

A photograph of a person from the waist down, wearing a grey sweater and dark cargo pants. Their hands are cuffed behind their back with metal handcuffs. The background is dark.

VICE

and

Exploitation

J.T. Hall

Table of Contents

Love is an Open Road.....3
Vice and Exploitation – Information6
Acknowledgements.....7
Vice and Exploitation8
Author Bio63

Love is an Open Road

An M/M Romance series

VICE AND EXPLOITATION

By J.T. Hall

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love is an Open Road* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a gift to you.

What Is Love is an Open Road?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what these authors do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love is an Open Road*.

No matter if you are a long-time devotee to M/M Romance, just new to the genre or fall somewhere in between, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

Each year, a dedicated group of Volunteers from the M/M Romance Group work hard behind the scenes to bring these stories to you. Our Editors, Formatters, Proofreaders, and those working on Quality Assurance, spend many long hours over a course of several months so that each Event is a success. As

each and every author also gives freely of their time and talent, it was decided that all edits suggested may be accepted or rejected by the author at any given time. For this reason, some stories will appear to be more tightly edited than others, depending on the choice of the author.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

All rights reserved worldwide.

This eBook may be distributed freely in its entirety courtesy of the Goodreads M/M Romance Group. This eBook may not be sold, manipulated or reproduced in any format without the express written permission of the author.

Vice and Exploitation, Copyright © 2015 J.T. Hall

Cover Art by J.T. Hall

Photo credit: Ammentorp at Bigstockphoto.com.

This ebook is published by the *M/M Romance Group* and is not directly endorsed by or affiliated with Goodreads Inc.

VICE AND EXPLOITATION

By J.T. Hall

Photo Description

There are three photos: one, in black-and-white, is an artsy-looking shot of a young man leaning against a wall, shirtless, and with his pants down low; the second shot shows a large, muscular guy with curly black hair and a Samoan sleeve tattoo, wearing a black vest, and grinning; and the third shot shows a shirtless man, his hair done up in a man bun, holding a cup of coffee, and looking mischievous.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

I never expected the cops to bust in on my photoshoot! How was I supposed to know that the modeling agency was just a front for prostitution? I'm not a hooker! You'd think the two Vice cops would have better things to do than to keep shooting me glances. What is with all the smirks? It's not my fault they won't let me get dressed! What am I going to do now? Why do I get the feeling I'm not ready for what I read in their eyes?

Notes: Ménage please! Other than that I'm open to anything. Go where your muse insists you go! BDSM would be nice, but not a must.

Sincerely,

Calila

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: poly mmm, law enforcement, model, BDSM, fetish/toys, switch/versatile, 2 alpha males, established couples, open relationship, undercover operation

Word Count: 24,036

Acknowledgements

Many thanks to A. L. for beta reading and editing! And thanks to Calila for the story prompt. This was a lot of fun to write. The boys are still chatting away in my head.

VICE AND EXPLOITATION

By J.T. Hall

San Diego, 2015

Dexter Strauss set down his backpack and pulled his long, curly hair up into a topknot, trying to ignore the anticipation twisting in his stomach. A clock on the wall of the studio showed the time: nine A.M. It was a gorgeous day outside, ocean breezes keeping things cool. In the rest of the building, things were quiet. People in San Diego tended to take it easy, no rush.

Unfortunately for him, that would not be an option today.

He took a deep breath, let it out slowly, and then headed to the front lobby to grab a cup of coffee, nodding to Stacy, the receptionist. She looked like a modeling agency receptionist should, with a classy red dress and manicured nails, her blonde hair in an updo. Yet, Dexter noticed that when she typed, her hands shook.

The Boss Man was coming today.

Dexter drank his coffee, slouching against the wall. The relaxed posture was only for show. Over the cup of his brew, he catalogued the scene. Twin glass doors opened out onto one of San Diego's quieter streets. No front windows, which was good. His team would have cover until they barged through those doors. After that, it was just a couple of pieces of furniture in the lobby, the hallway to the four studios, and then a second set of double doors. Beyond those doors was the dark belly of the place. Boss Man would go back there to inspect the boys and girls and most of the muscle.

Walking slowly to the back rooms, Dexter couldn't help glancing at his backpack, which was extra heavy today. It held his gun, a Ruger. Inside an inner pocket, it also held something he'd kept hidden for the last six months. His badge.

The double doors to the private area opened. Dexter froze and then flashed a smile at the large Hispanic man emerging. "*Señor* Romano. How's it hanging?"

Romano looked like he could be a used car salesman, or maybe a rodeo announcer. He had a large gut emphasized by a tight western shirt, and his tan slacks were held up by a belt with a turquoise-encrusted buckle. His black hair

was neatly trimmed along with his mustache, and he had rings on most of his fingers. Dexter wondered if the poor boys and girls lured into this fake modeling agency saw the snake behind his jolly expression. Romano was quite the pimp.

Romano returned the smile, but even he looked tense. Nobody around the studio was going to feel easy until the boss's visit was over. "Heya, David. Got your camera equipment all set up? I've got a new model for you today."

A chill went through Dexter. A new model? He couldn't let this interfere with today's plans. Forcing a laugh, he lifted his mug. "Awesome! Male or female?"

Romano wagged his brows. "Male. Your type, I think. You get him to do some sexy poses for you, yes? Maybe encourage him to the back?"

No fucking way he was going to let a civilian back there with the mess that would be happening soon. Dexter nodded, still grinning. "No problemo! I'll work my magic with him. Stacy has his info?"

Romano nodded. "College boy. Wants to make his fortune. We make his fortune, yes?" He clapped a hand on Dexter's shoulder. "I see you soon. Have to make sure things are set up for Antonio." With that, he continued walking. Dexter fought the urge to brush off his shoulder. The man wore way too much cologne.

Dexter resisted the urge to turn and watch Romano, heading instead for the back part of the building. Antonio Gutierrez, one of the big boys of the Mexican cartel, was in charge of this fake modeling agency where Dexter had been posing as a photographer for the last six months. It hadn't been easy going undercover and infiltrating this place. Today, however, all the hard work would pay off.

Dexter passed by rooms with closed doors, rooms where Romano held the prostitutes who worked this facility, some willing, others, not so much. He pulled out his cell phone, checking for text messages. Nothing yet, which was a good sign. Right now, his partner was still at the San Diego Division 315 office, getting ready to join the SWAT team invading this place later. Dexter could picture it now: his over-muscled, freight train of a partner crammed into a tiny office desk chair, his big Samoan hands typing away at the little keyboard. Dexter grinned. Poor Jason. At least he'd get to have some fun in the raid.

In the back of the building there was a large break room, where five fellows sat at a foldout table playing cards. The guys looked exactly like what they

were: muscle for the prostitution ring, here to provide security and firepower in the event of any trouble. Two Hispanic guys, two white, and one fellow whose race Dexter couldn't determine. He took careful note of what they were wearing, what they were armed with. He doubted SWAT would give them much of a chance to use the AK-47s. But the handguns could be an issue.

Waving cheerfully, he sat down at the table. "Who's winning?"

One of the white guys, Vince, threw down his hand with a grimace. "Not me."

Julio, the larger of the two Hispanics, laughed, a gold-capped tooth gleaming. "Just not your day today, eh? So sorry, man. I'm going to go buy my girl a new car with this." He pulled the money towards him, revealing his four of a kind.

Dexter glanced at the tiny room in the very back of the building where the money and the drugs were kept, and where the accountant was probably busy at work. Antonio would be concentrating his inspection on the books, most likely. "Anyone know what time we're doing the song and pony dance today? I have a new guy coming in for his first shoot." It was fine to reveal that. The men would be looking for anomalies—anything that might hint that law enforcement knew a major player was in town.

Julio glanced at his watch. "You have a few hours. Noon, maybe early afternoon. Mr. Gutierrez doesn't get up too early." He shuffled the cards. "You want to deal in?"

"Nah, gotta set up things in the studio. You guys have fun." Dexter saluted them with his coffee and headed back towards the front of the building.

It was just as well he had the shoot. It gave him an excuse to be next to his things. Dexter had to shake his head, imagining the shock the poor kid was in for. They'd be in the middle of shooting when Antonio arrived, and then the shit would hit the fan.

He stopped by the receptionist's desk, leaning on the counter and flashing her an easy smile. People had no idea how challenging it was to appear loose and relaxed when your nerves were wound up tighter than a spring. "Hey, Stacy. Romano says we've got fresh meat coming in today. Can I see his application?"

Romano had apparently slipped out, maybe to make last-minute preparations for the afternoon. Stacy reached into the file cabinet behind her

and handed Dexter a manila folder. “He’s a cutie. Twenty years old, college student.” She giggled. “He wants to be a model and an actor.”

Didn’t they all?

As he walked to the studio, Dexter perused the file, starting with Mr. Model’s headshot. Dark hair spiky in the front, tan skin, a strong jaw, and the most gorgeous green eyes. Dexter’s cock hardened, and he cursed under his breath. The fellow seemed to have an interesting mixture of brattiness and bravado that Dexter suspected might hide youthful innocence. Oh, to be able to have someone like that squirming under him!

This fucking undercover operation. Six months. It was too fucking long since he and Jason had gotten to have any fun. At this point, Dexter was going to turn into a fucking virgin.

