "I've never spent a whole night with a guy before."

"You sorry?" Mike asked, suddenly serious.

"Hell, no!" He grabbed the burly young man. "I'm damn glad that the first time was you, asshole!"

He felt Mike's muscular, masculine body and powerful, aroused prick against his own, and once more he could not think of anything to say.

"This is the part I hate," Mike grumbled at last, twisting away. "Having to get up and go to work."

"It's Friday," Joe observed, watching the naked stud swing from the bed and head for the bathroom. "If you don't have to work tomorrow ... uh, you know ... we could get together again tonight and take it easy tomorrow. If you want to?"

"Okay."

Mike continued into the john, and Joe lay back, stroking his bared body and rigid dick. For the first time, he had spent a full night with a stud, and he had invited Mike to come back--and Mike had said *okay*, easily, like it was the simplest question ever.

Joe hopped out of bed and went into the bathroom, and Mike was already in the shower. Joe forced his cock to soften and took a piss, and then he climbed into the shower. Mike was faced toward the spanking spray, short and husky and bubble-buttred, and Joe stepped up behind him, embraced him, held him, and felt so damn good!

"Mike--?"

"We've got to get to work, dammit!"

They laughed and washed up together, and Joe remembered the what-the-hell days in the school showers.

They got out and dried off and play-fought over who would use Joe's razor to shave first, and Joe won the fight so he had to make the coffee while Mike shaved. And Mike had come into the kitchen alcove, still male-

naked like Joe, and they had started the day that way, bare-assed and cock-swinging.

And that night, Mike showed up with his own shaving kit. They ended up the day the way they had started, bare-assed and cock-swinging, and locked up together in bed.

And the next morning, Joe felt so damn good about waking up with the chunky stud next to him, grinning, joking around, getting their rocks off, just being together all day long, all night long, all weekend long.

They said *so long* on Monday morning and met again after work at the gym, working out together and showering with the guys and going back to Joe's apartment, and sucking each other off, and waking up together.

And Tuesday night, a night Joe usually went down to the local bar and got his rocks off with some unknown, nameless stud--

And every night that week--

Joe had always played the field before, but suddenly he was completely satisfied with Mike. He enjoyed watching the short, husky stud tromp around the apartment naked, hearing him gripe about this or that, joking and laughing with him, sharing their all-out sex, sleeping pressed together--everything!

"We fit damn good," Mike murmured one night, lying half on top of Joe, their throbbing cocks side-by-side.

"Yeah." Joe had his arms about Mike, and he rubbed his palms downward over the solid, muscle-marked back. "I'm getting used to shacking up with you, friend."

"Ever had a partner?"

"Hell, no." Partnerships were risky but mostly legal--lots of guys got into them--and the state made damn sure they kept to their Adjustment Appointment schedules to keep the passion and dangerous emotions tamped down to something like a strong friendship. Joe let his hands cup the firm, rounded cheeks of Mike's ass. "Have you?"

"No." He squirmed against Joe. "Maybe we should think about it? You and me?"

"Maybe."

Joe took a deep breath, and his fingers stroked Mike's upturned tail hungrily. Damn, he wanted to fuck the man so damn badly!

"Better get some lube," Mike said quietly, anticipating Joe's unasked question. "I'm a little guy, and you're damn big, remember?"

His heart thumping with excitement, Joe rolled Mike over onto the bed, stared down at his boyish face and stocky physique, then swung his torso to reach the nightstand for the lubricant. When he turned, he saw Mike lying on his back, knees raised and vulnerable, and Joe hesitated. "Look, friend--"

"Lots of guys have screwed me before," Mike interrupted with sureness, "but I've never wanted it like--you know--not like I want you to screw me right now."

Shivering at Mike's admission, Joe greased his inflamed prick thoroughly. Lifted the man's legs and hooked them over his own shoulders, arching him back and exposing his deep-cleft butt. Added more lubricant to his fingertips and eased them into the shadowed valley. Found the puckered opening and massaged it gently. Felt

the pulsing lips spread.

"Mike--"

"Don't say anything, Joe. Not now."

Joe gripped his steel-hard cock and brought the tip up to the flesh-ring, pressured, not brutally as he usually had, eased inward, saw Mike grimace and strain then relax, felt the ass-lips stretch and clamp about the collar of his invading tool, and he remembered the first time he had fucked a stud's butt and had been so sex-hot that he feared he would pop in seconds.

He looked down and saw Mike grinning up at him, as if the hunky male knew Joe was on the verge of creaming like a damn beginner. "You damn son of a bitch!"

"Something wrong?" Mike asked with mock innocence.

"Shit!" Joe gulped a fast breath and controlled himself. "Ever have a guy shoot his load just from getting his dick up your butt?"

"Not recently." That damned cocky half-smile.

"Well, you almost found out what it's like!" Joe could not keep from smiling at the joking stud--and at himself! Then he pressed deeper into the warm, clenching nest, slowly, an inch at a time, deeper, deeper. Doubled back, Mike squirmed on his shoulders, adjusting to the powerful invader, and his own rigid prick slapped against his taut belly. Joe gave a final thrust and buried his rod in Mike's ass to the root.

"Joe," Mike whispered. "Aw, yeah, Joe!"

Joe gulped for breath, and then he began cock-pumping with gentle slowness. His eyes glazed as he watched the man thrash beneath him as if trying to increase their union, the speed, the depth, and Joe reached forward to run his hands over Mike's muscled nakedness. He wanted to tell the chunky stud how great it was--but, shit, *Fuck 'Em and Forget 'Em!*

Mike jerked his legs from over Joe's shoulders and locked them about Joe's hips, heels digging into Joe's back, drawing him even closer, and Joe gave in to a pleasure he had never known before.

Dammit!--Hunky, rugged partner!

Joe withdrew his ram to the crown. Hunched forward, face-to-crotch. Licked the bubbling stickiness from Mike's swollen cock. Lapped upward. Tasted his sweat-hot flesh. Fucked his ass. Embraced him and tongue-washed his belly and chest. Plunged into him ravenously. Wanted him totally. Heard his mumbled, meaningless words. Tried to answer. Buried his face in Mike's shoulder and humped uncontrollably.

"Joe--I'm gonna--" Mike's thick dick convulsed against Joe's tight-clamped stomach, cum-spurting. "Fuck! Yeah!"

And Joe wanted to get his rocks off, deep, rammed, wanted to share Mike's ecstasy, clutched him--"Aw!" Sperm bursting loose, shooting from his ass-pressed nuts and down his channeled cock and into Mike's guts. Blast after blast after blast. "Ah!" Like never before! More than just getting his rocks off. Soaring up to the skies. Hanging in the special world. Drifting back down. Yeah, holding onto Mike and drifting back down.

Joe held Mike as tightly as he could, but he could not keep from drifting back down, prick in ass, cum-stuck together, sweaty and male and exhausted like never before, feeling--dammit, Joe was not entirely sure what

he was feeling, but it seemed so intense.

"Okay?" he asked at last. "Am I squashing you, little guy?"

"I don't mind." Mike ran his hands slowly over Joe's back. "It's kinda good, feeling your dick go soft inside me."

"Yeah." Joe inhaled a long, deep breath, trying for a safe distance. "We'd better clean up and get some sleep."

"I guess so."

Reluctantly, Joe pulled up on all-fours, eased his weary penis free from the warm, slippery flesh-ring, then swung to his feet and strode into the bathroom. Without turning on the light, he started the shower and stepped beneath the tepid spray; and a moment later, Mike joined him.

Joe was used to showering with Mike. Hell, he was getting accustomed to doing just about everything with the rugged little stud.

They lathered each other in silence, rinsed, dried off and returned to the bedroom, and Joe sprawled on his back on the bed.

"Drink, Joe?"

"Thanks."

Mike strutted into next room and returned with two glasses of something. Joe looked over Mike's naked maleness as he accepted one of the glasses. Their gazes met, and they both grinned. Joe took a deep swallow, not caring what he was drinking, and then he felt Mike settle back next to him, using his shoulder for a pillow.

"Worn out, Joe?"

"Yeah."

"Me, too." Mike drained his glass. "It was damn good, friend."

"Yeah."

Joe wished he could think of something to say besides *yeah*, and he wondered what being Mike's partner would be like, waking up together every morning, lying together like this every night, committing himself--shit, *Fuck 'Em and Forget 'Em!*

They lay in silence, and then Mike slid over to lie flat on top of Joe, the side of his face pressed to the man's shoulder. "Ever been fucked, Joe?"

"A couple of times." He wrapped his arms about Mike automatically, rubbing his back and ass. "I don't go that route."

"I want to fuck you."

"Bullshit," Joe chuckled, working his relaxed genitals against Mike's. "You're as worn-out as I am, friend."

"Tomorrow night," Mike said quietly. "I want to make you feel as good as I did when I had your prick screwed up my butt."

Joe knew that Mike wanted more than just another fuck-and-forget session, and he wondered what the experience would be like, to lie back and spread his buns for the muscular man's powerful, rigid cock, to feel it pump into him, to look up and see Mike's excitement and pleasure, to know he causing Mike's excitement, to share Mike's pleasure as Mike had shared his, to take the risk, to make the commitment Mike wanted him to make.

"Okay," Joe whispered. "Tomorrow night ... partner."

But Mike did not show up the following night, and his gear had disappeared from Joe's apartment. Joe's messages went unanswered. Joe never saw the husky, youth-faced stud again, and he forced himself to forget all about Mike, and he was grateful when his next Adjustment Appointment made the emotional intensity Joe had felt seem like part of the distant past, half-remembered, as if it had happened to someone else.

Yeah, *Fuck 'Em and Forget 'Em*--dammit!

