

# Private Voyeur

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

[Synopsis: A private investigator goes looking for a cheating husband but finds a horny security guard.]

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 autobiographical it may seem, 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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-

# Private Voyeur

**By Wrestlr**

I pulled my van into the Johnston Research parking lot that night around ten o'clock. Drove to the back of it, until I came to the edge of a small wooded area, then threw the van into park. Over there was the main Johnston administration building. I checked my sight lines--my nondescript van was almost completely hidden by the trees, yet I still had an unobstructed view of the building. This late, the grounds were dark except for dim orange haloes thrown out by a few street lights. Through the van's tinted windows, I could see into

the big picture window in the corner office. Stewart Kingsley sat at his big desk in that office on the ground floor of his father-in-law's company building. My powerful binoculars brought everything in his bright, unshaded window into stunning focus.

The bag on the seat beside me held my camera and a long-range, telescoping lens. I sat back, relaxed, waiting.

A certain Andrea Johnston-Kingsley, the missus to Stewart Kingsley there, had suspicions. She had dragged her high-society ass into my low-rent office earlier that day and spilled her story. She was afraid her husband was doing more than work when he stayed late at the office,

blah blah blah. I used to be a cop--now I'm a dick, a private detective, and mostly life throws me clients who are looking to make a change in their lives. The "divorce court" kind of change. I told her I could find out what he was up to, and I named a price that she was more than willing to pay. Hell, I probably could have charged her double, and she'd have forked it over in cash.

"Research," she had told me, when I asked what kind of work her loving hubby was supposed to be doing, and, "He is the senior vice president overseeing some project. I don't really understand it. Psychological research of some sort. They're building some kind of device, all very hush-hush and technical." I got the

feeling that she didn't like the idea of competing with someone else for her husband's attention, but she liked the idea of competing with his job even less. Mrs. Johnston-Kingsley was a pale, mousy woman, the spoiled country-club type. The idea of competition was as foreign to her as her CEO daddy or real emotion. She started weeping her rage, and I banged her in my office as therapy. She took it without enjoyment.

This parking lot was deserted. The entire industrial park was nearly deserted. This late, all the lab-types had gone home. I snapped a few shots of Stewart working at his expensive mahogany desk in the Johnston Research building and the surrounding area, just to put everything in

context.

Fifteen minutes later, I was jolted upright by the sight of a raven-haired guy-- slender, dark glasses, on the young side of twenty-something, a real firecracker-- strutting brazenly into Stewart's office. This would be Pete, Stewart's personal assistant. His wife had told me about Pete when she was briefing me on Stewart's work habits. But she failed to mention how attractive he was. Or how he would be walking into Stewart's office like he owned the place. Pete shoved an armload of papers from Stewart's desk onto the floor and climbed atop the glossy hardwood, then proceeded to grind out a strip show that would have made Gypsy Rose Lee blush.



I got the feeling Mrs. Johnston-Kingsley had no idea "the other woman" was a guy. I gave my head a few shakes until I'd cleared the cobwebs of surprise, then grabbed my camera and started snapping away like a lobster in a hot tub. Pete shimmied out of his skintight black slacks and pranced around on Stewart's desktop in white briefs and an unbuttoned baby-blue dress shirt. He ran his fingers seductively through his longish, dark mane, careful not to dislodge his dark glasses--some kind of clunky sunglasses?--then parted the front of his shirt and fondled his hairless chest and nipples. Stewart sat back in his big leather chair. The way he was turned, I couldn't see his expression, but I was betting he was pretty turned-on. Certainly he wasn't doing a

thing to make Pete put his clothes back on.

Pete was lit from behind with some kind of pulsating light that must have been shining in Stewart's face, but he didn't seem to mind. Pretty soon Stewart had his pants down around his ankles, his straining cock taking a stroking from his right hand. His dick was huge, and he flailed it hard and fast, end to end. He rubbed the head savagely, then pulled up and down the fleshy length of his meat.

