

Voice of Authority

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: It's the campus police versus nefarious super-villain The Ferret in the men's locker room, but this time The Ferret has a new toy.

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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Comments to wrestlr@iname.com

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Serving and protecting as a campus policeman at a second-rate college was usually boring as hell. Sure, we got the occasional third-tier super-villain looking to earn his stripes by raiding that dinky little building the administration called a "museum," but we just phoned the Hero Hotline and the Justice Brigade sent in one of the local second-string heroes to deal with the situation. That meant the only action we campus cops ever saw was crowd control and sweeping up the pieces afterward. Mostly, the only workout my nightstick got was its nightly palm-piloting.

On the rare night, though, things heated up.

Just as I was about to take my usual extended dinner break, my boss Captain Cornwell--us boys in blue polyester called that buffoon *Cap'n Cornhole* behind his back--dispatched me to investigate reports of somebody matching the description of The Ferret sneaking around the women's locker room in the Athletic Center. "But don't do nothing stupid. If it *is* The Ferret, you call the Hero Hotline and let the cape-and-tights set take care of it." But I was no rookie. The day I couldn't handle some

grade-Z burglar with pretensions of super-villainy was the day I'd hang up my holster! So I stashed my baloney-and-cheese-on-rye out of reach of Cap'n Cornhole's long arm of the law and even bigger mouth, and I hightailed it to the gym.

The men's basketball team practice was just coming to an end on the polished hardwood. I stopped for a moment to give the sweaty boys in their white shorts and blue tanks a brisk visual frisking--yum!--then I shifted my private eye into the women's locker room to investigate the report. I found no evidence of anything suspicious--just the usual bra paddings, tampon wrappers, and camel-toe enhancers. Next, I decided to check some of the out-of-the-way places nearby where a perpetrator might lie in wait, like the access space between the women's and men's shower rooms.

Sure enough, when I opened the door and stepped inside, I found somebody else was already there ahead of me--but no, it wasn't The Ferret. The trespasser was just a college boy. "Explain yourself!" I barked, making rapid observational notes of his curly blond hair, his liquid brown eyes, and his trim, tight body.

The college punk grinned at me and winked, placed a slender digit against his lips, and said, "Shhh," like getting caught by a duly authorized agent of the law didn't worry him in the slightest! He turned away and applied his eye again to a small hole in the wall. I noted the hiss of water spraying on the other side of that wall: one of the shower rooms.

I made a brief-but-thorough survey of his butt and the rest of his hot young body for weapons of any kind and came away with nothing but a second baton tenting my pants. The cutie was sexily attired in the practice get-up--blue shorts, white t-shirt--worn by the college's cheerleading squad. Well, well, apparently the situation in progress was one of the college's male cheerleaders getting his jollies being a peeping tom. His caramel-tanned legs spilling from the bottom of his stretchy blue shorts, his smooth brown arms, and the way that t-shirt stretched tightly across his chest and nipples certainly was spreading a little cheer through me. But I had an investigation to conduct. "Step away, son," I commanded.

He glanced at me with a smirk and moved back, actually heeding my authoritative thunder.

I pushed forward in the tight enclosure to investigate and found a ragged peephole. The horny cheer-boy obviously liked to watch, probably secretly ogling the babes with the labes as they showered. I bent and pressed my orbital socket to the hole in the wall, ready to rubber-stamp my suspicions, but saw nothing but wet tile and feet. The skin-sighter was only about chest level, so I twisted to get a better angle and tilted my eyeball heavenward. Suddenly, everything became a whole lot clearer, and a whole lot more interesting. I was witnessing a couple of male round-ballers scrubbing their long, lean bodies under the cascading hot water. This was the *men's* shower room, sporting bare-skinned playas with dicks dangling from their sudsed-up pubes. "Sweet John Law!" I muttered, watching the gleaming guys sensuously soap and rinse.

So, my peeping tom was a man-lover like me? I digested that bit of information. Just as I was about to turn and confront the perp in the name of duty, I felt his warm body press up against my back. His hand reached around and squeezed my hardened Dick Tracy.