But Joe moved from that memory into another dreamlike experience where Parker interrogated him with Lefty pounding at his keyboard steadily and Whit looked on, expressionless.

"Take Joe in the other room," Parker instructed the guards. "He needs more exercise."

They hauled him toward the open doorway, and he closed his eyes, resigned. He was used to the machine by now, was learning to tell memories from the dreams it induced; he knew this was not truly happening, no matter how real it seemed, but he could not break out of the images the machine forced into his head and made him experience.

The cops hung him up, arms and legs spread, his nakedness helplessly exposed. As before, they worked him over slowly, methodically, brutally. Unseen hands roamed over his bared flesh, exploring, teasing, pinching, tormenting. Clamps got attached to his nipples, and he writhed at the gnawing pain. A viselike device was hooked to his balls, and he howled in agony as it was tightened. They took him to the limits of his endurance, and then he heard the belt whistle through the air and felt it sear across his back.

Whit! Yeah, Whit was the only one who had ever whipped him!

Joe pictured the burly, black-haired policeman stripped to the waist behind him, his rugged features expressionless, his barreled chest slicked with dark fur, his muscles ridging beneath his swarthy skin as he raised the belt for a second stroke. Joe wondered if Whit were smiling as the lash ripped into him again.

"Confess, Joe!" Parker's voice, from somewhere, or Whit's. "Confess, dammit!"

Joe floundered in an ocean of pain, and a wave of blackness overwhelmed him.

When he regained consciousness, he was back in his cell. Was this really happening?--Or was it another dream caused by that damned machine in the interrogation room? Joe could not decide. All he knew was that he was face-down on the cot, feeling gentle fingers smear salve over the torn skin of his aching wrists.

"Hi, Lefty."

"Howdy, Joe." The drawling youth sighed. "Dang it, I've been wearin' myself out, rubbin' this stuff on your hands and waitin' fer you to wake up."

"How come?"

"I wish to talk to you. It seems like you talk more straight-out after you've been whomped by that machine."

Lefty laughed at himself, self-conscious but as always honest. "I reckon I would also enjoy playin' with that fine, little ass of yours, Joe. Awww--dang it!--I forgot to ask Whit if it'd be allowed fer me to fuck you proper!" "What the hell's Whit got to do with who I fuck with?"

"Well, he's told me about how you went down on him real easy when he came to arrest you and--Well, I ain't an officer like Whit is."

"What's that got to do with--"

"I reckon you're one of the fellers who wishes to give himself to a stud in uniform," Lefty said gently. "Don't you worry about it 'cause suckin' off Whit ain't the reason you was arrested. Gulpin' on a feller's prick ain't no crime, right?"

"Right, but I've never gone for uniforms. I've never--"

"How about Bill? Remember him?"

"Bill?" Joe mumbled, suddenly feeling that dazed sensation again as the machine took him into another memory. "Yeah, I remember that son of a bitch!"

7.

The day was Joe's twentieth birthday, and he had been a full citizen for a few years by then. He had been out celebrating and drinking beer with the guys. As he sauntered down the night-dark streets toward home, he fingered the full-mounded crotch of his work pants, and he almost wished he had stuck around to mess with the gang in the back room of the bar. Hell, he had already gotten his rocks off with most of those studs. Maybe he should find a new bar with new faces, new bodies, new pricks and asses.

He turned a corner and almost ran into a tall hulk of a man in the blackness--a Civil Security cop!

"Crap!" Joe gulped. "You scared the shit out of me!"

"Identity, please."

"Sure." Joe dug his identification card from his hip pocket, offered it so that the policeman could scan the microchip planted there.

The man took the card, flicked his scanner over it, and compared Joe's face against both the official photograph that came up on the scanner and the one on his identification card. In the reflected glow, Joe could see the man's dark, short-clipped hair, his angular features, the crisp uniform framed to powerful shoulders and bulging chest, the name-tag--*Hello! My name is Bill!*--and the embedded subliminals that made Joe feel a little disoriented and passive.

"What're you doing out so close to curfew, Joe?" the officer asked, turning off the scanner and returning the card.

"Been at a bar drinking with the-guys, celebrating my birthday. I'm headed home."

"Good enough." Bill wet his lips, gazing at Joe in the dimness. "Well, happy birthday. Sorry I scared you, pal."

"Hell, the police are our pals, right?"

"Damn right." Bill chuckled easily. "I'd be hitting one of the bars myself if I hadn't been given duty tonight. Get a little action?" "No." Joe had never had much to do with the police, and he shifted his weight from one foot to the other, wary. "Things were kinda quiet."

"They must've been, if a good-looking stud like you didn't make out." Bill clapped Joe on the shoulder. "C'mon. I'll walk a ways with you."

"Okay."

They started down the dark, deserted street, and Joe felt a nervous tension in his guts. Bill looked plenty rugged, built like a tank, friendly--too damned friendly, maybe.

"We've been having some trouble down here by the park," Bill said casually, his hand still on Joe's shoulder. "A gang of pre-citizen punks, running loose, breaking curfew, breaking a few laws too."

"Yeah? I didn't hear anything about it."

"They jumped a guy last week. Took him in the bushes and beat him up, really worked him over."

"Oh." Dangerous emotions, dangerous intensity, sometimes violence. Joe remembered when he had been a pre-Adjustment punk at the mercy of every hormone and emotion that surged bigger-than-life through him, though Joe found of course that he no longer recalled how intense those feelings had been. He felt the policeman's fingers stroke across his back, outlining the shifting muscles beneath his shirt. "Uhhh--what happened to the guy?"

"They stripped him, used their belts on him, got him by the balls, humiliated him, made him suck cock, fucked his ass." Bill's voice was thick in his throat, and he took an audible breath, then shrugged. "The guy will be okay; no serious injuries and an Attitude Adjustment will help him deal with the stress. Those punks--I guess they dig rough-sex."

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Hell, this isn't like the old days. There's nothing illegal about studs getting their kicks together, right? But they're taking it too far. When we catch them, they'll be hauled in and given an Attitude Adjustment too. That'll fix them right up. Sure, they're a little young for it, but it's for their own good. We gotta stop them from growing up to be sex-rebels, right?"

"Sure."

"I figure you know how to defend yourself." Bill let his hand slip down Joe's back and patted him on the butt, buddy-like. "I bet you could take care of yourself if those punks jumped you."

"Yeah, I guess." Joe wondered what the hell Bill was hinting at. Nothing, maybe. Or maybe the rugged cop expected Joe to suck him off, and he felt strangely excited by the thought of letting the subliminals do their work on him, being forced to kneel in front of the uniformed stud, licking the sweat off his nuts, sucking his cock, doing whatever he ordered, maybe even getting fucked. But that last part--Joe shook his head slightly at the thought: *Hell, no!*

They reached the blackness of the park, and Bill gripped Joe's upper arm. "I usually stop here to take a leak," the officer muttered. "If you've been drinking, you must need to take one, too."

"Yeah."

Numb, more aroused than scared, Joe obeyed the cop, going with him into the overgrowth bordering the park, a dimly lit clearing, hidden from the street, both of them opening their pants and pulling out their dicks, standing side by side and pissing, golden sprays arching into the darkness. From the corner of his eye, Joe could see the uniformed male beside him, the shadowed features, the burly physique, the large, thick-hanging cock jutting from the open fly.

"You've got plenty of meat there," Bill murmured, admitting he had been checking out Joe's rod.

"You do too."

Joe felt as if he were having a wet dream, both of them milking the last droplets from their dicks, Bill's hand coming across to grasp his cock, and Joe reaching over to grip the cop's massive prick, both of them just standing there and pumping each other's rod, the youth-citizen and the cop.

And then Bill was moving around in front of him, his fingers groping into the youth's spread fly. "You don't wear shorts under your work pants," Bill muttered. "I like that--cock and balls hanging loose."

"You, too." Joe's hands moved into the man's crotch, and he felt rigid dick and sex-tight testicles and male-nakedness under the cop's uniform trousers. "Damn good."

They faced each other in the darkness, each fingering the other's blazing hard-on, and Joe shivered with mounting tension. He had heard about guys who were forced to suck a cop off, maybe to get out of an arrest or because the cop just felt like giving a citizen some grief, and he knew he would do whatever the huge, shadowed man demanded--and do so willingly.

"You like this, huh?" Bill whispered, popping open the single button still holding Joe's work pants about his waist and shoving them down. "Yeah, you like getting your rocks off with a real stud."

"Yeah." Joe unfastened the policeman's belt and let the cop's trousers drop on his massive thighs. "Dammit, Bill--"

"Maybe you're one of the punks who worked that guy over here in the park," Bill mumbled as if talking to himself. "That's the kind of action you really go for, huh? Making a stud grovel, kicking him, whipping him, making him suck your horny cock, fucking his damn ass." He took a deep breath. "Play with my nuts, dammit! Squeeze 'em a little."

"Okay." Joe grasped the man's large testicles and fumbled them in his palm, then pressured warily.

"Harder!" Bill hissed, covering Joe's hand with his own and pressing the fingers tighter. "I can take it, dammit!"

"Yeah?" Joe muttered, clamping down on the sensitive organs. Maybe this was Bill's scene: to have a guy pound on his balls and then take his revenge. Yeah, the horse-hung cop could probably beat the hell out of Joe in a fight, until Joe groveled for mercy.

Bill dropped his hands to his sides and gritted his teeth, and Joe realized that the man wanted the pain. Shit, the rugged policeman wanted to be the one doing the groveling! Angrily, Joe used both hands, dragging the slippery nuts apart, twisting them in opposite directions, increasing the agonizing pressure, and Bill's cock quivered iron-hard. Yeah, Joe realized with a grin, the rugged stud was really turned-on! Joe squeezed even harder.