Pete tore off his shirt and briefs, and his heavy cock spilled out. He gyrated to some tribal beat that, what with me being outside the thick glass and across the parking lot, I couldn't hear. He bent at the waist and stuck his ass into the air and in

Stewart's face. He tweaked at his nipples, rubbed his ass, and wagged his long, rock-hard member all over the place, letting the thick, hooded head dance tantalizingly close to Stewart's mouth.

Pete said something, which of course I couldn't hear and I've never been good at lip-reading. But Stewart heard him just fine--he stood up and yanked off his own shirt, pulled his feet out of his expensive dress pants. His body was tanned golden bronze, the tanning booth kind, and heavily gym-muscled, smooth and hairless, except for a fine sprinkling of golden down on his chest. He stroked his dick frantically, nodding in response to something Pete said. Sweat spread across Stewart's broad chest. He pinched his thick nipples. I

realized my own cock was suddenly erect, painfully erect, ready to burst out of my jeans. I unzipped to give it some air.

Young Pete, wearing nothing now but those dark glasses, threw himself face down on Stewart's desk. Stewart stepped closer, and Pete grabbed Stewart's cock and swallowed it. I imagined how warm and wet that mouth must feel. I could almost hear Stewart cry out with pleasure as he arched his pelvis so Pete could suck that huge tool down to its root. Pete's gag reflex proved as loose as his morals. Stewart's arm muscles rippled, his abs crunched, and his sun-kissed skin glistened as he leaned forward to better jam his monster cock into Pete's crimson mouth. Pete leaned over the edge on the

desk, his naked body swathed in the cool, pulsating light, and his mouth sucked up and down Stewart's massive dick, while his hands clenched his boss' steely butt cheeks. If I were Stewart, I'd have had my eyes glued to the sight of Pete's mouth on my cock, but Stewart was instead looking across his office, at whatever was bathing them in that throbbing light. Probably some sort of expensive light sculpture thing, I decided, bathing him in a steady glow that pulsed brighter in a slow, heartbeat-like rhythm.

My camera clicked in rhythm with Pete's sexy head-bobbing. A copy of this scorching pictorial would find a home in my own archives, while the originals would blister the smug smile off Andrea

Johnston-Kingsley's blue-bloodless lips. My cock, all seven and a half inches, was hard enough to crack granite. I stroked it every now and then, whenever I had a free hand, to keep it happy, but I never took my eyes from the searing scene playing out across the parking lot.

Pete popped Stewart's heavy rod out of his mouth, licked its head a few times with his long, spit-shiny tongue, then rolled over on his back, being careful not to dislodge his dark glasses. What was up with those glasses anyway? Stewart spun Pete around like a top, then grabbed and spread Pete's slim, silky legs. Stewart savagely stuffed his saliva-slick cock into his assistant's already lubed-up hole. Pete's blowjob lips split open in a silent

squeal as Stewart thrust in and out of that tight hole. Fucking like two frenzied dogs. Their bodies shimmered with sweat.

Pre-cum oozed out of my swollen rod. I grabbed it with my right hand and rubbed away. My balls tightened and I felt an orgasm firing up in my rigid cock. Just a few more seconds ... I wanted to time my eruption with Stewart's. As I watched through the shaking binoculars, he suddenly quickened his ass-busting pace, jerked back his head and let out a roar of--

*Bang!*

Something slammed hard on the passenger-side window of my van. I fumbled the binoculars onto the floor. My

cock deflated like a hot air balloon with the fires shut off. I clumsily stuffed it back in my jeans and spun my head around as I zipped them. A security guard was banging on the window with a heavy flashlight. *Fuck*, I thought--and thanked God for the tinted windows.

The rent-a-cop shone his flash into the van, yelled, "Anybody in there?"

I wiped the sweat off my face. Shit, I hoped I wasn't too flushed. I took a deep breath, then opened the door and stepped out.

"Hold it right there!" the guard yelled. He was at the rear of the van now, his right hand caressing his holstered gun. He



loomed large in the moonlight.