Dexter set the front page of the application on the floor together with the headshot, and snapped a couple pictures of them with his phone’s camera. He texted the images to his partner, adding, *Big Boss coming around noon. 5 Security in back, AK47s, Glocks. No alert yet. Hey, check if this guy has priors. New model coming today.* He left the folder on the floor for the moment, heading over to the stage area to set up his camera.

Jason Taamai sat jammed into his desk chair, his large frame making the chair squeak every time he leaned forward to type. God, he was ready to get out of this office and back out on the streets. If he’d wanted a desk job, he would have gone into accounting or something.

His phone beeped as a text came in. Reading Dexter’s text, Jason grinned. Turning, he gave the thumbs up to the captain. Looks like there would be a prostitution ring bust today!

It couldn’t come quick enough, as far as he was concerned. Dexter and he were partners in more than one sense. Yes, it was against department policy, two vice crimes detectives sharing the vice as well as the detective work. So they’d always kept things secret from the workplace. That only meant that when one of them went deep undercover, like Dexter had these past six months, they both had to suck it up.

He couldn’t wait to get Dexter in bed and in cuffs again.

Dexter was technically a switch. They were a good pair because they were both into BDSM, and they weren’t the jealous type. If Jason wanted to go grab

himself some nice piece of ass, that was okay, and same with Dexter. In fact, one of their favorite things to do was to co-top some willing fuck toy. It had been far too long since they'd had that kind of fun. Jason missed it.

He took a look at the scanned images Dexter had sent over. Shit, the last thing they needed was some innocent idiot in the middle of today's showdown. He typed in the applicant's name, email, and social security number into various searches to get the dirt on a certain Mr. Travis Fontana. Who was very cute. Jason wondered if he was gay.

As he waited, he looked at the headshot of the young man, idly leaning back. He texted Dexter back, *Nice eyes. Is this model there yet? Need your location in the building.* Jason would be taking rear position with the SWAT team, once they were there. He had on black cargo pants and a black tank top, his bare arms showing the tribal tattoos running down one arm. He'd put on the bulletproof vest later. Jason set down his phone as the captain waved to him.

"We have an ETA?" The captain might only come up to Jason's shoulder, but he was a loud son of a bitch thanks in part to his Italian ancestry and his Chicago accent.

Jason didn't even bother trying to get out of the chair. One of these days he was going to break it. "Not an exact one. Around noon, Dexter says. I'm looking up one thing, and then I think we should gear up and get into position, in case Mr. Gutierrez surprises everyone by showing up early."

The captain nodded. "I'll get the word out. Keep me posted on anything else Dexter sends." He stalked off, just in time as Jason's computer brought up the pages he'd been seeking. He perused the information, bringing out his phone again. No priors. The kid seemed legit and clean—no drug arrests, no DUIs, not even a parking ticket.

He clicked through Travis Fontana's Facebook page, found via his email, and grinned. So the guy was definitely gay, out and proud. Not only that, he seemed to post a lot of pictures of overly muscled military-type men. And he'd even talked about a few fantasies. Jason's groin tightened, realizing this model, who was about to be in the middle of a shit storm, was exactly the sort of person he and Dexter had been looking for.

"Wait until Dexter sees this," Jason said to himself as he began texting, grinning widely.

Dexter laughed when he saw Jason's reply. *No priors. Looks clean. BTW, kid has fantasies of being taken by more than one guy. Submissive? Check these pics.* Attached were a few shots that were not in Travis's application file, apparently candid shots from his camera phone posted to his Facebook page. In one picture, the young man was holding a beer, grinning at the camera while two beefcakes on either side of him pulled up his shirt, revealing a ridiculously fit eight-pack. The caption said "Wish they would've taken me home!"

Dexter whistled under his breath, adjusting himself. Oh, this was too much. He typed back, *Stupid kid's in over his head, coming here. Should we scare him? Cuff, riot act, etc. Love to see you up in his face.* He hit Send.

It didn't take Jason long to reply. *Awesome idea. Let's do it. Keep him safe during the heat.*

Dexter chuckled and erased the messages, just in case anyone checked them. He went back to setting things up, but a few minutes later his phone buzzed again. Jason again, which meant he hadn't left the station yet. *Think he'd go home with us? Miss you. Would B fun to co-top again.*

This time there was no denying the rush of blood making Dexter's cock fill. He groaned, imagining it, the two of them and this young stud. Shit, at this rate he'd be salivating over the guy the instant he walked in. Then again, until Gutierrez arrived, a distraction could be good. The last thing Dexter needed was to be showing his nerves and making everyone suspicious. *Dunno. Supposed to push his limits anyway for Romano. Will tease him. U leaving with the team soon?*

He waited, but it was several minutes before Jason replied. *Leaving now. Take care of yourself. No getting killed.*

Dexter smiled, feeling the tug at his heart. Yeah, that was Jason. Dexter still got goose bumps every time he thought about their first meeting. About what they'd found with each other.

Four Years Earlier

No fucking way. Dexter stood at the counter in the leather gay bar, his gaze locked on one super Dommy fellow who had just walked in the door. The guy looked hot, wearing a studded leather vest, chaps, boots, and briefs. And that was pretty much it—except for the singletail attached to a hook in his belt. Of course, that wasn't all.

The guy also happened to be a fellow detective at the precinct.

Dexter looked down at his own attire. Black mesh shirt, leather armbands, jeans, and black combat boots. He'd purposefully put both armbands on because he was a switch. No flagging today, because he wasn't sure which way he wanted to flag. He was just looking for some fun.

He tried to recall the other guy's name. James? Jason, maybe? Yeah, Dexter was pretty sure that was it. Samoan guy, recently moved from L.A., paired with one of the only female detectives in vice. God, he looked stunning. Black, wavy hair falling down over broad shoulders, a killer body-builder physique, and yummy tan skin. Dexter dragged fingers through his own shoulder-length hair, feeling positively wimpy in comparison. Okay, he wasn't a tiny guy. But this guy probably outweighed him by fifty pounds, easy.

Before he could decide whether to wave or hide or whatever, Jason spotted him. A smirk—a positively evil smirk—came over Jason's features. He'd looked scowling, menacing, before. Now, with his attention fixed on Dexter, it was more like *ohmygod-he's-having-thoughts-about-me*.

Dexter swallowed, instantly hard.

Jason walked—no, he *swaggered* over, sitting down on the stool next to Dexter. “Well this is a surprise,” he said, with his faint island accent.

Dexter grinned sheepishly. “I could say I'm doing undercover work. But let's be honest. I'm totally not.”

Jason laughed. “Good. Because I don't think I could make that excuse.” He glanced around at some of the other men in the place—Daddies with leather caps and thick beards, leather boys with their bare chests and collars. Then, Jason returned his attention to Dexter. “Have someone around here?” He hesitated. “Boy, perhaps?”

Yeah, that was a not-so-subtle way of asking if he was attached. Dom, or sub. Dexter chuckled, shrugging. “Nobody at the moment, no. And I'm a switch, either one or the other.”

That got a roll of the eyes. For a moment, Jason said nothing, but Dexter could see him taking in the environment, checking out who was on display in the dimly lit bar. It was obvious they'd already come to an understanding between them. No word of this to the outside world, including their jobs. Dexter drank his beer, relaxing, not pushing. Everything about Jason's posture said he was a man on the hunt. Dexter had basically said he was available. Now, it was just a question of whether or not he was Jason's type.

Again, a moment of congenial silence fell between them. Jason ordered himself a Guinness, and Dexter finished his beer. Jason glanced at the empty glass. "Need another one?"

Dexter considered it, then shook his head. "I don't play drunk." He smirked. "I also don't put on beer goggles to find prospective playmates."

Jason harrumphed, nodding. "Good policy." He took a long sip and then sighed. "This would be a really bad idea, wouldn't it?" His eyes travelled over Dexter's body, and there was no mistaking the meaning. Dexter's arousal went from a low buzz to a full jet engine roar.

Shifting in his seat, he tried to think past the throbbing of his cock. "Colossally bad. Against department policy, sleeping with coworkers. Especially since you and I could be partnered up some day." God, Jason's mouth was sexy. And the muscles! Dexter was particular about who he allowed to top him. Jason, with that luscious dark skin and the quiet intensity in his eyes, definitely fit that bill.

"Mm-hmm," Jason agreed. One massive shoulder gave a shrug. "Of course we're pretty much screwed already, having seen each other here. I know I'm not going to forget the image of you in that mesh shirt." He winked.

He had a point, a very good one. Was there really a difference between colleagues who slept together, and colleagues who wanted to and would have that sexual tension no matter what? Dexter hadn't seen anything interesting in the bar to begin with.

Dexter threw up his hands. "Okay. I surrender. We give in, but we keep it on the down-low at work, right?" It was one time. Okay, that was assuming there wouldn't be more times after that. Right now, all Dexter was concerned with was this one time.

"Excellent," Jason chortled in that deep voice of his. He looked positively gleeful as he took another gulp of his drink. "So, let's get into this. Anything particular you like? More important, what won't you do?"

Yep, good ol' negotiation time. Dexter chewed on his thumbnail, thinking. He glanced at Jason's tattooed arms, and his hands, and shivered. He couldn't help wondering if Jason's package matched the rest of him. "I could use a good beating. I'm not submissive, so don't expect that, but if you like it, I can try to fake it."

Jason snorted. "Don't bother. I think I like you bratty."