"I give up!" Bill hissed, head down. "Anything you say, sir!"

"Damn right!" Joe snapped the man's testicles between his fingers, ignoring Bill's whimper of pain. "Get to work on my cock. Suck my dick, dammit!"

"Yes, sir!"

Bill sagged to his knees and buried his face in Joe's crotch, caressing and licking and sucking willingly, and the youth held the cop's head in place, pumping his cock into the choking mouth brutally. Shit, Joe told himself, he did not give a damn. Yeah, he had expected to be forced to service the rough-and-tough policeman, but Bill was going down on him instead. Maybe all cops were phonies like Bill.

Joe felt the man's hands rise beneath his shirt, stroking his muscled torso hungrily, and when he looked down, he caught a glimpse of the cock-sucker's massive prick bobbing and glistening with heat. Deliberately, Joe brought one foot forward and dug the toe of his shoe into Bill's exposed balls and--

Dammit, the bastard was shooting his load!

Joe watched the uniformed stud quiver in ecstasy and saw the pearly cum spurt and splash on his shoe, and he face-fucked with even greater fury. Finally, Joe creamed, pouring a torrent of sperm down Bill's throat, but for once, Joe clamped his jaw shut and did not bellow with pleasure. Hell, he was just getting his rocks off, like a thousand times before.

And then the sex was over. Bill swallowed the last of Joe's male-juice and slowly sank back on his haunches, gulping for breath, and then he bent down to lick his own cum from Joe's shoe. "Thank you, sir."

"Sure," Joe said neutrally as he reached down for his pants and hoisted them on his hips. "Any time."

"Friday night," Bill said eagerly, and he looked up, his eyes glowing. "I'm off-duty, and we can get together--strip down--whip my butt--fuck me--anything you say!"

"Yeah, okay. Friday night," Joe replied casually, already understanding he had no intention of keeping that appointment, and he turned toward the bushes, buttoning his pants. "See you, Bill."

"Yes, sir!"

Joe strode back to the street and headed for home. And with each step, he felt more angry at Bill. Shit, he had always thought cops were rough-and-tough bastards strutting around in body-tight uniforms and making everyone obey them--and Joe had been willing to do anything Bill ordered--but Bill had wanted his nuts worked on until he broke, had sunk to his knees, lapped at Joe's balls, worshipped his erection, shot his own load all over Joe's shoe before Joe got his rocks off, licked up his spilled cum afterward. And Bill wanted more, to get stripped and whipped and fucked--

"Hell, no!"

Joe had been twenty, but he swore he would never mess with one of those phony studs again--and he sure as hell had not gone back to the park on Friday night to meet Bill.

And he had steered clear of those *The Police Are Your Pals* phonies, until that warm spring morning when the police had come to arrest him, and Joe had gone down on the burly, horse-hung cop named Whit, sucking him off, and--and--

"Whit!"

Joe woke up in the empty, darkened cell. How had he gotten here? He did not remember leaving the

interrogation room. The machine must have really fucked with his mind this time, Joe decided, making him relive memories even when he was not hooked to it.

The overhead light was out and did not come on while Joe laid in the darkness, and eventually he was able to fall asleep again.

He awoke again when the light came on. The tray of food was left inside the door panel, but Whit did not come to cuff Joe's wrists and march him naked down the hall for more questioning, more of that damned machine; and Joe did not know what time it was, what day, how long he had been in jail--or even why he was there. Instead he laid in bed and tried to sleep.

And the nightmare became complete.

Joe was black-haired and well-built and good-looking, and when he strolled into library after classes, all the guys grinned at him because they were his buddies. He went to the study table in the corner, and Ron was there, reddish-blond and older and wiser than Joe remembered. And as soon as Joe sat down, Ron slouched and stretched one leg to shoe-probe Joe's crotch.

"Cut it out, Ron. You're giving me a hard-on."

"Everything gives you a hard-on, buddy. That's what you get for wearing jeans and no underwear."

"Maybe." Joe looked down at himself, the unbuttoned shirt falling away from his matured torso, the swelling prick outlined beneath the taunt worn school jeans--no, his work pants--he was a full-fledged citizen, and he wore work pants now. "I guess you're right."

"You know it!" Ron pulled back and got to his feet, openly displaying the hardened column bulging inside his pants. "Let's strip down and get our rocks off, right here, right now."

"What? Someone'll see--"

"Hell, nobody gives a shit."

Joe looked around the library, and all the young men were naked and messing around together. He stood up, and Ron was in front of him, already bare-chested, his jeans shoved down on his thighs. He ran his hands over Joe's muscled physique as his clothing was peeled away, and then they were jerking each other eagerly.

Joe looked down at the fingers curled about his rigid dick, then at the pulsing erection in his own fist. The column stretched and expanded until the massive, glistening crown met his, and when he looked up again, Ron had disappeared and Whit was in his place, rugged and uniformed. "You're under arrest, Joe."

"What for?"

"Who cares. I don't give a damn."

Joe dropped to his knees and nuzzled the policeman's huge, exposed genitals, and he felt a strong hand on the back of his head, urging him forward. He inhaled the heated scent of maleness and took the powerful erection into his mouth and throat hungrily, and he slid his fingers beneath Whit's uniform to explore the curves and hollows of his muscle-taut body.

"Make love to my meat, you cock-sucker punk!" a deep voice growled. "Worship it!"

Joe wrenched back on his haunches, and he was in the school shower room with the brawny, hairy-chested

coach standing over him.

"Coach?"

"Shower up and haul your butt into my office, Joe--pronto!"

"Yes, sir."

Joe got to his feet and climbed beneath one of the shower sprays, and he was so damn horny that his balls ached. He lathered and toyed with his rigid prick, and when he turned, Jonesy was soaping himself on the other side of the room, football-player-built and throwing a hard-on.

"Ready to trade blow-jobs again, Joe?"

"I forgot ... You were the first stud I ever went down on."

"Honest?" Jonesy chuckled. "You sure sucked like an expert. Tony says the same thing."

"Tony?" Joe grinned self-consciously. "I forgot about him, too. And Steve and Vince and Louie and--"

"Fuck 'em and forget 'em, huh?"

"Something like that." Joe wet his lips, confused. "You still see Tony?"

"Hell, we're buddies ... Partners ... Know what I mean?"

"No!" Joe did not want to hear such sex-rebel talk. He rinsed off the soap foam hurriedly, and then he was in the towel room, drying off--and Whit was standing there, watching him coldly.

"Confess, Joe."

"To what?" he answered in frustration. "I still don't know why you arrested me!"

"Bullshit, Joe!"

Joe remembered that the coach had ordered him to get his ass into the office, and he hurried to obey that order, hustling from the towel area and through the locker room. Steve and Louie and Vince and all the others were there, cock-swinging naked and ready-to-go as always, as he passed.

And Joe went on to the coach's office. The blinds were closed over the windows, and Lefty sat at the desk, pounding diligently on his keyboard. The youth was naked, lean and trimly muscled, and he looked up with a wide smile spread across his face. "Howdy, Joe."

"Hi, Lefty. What're you doing here?"

"Workin' up your confession," Lefty drawled, slouching back and tugging his arrow-tipped dick. "Did Whit fuck your tight little ass in the locker room?"

"Uh, no."

"Ain't that somethin'! Could be he's lost interest?"

The door opened, and the coach stumbled into the room, naked and handcuffed and cooperation-collared, followed by Parker and Chet.

"Horny, farm-boy?" Parker asked Lefty with a smile.

"I reckon so." The youth stood up and stretched, and his rigid cock jabbed lance-like from his crotch. "Writin' up Joe's confession somewhat stirred me up."

"Everything stirs you up, partner," Chet snickered.

Without a word, the coach bent forward across the desk, his tight-rounded tail offered, and Chet stepped up in front of the coach and thrust his broad-crowned prick against the man's lips. The coach nuzzled the thick cock willingly while Lefty moved in behind him to pierce the coach balls-deep with a single, wrenching thrust--and when the coach opened his mouth to scream, Chet plugged it with his hard dick.

"Mighty pleasin'!" Lefty exclaimed, rocking forward to embrace Chet. "Only, I surely do wish we was sharin' Joe this way, partner!"

Joe drifted from the office, and the locker room was filled with his school friends, stripped and brawling and sexing their rocks off in a dozen different ways. Joe watched Tony fuck Steve, and he remembered sucking the rugged, swarthy football player's massive prick, and Joe remembered screwing the blond swimmer's slick, warm ass. Ron and the student body president were trading hand-jobs. The others thrashed together, laughing and groaning and seeing who could shoot the most cum and the farthest. Joe's cock throbbed with heat, but he felt like an outsider. He sauntered to his locker, only to blink with surprise when he saw the short young man standing there.

"Mike!"

"Hey, buddy." Grinning and naked, Mike stepped forward and locked up to Joe in a tight hug. "Horny?"

"You son of a bitch," Joe sighed as he wrapped his arms about Mike and held him just as tightly, prick-to-prick. "I missed you. No shit!"

"We fit damn good."

"Yeah."

"I want to fuck you."

"You said that before," Joe murmured, stroking the chunky stud's powerful back and bubbled butt. "You wanted us to stick together, but you disappeared."

"No, Joe. When I came back to the apartment, *you* were the one who was gone, along with all of your gear."

"Whit came and arrested me." Then Joe frowned, puzzled. "No, wait--you disappeared at least a year ago, and Whit didn't arrest me until--"

"I want to fuck you, partner," Mike repeated, finger-marking the cleft in Joe's ass meaningfully. "Let's go back to your apartment so I can get my dick up your ass."

"Okay ... partner."

Naked and cock-stiff, they walked through the deserted locker room, and Joe wondered where all his school buddies had gone.