"Keep right on looking, officer," the lusty peeper breathed in my ear, his fingers buffing the rigid outline of my sex-pistol.

He pressed close to my back, his hot bod practically melting my tin badge from the other side. I detected the tangy-sweet scent of his body spray, which made me dizzy. I had a duty to perform, but something had come up with an even greater imperative. So I stood there and stared at the basketballers engaged in the post-practice ritual of soaping and rubbing their bodies in the fine-needed spray. Meanwhile, this young man behind me rubbed my cock in a manner most fine.

I groaned, body flooding with heat, dick gorged with blood. The spy-guy came around me and dropped to his knees and unzipped me. I pulled back a bit so he could squirm in between the shower room wall and my blue-striped legs and get eye-to-eye with my billy club. But I never broke surveillance of the showering basketball hunks in the adjoining tiled playpen. Cheer-boy pulled open my polyester pants, pawed my boxers out of the way, and palmed my personal boy-in-blue. My unconcealed weapon was harder than fourth-year quantum physics.

"Name's Sergio," he said. "I like to know the names of guys I blow."

"Carl," I grunted in reply. As Sergio clutched and stroked my laid-bare meat club with his hot brown hand, I just had to look down in appreciation.

"Nice to meet you, Officer Carl," he said, looking up, tugging down, long and tight. He stuck out a tongue as brilliantly pink as the inside of a girly snatch and slapped it against my cock-helmet.

"Officer down!" I gasped, just about loud enough for the glistening gents on the other side of the wall to hear me.

They didn't, though. As I stuck my eye back into the peephole, I saw that the rest of the basketball squad had joined them--a whole clutch of pushing, shoving, laughing college team players as bare and buff as the first two, their hard bodies accentuated by splashes of water and swipes of soap. I hadn't seen so much wet cock-flesh since the time I'd rescued a pack of naked fraternity pledges from the lamp posts they'd been duct-taped to during that thunderstorm two years back.

Sergio slick-swirled his tongue under and over and around my swollen dick-head, making my balls tighten and my pulse race. Then he pasted my raging member up against my uniform pants and licked up and down the throbbing shaft, mouth-stroking my flesh-stick like it was a melting popsicle on a hot summer-school day.

"Suck me, baby," I groaned, feeling every wicked tongue-drag all through my body and soul as I ogled the steamy shower scene.

That's when I saw something on the other side of the tiled room: A pair of brown boots and legs clad in brown tights striding into the entryway to the shower room. Deducing ain't never been my forte, but brown tights could mean only one thing. About this new mystery-man, my keenly analytical mind immediately Sherlocked the obvious answer: "Great J. Edgar Hoover!--You're The Ferret!" I gasped out loud.

"No, my name's Sergio," the blond boy-toy said from between my lower limbs as he stuck out his tongue and flickered it against my cock-helmet.

"No, not you, punk," I groaned. "In the shower room--it's The Ferret! An honest-to-God super-villain." Although not a very dangerous one. Ferret's *modus operandi* was standard burglary shit. So what the hell was he doing in the men's shower room instead of lifting stuff from the lockers or trying

to raid some old knickknack from the museum? I yanked my flesh-gun out of cheer-boy's grasp and started stuffing it back into my pants.

"Did you say The Ferret?" mister spirit squad gasped from between my thighs.

"Yeah. You better run along back to your dorm room, boy, 'cause I got me a super-criminal to apprehend!"

By the time I got my zipper locked up tighter than Alcatraz and looked around, cheer-boy was nowhere to be seen. Guess the little peeping perpetrator decided to heed my advice and beat feet out of there.

This was my chance to show Cap'n Cornhole that us boys in blue polyester might be just campus cops but we're more than capable of handling a third-rate costumed clown like The Ferret. No way was I gonna roll belly up and beg the cape-and-tights crusaders to come defend our turf for us. I charged through the gym like Wyatt Earp, into the men's locker room, and back to the shower area like it was a doughnut shop on fire. I had my service revolver drawn, and I hollered, "Freeze! Hands in the air!"