That earned him a grin. “Good,” Dexter said, enjoying this. He liked that Jason was bigger, but also laid back, like himself. This could be really good between them. “No scat, no age play, no marks that can be seen at work. That should be a given. Nothing permanently scarring.” He tried to think of anything else. Humiliation didn’t do anything for him. If Jason tried that route, he’d find it was incredibly hard to embarrass or humiliate Dexter. “I think that’s it.”

“Not a lot of limits. Needles? Knives? Me hog-tying you?” A gleam that Dexter knew all too well from himself was shining in Jason’s dark eyes. The gleam of a sadist dreaming up torture.

Dexter shrugged. “I’d like to see you try to hog-tie me. All fine. I don’t have a lot of limits.”

Jason raised one eyebrow. “Don’t tease me. I may take you up on that.” He finished off his drink. “You ready then? My stuff’s at my place.”

Another rule he’d be breaking, but Dexter didn’t care. He stood up. “Your place it is, then.”

San Diego, 2015

“We’re in place, Detective Taamai. We’ve got eyes on the building—two men on the adjacent roof, and one plainclothes spotter down the street. We’re ready to roll out from our standby position as soon as your partner gives the word.” The lead SWAT team member gave his report via a secured police channel as Jason sat inside his black 1971 Chevrolet Bel Air, which actually fit right in with the cheap motels and liquor stores on the block.

He was parked about five hundred feet away from the fake modeling agency with his gear in the back seat, including his vest. He needed to look inconspicuous; the tribal tats helped. He’d switched out the stupid computer for a sleek tablet to continue to follow anything that Dexter needed researched. The van with the rest of the SWAT team was parked nearby in a lot with other white vans, rendering it invisible.

Jason’s nerves thrummed with adrenaline now that he was out of the office and in the field. He checked his watch. Ten A.M. Two, maybe three hours until show time.

He wondered if Dexter was having fun, yet, in his assumed role as photographer. Almost had to envy the guy who had spent the last six months taking pictures of half- or fully-naked men and women, both as a lure to draw

some in, and as advertising for those who'd been hooked into selling their services.

When the captain had first assigned roles in this operation, they'd considered using Jason as either a john or muscle within the gang, but with his racial background, he didn't have a good entry point. This was the Mexican cartel. Not too many Pacific Islanders in their mix. As a john, he was considered too threatening-looking. So, he'd been forced to let Dexter take the bulk of the fun, the work, and the danger.

He found one nice shot of Mr. Travis Fontana's ass and sent it via text. *Tell me that's not spankable.*

Dexter laughed as he saw the picture of Travis Fontana lying on his stomach on a bed wearing sweats, grinning at the camera, and looking adorable. Again, he made sure to erase everything from his phone. He and Jason had purchased special phones for this operation, just to be able to communicate like this. After all, who didn't use their phone to text these days? It would have looked suspicious *not* to have one.

He heard the front door of the building open and close. Romano had already returned with doughnuts and had promptly gone to join the guys in the back with their card game. It was too early for clients. Resident prostitutes were still sleeping, though they'd be getting up soon.

It was a good chance that his new model had arrived.

The studio was pretty small and pretty bland, with a slightly raised staging platform with a gray cloth backdrop, props, costumes, and other possible backgrounds stacked against one wall, a small coffee table by the door, and one plastic chair for Dexter to sit on between shoots. He set his empty coffee mug on the table and headed to the front lobby.

This is it, Travis thought as he parked his Ford Focus along the street, glancing nervously at the run-down thrift store and the liquor store on the corner. This wasn't exactly prime real estate, although it was easy to reach from the freeway. When he'd answered the application email, he'd pictured something closer to downtown, a bit more glamorous, maybe in a tall building. Still, it was a modeling gig, right? He'd been searching for something for what seemed like months. All of the major players were up in the L.A. area, which

was too far to drive with his school and everything. Raymond, as the owner called himself, seemed like a nice guy. Very friendly on the phone.

Travis shouldered his gym bag, locked the car, and walked over to the large flat building with the sign in the window, “The Raymond Agency.” He took a deep breath, glancing at himself to make sure nothing was out of place. Dark trousers and short-sleeved button-up shirt. He liked the way these trousers slid down to his hip bones and hugged his ass. Just enough of a hint without being all brazen about it. He worked out a ton. So why shouldn’t he show it off?

Opening the door, Travis stepped into a lobby with the typical waiting chairs and a sleek white receptionist desk. Okay, this looked nice. Kind of a Grecian look, with faux pillars along the walls, white tile, and a couple fake plants. The receptionist looked like a model herself, blonde, thin, and dressed nicely. She smiled and waved him over.

“Mr. Fontana?” she asked in a high voice. At his nod, she handed him a folder with a bunch of papers. “You’ll need to fill these out. I assume you have your proof of ID and right to work?” He nodded and handed her his Social Security card, watching as she made a copy. Movement from the corner of his vision caused him to look up as a handsome man walked in. Could this hunk be Raymond?

“Travis Fontana?” The hunk had a gorgeous smile that made Travis’s knees go weak. And his hair! Long, thick, and tamed only by the band pulling it into a high ponytail. Travis licked his lips. The guy also had nice brown eyes. Suddenly, he hoped this wasn’t the boss, because it would be totally awkward to be having these kinds of thoughts about the man.

“Yes, sir,” Travis said. He took back his ID and Social Security card and returned them to his wallet. “Are you Raymond?”

The fellow blinked, and chuckled. “Me? No. I’m going to be your photographer. My name is David. Raymond’s, um, busy at the moment. We’ve got one of our investors coming in later today. So if things seem a little tense, that’s why.”

This guy was going to be shooting him? Travis grinned. This gig was getting better and better! “Oh, okay. No problem.” He held up the folder with all his paper work. “I just need to fill out a few things, I guess.”

David glanced at his gym bag. “Want to set down your things? Come with me to Studio One. There’s a little chair and table in there where you can write.

We've also got coffee, and I hear there's doughnuts in the back office that I can grab for you."

Travis had been staring at the muscles in David's arms that flexed and bulged as he picked up the bag, and had to regather himself to answer. "Coffee? Um, sure. I don't need any doughnuts." Truthfully, the idea of food right now made him ill. He grabbed a pen and followed David to the first door on the right—into a small studio that held lighting equipment, a small stage and the camera all set up and ready to go. As he sat down in the little chair, Travis relaxed. This looked good—it looked legit. He'd been starting to get concerned.

"Cream and sugar?" David set down the bag beside the little table.

In the chair, Travis realized he was eye to crotch level. He hastily looked away. "Yes, please." David seemed like a nice guy. This was all looking good. He'd do a shoot, get his face out there, and start making some real tracks into the modeling world.

David left, and Travis worked to fill out the paper work, whistling to himself.

Travis was even cuter in person than in his pictures, Dexter decided.

The offer to get the kid coffee was more than just courtesy; it offered Dexter the chance to go back and see what the guards and Romano were up to, and to make sure that the timing of Gutierrez's arrival was still accurate. Dexter nodded to the guard as he headed through the door to the back rooms, noting that the card game was over, and the men were getting the whores up and ready, to ensure they'd be presentable.

"Hey, David. Heard the front bell. New boy's arrived?" Romano asked, emerging from his office.

Dexter nodded. "Getting him some coffee while he fills out the paper work. Then we'll get shooting. Should I try to shoo him out before 'You Know Who' gets here?" He'd chosen the name "David" for his cover because it was close enough to his real name that he'd hear it and turn around if somebody called it. As far as Travis was concerned, he had mixed feelings. On the one hand, he almost hoped Travis was still around when the raid happened, just to teach the kid a lesson that he needed to be more careful of where he sought employment. On the other hand, he didn't want the young man in danger. It would probably be best if he weren't anywhere near here.

Romano chuckled. It wasn't a nice sound. "Don't suppose you could convert him in two hours? I think it would be wonderful if *Señor* could stop by to see an actual shoot, get an idea of our methods of operation. Just do as your instincts say. You'll do fine." He clapped Dexter on the shoulder. Dexter forced himself to grin and nod back, even though the thought of a crime lord like Gutierrez slobbering over an innocent like Travis made his blood boil.

"Will do, Boss. Going to get started."

Dexter poured a cup of coffee, put in a sugar and cream, and then carried it back to the studio. He found Travis had finished his paper work and handed the guy the coffee, gathering up the papers to take to Stacy. It was good to be active, good to have something else to concentrate on. His nerves were starting to get the best of him. As the undercover agent, he didn't get to wear armor of any kind. There was a chance, today, that he'd be taking a bullet.

Nevertheless, he put on a good smile when he returned. "Okay! I think we're in business. Anything I need to know before we get started? Any questions?"

Travis's brows drew together as he considered. Dexter loved those green eyes of his—even better in person than they had been in his headshot. "Um, I guess my main question is the kinds of shoots I'll be doing. I'm open to pretty much anything except for full-frontal nudity. So I guess that means you guys do things like underwear shots? Who are your main clients?"

Good questions and, unfortunately, Romano had schooled all his photographers in completely phony answers. "Catalog shots, yes, including underwear. Stock photography... Those pictures can end up anywhere from a web page advertisement, to a book cover, to pretty much anything. If you're lucky, one of the larger fashion companies could pick you up." Okay, the stock photography part was true. It was one of the actually legal ways this operation made money. What they didn't tell models was how their photos often ended up on porn sites.

Predictably, Travis's face lit up like a kid at Christmas. "Wow! That sounds awesome." He took a long sip of coffee and then set down the cup. "Okay, I think that's enough for the moment. I'm gonna be honest... I'm kinda nervous. Where do you want me first?"