Outside the gym, the street was night-dark and empty, and Mike had an arm around Joe's waist, and Joe rested one arm across Mike's shoulders, matching him step-for-step and not giving a damn that they were

both bare-ass naked and showing hard-ons. Hell, no, if Mike did not care, then why should Joe?

They reached the park, and Mike led the way into the bushes. In a dim-lit clearing, a gang of punks had a policeman pinned down and were stripping him, and Joe recognized all of them: the cop named Bill, and Louie, and Vince, and Jonesy, and Tony, and all the guys from school! Joe watched the youths rip off the rugged stud-cop's uniform and maul his naked body, twisting his testicles and pinching his taut nipples until he whimpered in pain, and Bill's rigid cock quivered excitedly as he rolled over on his hands and knees.

Mike tromped forward, picked up Bill's belt, and brought it down across the crouching man's back with a vicious snap.

"Yeah, partner!" Bill hissed, smiling. "Harder! I can take it!"

Mike flogged him slowly, mercilessly, and Joe saw the livid welts rise over the groveling cop's back and butt. Bill crawled forward and licked Vince's swollen dick, sucked Tony's bulging nuts, buried his face in the spread valley between Jonesy's ass cheeks.

Mike strutted back to Joe, bright-eyed and grinning. "Let's get back to your apartment, buddy!"

They left the park, Bill's hoarse groans echoing behind them.

"Mike," Joe murmured, unsure, "Bill called you 'partner.'"

"I know what turns him on. We started shacking up together after you disappeared."

Joe was entering the state-assigned apartment he had never shared with anyone, and Mike hustled into the bedroom and sprawled back on the bed, adult-muscled and boy-faced and cock-hard. And Joe fell on him, pawing at his male nakedness, licking, sucking, wanting to get Mike so damn hot, wanting to please him, to satisfy him, to get fucked. "Anything, partner!"

"Yeah, buddy?"

Joe saw the excited gleam in Mike's eyes, and Joe held him down, tongue-smoothing the silky hair on Mike's heaving chest. Joe watched his fingers outline the wide, taut nipples and creep lower over Mike's stocky torso, and he smiled as he saw Mike's huge cock had slapped up hard against his flat belly.

"You sure are hung, little guy."

"That's what Whit says."

"Whit?" Joe let his hand cup the young man's pulsing genitals. "You know Whit?"

"Sure. We're buddies."

"I thought you and Bill were--"

"Whit's rooming here with me." He looked across the room, grinning. "Hi, buddy."

Joe followed Mike's gaze and saw Whit standing in the doorway, burly and uniformed, a heavy pair of handcuffs and a cooperation collar dangling from one hand.

"You're under arrest, Joe."

"Yes, sir."

Joe went to the man and offered his neck and wrists, and Mike started laughing as the collar and the cuffs were clamped in place.

With Mike's laughter echoing in his ears, Joe followed Whit from the apartment and down the concrete-floored corridor to the interrogation room.

Lefty sat at the desk, stripped and youth-built and prick-hard as he pounded on his keyboard. "Howdy, Joe."

"What're you typing, Lefty?"

"Your confession."

Parker came from the shadows and viewed Joe's blazing hard-on with a fatherly smile. "Joe needs some exercise. Take him into the other room."

Joe was shoved through the door to the torture chamber, and he found himself in the sex room of the neighborhood bar, dim-lit and swarming with naked men eager to get their rocks off.

"Horny, Joe?" Ron stood in front of him, hunky and grasping Joe's rigid cock. "I've never known a stud who could shoot a load of cum as hard as you do."

"I'm always ready!" Joe answered, gripping Ron's erection eagerly. "Let's go, buddy!"

"That's for beginners," Jonesy snickered, taking Ron's place. "I'm gonna suck your meat, buddy!"

Joe watched the rugged football player drop to his knees to suck cock, and Jonesy's mouth felt so damn good--but Joe could not cream! Yeah, he was balls-aching hot, but his juice just would not shoot!

"I know what you need," Coach growled, moving in behind Joe. "Bend over!" Joe rocked forward, supporting himself on Jonesy's muscled shoulders with his handcuffed hands, and he felt the coach's strong fingers spread his ass cheeks. He braced himself for the brutal penetration, and then the man was licking his sensitive, exposed opening, then trying to tongue-fuck it. *Shit!* Joe thought. *Coach never did that before!*

Whit had arrested him, and here Joe was, handcuffed and collared and stripped in the local bar with Jonesy sucking his cock while Coach rimmed his ass! Joe felt the hot, prick-tipped tongue drive into him, reaching impossibly far into his guts, and he raised his head to find Tony looming in front of him, rugged and swarthy and horny. Joe opened his mouth and went down on the silent athlete, and Joe sensed he was surrounded by sex-hungry maleness--and his always-ready dick still would not pop its load--and he heard Mike's laughter.

A troop of policemen marched in singing the latest *The Police Are Your Pals* jingle, and they hauled Joe to the back of the sex room. They hung him up with his arms stretched over his head, and he could see the other studs getting their rocks off in the shadows. Then Whit was coming toward him, bare-chested and solidly muscled. Without a word, the burly cop drew his belt from his uniform trousers, took careful aim and swung it mercilessly at Joe's exposed butt.

Joe screamed, and his cum gushed and flowed down the walls as he passed out.

8.

Joe awoke on his cot in the dim cell, and he lay back, running his palms over his trim nakedness, feeling lonely as hell. Was this real? Was anything real? He remembered that once he had thought he could tell the difference between a memory and a dream the mind-machine made him experience, but now he seemed to be

moving from reality to memory to dream with no way of knowing. Why was the machine messing with his memories like this, and what else was it changing? He had no way of knowing.

Joe had a hard-on, and he remembered that warm spring morning when he had awakened with his dick full-hard, the morning when Whit and Chet had come to arrest him.

Joe waited for Whit to come and take him for another interrogation session, and when the rugged cop did not show up, Joe got to his feet and stumbled into the alcoved latrine to piss and wash up.

He started the shower spray and stepped under it, and he winced as the water stung against his whip-lashed back, and he was in the gym shower room with Mike, both of them lathering off the sweat after a good workout. Joe looked at Mike and said, "I'm getting used to showering with you, little guy."

"And I'm getting used to seeing you with a hard-on," Mike answered, grinning and hero-worshipping Joe's aroused nakedness with his large brown eyes. "It was damn good, fucking your butt last night."

"But ... you didn't fuck me, Mike."

"Well, I sure as hell screwed somebody." Mike shrugged. "Fuck 'em and forget 'em--that's what Whit says." Soaping his large, stiffening cock, he looked across Joe's shoulder. "Who's the new stud?"

Joe followed Mike's gaze to the tanned blond, swimmer-built and surfer-haired, opposite them. "That's Steve. We went to school together."

"He's got a neat-looking butt."

Joe watched Mike saunter over to Steve and say something to him. The blond checked the size of Mike's erection, then nodded and got down on all-fours on the floor. Mike knelt behind him and hip-pumped his iron hilt-deep into the offered asshole.

"Fuck me, man!" Steve urged. "Fuck me!"

Joe remembered when the blond swimmer had bellowed the same thing to him, and he finished his shower and headed for the towel room. He knew the guys would be waiting, stripped and ready for action, but when he stepped through the doorway, he was back in his darkened cell.

He dried off and sat prick-hard on the side of his bunk, and he felt so damn unsure whether anything he saw was real or a dream created by that mind-fucking machine.

The overhead light snapped on, and Whit came in, holding a pair of handcuffs for Joe's wrists.

"Let's go, friend."

"Okay, Whit."

They went out into the corridor, and two burly guards had a naked youth held against the wall while they fist-pounded him methodically.

"Ready to confess, Joe?" Whit asked, clapping him on the shoulder as they started down the hall side by side.

"Want me to?"

"I don't give a damn."

Joe smiled, enjoying the physical closeness to the rough-and-tough cop, the beefy paw on his shoulder, the brush of his bare thigh against the man's trousers-clad leg.

They passed the open door to a locker room where the policemen were horsing around and changing uniforms, and two burly studs stood naked together, cock-to-cock and palm-stroking each other while the others ignored them.

"Those cock-suckers're lovers," Whit explained as they continued on down the corridor.

Joe blinked at Whit's easy acknowledgement of something that seemed like illegal sex-rebel stuff, but then he knew that the police were exempt for a lot of rules that applied to citizens--maybe even that rule too. *Lovers?* The idea still seemed strange to Joe. "Like you and Mike?"

"Mike?" Whit's forehead furrowed in a frown. "Which Mike? Shit, I bet I've shacked up with a hundred studs named Mike." He shrugged. "Fuck 'em and forget 'em, right?"

Joe heard the whistle of a belt cutting through the air, the snap of leather against bare flesh, the agonized cry of a man being flogged.

He followed Whit into the office where Parker had questioned him endlessly, and Lefty was grinning at him, naked, and he drawled, "Howdy, Joe."

"How's it going, Lefty!"

"Me and Chet've been workin' on your confession," Lefty answered cheerfully, nodding to the blond cop beside him. "Only, we need to update your statisticals fer the confession form."

"Huh?"

"Crap!" Chet exploded, laughing and coming forward with a tape measure. "What that sucker-fucker partner of mine is trying to tell you is that we've got to fill in the blanks he's forgotten."

Joe felt foolish, standing there while Chet measured him and read off his dimensions to Lefty: his neck, shoulders, biceps, chest, waist, hips, thighs, calves ...

Whit watched, his arms folded over his barreled chest, his harsh-cut features expressionless.

"Lordy!" Lefty sighed. "We should've measured Joe's pecker before it got itself so stiff!"