Surrounded by naked b-ballers, The Ferret didn't exactly throw his hands in the air and beg for mercy. No, he turned and looked at me with this smug smile like he wasn't afraid of the law at all, and he said, "No, *you* freeze."

That's when I found I couldn't move.

My keen police-trained powers of observation could still assess the situation. The Ferret stood in the center of the shower area, out of reach of the water. All the b-ball players under the nozzles stood frozen too.

"Damn," The Ferret grunted with disappointment as he surveyed the boys. "Too general. I gotta learn to be more specific." I recognized his usual Ferret costume from his rap sheet, but something was different. This time he wore some kind of bulky computerized doohickey around his shoulders, like a football player's pads but thicker and electronic, like somebody's third-year engineering project on steroids. Some kind of bevor came up from his shoulders and covered his neck and the bottom half of his face up to his nose, so when he spoke, his voice actually came out of this speaker in the front, with a weird buzzy timbre to his voice.

"Let's try this again, shall we?" Ferret-man said. "Officer, we're all friends here. In fact, we're really, really good friends."

That buzzy tone was like a substitute teacher in the distance scraping fingernails down a chalkboard. It made my skin crawl--but somehow, I realized Ferret-man was right. I didn't know him from Adam, had never met him before tonight, but right then I knew he was practically my best-est friend in the whole world.

I'd worry about that later. Right then, The Ferret was talking again. "You don't want to point your weapon at me, seeing as how we're such good friends. Now, very gently, officer, lower your weapon."

Okay, I could do that. My long arm of the law wasn't frozen anymore, so I could direct my pistol toward the tiled floor.

"Make sure the safety is on, and put your pistol away, officer. Carefully. That's a good man."

Okay, sure, I could do that too. Though it was against procedure, I couldn't think of a single reason to object, so I flicked the safety on my weapon and secured it back in its holster.

Moving around like that let me conduct a little surveillance on the situation surrounding me and my new best friend The Ferret, and--*holy Izzy and Moe!*--that's when my keen powers of observation detected exactly what I was seeing there at the scene of the crime. Not only were the showering round-ballers naked, but they were all over each other. Most of them had hard-ons, and others were kneeling with their mouths on teammates' cocks when they got immobilized by Ferret's *you freeze* order. I didn't need to whip out the penal code to recognize men in the process of having sexual contact with one another! This was every gay campus cop's dream, and I was right in the middle of it!

"We were just getting started," The Ferret said, glancing down at the still-stiff riot gun in my crotch with a smirk, "but it looks you're ready to join right in, officer. Strip, Deputy Dogg." When he told me that, his voice got all buzzy and I just had to start unbuttoning my uniform tunic. "Okay, boys, go back to fucking," he said to the hoopsters as I hopped and tugged off one shoe, then the other. The b-ballers un-froze and resumed going at each other like horny weasels, like they'd been waiting for his go-ahead.

I stood there naked, with my meat-truncheon armed and ready for deployment. The Ferret raised this little video camera he'd been using to film the events and proceeded to make a head-to-toe record of my arousal. Fortunately for me, I'm not shy. He zoomed in for a close-up of my hard dick and said, "That's a pretty impressive pistol you're packing there, officer. You ready to stroke it for me?"

I thought about it. Stroking wasn't exactly what I had in mind, not with all these horn-dog playas around me inciting a riot in my balls, but I didn't say anything or move ...

"Damn! I keep forgetting," The Ferret swore. "It has to be a direct order. Stroke it, officer. Stroke your meat. Real nice and slow. Don't cum 'til I tell you."

That sounded mighty fine by me, so I wrapped my fist around my shotgun and pumped the action just the way he told me: nice and slow.

Seeing me do that made my friend The Ferret grin real big. "Good thing I decided to make a practice run, right? Got to get used to the equipment before I try anything big. With this baby, I can walk into any bank in the country and tell them to hand over the cash, and they'll do it, pretty as you please. Say what you want about Minion Master--"

Minion Master? Shit, he was one of the big-league super-villains. But last I heard, he was in prison. If he was in on this caper too ... Just the thought was nearly enough to wilt my billy club. *Nearly*, but not quite.