Dexter considered. He'd chosen this persona of "David-the-photographer" for a couple reasons. One, photographers didn't always have a lot of credentials, so it was easier to falsify them. And, two, he actually did

photography as a hobby, so he sounded knowledgeable and could make the shots. It got him close to the victims, the boys and girls who might be sold into human slavery.

Dexter took a step back, looking Travis over. The trousers were okay. The shirt wasn't the most stylish, however. "I'd like some basic shots first. Did you bring any clothing with you? I think a black T-shirt, or maybe something layered. I've got some clothing over on the rack in the corner, various sizes."

"What if I put a white tee under this shirt and leave this one open?" Travis immediately began unbuttoning, and Dexter couldn't help but greedily take in the smooth chest and muscled abs. His cock gave notice that he was going to be fighting a boner the whole shoot, if this was anything to go by.

"Sounds good. We're going to start with a 'clean boy' kind of look." Dexter smirked. "Then, from there it's gonna get dirtier. Your payments will be calculated accordingly." Again, more rubbish from Romano. It sickened him even just to act the part.

Shirtless, Travis bent over to get a T-shirt from a box on the floor, giving Dexter a very nice view of his ass. Tight, muscled—Dexter could only imagine it was free of marks as well, just waiting to be spanked and played with. He adjusted himself quickly as Travis pulled the T-shirt over his head.

That done, Dexter walked over. "Let me help you with the outer shirt. Get you looking right for the shoot." Half of the offer was professional—the last thing he needed was for Travis to mess it up and make it look sloppy. Or not artfully sloppy, anyway. The other half of him just wanted a chance to put his hands on this gorgeous creature in front of him. Dexter held up the shirt so that Travis could put his arms in and then smoothed it over his back, letting his hand stray just a little too far south. He felt the man shiver.

"Too cold in here? I can have them turn up the heat if you like." Okay, he was blatantly flirting now. But wasn't that what a lot of photographers did?

When Travis turned to answer, a light blush had spread across his face. "No—I—sorry. It's nothing." He held still as Dexter buttoned the bottom two, arranging it so that it showed a tantalizing glimpse of his crotch.

Either the guy was shyer in real life than on his Facebook page, or he was trying to be professional. Well, hey. Romano had told him to push things. So had Jason, in his own way. "You look scrumptious. Go to the platform. I need to double-check the lighting." One more brush of Dexter's hand to Travis's chest, and if the guy didn't take this clue, he was going to have to get creative.

Travis stared at him, a question in his eyes, but then gave a shrug and walked over to the stage. He stood in the center of it, arms at his side. "Like this?"

Was that a slight bulge showing in the young man's trousers? Dexter hoped so. "Perfect," he said, as he began playing with the lights.

Travis was having some issues with his body, big time.

He'd always prided himself for his self-control. Heck, a lot of his acquaintances didn't know he was gay. He especially made sure that he was always professional on the job, whatever job it was. That meant no flirting, no flamboyant behavior, and most of all, no inappropriate erections.

So what the hell was wrong with him today?

It was the photographer's fault, Travis decided, as he stood there waiting as the guy ran between the hot tungsten lights and his camera stand, adjusting things. Twice now, the guy had touched him, and was it Travis's imagination that it was just a little bit too friendly? Not that he really minded. Well, he wouldn't have minded if they were at a bar or something. Here, it just didn't seem like the right thing to do.

Travis watched as David finished up with his tinkering and returned to his camera, peering through the viewfinder to check the frame, he supposed. Even though he knew the guy was looking at him, Travis couldn't help but take a look at David's buff arms and how nicely his legs filled out his jeans. The guy must work out.

Wonder if he's into anything kinky?

Travis scowled, trying to shove the thought back down to the depths where it belonged. The last thing he needed, right now, was to sport a boner during a shoot!

"Looks good," David confirmed, straightening. "Okay, give me some poses. Clean, but sexy. You're the cute guy next door that every man wants to have." He winked and grinned as Travis's eyes went wide.

Shit! Had he been that obvious?

Travis tried to fight off the blush as he started doing some standard catalog-style poses: hand on hip, smiling at the camera; three-quarter turn, glancing back; full-frontal view with his arms relaxed, and then folding them, then

laughing and giving a little wave. He'd been practicing this sort of thing for months, years even. He'd even been in a J.C. Penney catalog when he was fourteen, doing their junior line. Yeah, he had this. He was better off not thinking about the obvious—that if David had recognized he was gay, then it probably meant David was gay, too.

Work... right. He just needed to work.

He did a few more poses, and then David signaled for him to stop. “That’s enough for that outfit,” David announced, pulling out his phone to check something. He held it up for a moment before returning it to his pocket. The guy probably had multiple appointments today. Turning, David walked back to the rack of clothing. “Take off both shirts. I want to do a few shots of you in a black T-shirt. Then, on my cue, I want you to slowly take the shirt off. We’re moving to something sexier. Bad boy flirting with the camera. Got it?”

The sound of David’s voice, the commanding *presence* of it, sent a shiver through Travis. This really was the perfect career. Why did he love taking orders so much? He didn’t know. All he knew was that his cock, which had already been half hard, filled his pants further, making him dizzy. He needed to get a handle on himself. Fast.

“Yeah, sure,” Travis managed. He must be a sight by now, blushing and tingling all over. He pulled off the shirts quickly, not looking at David, then hurried to get the black T-shirt on.

When he did peek up, David was eyeing him. Travis’s stomach sank. *He’s noticed it. He must have, by now.*

“You need a moment?” David’s tone was polite, but there was no mistaking the interest in his eyes. *Damn. Damn!*

Travis took a deep breath. “Yeah. Don’t know what’s wrong with me today. Just... a minute, yeah.” *So unprofessional! I’m going to be fired on my first day.*

David waved dismissively. “Take fifteen if you need. I have to send a few texts.” With that, he went to sit in the room’s only chair.

Jason had joined the rest of the SWAT team in the unmarked white van. The minutes ticked by as they kept up on their computers, looking for sightings of the notorious drug cartel boss, and checking all activity at the so-called modeling agency building, trying to stay abreast of any updates to the case.

They were using Dexter's phone as a GPS tracker to know where he was in the building. That way they could avoid getting the undercover cop in the middle of any cross fire.

As he checked on the latest updates from headquarters, Jason's phone buzzed. He checked it and found two new photos sent from Dexter's phone camera. When he checked the pictures, Jason had to laugh. Obviously, Dexter had taken the photos clandestinely; the angle was horrible, but there was their juicy new model, Travis, looking gorgeous even in the photo from the cheap phone. One shot was of the young man wearing a white tee with a striped shirt over that, and the other, of him in the middle of either pulling on, or taking off, a black T-shirt. Damn, the kid had abs! Jason thought his were all right. But damn!

Jason blew out a breath, rubbing his thumb down the inseam of his trousers. Not that he needed this kind of distraction at the moment, but he appreciated his partner's texts. After all, this was incentive to get the job done right, wasn't it? To have something like this to look forward to afterwards?

Nice stomach. See if you can send a pic of his ass. In van now. Jason sent the text and then went back to watching for updates from police headquarters.

Dexter pocketed his phone, again, after reading Jason's reply. It sounded like everything was going to plan, which was good. Travis had asked for the men's room, but now he was back, and he seemed to have calmed down somewhat. Dexter had to fight to keep the grin off his face. This was actually fun. In some ways, he wished he had longer to torment the guy.

He stood and motioned for Travis to return to the stage. "Now I want you to look sexy. Whatever you think sexy is. If I don't like it, I'll tell you. Play with your clothing a bit. Let me see that stomach. Ease your trousers down if you're comfortable with that. Just have fun, okay?"

Travis blushed, which was incredibly cute. "Yeah. I'm so sorry. I don't usually... um, anyway." He stepped onto the wooden platform.

For the next several moments they ran through shots, with the only talk being simple directions from Dexter to face the camera, smile, pout, turn left, etcetera. The shots were looking good, but Dexter knew Travis was holding back. He sighed, straightening. "Got a girlfriend? Boyfriend? Friend with benefits?" He smirked at Travis's shocked expression.

“Um, no.” Travis rubbed at his neck, and Dexter wanted to curse. Instead of relaxing, the guy seemed more uptight than ever.

“Hey, relax. This isn’t some interrogation or anything.” *Ha, funny. Since I’ll probably be interrogating you for real later.* Dexter tried to put on his friendliest smile. “I need you to just relax more... you’re looking stiff on camera, which isn’t going to do you or us any good. So, open up. Tell me about yourself.”

Travis shrugged. “Well, I guess you figured out I’m gay. Which makes me think you are as well.” At Dexter’s nod, he continued, “What’s there to say? I’m currently attending a community college. I’m not certain if I’ll earn a full degree, but I figured it would be a good backup plan. My dream is to model, and I’m doing that.”

“Handsome, fit guy, and you don’t have anyone? Your standards too high, or you just never get out?” Dexter felt his phone buzz, but it was only his alarm, warning that he had only an hour left until the boss was supposed to arrive.

Travis was finally starting to relax, his shoulders loosening. He laughed, shrugging. “Not high standards, no. I get out occasionally. Would you believe I’m shy?” He gave Dexter a coy look that would have been perfect for one of the shots. Dexter wondered if he could get the guy to do it again, on command. “I especially have a hard time asking out the kind of guy that I find attractive.” And the blush was back.