"Hell, he's always got a hard-on!"

Joe looked down and saw the fingers measuring his genitals clinically, and he remembered the clerk who had measured him and given him a stud-rating of A-8 instead of A-9, remembered the countless studs who had checked the size and shape of his dick, who caressed his balls, who made love to his meat, who worshipped his--

Chet and Lefty moved behind him and measured his back and ass, and Joe stood motionless, letting them check off his dimensions like they were assessing a slave for the auction block, and Joe wondered whether this were really happening or just another dream.

Joe saw the flicker of a grin twitch at the corners of Whit's mouth.

"I reckon he's ready," Lefty drawled, stroking his handcuffed victim's butt gently. "Whatta you think, Whit?"

"Take him in the other room," Whit murmured. "You know what to do with him, farm-boy."

"Yep!"

The other room?--The one that did not really exist?--This must be another machine-induced dream, Joe decided, but it seemed too real.

Chuckling, Lefty led Joe into the adjoining room, Chet following, and they placed him on his back on a low, slab-like table. They stretched his arms wide from his shoulders and clamped them in place, and then they attached pulley-hung ropes to his ankles. Working together easily, they hoisted his legs until he was resting back on his shoulders, bound and helpless.

Joe stared up at his stretched body and spread legs, and he realized he must have been imprisoned for a long time because his deep tan had faded to paleness.

"That's some hard-on," Chet observed, viewing Joe's naked body, the heavy-headed prick dangling down toward Joe's face. Chet imitated Lefty's drawl: "I do reckon he's just about as horny as you are, farm-boy."

"He's a mighty pleasin' stud," the youth grinned. "When I sucked him off, he shot the way Whit does. Real slow and hard."

"You like that, huh?"

"Lordy, I don't know which I like most, suckin' or gettin' sucked." He came from the shadows, lean and grinning and prick-stiff, and he carried a nozzled hose in one hand. "I reckon we'd best get to work, partner, and get this over with."

Numb, Joe watched Lefty move in beside him, and then he felt the narrow hose-tip against his exposed asshole. The pressure of his upturned body on his lungs made breathing difficult and screaming impossible. Lefty nudged, and the nozzle slithered inward between Joe's sensitive ass-lips painlessly. "Fucking hell!" Joe muttered.

Chet moved away, and a pump whirred softly. Joe swallowed fast, and then he felt a warm liquid flowing slowly into his guts.

"Hey!" Chet chortled from away in the shadows. "What the hell're you doing, buddy?"

"Playin' with your fine balls."

"You're giving me a hard-on, dammit."

"That's what I aim to do, on account of we got some time to kill," Lefty drawled happily. "Y' know, I do believe that's why Joe's sex-buddy back in school foot-rubbed his nuts in the library."

"Yeah?"

"I figure Ron wanted to get Joe horny enough to share himself, man-to-man."

Joe heard the two men talking about him, and he watched his belly swell obscenely as the fluid flowed into him. The sensation was strangely sensuous, and he watching his aroused dick throb as he remembered Ron, his burly school buddy--the fingers probing at the front of his jeans and opening his fly, the excitement of feeling Ron play with his sex-hot genitals, their male-to-male closeness as they jerked each other off.

"Remember the first guy you jerked with, Lefty?" Chet asked quietly.

"Yup. I believe t'ain't proper for a feller to forget the lads he's shared himself with."

Joe winced as his stomach, now nearly pregnancy-sized, filled and cramped. He felt as though his guts were going to split open.

"Dammit!" Chet chuckled. "You're a wonder, Lefty!"

"Lordy, I've been tellin' you that ever since we first matched peckers!" Lefty snickered, then gulped audibly. "Dang it, we forgot about Joe!"

The pump clicked silent, and Joe felt his muscles knot painfully.

The machine started again, and the fluid began to drain from Joe's guts. He heard the two men chatting casually, and he relaxed slowly as the bloating and pain ebbed.

"There's a party in the locker room tonight," Chet said. "Want to go, buddy?"

"I dunno. Maybe Parker'll want us to start workin' on the new feller Whit brung in."

"Got his confession written yet?"

"I'm goin' to copy the one I wrote up for Joe," Lefty drawled. "I'm gettin' somewhat tired of makin' up new ones all the dang time."

Joe felt the last of the liquid taken from inside him, and he closed his eyes, weak and exhausted. Hands roamed over his nakedness and examined his stiff prick, and he remembered that pre-graduation party in the school gym--and the coach who had wanted to get fucked.

Shit, he needed to get his balls unloaded!

The pump started, and he groaned as his guts began to fill again.

Chet and Lefty repeated the torment, and Joe felt Ron playing with his balls to arouse him, Jonesy sucking his horny cock, the coach prick-ramming his virgin butt, and the hundreds of other studs he had had sex with.

"Mike wants to shack up with us again," Chet murmured, turning off the pump. "Okay, Lefty?"

"Lordy, I surely do enjoy the way that little feller squirms up to us in his sleep. Whit's mighty lucky, havin' him for a buddy."

"Shit, Whit doesn't give a damn who he fucks."

"Neither does Mike."

They let Joe rest again, and then the hose was pressed deeper into him and the liquid flow started once more. He hung there, a slab of helpless male meat, too numb and weak to struggle.

Then it was over.

Joe opened his eyes, and the pump was silent, the hose gone from his tail. Chet and Lefty had disappeared, and Joe stared up at his pale, emptied body and still-hard dick. He heard movement across the room, and he turned his head to see Whit in the shadows, stripped to the waist, the black hair glistening on his barreled chest. Joe grinned, admiring the man's powerful physique, and then he saw Whit apply a thick coating of lubricant to one hand and forearm. In sudden fear, he realized what the burly cop was going to do, and he

knew he was helpless to complain or escape.

Whit climbed onto the table, facing Joe's upward-stretched legs, and his rugged features were expressionless as he spread the young man's ass cheeks. Joe gulped for breath, and he whimpered as he felt the lubricated fingertips graze over his twitching asshole. *Shit*, he had never enjoyed getting a prick up his butt, and now Whit was going to fist-fuck him!

Whit pressured gently, spreading the sensitive opening, and then one finger eased inward. Joe's breath rasped in his throat, and his eyes were riveted on the brawny male hunched in the *V* between his tied legs. Whit met Joe's gaze evenly, kneading the clenching flesh-ring with sureness, then inserting another finger, and another.

Joe felt each added penetration, and he wondered whether his expression showed fear or a smile as he stared up at Whit's intense features, his massive physique, the slow, demanding thrusts, the fingers and thumb clamped together and forcing inward. The knuckles. The slow width of the hand. Whit's face and body were slicked with sweat, and Joe clenched his teeth, straining.

The hand turned slightly, then pressured with determination, and Joe threw his head back, shrieking silently. A blaze of colors flared in front of his eyes, and as they cooled and died, he knew Whit was wrist-deep in his asshole. Joe focused on the muscle-tense man again--the harsh features, the narrowed, gleaming eyes, the hint of a smile bending the lips--and he saw the droplet of clear liquid dangling from the tip of his throbbing hard-on.

He felt Whit's fingers probe deeper, exploring and stroking sensuously, curling into a fist around his cock, pumping with sureness, and then the man's free palm was roaming over Joe's inverted chest and belly. He seemed to be surrounded and filled with Whit's maleness, and he watched the burly cop cup his sex-hot testicles, then grip his rigid prick. Joe felt like he was losing the separation between himself and Whit, losing the place where he ended and Whit began. He looked down and saw Whit's thighs pressed to his--no, not *to* his, *into* his thighs! The flesh seemed to be merging, each of Whit's thigh's to Joe's, and Whit's cock up inside him seemed to be sticking to, maybe melting into, Joe's ass and guts. Whit bent closer and his hand sank into Joe's chest. Joe tried to scream but could not get enough air into his lungs. His smooth cock-head and an inch of his hard dick bulged above Whit's clenching fist, the skin of both cock and fist were already binding together, becoming one. Joe screamed then, as loudly as he could. As Whit pressed downward toward the base, Joe's long-withheld climax soared within him and burst free.

"Dammit, Whit!" he croaked as the first massive explosion of thick cum sprayed down on his face and torso. "I confess, Whit! I confess!" Fiery pleasure consumed him, and he plunged into warm blackness, his sperm pouring over him in torrents.

Joe awoke, lying on a wide cot in a new cell, a sunlit one, and he felt numb and strangely content. He vaguely remembered Parker and one of the shirtless guards lifting him out of the interrogation chair, making him sign each page of the neatly printed confession he had not bothered to read. *Shit*, Joe decided, *who cares?*

He stared at the bright sunlight streaming through the large window, the first he had seen since being arrested, and he ran his palms over his bared torso and into his crotch. His cock hung thick and limp, and he wondered how much time had passed since he had managed to wear his cock out enough to wake up without a hard-on.

He saw the door open, and Lefty came in, stripped to a pair of low-slung shorts, a tray of food in one hand. "Howdy, Joe," he drawled with his usual farm-boy grin. "I brung you somethin' to eat."

"Where's Whit?"

"Workin', I reckon. I also brung you a pair of trunks like mine, so as soon as you've fed yourself, we can go out swimmin' with the other detainees."

Joe felt as though he were sleep-walking, and he followed Lefty's directions automatically.

Wearing swim trunks after so long being naked felt odd to Joe. They swam in the huge outdoor pool, inside a high and formidable-looking wall, and a gang of young men horsed around with them, laughing and joking. Joe paid no attention, floating in his private, sun-warm world.

Then he lay in bed in the darkness of his new cell, and Lefty stretched out against him, naked and cock-hard.

"Want me to take you off, Lefty?"