"--and he's definitely a pompous ass, but he sure knows his stuff with the mind-control tech. Like this carapace I'm wearing." He patted the computerized gizmo around his shoulders. "I broke into one of Minion Master's secret warehouses and stole it while a couple of his minion guards were off fucking. They probably ain't even missed it yet. I call this little baby the Voice of Authority. Best I can determine, it uses hyper-sonics to make any direct order you hear completely irresistible, as you've already experienced first-hand. Minion Master's notes said it had some bugs that need to be worked out, but it seems street-ready to me. He really needs to develop instruction manuals for his toys, 'cause figuring out how this thing works took me a while, but--"

That's when suddenly the shower room filled with this bright yellow glow and the *whoosh!* of something rushing in really fast. All at once there was this guy standing next to me. Big guy. I'm six feet tall, and this John Doe was at least four inches taller than me. Muscled-up like he just stepped out of a comic book. Gold and white tights. Whole body glowing bright yellow. He didn't need a mask; his head was glowing too brightly for me to look directly at it, like staring at the sun. I I.D.'ed him as one Captain Solar, one of the Justice Brigade's big guns! But what was he doing? Who'd called for backup already? Not that I minded--the sight of his broad chest and the nips clearly outlined under that form-fitting spandex had my crotch-cannon loaded and ready for action all over again as I kept on stroking.

In an authoritative baritone that made my balls rumble, Captain Solar announced, "Freeze, Ferret. Your nefarious plans ... uh ..." His voice trailed off as he realized the kind of lusty assault-and-batteries he was seeing the basketballers commit on each other all around us. I couldn't see Solar's eyes through that head-glow of his, but they were probably getting really wide with shock right about then.

"No, Captain Solar, *you* freeze!" The Ferret declared in that electro-buzzy voice.

For the next several seconds, nothing happened except for the showers continuing to spray, the ball-boys continuing to fuck, and me continuing to stroke.

The Ferret had his eyes squinted and his head pulled away like he was afraid the Captain was going to punch him into next week. Then, he opened an eye and scoped out the situation. He relaxed a little. Finally he grinned. "Well, whaddaya know?--It worked!"

Captain Solar stood there still as a statue, just like I had when The Ferret first told me to freeze.

"Thanks to this little baby," The Ferret chortled, patting his carapace, "you'll do whatever I tell you to, Solar. How many of your Justice Brigade buddies are here?"

Captain Solar didn't move or say anything.

"Damn. Forgot. Has to be a direct order. Captain Solar, tell me how many of your Justice Brigade buddies are here."

"Nnnnuh ..." The hero seemed to be fighting the effect, but he couldn't resist it. "None."

"You came solo? Er--Confirm for me whether you came alone, Solar."

"Alone," the glowing hero echoed.

"This is certainly my lucky day!" The Ferret's face lit up with a big grin. "This is definitely going on my crime vlog. Those fools at the Super-Villain Academy are gonna shit their britches when they see this. Maybe they'll even hire me for a faculty position." He aimed his camera at the hero. "Solar, hand me your Justice Brigade communicator." Solar pulled a little gold box off his belt and passed it to The Ferret, who dropped it onto the wet tile floor and crushed it with his boot heel. "There. No more interruptions. And you should have more respect for the traditions of hero-villain interaction, Captain Solar. You interrupted me practicing my obligatory super-villain monologue on the good officer here. Now, as I was saying, I stole the Minion Master's 'Voice of Authority' device and decided to give it a practice run before I use it in a real-world crime. When I audited Minion Master's class at the Academy a few years back, he took us to a local college locker room to demonstrate mind control

techniques on one of the sports teams, so I thought what better homage than to test-drive the device I stole from Minion Master in a college locker room just like Minion Master would have?"