“And what kind of guy is that?” The hook was out there. Dexter wondered if Travis would take it.

Travis’s gaze flicked to Dexter before answering. “Big guys. Um, you know, dominating. Muscled, and stuff.” He scratched the back of his neck like it pained him.

Dexter thought of Jason, his imposing size, and grinned. “Oh, so you like big cocks.” At Travis’s widened eyes, he laughed. “Okay, I’m kidding. But look, now. You’re relaxing. Let’s try those shots again. In fact, let’s take this a step further. Imagine your dream guy is standing right in front of you. Try to turn him on.”

As Travis began posing again, Dexter returned his focus to the camera. This time, Travis looked into the lens. His body language was better. Dexter licked his lips. “You seem to like me giving you directions. You good with me doing that? Pushing you a bit further?”

Was Travis breathing harder? Yeah, Dexter was pretty sure that he was. “Okay. Yeah. I’m good with that.”

The line of Travis's cock was discernable, but not to any extent that would make these shots obscene. "Take off your shirt, slowly. Give me a sultry smile. Then toss the shirt away." As Travis followed the instructions, Dexter snapped away. Oh hell, yes. These were looking *good*.

"Let's ramp this up," Dexter said next, adjusting his tripod so that he could take some pictures looking up at Travis. "Lean against the wall there. You've managed to lure in your big, muscled guy, and he's pinning you against the wall, touching you. Show me that."

A little sound escaped Travis's mouth, almost like a whimper. It looked like he'd be needing another "break" soon, only this time Dexter didn't intend to let him have it. "Yes, um, David," he said, and for a second there, Dexter thought he'd say "Sir," instead. It took a lot of self-control for Dexter not to reach down and adjust his rapidly filling cock.

Travis closed his eyes, leaning back against the wall. His dark trousers contrasted nicely with the tanned skin, and Dexter made a few adjustments to shoot some pictures in black-and-white as well. "That's it," he urged, feeling suddenly like they should be in a bedroom instead of a studio. "Lean back. Use the wall for support. Show me everything."

"Right," Travis said in a dreamy voice. He arched, and stretched, moving into different positions. With a fierceness that surprised him, Dexter wished the raid were tomorrow, that he could take this succulent thing home right now. God, how he wanted to walk over there, grab Travis's wrists, pin them up over his head, and kiss the shit out him.

He almost lost track of time, and then his phone buzzed again. Warning him that they had maybe half an hour until showtime. Sighing with regret, Dexter straightened. "I have to take a break, myself, this time." He smiled encouragingly. "You're doing great. Don't you tense up while I'm gone, okay?"

Travis looked disappointed, which was encouraging, actually. He didn't know it, but his erection would be handled soon enough. Dexter made it a point to openly adjust himself. Give the guy some hope. Then he headed to the front office to see Stacy.

She was filing her nails. Glancing up, she asked, "Everything going okay with the new kid?"

He handed her back Travis's file. "Oh it's great. Any updates? Romano was hoping to see the shoot in action, so I'm trying to stretch things out." He

figured it was worth asking her first, while he had a good excuse, it wouldn't be good to act over-interested.

She sighed. "No updates. It's nerve-wracking, isn't it? All this preparing, and now we just have to sit around and wait." She glanced her nails. "And look pretty."

"Thanks," Dexter said, and headed back to the hallway, where he pulled out his phone again. Apparently when his timer had buzzed, he'd also received another text from Jason. *Sighted possible activity at the back door. Can U check?*

Trepidation gripped Dexter's stomach. He knew the building had a back entrance, but Romano and his gang rarely used it. They kept it locked and hidden. But what if they'd decided it was the better entrance for a known crime lord? It was conceivable. And it would complicate the raid.

Dexter texted back, *Will check*. Playtime with Travis would have to wait. As he headed for the back rooms, he glanced at the studio to make sure Travis was staying put—this was no time for the kid to wander around. Travis was playing with his phone. Maybe adding a new entry to Facebook, ha! Dexter had half a mind to show him a picture of Jason. Topless. Ah, well. They'd be meeting soon enough, anyway.

He knocked lightly on the door to the back offices. Vince opened it, giving Dexter a look. "This better be important."

Crap! Was it possible Gutierrez was here already? Dexter used his charm face. "Just had a question for Romano. He mentioned Boss Man might want to stop by the shoot I'm doing, and I'm trying to pace things. He busy?"

"Yeah," Vince said, opening the door. He was wearing his rifle slung across his back, now, with a Glock at his belt. The security team was taking no chances. "He's doing last-minute stuff. We got maybe twenty minutes."

So close. Dexter forced himself to stay relaxed despite the clench in his muscles. "I'll be quick, I promise."

He hurried past and found Romano counting stacks of money, laying them out on the table in the accountant's office. Giving the guy a quick wave, Dexter wasted no time. "Got the guy shirtless and starting to sweat. How's my timing? How indisposed do you want him when your boss comes?"

Romano glanced up, looking annoyed. "Bad. Look, keep the kid around, or not. I don't care. We're missing a few grand. I'm shaking up the boys and girls. Stay out of the back area... we're searching the vans. Keep yourself busy, *si?*"

Dexter blinked, taken aback. Well that explained the activity around the back door. “No problemo, *señor*. Hope you find the missing cash.” This also meant they could start searching him and his stuff. Time to stash the gun and badge elsewhere.

In order to placate the guy further, Dexter added, “I’ll keep trying to stretch things out. If things work out, and you still want to show the Boss Man.”

Romano dragged a hand through his thick black hair. “*Si...* do that. Don’t leave the studio.”

Dexter nodded. “Right, boss. Good luck.” He left, nodding to the harried-looking accountant and Vince, and breathing slowly against the anxiety creeping up.

Back in the studio, Travis was flipping through the props and wardrobe items. He jumped and whirled when Dexter walked in. Dexter couldn’t spend time placating him at the moment. Grabbing his backpack, Dexter turned his back to Travis and pulled out his gun. He couldn’t very well hide it on his person. “Playing with the props?” he asked, mostly to throw Travis off.

“Uh, yeah, sorry. Everything all right?”

Think fast. Keep him distracted. “Yeah. The manager... the one who interviewed you... he’s having some book issues. The owner’s stopping by later. You know how that is. Can you find me a dark blanket or something in there? I had another idea.”

Dexter glanced over to make sure Travis’s focus was on the props. Then he hid the gun and badge behind a backdrop. They’d be easy enough to grab there, and he doubted anyone would be looking for cash in such an open place as that. They could go through his bag and his phone as much as they liked. The best they’d find was him texting some semi-dirty photos to a friend. Totally in line with his persona.

To follow up on Jason’s last inquiry, Dexter texted back, *ETA 20 min. Cash issues—searching vans in back. Tensions rising.* He deleted the text immediately.

That done, he turned back to Travis. “Sorry about that.” Dexter sighed, and let his eyes roam over the young man, being obvious about his interest. “Now, where were we?”

Jason took a deep breath as he read the text. This was the worst part—the part right before the action, when he felt most helpless. Anything could go wrong. In the van it was hot and humid, making sweat trickle down his back. He felt like a caged beast, wound up, blood pumping, with nothing to do.

As he checked his gun one more time, he growled, “Any signs yet?”

One of the SWAT team members shook his head, looking at a computer display. “Not yet. They’ve locked up the back entrance. As far as we know, Gutierrez should be coming through the front. No signs that they’ve detected us.”

The SWAT commander nodded. He was a big black guy, and frankly, with both him and Jason in the cramped space, it was making Jason claustrophobic. He clapped Jason on the shoulder. “Your guy in place?”

Jason nodded. “He shouldn’t be moving from this point. First room on the right, with the civilian. Receptionist in the front. Most of our action will be in the back.” He glanced at his phone. “Now we wait for the signal.”

The team member on the computer piped up. “Spotted. Gray sedan, two cars trailing. Could be our guy.”

“ETA?” The commander asked. Around him, Jason sensed the other team members checking their gear, gathering their focus. Four members in this van, six in the other. They’d cover both exits, hit them with a couple flashbangs, and then... well, hopefully, then there would be a lot of arrests and not too much bloodshed.

“Ten, maybe fifteen minutes, depending on traffic.”

Jason blew out a breath. Well, it looked like Dexter would be keeping the kid inside at this point. He texted, *May be on his way. Stay in place.*

He said a silent prayer and kept watching the feed showing the front entrance to the place.

Travis blew out a breath, dragging a hand through his hair even though it might mess up the styling he’d done to it. He’d pulled out some red and deep-blue fabrics from the pile and turned to find David staring at him with a strange look on his face. Like he was having a moral crisis or something. “Something’s not right,” Travis said. His heart was beating faster. Something hadn’t been right ever since he’d walked into this place. It was like this was some kind of

powder keg, and somebody was about to light a match. At first, he'd thought it was just him, his nerves.

Now, he wasn't so sure.

David smiled, and God, it was hard to think when that guy smiled. It was like a burst of sunshine out of the clouds. Travis couldn't help but stare.

If David noticed, he didn't show it. "Yeah, something's wrong... The boss is coming by. Everybody's feeling a bit stressed, making sure things are in order, yada, yada. If you've ever worked at a job, you know how that is. It's like the principal walking in on your classroom. It makes people nervous, even if everything is perfect."

That made sense. So why did Travis think there was more to it than that? "What happens if this guy comes? Do we need to reschedule my shoot?" He held up the fabric. "What other things do you want me to do?"