"Nope. I'm savin' my juices for Chet." He chuckled, reaching over to fumble Joe's relaxed genitals. "I do believe it's my turn to fuck him, and I do wish to ride my partner proper-like." ·

"You and Chet--" Joe held the warm, drawling youth, remembering. "You guys used that pump on me ... Filled me full and drained me ..."

"Huh? No, Joe, we ain't never used no kind of pump!"

"And then Whit fist-fucked me."

"That never ... Dang it, if Whit wished to plug that fine little ass of yours, he'd be likely to use his mighty pleasin' pecker. But he knows you ain't much fer gettin' your butt rode. You told us that often enough when we was interrogatin' you." Lefty sighed, and his voice softened with honesty. "Joe ... That machine makes a feller see all kinds of shit. Sometimes, right before a feller confesses--well, it seems like maybe the machine makes him dream all kinds of strange things. Things he wishes ... or fears."

"Whit and me?" Joe murmured. "Being partners, like you and Chet?"

Lefty did not answer, and Joe drifted off to sleep--no nightmares, no dreams, nothing.

Days began with sunshine spilling into the cell, then contented hours at the swimming pool, then the nights with the cock-hard studs shacking up with him: sometimes Lefty, sometimes Lefty and Chet together, sometimes one of the guards or a fellow detainee or a stranger who pawed Joe's heavy genitals to arouse him, without success. They brought his food. They talked. They clipped his hair when it grew shaggy. They took him swimming and exercising. They slept with him. And Joe felt nothing.

When he woke, sunlight was creeping through the window beside his bed, and he yawned and stretched and rubbed his eyes. Today was warm morning, and the burly, uniformed policeman was seated on the edge of his bunk, one hand on Joe's bared chest.

"Whit!"

"Hi, pal. How's it going?"

"I've missed you, you son of a--" Joe exhaled, grinned and covered Whit's hand with his own. "You son of a bitch!"

"What do you mean, you 'missed' me?"

"I--I dunno. Nothing."

"That's what I figured," Whit muttered gruffly, and he shifted his gaze to Joe's crotch and limp-hanging dick. "No hard-on?"

"I haven't thrown one since you--"

"Better clean up and get dressed, Joe."

"Okay. Yeah."

Joe swung from the bed and went into the bathroom at the back of the cell, stepped into the shower stall and started the warm spray, and he picked up the soap to lather himself mechanically. Crap, nothing made sense--just like the first day when Whit came to arrest him! Joe scrubbed and rinsed, turned off the taps and towed himself hastily, then went to the wash basin and started to shave. He caught his reflection in the mirror--short-clipped hair, good-looking masculine features, strong physique, sun-bronzed body--and he saw Whit come into the doorway behind him, burly and crisp-uniformed.

"This is kinda like the morning you arrested me, Whit."

"Kinda." He turned toward the other room. "Fuck 'em and forget 'em, huh, pal?"

"How long ago was that, Whit?" Johnny asked, remembering the endless interrogation sessions, the night-after-night of the light going out and sleeping in total darkness, losing all track of time in the endless routine and the windowless rooms, the way his tan had faded before Lefty took him swimming with the others. "How long have I been under arrest?"

Whit replied, "About a week. Why?"

Joe blinked. Only a week? "I dunno," he said softly. "I guess it just seemed a lot longer. That mind-machine must have really messed with my head."

Whit gave a slight shrug. "Well, better get a move on, friend."

Joe shaved, and when he walked into the main room, Whit was viewing him intently, one hand stroking the columned hardness beneath his uniform trousers.

"Horny, Whit?"

"I'm always horny."

"Want me to suck you off?"

"Want to?"

"Yeah," Joe admitted, his gaze fixed hungrily on the man's slow-moving fingers. "I remember that other time. It was damn good."

"But we haven't got time," Whit grumbled and nodded to the folded clothing on the bed. "Get dressed."

"What for?"

"We're due in court. Today's the day you go on trial."

9.

Joe walked down the long, deserted hallway beside Whit, and the man's hand on his shoulder felt strong and reassuring. The cooperation collar was locked around Joe's neck, and his wrists were heavily cuffed, and his

work shirt and pants felt binding against his skin.

"It feels strange to be wearing clothes," he muttered. "I guess I've gotten used to going bare-ass around here."

"Getting a hard-on?"

"No. I haven't thrown one since you made me confess."

"Shit, I didn't make you do anything."

"Yeah, that's what Lefty said--he said I sorta dreamed it." Joe drew in a deep breath. "What did I confess to, Whit?"

"I dunno. I wasn't paying attention." Whit stepped ahead, pressed an identification card against a reader, which beeped, and then Whit opened a massive door. "Here you go, friend."

Joe entered a huge, brightly lit room. The walls were painted stark white, and at the far end stood a large, dark-wood desk. Behind the desk blazed a poster declaring: *The Police Are Your Pals!*

A tall, gray-haired man wearing judicial robes pounded the desktop with a gavel that reminded Joe of a dildo. "You Joe?" the judge growled. "Step forward."

"Yes, sir." Joe trudged the length of the room, numb and alone. "I--"

"Is this your confession?" the man asked, holding up a sheaf of printed pages.

"Uh, I guess so, sir."

"Is it true?"

"I don't know. I don't know what it says. I didn't read it, sir."

"I see." The judge scanned the papers, frowning, and then he tapped the gavel again. "I find you guilty as charged." He nodded to Whit. "Officer, the prisoner is remanded to your custody pending sentence."

Joe felt numb. He had been arrested, questioned, tortured, made to confess, and found guilty, all without knowing what crime he was supposed to have committed.

Whit led him from the courtroom.

"Now what, Whit?"

"You heard the judge. You're in my custody until he sentences you."

Joe relaxed as he felt Whit's hand on his shoulder, and they walked down a maze of sunlit corridors.

A uniformed guard came toward them, leading a naked, cock-swinging prisoner, collared and cuffed, blond and dazed-looking and surfer-shaggy. Joe eyed the short, muscular policeman thoughtfully as they passed.

"That was Mike, wasn't it, Whit?"

"Yeah. He became a Civil Security cop after he was found not guilty."

"Is that what's going to happen to me?"

"Hell, no. You confessed. The judge found you guilty."

"Oh, right." Joe frowned. "You knew all about me, even before Parker questioned me and that machine dug into my memories. Right?"

"Right," Whit acknowledged. "Every time a guy goes for an Attitude Adjustment, the mind-machine scans his memories and logs a bunch of information about his experiences into a data banks. We knew what we'd find in your head before we even started. Ron, your coach, Mike--all of them."

Joe could think of no reply, so he said nothing. They continued walking down the endless hallway of numbered doors, and Joe knew somehow what was going to happen.

Whit stepped ahead and opened a side door, and they went into a large, masculinely furnished apartment. "This is my place," the burly cop growled, tromping toward the open door to the bedroom. "Make yourself at home."

Joe looked about the familiar surroundings, the cluttered living room and the kitchen alcove, just like the state-assigned unit he had lived in before, only a little larger and with more sunlight and a better view. He lost track of where Whit had gone, so Joe walked into the bedroom. The wide bed. Whit's clothes carelessly scattered. The sound of a man taking a piss in the bathroom beyond. Still handcuffed and collared, Joe picked up the body-warm uniform and hung it in the closet, next to the work shirts and pants he had last seen in his own closet.

He turned, and Whit was standing there, naked, eyeing him with approval. "I'm kinda messy," the burly cop muttered, coming forward. "You can keep things squared away around here."

"Okay." Joe took a deep breath. "I've never seen you stripped all the way before."

"Get used to it." He unfastened the heavy handcuffs from Joe's wrists and the cooperation collar from his neck. "I like going bare-butt."

"Me, too," Joe agreed, a little disoriented as his mind began to clear from the collar's effect.

Joe returned to the closet to peel off his clothes and hang them up, and when he dropped his work pants, his prick bobbed forward, stiff and sex-hot.

"You finally got a hard-on," Whit observed, settling on the side of the bed. "C'mere."

Naked, Joe crossed to the seated man, and he watched Whit grip his aroused rod, then bend forward and suck the glistening cock-head into his mouth. "Dammit, Whit!" Joe watched the rugged policeman mouth-slide all the way down on his erection, and he remembered how a cop named Bill had wanted to be his slave. Then he felt Whit's fingers lock about his balls securely, and he knew damn well that Whit was not like Bill--hell, no! "Dammit, partner!"

"We aren't partners," Whit growled, pulling back. "We're stuck with each other until the judge sentences you, and if I feel like sucking your damn dick--shit, fuck 'em and forget 'em. Right?"

"Yeah ... Okay. Sure."

"Go get us a couple of beers, buddy."

Joe went to the refrigerator, pulled out two cans of beer, then returned to the bedroom, wondering if Whit had really meant to call him *buddy* instead of *pal* like he and the other cops usually did. *Partner* as he knew now

was what sex-rebels called their illegal lovers, a dangerous word that hinted of forbidden monogamy and intense emotional bonds. *Buddy* was dangerous too, though Joe guessed the word could just mean plain old *friend*, like when he and Ron had called each other *buddy* back in school. Hell, nobody much cared if pre-citizens buddied-up into couples of varying levels of exclusivity, and Ron called him *buddy* all the time--unless Ron had really meant--*No*, Joe thought, *he couldn't have meant it that way, could he?* It was just a word, and they were just kids, not even full citizens yet, and Joe had sure not known any better. But Whit had said Ron had been arrested, and--

Joe sure knew better now.

Whit was stretched out on the bed, stripped and rugged-built and hard-cocked. *Crap*, Joe thought, *that bastard is so damn sexy--and hung like a horse!* Joe passed one of the beers to Whit and sat down on the edge of the bed, facing him, and he felt numb and confused--and so fucking horny!