"Sam Dukes," I croaked. "Private detective."

"Aw, shit!" the guard responded, sounding disgusted. He turned the flash away from my face. "Not you, Dukes." I get that a lot.

Familiar-sounding voice. "Don?" I asked, knowing and hating the answer.

He stepped forward. "Yeah," he growled sullenly. Shit. Don Halsey had been a hotshot rookie when I was in the midst of getting my posterior punted off the force two years previous. I'd met him a couple of times, disliked him on both occasions. He was a loud-mouthed, foul-mouthed,

know-it-all pretty boy who equated experience with senility. He was a big dude; six-four, with a bodybuilder's build, blue eyes, short blond hair.

"This parking lot is private property. What the fuck you doin' out here, Dukes? Suicide attempt?"

"I was *trying* to do my job," I said, "until the meter maid rolled up with a quota to fill." I knew I shouldn't mouth off, but I didn't have anything to hide now that my cock was securely back in my pants. And Halsey was a truly noxious ass-wipe. Though hot-looking, I admit.

He walked by me, to the front of the van. He looked across the parking lot, at the

administration building, at a certain lit-up picture window, at Stewart's office. There he could plainly see Stewart lapping his thick tongue at Pete's balls, making Pete's body ripple, anticipating orgasm, as his hand moved in a blur on his cock. Pete's mouth broken open in a silent gust of ecstasy as he started shooting wads of cum into the air. Stewart frantically pulled the spurting cock out of Pete's hand and stuffed it into his greedy mouth.

Halsey stared at the two of them for a long time, then snorted and shook his head. He shone his flashlight in the van, noted the camera equipment, binoculars, empty fast food containers, and the slimy smear of pre-cum still glistening on the steering wheel. He scowled at me and gestured at

the building across the parking lot. "That how you lighten your load, Dukes?"

"That's how I get my pay."

He grinned, his teeth flashing white in the hazy light. "Turn around and grab some metal, jack-off. Spread your legs."

"Come on, Halsey! You got no--"

He cut me off with, "This parking lot is private property." He licked his thick lips, clearly enjoying this. "I got you nailed on--let's see--trespassing, vagrancy, loitering, and public indecency, just to start."

"Come on!"

He grabbed my shoulders, spun me

around, slammed me face-first against the side of my van. He leaned into me, pinning me, pulled my arms out and up, kicked my legs apart. "Don't resist, Dukes," he said. I could feel his breath hot on my ear.

I silently cursed the arrogant muscle-head, but I didn't fight him. I spread my hands flat against the smooth metal, spread my legs wider. I was wearing a thin white tee-shirt and a pair of ancient faded blue jeans, so it wouldn't take even a knuckle-dragger like Halsey long to figure out I wasn't concealing any weapons. My gun was safely locked up in a desk drawer back in my office.

"Just relax," Halsey grumbled. He stepped back, felt along the back and sides of my

torso. He leaned closer, and his big, hard hands rubbed across my chest. My nipples suddenly stiffened and my groin tingled. His strong hands gripped my chest, fingertips brushing my hardened nipples. My cock, cheated out of its climax a few minutes ago, decided it was playtime again and grew, went rigid. I closed my eyes and caught my breath. I prayed he wouldn't notice what he was doing to me. His body felt hot against mine.

Halsey's hands drifted down to my waist, down and up each leg, patting, rubbing. He kneaded my butt cheeks, then felt between my legs, touching my balls, my cock. Shit!--The bastard had to know exactly what he was doing to me! His hand stopped on my loaded dick. He

patted its swollen length. My throat cracked dry. "What's this?" he asked gruffly.

I tried to swallow, couldn't. I didn't like Halsey, but my cock liked how good his hand felt on it--*I* liked it. His touch sent super-charged pulses coursing through me, making every part of my body tingle.

"Take it easy, Halsey," I croaked. I didn't know how he was going to react. Fear tightened the tension in my groin.

"Turn around," he ordered.

I obeyed.