To be honest, he'd really liked what they'd done earlier. David telling him what to do in that slightly rough, sultry voice of his. How Travis wished the guy had walked over when Travis was against the wall and kissed him! How he wanted to yank that silly ponytail out and bury his fingers in that thick curly hair! Feel that beard brushing against his skin...

Well, so much for calming down again.

David stretched, and Travis realized he was trying to calm down as well. "I apologize for the interruption earlier. You were relaxing, and that was good. I think we got some decent shots there." He chewed on his thumb. "I'd like to do some artistic photos with as little clothing as possible. I'm sure you know how it works. The more skin you're willing to show, the higher paying jobs you can get." The smirk reappeared. "How do you feel about some bare ass with you lying on the blankets? Your frank and beans will still be covered. It could look amazing."

Thus the fabric. Travis had to give it to David. The guy had good taste. Travis set the fabric down on the stage, looking at it. His skin felt too warm. Did he really want to go that far? It wasn't frontal nudity, like David said. It was still tasteful... mostly. He'd practically had his pants sliding down to his cock earlier, anyway—shirtless, pretending to be mauled. Hell, Abercrombie & Fitch used that kind of stuff all the time.

Slowly, Travis nodded. "Okay. I can do that." At this point, he really wanted to ask David for a date. Was that allowed?

David walked over and arranged the cloths, spreading the red one on the bottom, and then arranging the blue one in more of a tangle. “We’re going to do this somewhat quickly, since I figure you’d like at least some clothing on in case our owner drops by. So, off with the clothes.”

Yeah, David definitely seemed nervous about the manager. He’d been all flirty earlier, but now he was all business. Travis pulled off his clothing, all of it. Just his own nerves at posing naked were enough to quell his desires. He stood awkwardly to one side, half-covering himself as David made the final touches. David stepped aside to adjust the camera angle on the tripod. “Okay, in position, pretty boy.”

Travis chuckled and lay down on his stomach, resting his head on his folded arms. “Like this?”

David cocked his head at him. “Bring one leg forward. Look up at the camera.” He checked the display. “Hang on... you’re showing. Stay still.”

Travis froze as David came over and without any hesitation whatsoever, reached down to tuck his balls underneath him. A shock of pleasure shot through him. Okay, so maybe he could be nervous and hard at the same time. There hadn’t even been a caress; David was just doing his job. Then again, how else was he supposed to react to a good-looking guy touching his balls? He was only human—and gay—after all!

“Perfect! Now relax. Look coy.”

Travis let out a long shuddering breath and did his best to at least pretend to be relaxed. He stared up at the lens, hyper-aware of David looking through the viewer, watching him. *Be coy? I’ll show you fucking coy.* Travis did his best, pretending the camera wasn’t there, imagining that he was bare-ass naked in David’s place after a morning of sex, trying to coax the guy back to bed. Like earlier against the wall, he decided to just feel his arousal rather than fight it. *Come kiss me. You know you want to.*

“Oh, that’s perfect. Okay, slowly stretch out. Keep your hips to the floor, but see if you can go up on your elbows. I’ll let you know if you’re showing again.” David was snapping like crazy, and Travis felt a sense of euphoria, of freedom. He glanced at David’s jeans, and sure enough, the guy was hard too, which only increased his own excitement.

On a whim, Travis half closed his eyes, and ran a hand up his own leg, caressing himself, as if he was about to start masturbating right there on the

stage. David didn't say anything, but kept shooting pictures, and Travis swore he heard the man breathing harder.

With all the boldness Travis could muster, he asked, "Do photographers ever have sex with the models?"

David stared at him with an intensity that made Travis's skin prickle. A charge filled the air, and Travis was almost certain he'd say yes. Slowly, Travis turned his hips, knowing he'd "show" and wanting David to see it. See how much this excited him, how much *David* excited him.

The door opened. A short Hispanic man in a nice shirt leaned in. Blushing furiously, Travis rolled back to cover himself.

"Five minutes, amigos." He grinned at Travis, looking him over. "This is good. Keep him like that." With that, he withdrew and shut the door.

Travis opened his mouth to protest, looking to David, but then he stopped. The look on David's face was tense, serious. All the earlier humor, all the flirting was gone. "David?" Travis asked, feeling afraid and not knowing why.

David pulled out his phone, typing something into it furiously, his mouth set in a grim line. "Get your underpants. Now."

"But that man—Was that Mr. Romano? He said—" Despite his protests, Travis was already crawling towards his stuff. It seemed smart to listen to what David said. Something definitely wasn't right here.

David flashed him a look that was almost angry. "You want to be a prostitute for the rest of your life? Stay in that corner by the props. And for God's sake, don't say a thing, and don't move."

Travis wanted to ask what the hell was going on, but he swallowed his questions, pulling on his briefs as quickly as possible. He reached for his clothes, but David growled at him, grabbing him by the arm, and forcing him over to the corner. Travis's hands shook as he allowed himself to be maneuvered, shocked at the look of anger in David's eyes.

David took the camera off the tripod like it was his prized possession and put it into a small backpack. Then he reached behind one of the backdrops and pulled out a gun. He looked at Travis and put a finger to his lips.

Oh my God, what's happening? Travis's heart pounded, and his legs threatened to give out. He leaned against the wall, mouth dry. "Don't kill me," he whispered. Whatever the hell was happening, he did not want to face the business end of that gun.

“Shh!” David hissed. He moved the table and chair over and stood with his back to the wall next to the door—almost like a cop would—his gun held to his chest, ready to shoot.

What is this place? Why would the owner coming by make a photographer want to draw a gun and start shooting? Is he going postal or something? The thoughts raced, and Travis ached to ask David. But he stayed quiet, his hands shaking and all thoughts of a hard-on long gone.

Out in the hallway, Travis heard voices speaking Spanish. He knew only a handful of words. He heard something that sounded like a greeting, a very friendly one. Yet, not only did David not relax, his mouth tightened in a grim line. With one hand holding the gun, he brought out his phone with the other and hit a button on it, raising the phone to his ear. He was looking at Travis, but speaking to someone else. “In the building, front entrance.”

What the hell does that mean? Outside the room, in the hall, the voices grew louder, nearer. Travis clenched his fists, feeling his short nails digging into the flesh of his palms, trying to keep it together. What if they tried to enter? Would David shoot them? He even considered calling out for help, but then the voices passed by the door and moved on, growing fainter.

David seemed to relax. “Heading into the back rooms. I’m in Studio One. Signal green. Go.” He clicked off the phone and stuck it in his pocket before glancing back at Travis. “This is where things get fun. Stay there against the wall and don’t move, no matter what happens. You’re officially under arrest.” He reached behind the props again, this time pulling out a badge to attach to his belt.

Travis’s jaw dropped, and he gaped at David. Was he for real? It had to be a joke... except the gun. That was real. The way David was acting was different, too—commanding, serious, not casual and funny.

Even as he pressed himself up against the wall, trying to think what to say or do, Travis heard a new noise from beyond the room. The sound of something smashing.

Then, it sounded like a grenade went off. He hit the floor, covering his ears.

“Target is in place. It’s go time!” Jason gleefully gave the order and then let the SWAT leader take point, following behind with his weapon drawn. The four team members poured out of the back of the van to join six others; there

would be a second team covering the back exit to the building. Moving swiftly, they rushed the front doors, smashing them in to toss in a flashbang.

The receptionist screamed, but stopped as soon as Jason pointed his weapon at her. “On the floor, now!” he yelled, nodding to the fellow behind him to cover the poor frightened woman as the team stormed into the building.

They busted in the doors to Studio One and Two, barely pausing before moving towards the door to the back room. Jason spotted Dexter with his pretty model, on the floor in the first studio, and gave him a terse nod, but no more. Until they got all the players out of this place, Dexter would be treated as one of the perps, in case they ever needed to use him again with any of the criminals involved in this operation.

Gunfire erupted just as the SWAT team reached the door leading to the back rooms. Some team members hit the floor; others ducked into the studios to avoid the shots that tore through the cheap wooden doors. Jason found himself back in Dexter’s room, hugging the doorway and waiting for the commander to give the go ahead. At this rate, the doors wouldn’t last long. Hopefully, the other team was keeping them busy at the other exit as well.

Jason couldn’t help but take a look at Dexter’s civilian, Travis Fontana. Kid looked terrified, but man, what gorgeous eyes! Yeah, he was even better looking in person than in his pictures. Jason grinned wolfishly. “See what happens when you don’t research a place better?”

Travis looked at him in confusion, but suddenly there was another blast, more gunfire, and the commander was ordering everyone forward again. Jason winked at Dexter. “See you in a few.” Yeah, he was so getting a reward after all that waiting in the fucking van.

Jason heard the SWAT commander’s booming baritone as Jason swept forward after him, into the back room, looking for targets to shoot. “This is a police raid! Drop your weapons and get on the ground, hands behind your head! We have you surrounded!” The commander repeated his words in Spanish, and Jason spotted at least one of the sex workers huddled under a cardboard table, trying to duck the fire.

A bullet clipped the shoulder of Jason’s vest, tearing the fabric but not him, thankfully. Jason flattened himself against the wall again as the two sides traded fire. No need for him to be a hero, here; this wasn’t TV. He heard the back door crashing in, and then it was chaos. Some of Gutierrez’s men tried to run, others tried to shoot, and still others tried to surrender. Jason got off a few

shots as one of the gang's security guys turned to shoot at somebody in the room, one of the prostitutes perhaps. He got the guy square in the chest.