"How long until the judge sentences me, Whit?"

"Dunno. Days. Weeks. Years, maybe." Whit swallowed a mouthful of beer. "In a hurry?"

"No, I guess not." Joe put his free hand on Whit's chest and watched his fingers smooth the sleek black hair against to the broad, full muscle-plates. "What do I do in the meantime?"

"You clean up around this place for one, and maybe we'll get you assigned to something in the Civil Service officer. If you're any good at it, you can help Lefty make up confessions--shit like that."

"Okay." He let his palm roam downward over the man's hard-muscled torso. "You're a rough bastard, buddy."

"Screw up and I'll kick the shit out of you."

"Yeah." Joe remembered the beatings that damned machine had made him dream Whit was giving him, and he eased his hand into the man's crotch. Whit's large, loose-sacked balls slipped into his grasp, and Joe recalled the wrenching agony, whether real or imagined, of having his own nuts clamped and tortured. Whit did not shy away, and Joe fingered the orbs gently, then shifted to the massive flesh-column above. The shaft was swollen to pipe-like hardness, and Joe traced out to the slick head. He remembered taking it in his mouth, coaxing it to climax, drinking down its powerful eruption, and he wanted to make this rugged son of a bitch cum so damn badly! "Horny, Whit?"

"I'm always horny, Joe. That's another thing you'll have to get used to."

Whit finished his beer. Then Joe was spilling flat on top of Whit, pressing his face to the burly chest, nuzzling the hair-sprayed muscles, finding each dark nipple and tongue-lapping it, squirming lower, lower, to the male-scented crotch, the tightening testicles, the soaring prick, and Joe felt like never before, locked between Whit's powerful legs and worshipping his aroused masculinity.

And then Whit was jerking him up. "Roll over, Joe. I want to fuck you."

"Dammit, Whit--"

"Shut up and roll over."

Joe was turned on his belly, and he felt helpless to stop what was happening. With a whimper of surrender, he lay face-down and clenched the pillow beneath his head with both arms. He felt Whit's work-rough paws on his shoulder blades, rubbing slowly, almost caressingly, working downward. Joe remembered Ron, back in school, messing around and getting him turned-on and trading hand-jobs; and Jonesy, giving him his first

blow-job and getting one in return; and Tony and all the others; and the rugged, mature coach screwing his virgin tail brutally.

Whit's palms cupped over the muscle-tight smoothness of Joe's upturned butt, and the fingers drew along the crack between his cheeks, then pulled away. Joe felt Whit's movement on the bed, and then the hands were back, fingers spreading his buns as the coldness of a lubricant tube tipped his exposed passage. Joe remembered that dream the machine caused him to have, of being filled with Whit's fist, then his cock, of merging and becoming physically one with the man. "Whit? I--"

"Shut up, cock-sucker," the burly cop interrupted, and Joe shivered as the slick lubricant met his sensitive orifice. "I've held off long enough. I'm going to fuck the hell out of your damn ass!"

Whit's finger entered the crevice, spreading the lube and probing for the hidden opening, and Joe felt that finger outline its target repeatedly and finally tap the center. He tensed at the first, almost gentle pressure, and then Whit's other hand was on his shoulder, reassuring and holding him in place as the slow, taunting massage continued. Joe gripped the pillow tighter, squirming at the sensation, and each movement was magnified a thousand times by the sensitivity of the puckered flesh. At last, Joe felt his tightness relaxed, felt Whit press more firmly. Joe gritted his teeth at the first intrusion, and then he felt Whit's hand stroking the sweep of his spine as his body accepted the gently probing finger. The finger turned and kneaded almost caressingly, and Joe relaxed into the numb lassitude of submission.

"Roll over on your back," Whit ordered quietly, determinedly. "I want to plow you face-to-face."

Joe found himself being twisted over, and then he was lying back, knees cocked, Whit positioning himself between them. Dazed, Joe saw his own cock thrust upward like a stone column gleaming with heat, and then he shifted his gaze upward to the horny man. Whit was resting back on his haunches, massively built and staring down at Joe's exposed crotch, and the barreled arcs of the cop's chest rose and fell with his deep, almost deliberate breathing. Slowly, Whit rocked forward on his knees, and Joe saw his tremendous cock glistening under a sheath of lubricant, swollen to iron hardness.

"Dammit, Whit!"

"Shut up," Whit grumbled, and he thrust his hands beneath Joe, gripping the cheeks of his ass and raising him. "I told you I'm going to fuck you."

Joe was rolled back, and he hooked his legs over Whit's powerful shoulders and threw his arms wide, clutching the bed for stability. Then he felt his ass being spread and Whit's huge, hard cock-knob slipped into the crevice. Joe closed his eyes and locked his jaw. The cock-head fit against the center of the opening and Joe felt it press inward, and he choked a cry. "Whit ... Aw ..." *Dammit*, Joe thought, *I'm moaning like a damn virgin!*

Joe felt the unyielding cock-head push into, then through, his hole, a jab of pain, felt the head stop for a moment, then press deeper inside. Joe struggled, tried to relax, and Whit stayed still as if sensing the young man's tortured effort. "Take it, Joe," Whit quietly coaxed. "Take it!"

Joe's eyes sought out Whit's face--and then--and then--Joe felt something happen in his head. Suddenly his body went limp. He could not keep his grip on the mattress and felt the sheets slip through his fingers. His body sagged down. His hole relaxed completely, and most of Whit's hard meat slid inside. Joe thought, *That damn machine must've done this to me*, but he could not resist the quiet looseness that left every muscle slack.

Joe felt Whit's shaft ease its way into his limp body, inch by inch, until its thickness seemed to fill his guts. Joe wanted to twist and thrash and dislodge it, but he could not move. He simply had to adjust himself to it.

His gasps for air sounded hollow in his ears.

Then Whit was gripping his hips, holding Joe pinned in place, as Joe felt Whit's groin and hips press against the backs of his thighs, fully inside him now.

Fuck!

Joe felt his limp legs slip from Whit's shoulders, and his own weight impaled him on the rigid column completely.

Yeah!

Joe kept his eyes locked on Whit, who crouched between Joe's thighs, holding his hips down and staring at his fully accessible genitals. Joe watched the ass-busting cop bring one hand across and grip his prisoner's rigid cock, and Joe felt himself swirling into a new, dreamlike, satisfied world.

"Fuck me, Whit! Fuck me!"

Now that he accepted the invader in his ass, Joe started to figure out how to move his arms and legs again. He locked his legs around Whit's hips. They clutched at each other hungrily for a long moment, and then Whit's hips drew back and drove his powerful rod inward again. Again. Again. Again and again--piston-like thrusts picking up speed and depth, and Joe felt as through Whit's dick was trying to penetrate the very core of his being. "Partner," Joe hissed, raising himself to meet the solid, demanding penetrations. "Yeah, fuck me!"

"Shut up, dammit!" Whit barked. "We're not partners. I'm no sex-rebel. Fuck 'em and forget 'em--got it?"

Whit's steadily-mounting thrusts made Joe gasp, and then he was clinging to Whit, arms and legs locked tight about the cop's surging body, twisting, writhing to meet each new thrust. The sexual pressure rose hot and urgent inside him, and his fingers dug into Whit's muscle-etched flesh.

"I'm gonna cream, Whit! I can't stop it!"

"Go ahead, cock-sucker!"

"I'm--!" The uncontrollable power wrenched upward through Joe, almost there, and he ground himself against the thrashing man and his deep-seated cock. "Awh!"

"That's it, Joe. Shoot it!"

"Ah!"

Joe arched back on his shoulders. His quivering cock slammed against his belly--that was enough--and the ultimate moment of climax engulfed him. Whit grimaced, starting his own orgasm only moments after Joe's. As Whit's huge dick pounded into Joe and both of them shook with fierce convulsions, they clung together, both of them cumming and shooting their spunk, Joe across his chest and Whit in Joe's ass, as they shared the ecstatic experience.

Joe drifted down slowly from the climactic summit, numb and spent, forced back to reality in spite of himself. He floated in the afterglow. Whit's naked weight pressed down on him, the powerful, muscle-hard flesh glazed with a light sweat, Joe's cum gluing them together. The youth ran his fingers over the man's shoulders and back, still wanting him, and when he heard Whit suck in a deep breath, he knew Whit had also returned.

"Joe?"

"Yeah?"

"That was ..." Another deep breath. "You're a good piece of ass."

"Thanks." Joe hesitated, then said, "I think that damn machine changed something in me, Whit. I've never wanted to get fucked, but I sure wanted you to screw me."

"Yeah, sometimes the machine makes a few changes. That a problem, Joe?"

"No ... No, I guess not. I've never gotten my rocks off before just from having a stud plug me."

"Yeah, I know:"

"Shit! I forgot that you know everything about me."

"I didn't know my dick would feel so at home in your butt, dammit!" Whit relaxed, showing no sign of pulling his still-firm cock free. "Hell, I've always been a *Fuck 'Em and Forget 'Em* guy, right?"

"Uh, sure." Joe wet his lips, stroking the burly son-of-a-bitch cop's back lazily. "Going to forget this fuck, Whit?"

"I don't go in for Attitude Adjustments. I just move on the next guy--no strings. But ... probably not."

"Me, neither."

They fell silent, each lost in his own thoughts, and suddenly Whit pulled up, breaking the cum-glue bond between them and sinking back on his haunches. Eyes closed, Joe felt Whit shift slightly, and the flesh-heaviness remained locked in his ass. A towel dropped to his chest, and he felt Whit move it across his bare skin and downward, sopping up the wet mixture of cum and sweat. Joe lay still, and the cop's hand slipped from the towel as he gripped Joe's relaxing cock and wiped it gently, and then his balls.