The Ferret squinted at the glowing hero. "Uh ... Can you turn down the glare a little? You're throwing off my camera focus." No response. "Oh, right. Questions are no good. Direct order. Captain Solar, power down that glow." Solar's light flicked and began to dim. "That's right. Power down, Captain. Power all the way down. In fact, turn off your glow if you can."

Captain Solar's glow began fading, but also his body began shrinking. He lost a couple of inches in height. His chest and arms and thighs narrowed, still muscular but more normally human in proportion. He shrank a little more, the same height as me, then an inch or two shorter. Curly blond hair became visible, and then the light went out entirely. *This must be what he looks like in his civilian form*, I realized, preparing to commit his mug shot to memory.

"I have no idea who you are," The Ferret grumbled, as if disappointed that Captain Solar wasn't some famous reporter or millionaire playboy from the tabloids.

But I knew exactly who Captain Solar was. The blond hair, the brown eyes, bronze skin, and tight body. Although he was wearing shrink-to-fit gold and white spandex tights now, I recognized him: Captain Solar was my very own peeping tom perv: Sergio the cheer-boy.

"Strip, Captain Solar," The Ferret commanded. "You're going to join in the fun, and I'm going to get it all on camera." He grinned evilly, probably imagining the ways he'd blackmail Sergio--I mean, Captain Solar--once Ferret found out his identity. I made a mental note not to say Sergio's name out loud.

But right then, Sergio was peeling out of his tights, starting with that tight torso, and I was conducting surveillance on the whole process. I kept stroking my baton, slow and steady, like I'd been told, enough to keep it rowdy and interested but not enough to advance toward orgasm. Discarded spandex revealed a smooth, muscular chest honed from tossing cheerleaders in the air. He wriggled out of his pants in a choreographed move that had me wanting to cheer. His dick hard as a spike. Thighs like a thoroughbred's. A butt round as two halves of a cantaloupe, and at least as firm. Damn, I wanted to conduct a cavity search on this little vigilante!

The Ferret panned his camera up and down Sergio's naked body. Then the villain gestured at me and buzz-instructed, "Solar, get on your knees in front of the copper. You're gonna suck some dick."

Sergio moved a little awkwardly, as if he was trying to fight the effect, but he did as he was told. He knelt in front of me, eye to eye with my night stick.

"Hands behind your back, cop."

I took my hands off my dick, clasped them behind me.

"Suck the cop's cock, Solar. Do a good job. Make him feel real good."

Sergio didn't seem to resist that order too much. He gripped my extendable pole at the base and pulled it down like a campus election lever, swallowing my mushroom cap in his sultry mouth as he sucked. My knees buckled like when I'd gotten my SAT scores. The whiz kid stroked and sucked, sucked and stroked, subjecting my jangled senses to an oral exam that was a glorious testament to higher and

harder education. Then he crammed as much rent-a-cop beef into his mouth as he could and bobbed his head back and forth, deep-throating like a medical student with a tongue-depressor fetish.

"Yeah!" I growled, getting an eyeful, giving a mouthful.

I heard the breath whistle out of Sergio's button nose as he wet-vaced my prong, felt his heavy breathing up against my crotch. The Ferret might have ordered him to suck my dick, but Sergio was embellishing his performance all on his own. Why not make the best of a bad situation, right? He tugged gently at my balls as he sucked, juggled them like a heavy course load. Life on the thin blue line had never been so good. Cap'n Cornhole was never going to believe the paperwork on this case!

And then things got even hotter. "You're really horny, Solar," The Ferret buzzy-voiced as he grinned evilly around his camera. "Hornier than you've ever been. Your ass feels so empty. You want something to fill it. You want that cop's dick up your ass. You want that cop to fuck you, Solar. Tell him."

Sergio took one last sensual pull on my dong and popped it out of his cauldron of a mouth and blurted up at me, "Fuck my ass!" He assumed the classic elbows-and-knees position on the tile floor, lifting his luscious rump at me like a prison bitch. "Fuck me!"

The Ferret zoomed in with his camera, reveling in Captain Solar--Sergio--being degraded. "You heard the hero, copper. Fuck him in the ass."