His eyes were glued to my crotch. "Gotta check this out," he said firmly. He

unbuckled my belt, unzipped and unsnapped my jeans. His blue eyes locked onto mine, daring me. He squatted in front of me, pulled down my jeans, my briefs. My cock sprang out and hung in the sudden night air, long, thick, unbelievably hard-- and mere inches away from his face.

"What're you going to do about that, Halsey?" I growled softly, staring down at him.

He grinned. "Watch." He caught my impatient cock in his big hand, stroked it a few times as he judged its length and heft, then took it into his mouth.

"Shit," I gasped in surprise and pleasure. There I was, in the back of a dark parking



lot in just my tee-shirt with my jeans and briefs snarled around my ankles. Halsey grabbed my bare ass and pressed me closer. My cock slid easily down his throat. I didn't need my detective skills to tell he had obviously done this before, many times. I moaned, pumped my cock into his mouth, holding his head in my hands and stroking his soft, golden hair. Halsey fumbled with the buttons of his rent-a-cop uniform shirt, wrestled it off. He suddenly shoved his face against me, swallowed the whole length of my cock. I had to admit--he looked particularly handsome with that low light bathing the side of his face, bathing both of us, somehow familiar, steady then brighter, steady then brighter.

But I had more important things to focus on. I felt his tongue dart out and stroke my balls, and I groaned my appreciation. My cock was trapped in the fiery tightness of his throat. I jerked my head up and clutched his head firmly in place, desperate to enjoy as much of his cock-sucking as I could before I blew my load down his throat. As close as I was, all I could do was hold on tight while my body did Nature's work. I clenched my teeth, tangled his short hair in my fists, and surrendered everything to his experienced mouth.

He slid my cock out of his mouth, an inch at a time, like a snake uncoiling. He popped it all the way out, nipped at the head, his tongue smacking heavily across

my slit. Halsey lapped up and down my salvia-slick cock, tongue-washed my balls. "Feel good, Dukes?" he murmured, his voice sending shockwaves into my cock and through my body.

"Don't stop," I whisper-hissed.

He smirked up at me, spat on my cock and his hand for better lubrication, started jerking me off. His hand became a blur. My legs noodled. I leaned back against the van, clinging tenuously to reality. My head swam through thundering waves of desire. "I cumming," I choked out. "Fuck, yeah--cumming."

He stroked my cock ferociously, opened his mouth, stuck out his tongue. "Cum for

me, baby!" he yelled. "Cum all over me!"

My body trembled and exploded--stream after stream of white cum shot out of me and into his mouth and onto his sweat-slick face. I shut my eyes and kept cumming and cumming, my balls emptying into his hungry mouth.

He covered my spurting cock with his mouth, just like we had seen Stewart do to Pete, and sucked me down to my balls, desperately milking me of all my sperm. My body shuddered and nearly toppled onto him.

Halsey--Don--took my spent cock out his mouth and stood up. He kissed me hard on the mouth, ground his muscled bare chest

against mine through my tee-shirt. "I'm gonna fuck you," he breathed. "I'm gonna fuck your sweet little ass."

Normally, I would have said no way. But for some reason, right then, it was what I wanted more than anything. I said, "Do it," daring him to ravage my body any way he pleased.

He bit and licked my lips. His fingers rolled my nipples through my thin shirt, clenched my buttocks, pushed into my ass. He stepped back, dropped his uniform pants, pulled his feet free of them. I pulled my right foot out of the knot of jeans and briefs around my ankles so I could move a little, and I sagged to my knees in front of him, tugged down his briefs. This sure

wasn't normal behavior for me, but I sure wanted to do it.

His cock was thick and beautiful. Six inches, arced gently upward. It pointed directly at me. I answered with my mouth. I sucked its big head, popping it in and out of my mouth. It was mine to worship. Don groaned, then gently lifted me up and kissed me. He turned me around, bent me over. I stumbled a little on my pants and underwear, still tangled around my left ankle. I flattened my hands on the side of the van and stuck out my bare ass. My legs quivered while he rolled on a condom and squirted lube from a little packet over it. The longer I waited, the more I trembled, anticipating what was just seconds away from happening.