"Hold still," Whit growled, and he stuffed the towel beneath the motionless young man.

Joe stiffened as he felt Whit's massive prick ease from him, and then he fell back, limp, choking a quiet sound of regret.

Whit got up from the bed and sauntered into the bathroom.

Joe lay still and heard the rush of water in the shower, and then he turned his head and opened his eyes, focusing on the twilight glow through the window. "Fucking bastard!" he muttered. "Horny ass-fucking stud. Cock-sucker. Partner."

He hopped to his feet and tromped into the bathroom, and he could not help grinning when he saw his shaving gear laid out next to Whit's, like it belonged there.

He climbed into the shower stall, and Whit stepped back from under the spray, lathering his barreled chest and heavy-hanging genitals. Joe doused himself thoroughly, grabbed the soap, and started to wash up.

"Your asshole hurt?" Whit asked.

"Not like it did when you fist-fucked me."

"Huh? I never did that. You dreamed it."

"Yeah?--I guess I did."

Joe showered and got out of the way as Whit moved in to rinse off. He watched the rugged, cock-swinging man for a moment, then began to soap Whit's broad, muscle-ridged shoulders and back.

"You like showering with a guy, Joe?"

"I like showering with you, that's for sure. I dunno. Maybe the machine ... Dammit, I feel like I belong here with you." He watched his palms move downward. "You've got a nice round ass, Whit, nice and muscular. Most big guys like you have lard-butts."

"If you're thinking about plugging me, forget it."

"Dammit, Whit--"

"You can plow Mike. He's hot to get your cock up his tail again."

"Mike? What makes you say that?" Joe asked, dropping to his knees to lather the man's powerful legs.

"I asked him," Whit answered casually. "We'll be shacking up with most of the other guys now and then."

"We'?"

"Shit, yeah--you and me. We're going to be roommates, so we might as well share sex-mates."

"Want me to share my ass, Whit?"

"Hell, no." Whit turned to face kneeling Joe. "But that's your decision. You can fuck who you want, or get fucked if you want, just as long as you remember your butt ultimately belongs only to me, buddy."

Joe looked up at the rugged, naked cop, and he realized that the damn judge had already sentenced him to serve the burly son of a bitch with the rough-cut features, slitted eyes, the hint of a grin, muscle-etched physique, horse-hung cock, and loose-swinging balls ... "Bastard!" Joe mumbled and rocked forward to press his face into Whit's crotch, clinging to him. "Yes, sir--I'll remember that."

"Damn right you will."

10.

Joe tromped into the apartment, already unbuttoning his work shirt, and he grinned as he heard the shower running. He strolled into the bedroom, and the pieces of Whit's uniform were scattered about carelessly.

"Messy bastard," Joe grumbled, picking up the clothing and hanging it in the closet, and when he started to peel off his own shirt, the spray stopped in the bathroom. "Whit," Joe called. "What the hell would you do if you didn't have me to clean up after you?"

"Get another roommate, probably. Maybe one that don't hog the covers at night."

Joe laughed as he stripped, and he sprawled back on the bed, his arms folded behind his head, and he thought back to that warm spring morning when the police came to arrest him--when Whit had come to arrest him.

"Hey, buddy." Whit came into the room, toweling his fresh-scrubbed nakedness, and stood next to the bed. "Where've you been?"

"Helping Lefty write Jonesy's confession." He frowned, gazing up at the burly cop. "It's kinda crazy, Whit. Jonesy doesn't remember that he gave me my first blow-job."

"Hell, you didn't remember him either, until the machine reminded you." Whit tossed the towel aside and spilled onto the bed next to Joe. "Horny?"

"No," Joe lied. "Lefty and I went down to the gym, and I fucked him a couple of times in the showers."

"Bullshit," Whit snickered, working his stiffening prick and watching Joe's swelling counterpart. "You're as hard-up as I am."

"I woke up hard-up this morning," Joe confessed. "You would've known if you been here."

"I left you with Mike."

"It's not the same as waking up with you." Joe brought his hands from behind his head and palm-stroked Whit's arm and shoulder. "You were out making an arrest, huh?"

"Yeah. A good-looking stud. Looked kind of like you."

"He went down on you? Like I did?"

"No." Whit eased closer to Joe and watched his fingers trace over the young man's hair-sprayed chest. "He tried to, but I said no. I guess I've gotten used to getting my rocks off with you around."

"Like last night?" Joe chuckled. "That was wild, buddy. Fucking Mike while you were plugging my butt." And he saw Whit's serious expression. "Hey--"

"Shut up, Joe."

Joe's cock quivered, full and hard, the solid shaft vein-etched with heat, the rounded amber head glistening, and he felt Whit's hands on his thighs, moving upward to his crotch, fingers cupping under his heavy-falling balls and lifting them, lips and tongue caressing first one nut and then the other. "Whit," Joe murmured with throat-tight arousal.

Whit's lips pressed at the base of his erection and moved upward slowly along the shaft, finally reaching the swollen, sensitive crown and opening to accept it. With a whimper of pleasure, Joe reached down and gripped the rugged cop's muscle-humped shoulders, and then the moist warmth was enveloping the full length of his cock, holding firm at the hilt. Joe sat up slowly, staring down at the dark-haired head buried in his crotch; the powerful arms wrapped about his hips; the wide, muscle-corded back sweeping to the hard-rounded curves of the untanned ass, the shadowed cleft between the butt cheeks; the sleek-haired legs, slightly spread. "Whit--partner--lemme--"

Whit shook his head without releasing Joe's hard-on from the lip-lock.

Joe hesitated, then sank back, his eyes tight-shut, his features taut. "Aw! Damn!" Joe's breath caught in his throat as the demanding pressures surged upward through him. Whit's arms tightened about him, raising his hips to draw the convulsing fullness of his cock to the ultimate throat depth. Joe felt super-heated, overstimulated like some horny teenager, about to cum far too quickly. With a hoarse cry, Joe writhed back as his climax tore through him, hot and overwhelming, and spurt after spurt of male liquid exploded from his

dick with volcanic fury.

As the fountain-flow ended, Whit rolled slowly, carrying Joe with him as he rotated onto his back, pulling Joe over him, the young man's slow-subsiding prick still held deep in Whit's throat. For a long moment, Joe lay still, gulping for air, and then he pulled up on his knees to stare down at Whit. The man's face was pressed to his groin, and Joe reached down to stroke his hair slowly.

"You son of a bitch ... Always so damn good--you and me, buddy!" Joe sank back, watching his glistening dick slip free of Whit's lips, and then he frowned, straddling the burly cop's chest. "Okay, what brought that on?"

"I felt like sucking cock."

"Bullshit."

"You're right." Whit reached up to run his fingers over Joe's taut belly, avoiding his gaze. "That damn judge passed sentence on you today."

"Oh." Joe took a fast breath, coldness gripping his guts. "So, what now?"

"You've got to stay in custody. Says you're a sex-rebel risk. Gave you an indefinite sentence."

"Here? With you?"

"The judge says it doesn't make any difference where you stay." Whit's voice was quiet, muffled. "You can move in with Mike; he's always hot to have you fuck him and maybe fuck you too. Or Lefty and Chet; they're willing to switch-hit with you. Or your school buddy Ron; or your coach; or any of the others ... Or even Jonesy, or Vince, or any of the studs you've shared cum with since then ... Any of them."

Joe closed his eyes and remembered, back in school when Ron had gotten him turned on in the library and shared hand-jobs. And Jonesy had taught him about cock-sucking. And Coach had caught him with Steve in the showers and made him suck, then get fucked in the ass, and Coach had fucked Steve afterward. And so many others, like Mike. Yeah, a long time ago, Joe had hit the sack with Mike, and they had kind of fit, but Mike disappeared. And most of those studs were here in jail, like Joe, arrested by cops like Whit.

Whit!

Dammit, Whit had made Joe suck him off, and arrested him, and brought him here where that machine tortured him; and Whit had screwed him, and--

"You damn son of a bitch, cock-sucking ass-fucker ... Whit, I ... Aw, shit!"

"It's up to you, buddy."

"Yeah, I guess so." Joe paused, then tried not to grin as he baited the rugged cop knowingly. "I've kinda outgrown school-days sex, but it might be fun to move in with Coach--or maybe that cop Bill. I could work them over any time I felt like it--get my cock sucked--fuck their asses."

"Sure."

"On the other hand, Chet and Lefty are a lot of fun, but they're partners." He stared off into space, pretending thoughtfulness. "You're right about Mike. He's a real bear in the sack, and we've always fit together damn well."

"He's hot to screw your butt."

"Shit, after the workouts you've given my tail, I shouldn't have any trouble riding his meat. And I'll be getting his ass in return--and he doesn't leave his clothes scattered all over the place the way you do. We always used to fit together good."

"Hell," Whit grumbled, "you and I fit together pretty good too."

"Maybe," Joe suggested warily. "But if we go partners together, you'll have to spread your buns for my--"

"Nobody said anything about being partners!" Whit objected. "I don't go that route, and you know it! I'm not a sex-rebel like you. Fuck 'em and forget 'em!" He took a fast breath. "Stick around here, and nothing'll change!"

"You're a real son of a bitch sometimes, Whit." Joe twisted around to sprawl on Whit, face-to crotch, and he pressed his lips to the man's large, crinkle-sacked balls. "A real fucking son of a bitch."

"Nothing'll change," Whit repeated huskily, his palms rising to stroke Joe's upturned ass. "I'll suck you off or fuck you whenever I feel like it; and you can screw any stud you want, except me, and get screwed too by them if that's what you want. And--dammit, Joe--you gotta remember your tail belongs to me, buddy."

"Yeah, I guess it does."