The way Ferret's voice buzzed in my head, I had to obey, but something wasn't right. I fought it as hard as I could.

"What's wrong, cop?" The Ferret demanded. A question, not an order.

"Condom," I croaked. "My belt."

The Ferret sighed. "Okay, copper, get the condom, *then* fuck his ass."

I quickly unholstered a tube of lube and a condom from my utility belt, dropped the belt beside us, and greased up my gun and the college-boy's crack. Sergio gasped and jerked when I finger-frisked his baby-smooth butt cleavage, and he full-out moaned when I sank a slippery digit into his manhole and wiggled it around a bit. Sweet Bat Masterson, this guy was primed tight and hot, bursting with a yearning for learning. I slowly withdrew from his butt, letting his ass lips suck on my finger on the way out. Like The Ferret had said, I had some fucking to do. I gripped my rod and angled the head to penetrate Sergio's ass. "Here it comes, baby!" I instructed, pressing the knob of my battering ram into his pucker, ready to commit some breaking-and-entering through his anal door.

"Yes! Bust me! Bust me, officer!" Sergio squealed, as The Ferret leered and zoomed his camera in on Sergio's face to capture his guilty plea for posterity. "Bust me!" Sergio pushed his hungry ass back against me, shaking me right down to my nut sack with his eagerness for justice to be served up his butt. Just what the hell were they teaching these kids in college anyway?

I gritted my teeth, grabbed onto his hips, and pushed forward, popping through the quivering young man's sphincter and dick-diving into his chute. He yowled, but to me the plunge was pure heaven. Sergio's anus clamped at first, then relaxed and stretched to accommodate me. His hugging, heated hole melted around my shaft, turned me molten too, until my bristled balls kissed up against his velvety butt-mounds. My cop-cock was fully embedded in his ass. Mine was definitely not the first

dick to be incarcerated in his butt, but I was determined to make this college boy graduate to the butt-fucking big leagues. I began to plow in and out of his ass, long and hard.

"Oh, fuck! Fuck me!" he moaned, clawing frantically at the floor tiles, making The Ferret sidestep to avoid his hands. Sergio shoved his ass back to meet my strokes, writhing to get more of my dick up inside him, farther, deeper, always demanding more. The Ferret may have handed down the sentence, but Sergio's enthusiasm was all his own.

As I leaned over his back and crammed his butt, I looked around us. The b-ballers were still going at it, wet and steamy, buttocks glistening and shivering, hard dongs penetrating mouths and asses, bodies dripping and dancing the rump-fuck rumba. *This is championship action*, I thought as I pumped my cock back and forth in Sergio's tight gripping bum.

I ignored The Ferret's amateur film studies project as he moved around us, recording the devastation of Captain Solar's butt with one hand and groping an obvious rod, stiff as a hidden weapon, in his brown tights with the other. I kept my focus on pistoning my dick in Sergio's ass, smacking sharply up against his rock-solid cheeks, stuffing his sucking chute full of knowledge. Sergio tore a hand off the floor and grabbed hold of his own smooth-shafted erection, stroking in rhythm to my dicking. I rocked him hard and cocked him fast in the steamy heat of the showers.

Holy Doc Holliday, my body jellied and my brain turned to mush as I enlightened the stunning student's mind and ass to the exquisite pleasures of advanced man-sex. "Fuck, I'm gonna cum in your ass!" I bellowed, fast-pumping the scholarly sexpot, my tightening balls beginning to boil. The anal and visual curriculum was just too much for me; this was going to be a crash course in homoerotic studies for us both, the ass-celerated program.

"Yeah! Fuck, yeah! Cum in me, officer!" Sergio cried, jerking for joy.

"Cum, gentlemen," The Ferret called out. "Everyone cum! Cum!"

Sergio's gorgeous bronze body shuddered with more than just my furious cock-thumping, his prick going off in his flying hand and dousing the wet floor with his sizzling sperm.