No one was going to die today unless they absolutely fucking had to. The more witnesses they had to this operation, the better.

“Get down!” The commander again, and this was the signal for the smoke bombs. Jason hit the deck as the smoker went off and began crawling forward. He found and secured two hapless women who were crying, and then as the smoke cleared, he found that the team had done its job. Romano was being held at gunpoint, and Gutierrez was wounded but alive. The fight was over—three of Gutierrez's security team were dead, and two were wounded, and on their side, one wounded SWAT team member.

In all, a solid bust.

Grabbing zip ties from his belt pouch, Jason began securing wrists and reading people their rights.

Dexter had felt a thrill when he heard the crash of the front doors being busted open and the explosion of the flashbang. He listened for the retaliation from Romano and his security team, and sure enough, the sounds of gunfire filled the air. Grabbing Travis, he shoved the kid down in a corner and kept him covered as he waited through the firefight, hoping that Jason was keeping safe. Sometimes his partner forgot he was a detective, and that he didn't need to be a hero. Leave that to the tactical team.

When Jason ducked his head into the room, Dexter grinned at him. He was still crouched over Travis, ready to defend the two of them if any gang members barged in, but it looked like things were going well. Travis had curled up into a tight ball, trembling.

When the second flashbang went off, Dexter knew they'd breached the back rooms and the real danger. *Don't get shot. Don't get shot*, he thought over and over, wishing he was out there, that he could actually watch Jason's back and not have to just sit here like some dummy. But the more he stayed out of this part, the better. He held his gun to his chest until his fingers ached, trying to fight off images of the bloodshed happening just feet away.

When the SWAT commander yelled the all clear, Dexter blew out a great breath of relief. He gave Travis's back a firm pat. “You're safe now, kid. Get up and stand against the wall, facing it, hands behind your head.”

Looking miserable and scared, Travis complied. “What is happening? Who are you?”

Jason opened the door before Dexter could answer Travis. “Read him his rights. We’re moving people out. Stay put until we get them cleared from the building.” He tossed Dexter a pair of handcuffs and grinned, winking. Dexter grinned back, the last of his fears fading. Jason looked unhurt. Dexter didn’t know if anyone else had been wounded or worse, but at least his partner was okay.

“Will do,” Dexter said, as Jason closed the door again. He took the extra minute to put his gun back into his backpack, wishing for his shoulder harness, before grabbing Travis’s wrists and cuffing him. He turned Travis around to face him. “Well, if you didn’t figure it out by now, this was a police bust. Sex trafficking ring... Yeah, you almost got yourself sold into sex slavery. I’m Detective Dexter Strauss, San Diego PD. You need to keep your mouth shut and do as I say.”

Of all the bad luck in the fucking world! A cop! An undercover cop even, and where did that leave Travis? He looked at David—no, Dexter—miserably. So he wouldn’t get killed today, apparently, but the handcuffs weren’t a great sign. “I didn’t do anything! How can you arrest me?” He looked over at his shirt and trousers still in a heap on the floor. “Can’t I at least get dressed?”

Dexter gave him a smirk that was evil, one that sent a peculiar shiver through him. “No. You need to fucking stay still.”

Travis opened his mouth to protest, but what could he say? Sex slavery? That’s what this place was? So why even go through the whole bit with the photo shoot, and the looking sexy thing, the poses... the pretending to be ravished against the wall. He blushed furiously, thinking about it. He should be pissed off. This was entrapment. Wasn’t it? Did he need a lawyer? “I’m not some hooker. I didn’t know about any of this.” Mostly he felt confused and stupid. Dexter—Detective Dexter—was still hot as hell.

It wasn’t right that even now, Travis still wanted the man.

Dexter stood by the door, listening. He wasn’t even acknowledging Travis’s words. Travis scowled at him. “Are you even gay? Do you even know how to work that stupid camera?”

That earned him a grin. “As a matter of fact, I thought about becoming a professional photographer when I was your age. So, yes, I do. Don’t you go insulting Prima.” Dexter chuckled.

Damn it! Why didn't he answer the first question? He'd have rather known that than the whole photography thing. But Travis plowed forward. "Prima?"

Dexter heard something from the other side that made him take a step away from the door. "My Pentax," he said. Then the door opened, and a guy who could be a professional wrestler stepped into the room. Travis couldn't help but look the guy over, from his long black curly hair to the neat beard just around his mouth like Sinbad the Pirate, all the way down his huge muscled frame. Fuck, the guy was just as hot as Dexter, if not hotter. And dangerous-looking, in full SWAT gear. Travis's mouth went dry.

The big guy looked Travis over with dark eyes and smirked. Travis glanced at Dexter and found a matching smirk. What the fuck were these two smirking about? Beyond the room, he heard people protesting, some in English, some in Spanish. It sounded like they were arresting everyone in the building and escorting them out.

"What's going on? I need to put my clothes on! Especially if you're arresting me." Travis groaned in frustration. "I still didn't do anything wrong!" Whatever game these two cops were playing, he wanted no part of it.

"Mouthy one, isn't he?" the big muscled guy said, and Dexter laughed, which only infuriated Travis more.

"Yes, he is." Dexter walked over, with the other cop close behind. "So, Travis Fontana, meet my partner in vice, Detective Jason Taamai. As for what's going on? Well, you signed up with a modeling agency that's really a prostitution ring run by the Mexican drug cartel. I've been working this case for nearly eight months, six of them undercover as a photographer." Dexter reached up for the band holding his hair and pulled it off, letting his long wavy hair down. He glanced at his partner again, a wry look on his face.

Jason grinned. "Hell of a day to pick for your first shoot, Junior. The day one of the big players in the cartel decides to visit. We've been after Gutierrez for years."

Travis could scarcely believe what he was hearing. A prostitution ring? The Mexican cartel? He leaned against the wall, faint and slightly sick to his stomach. No wonder some of the voices protesting sounded so young! "What would have happened to me?"

Detective Taamai strode over to the door and peeked out, saying something in a low voice to someone, most likely another cop. Dexter looked so smug that Travis wanted to punch him. "Well, you already got a taste of how the first

shoot was supposed to go. I was supposed to get you to show everything that God and nature gave you. The next step would have been for Romano to look you over. He would have offered you a lot of money to agree to couple your modeling activities with something more. Escort services, maybe. If you'd agreed, you would have become one of his compliant level-three prostitutes. At any time you refused a client or threatened to go to the police, you would have become a level-one, at risk of flight." The grin faded into a grim line. "You would have been kept here against your will or sent to somewhere in Latin America."

A chill traveled down Travis's spine. He swallowed. Outside the room, the sounds were fading. Were they all leaving? "But I checked this place out. It looked legit. They have photos in some of the big magazines." He wasn't sure what upset him more; the fact he'd nearly entrapped himself with a dangerous gang, or the idea that his dream had just gone up in smoke. He closed his eyes in despair.

A touch on his shoulder startled Travis into opening his eyes. Dexter stood in front of him, and the smirk was gone, replaced by a careworn smile. "Don't beat yourself up too bad about it. They had a good setup. They did sell many of their photographs—that's how they could look good to prospective models." He trailed a finger down Travis's cheek, sending a much more pleasant shiver through him. "It's also how we first caught wind of their illegal activities. A few shots matched some of our missing persons files."

"Do I need to get the two of you a room?" Jason's wry tone pulled Travis's focus away from Dexter's gorgeous hazel eyes. Travis blushed, all too aware of his lack of clothing and his predicament. Why weren't they letting him get dressed?

Travis glared at Jason. "Are you two dirty cops or something? Why are you still holding me here? Shouldn't you be taking me 'downtown' or something?" He couldn't allow the fact that both of them were extremely sexy distract him. The fact that this whole scenario—him handcuffed in a room with two big dominant hunks—was his biggest fantasy was entirely coincidental.

Wasn't it?

Jason was still smirking, but he shook his head, chuckling. "You're not an idiot, Travis. That's good." He glanced over at Dexter, some unspoken communication passing between them. What the hell was with them? Rubbing his beard, Jason sighed. "I suppose we should tell him."

Travis glared at them. “Tell me what?”

Dexter walked over to his bag and pulled out his camera, pushing a few buttons and turning it so that Travis could see the display of one of his shots, the one where he’d been sagging against the wall in the midst of his fantasy. Travis flushed, feeling humiliated. So he’d been porning himself to a cop the whole time! What must they think of him?

“Look at yourself, Travis. You look gorgeous like that.” Dexter’s voice sounded nothing like the cop, and everything like David the photographer who Travis had started falling for. Travis gulped. He didn’t know what to think.

Dexter continued, “You’re right. This isn’t standard cop procedure. We are going to have to question you down at the station, but Jason and I wanted a chance to talk to you first.” He licked his lips. “It seems that when we did our background check on you, we found some interesting things.”

Travis thought furiously. “I’ve never been arrested for anything.” What could these two want with him? It had grown quiet outside the room. Had the others left?

A light rap at the door told him that at least one other person was still in the building. Jason walked over to speak quietly with another member of the SWAT team. The commander, maybe? Travis opened his mouth to cry out for help, but he saw it was useless. The man, a big black guy, just grunted and gave a nod. “Expect you two back soon,” he said. Then he left, closing the door once more. Travis whimpered.