"Yeah," he sighed, feeling my ass with his hand, slapping my ass crack with his hard prick. I felt cold lubricant dribble at my hole. I spread my legs wide and felt the head of his cock press into me. "Fuck me," I barked. I backed into him. He groaned as his cock slid deep into my tight ass. His cock--it felt enormous. It felt like it belonged there. My own cock was hard again. His body pressed against my ass cheeks. "Fuck me," I panted. "Fuck me." Over and over. Lust choked my voice.

"Yeah," he moaned. He banged into my ass, slowly at first, then picking up speed. His heavy balls slapped sharply against my skin as his cock plundered me.

Fire flooded my body. I grabbed my eager

cock, stroked up and down its length, matching my tempo to Don's thrusts. He anchored himself, strong hands clamped on my shoulders, as his hips rammed at me again, again, again. "I'm gonna cum! Take it, you fucker!" he hollered at my ear.

"Yeah!--Cum in my ass!" I yelled back.

He slammed into me frantically, wildly. Pressed himself hard against me, and his body spasmed as he shot the condom full of wad after wad in my ass. "Fuck almighty!" he hissed as he threw back his head and dug his fingers into my waist.

I dropped to my knees, with his weight following down on top of me. My orgasm was here--streams of cum spurted out of



my jerking cock, splashing down on the cool asphalt. Don's tongue pushed into my ear, and he trailed wet kisses down the side of my neck, embracing me with his strong arms. Our breath was ragged, both of us still panting.

Suddenly, we heard clapping. I turned my head around toward the front of the van, Halsey still on top of me, his loosening cock just now popping out of my ass. Stewart and Pete were standing there. Stewart, shirtless, wearing just his business slacks, held a device, stomach-level, and the slow-pulsing light I had seen earlier was coming from it, washing over Don, me. Pete, fully dressed and still wearing those dark glasses even in this dimly lit parking lot, was clapping,

smiling. My wallet lay on the pavement in front of him, flipped open to my ID. My camera sat on the ground next to Pete's foot, the film pulled out, exposed, photos ruined.

But somehow, I didn't care.

"That was quite a show, boys," Pete laughed. "See, Stewart? I told you recruiting Don would come in handy someday, didn't I?"

"Yes sir," Stewart said.

Pete sounded pretty pleased with himself. "Mr. Dukes, why don't you tell me who you're working for."

So I did. Client confidentiality?--Didn't

stop me. I told him everything: Mrs. Johnston-Kingsley, her suspicions, every-damn-thing.

Pete said, "You're probably wondering why none of this seems strange to you--I mean, I bet it isn't every day you get fucked when you're caught in a private parking lot, right?"

I said, "I guess."

He tapped the device Stewart held. "You can thank this little gizmo for that. Stewart's science geeks invented it. It affects your brain--don't ask me to explain how, but it makes anyone who sees it feel really cooperative and willing to do whatever they're told. Unless they're

wearing a pair of these special dark glasses like I am. Isn't that right, Stewart?"

"Yes sir," Stewart said.

"Stewart's team invented it, but they didn't have a clue how to use it. I did-- obviously." Pete brushed my ruined camera film aside with the toe of his expensive Italian leather shoe. "Now. what say we keep tonight's events secret, huh, boys?"

Don and I nodded, too tired to do anything else.

Pete said to me, "That goes double for you, Sam. You don't mind if I call you Sam, do you? I think we're going to be

really good friends. But I don't want you to say a word about this to anyone ever. Understand?"

I nodded.

"Good, Sam, very good. Now, why don't we all go inside and get to know each other a little better?"

Don and I climbed to our feet and followed Pete and Stewart back to Stewart's office.

And indeed, thanks to the effect of that light, I haven't said a word about that night to anyone. But Pete never said I couldn't write about it.

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