I churned my hips and Sergio's ass in a frenzy. The hoop boys were now heaving around us in the shower room, moaning and howling as they orgasmed too. Then, the rising sensation in my private dick made the cum-grenades in my scrotum detonate. My butt-splitting cock surged out of control, and I slammed up against Sergio's tight butt, roaring my ecstasy, hot-spunking his chute and barraging that condom up inside his bowels with multiple rounds of friendly fire.

At the exhausted, panting end of it all, Sergio swept an arm around and grabbed my duty belt. In another second he had my chemical spray out.

"Captain Solar," The Ferret started to bark, "fre--*Eeyaah!*"

Sergio caught The Ferret in the face with a chemical spurt. Ferret fell backward, blinded, waiving his hands at his face, and screaming, "*Yaaah!*" He stumbled under one of the shower sprays, and the carapace around his shoulders sputtered and sparked. Apparently the brilliant Minion Master never thought to make his invention rain-, or shower-, proof.

I blinked. Suddenly my head felt clearer. The Ferret was clutching his face and still hollering in pain, but his voice wasn't buzzing any longer.

A blaze of light at my crotch, and suddenly Sergio was gone. Something blindingly bright sent The Ferret smashing into the shower wall, hard enough to crack a couple of tiles. Captain Solar popped him one in the face, and I swore I heard something break. The Ferret yelped and slumped to the floor.

Meanwhile, I'd snatched up Ferret's camera and pulled out the memory card. I threw the camera itself against the floor. By the time I looked back at The Ferret, he was face-down on wet tiles, his arms secured behind his back with the handcuffs from my discarded belt. The carapace had been torn practically off Ferret's shoulders, and a bunch of wires that had been torn out of the back of the device sparked one last time and died.

Sergio--Captain Solar--had grown tall and big again, glowing too bright to look at directly. I held up the memory card. I think he nodded at me once, and then he was gone in a gush of wind and light. His uniform was gone from the floor too, and the memory card had been plucked from my fingers.

All around me, the basketball players were snapping out of it too, spooked and yelling and rushing to get the fuck out of the showers as fast as possible. The unruly mob of players was a wet blur of swinging dicks and clenching ass-cheeks as they practically rioted all over each other in their rush to escape.

A couple of cuts from the utility knife I took from my belt, and the underarm straps holding the Authority device to Ferret's shoulders were severed. I worked the rest of the device off of him. As I pulled on my uniform, I read The Ferret his Mirandas. "You have the right to remain silent ..." From the way The Ferret was groaning, he wouldn't be exercising his right to be silent any time soon--but that broken jaw meant he also wouldn't be confessing his side of what happened either.

Cap'n Cornhole was going to crap his polyester pants when I sashayed The Ferret into the station. As far as I was concerned?--This case was my collar, and Captain Solar had never been there. I made a mental note to make sure any security camera footage of a glowing blur rushing into or out of the gym got mysteriously erased. Any silly tales Ferret or the b-ballers might tell about a glowing guy running around the showers I'd write off as a mass hallucination caused by this mind-control doohickey. And who were people going to be believe?--A criminal who pranced around in brown tights, or a duly sworn officer of the law? One of the Justice Brigade's heavy hitters here on our second-class campus? --Who'd believe such nonsense? By the time I was done whitewashing this case, nobody would believe Sergio--er, Captain Solar--had been anywhere near this place. I was gonna do my best to protect his secret.

And as for Sergio? He may have saved the day, but the pervy hero still needed to be punished for his peeping tom ways. No one is above the law, not even a Justice Brigade member. I had in mind a stiff sentence of community servicing, as in servicing my stiff police dick. *Make the punishment fit the crime*, I always say. Finding him wouldn't be much trouble; how many Sergios could there be on the college cheer squad? All I'd need was a few minutes with the online campus directory and a quick stroll over to the dormitories.

Yeah, I'd drop by his dorm room as soon as I finished booking The Ferret. Before this evening was out, Sergio's horny student body would be receiving a good and thorough groping from the long arm of the law. No doubt he'd see the error of his ways. A penitent young man like him can really learn to reform in the hands of a qualified law enforcement professional like me.