“Take it easy,” Dexter said, rolling his eyes. He patted Travis’s cheek. “We’re not going to hurt you. Well, unless you want us to.” He grinned. “What I was trying to say before we were interrupted is we know you have a clean record. You also have a very interesting Facebook profile. Two big guys taking you on? I’m more interested in talking about that.”

Travis’s cheeks heated up as he remembered the post, the one where he’d described his favorite fantasy. These two—these two *vice cops*—had apparently read that post. He glanced over at Jason to find the smirk was back, but this time there was a heat to the guy’s gaze that went straight to Travis’s gut. He looked back at Dexter, just because he knew him better. Sort of, anyway. “That flirting was real?” Was it possible that both these hunks were actually gay? And attracted to him?

For an answer, Dexter walked up to him, pressing up against Travis. Hard evidence pressed against his thigh, telling Travis just how real that flirting had

been. He took a shuddering breath as Dexter raised his cuffed hands over his head, pinning him. “This answer your question? The timing of today’s raid was bad, I admit. But there was nothing fake about how I was playing with you earlier. My partner and me? We’re partners in more things than just work. And we happen to like co-topping a third. So you can imagine that we’d find a sexy, handsome guy like you very, very interesting.”

Travis chuckled nervously. “Then why the handcuffs? Am I actually being arrested?”

Jason answered by walking over and grabbing a handful of Dexter’s hair, pulling his head back. Dexter smiled blissfully, and Travis got a sudden idea of the dynamic between the two of them. Dexter might be the talker, but it looked like it was really Jason calling the shots. “Oh, you’ll be questioned all right, because you were in contact with the suspects, and you had dealings with them. You haven’t done anything illegal. So, no, no arrests, as long as you’re cooperative.” He looked Travis up and down. “I’m a little jealous that my partner has already had a chance to get to know you, while I had to sit in a hot van. So tell me, Travis... What are you thinking right now?”

“I...” Travis’s thoughts whirled. “I think I’m trying to take it all in. Before everything happened, I wanted to ask David... I mean Dexter... out.” Did adding Jason to the mix change anything? “What did you two want to do with me?” He couldn’t help feeling curious. The more he looked at the two of them, the more he knew the danger was past, and the better they were looking.

“Well, let’s see,” Jason said in his dark, silken voice. Travis shivered. “I believe I remember something about being tied up and taken at both ends. Sounded like fun. I’m partial to canes and crops myself—or I should say, using them on other people. Dexter likes floggers and biting. How are we sounding so far?”

Travis bit back a moan, as Dexter rubbed against him, and damn if his erection was back. But this time his cock had something to grind against—the hard bulge in Dexter’s jeans. “S-sounds good so far.” What else did he like? What kind of chance did he have of something like this happening again? “I like teasing. Plugs, restraints, vibrators...” His asshole twitched at just the thought. “I also like roughness. And dirty talk.” He smiled at Dexter, looking into those soulful hazel eyes. “Being told what to do.”

Dexter leaned back just enough so that he could slide a hand up Travis’s chest, up to pinch and play with his nipples. Travis groaned loudly, arching, his cock trying to escape the tiny black briefs.

“Sounds like just the sort of thing we like,” Jason confirmed. Keeping his hold of Dexter’s hair, he forced his partner’s head down to Travis’s chest. “Go on, baby,” he said, and there was a tenderness in his tone Travis hadn’t heard before. “Suck on him. Tease the hell out of him.”

Oh God. The fact Jason was directing both Travis *and* Dexter made it ten times hotter. His nipples had already contracted into tight buds when the heat of Dexter’s mouth hit them. Travis shouted out, his hands clenching, wishing he had something to grab hold of under the assault of Dexter’s mouth.

“Please... yes,” Travis moaned. To hell with the fact these two were cops, and they’d tricked him—well sort of. To hell with having just survived a full raid from a SWAT team. The only thing that mattered, at the moment, was Dexter’s talented mouth and Jason’s voice.

Dexter groaned, turning his head to the side. “I think we need to continue this later. Otherwise this is going to be a real short session.”

Jason let go of his hair, allowing Dexter to straighten. Travis bit his lip against the urge to beg them to continue.

“Good idea. No fun toys here—or bed, for that matter. Not to mention that the idea of having sex in this warehouse sickens me.” Jason stepped in as Dexter backed up, and this time it was Travis’s face he grabbed, forcing Travis to look up at him. “Let’s make this crystal clear. This has absolutely nothing to do with the prostitution ring you nearly signed on with. Nothing to do with our jobs—we’re not even out to them. We’re trusting you to keep our confidence. Now, can you do that? Do you want to come over to our place? I promise you, we’ll use and abuse you in all the best ways. We take you for questioning now, get that over, and then once today’s work is done, we pick you up and have the whole night.”

Dexter sighed, walking over to retrieve Travis’s clothing. “Longer wait, but ethically better.”

Travis considered. Would he even be able to concentrate at this point? Still, the idea of not rushing, of having more time, might be worth it. He sighed as well. “Let’s get the bad part over.” He looked at Dexter pleadingly. “Can I get dressed?”

Jason motioned for him to present his wrists. “Yes. You’re coming with us.”

It all took too long, just as Dexter had known it would. Travis’s questioning was the easy part; he was new, innocent, and could only give details on the

process of how he'd been lured in. Then, there was all the paper work that included processing all the prostitutes, some of whom were innocent victims. Then, there were all the Cartel members, from the security guys to the administrative staff, like the receptionist and accountant, and all the way up to Romano and Gutierrez with their long rap sheets. By the time the chief let Dexter and Jason leave, it was ten P.M. And they were both hornier than hell.

"You think he'll be there?" Jason asked as they drove to the coffee shop where Travis was supposed to meet them.

"If he's not, then it's a good thing we waited. I still feel dirty from being in the same room as the likes of Romano." Dexter shuddered, remembering the looks on the faces of those young women and men. Such hopelessness, with all their choices taken away. Freedom to choose really was a powerful thing. He reached over and rubbed a hand up Jason's leg. "Hey, at the very least, you and I can go back to fucking each other's brains out."

Jason laughed, making a left turn into the parking lot. "You are so crass. I love you, you big weirdo."

It was only seconds before they spotted Travis, waiting for them.

Travis's heart hammered in his chest as he got into the car with Dexter and Jason, this time not as a witness in a case, or a criminal, but just as a man, wanting to submit and surrender to two bigger men. Dexter still wore the same jeans and shirt, but Jason had changed out of his SWAT gear into a pair of sweats that hugged his frame. God, how Travis wanted to climb the man and just lick him all over. To explore all of that hard muscle.

The drive to Jason's place was short, thankfully. All throughout the questioning, Travis had been trying to keep his body in check, but he didn't have to anymore. As soon as they were inside, Dexter grabbed hold of his wrists and pinned him against the wall in the apartment's entranceway, growling.

"You are so gonna get it," Dexter hissed, and then he was kissing Travis, mashing their mouths together, taking possession. Travis moaned, allowing himself to be claimed, basking in the feel of Dexter's frame pinning him, the sweet taste of his mouth and the light brush of his beard. Travis forced himself to open his eyes so that he could see Jason, watching the two of them like a bear ready to strike.

“Bedroom, you two. You’ll get plenty of time to do that once we’re all naked.” Jason’s voice was a low purr, full of danger and promise. Dexter released Travis, grinning, and sauntered off through a small living room and down another hallway. Travis took a deep breath and followed, Jason close behind him. As they neared the bedroom, a hard pinch to his ass made him yelp. He glanced back at Jason. “Can’t wait to play with that,” Jason said with a leer.

When he reached the bedroom, Travis paused. *Am I really doing this?* The bedroom was large, with an iron frame four-poster bed, perfect for all kinds of bondage scenarios. In addition, he noted a leather bench—not a true spanking bench, but it could be used as one. A large chest against the wall held who knew what kinds of toys. The closet door was open, revealing a collection of floggers, straps, and whips. Travis’s head whirled. *God, he’s like an Uber-Dom!*

Dexter stood in front of the bed. He’d already taken his shirt off. “Like what you see?”

Travis stared at the lightly freckled skin on Dexter’s chest, which was pretty damned muscled as well. Dexter’s long brown hair spilled over his shoulders, and Travis couldn’t help think that the guy was just so damned *cute*. Sexy as hell, but also cute. Travis nodded. “So, like, you’re his sub?”

Jason laughed. “Oh, hell no. Dexter’s too damned mouthy to be a good sub. But he does like to switch.” He walked over and gave his partner a long, slow kiss. “Huh, babe?”

“Mm,” Dexter agreed. He walked over to the chest. “Yeah, I’m more of a SAM—smart-assed masochist. I’m also a sadist.” Reaching in, he pulled out some black rope. “Time to get undressed, model boy.”

A swarm of doubts and second thoughts assailed Travis, but he was already moving, pulling his shirt off over his head. “If I tell you two to stop, will you?” They were vice cops, for crying out loud. They stopped prostitution and the sex trade. He couldn’t imagine such individuals committing a sexual assault.

“If you’ve done your homework, you’ve heard of safewords. You can use the stoplight system—green is good, red means stop. That way if you want to protest or beg for mercy, you can, and we’ll keep going. We’ll only stop if you say ‘Red.’ Understood?” Jason hadn’t undressed at all, yet, but took the rope from Dexter. He pulled out a short length, setting it on the bed. Dexter pulled off his shoes.

Travis copied Dexter, watching Jason with interest. “Red’s fine.” Things were happening fast. Almost too fast. He unzipped his fly, his eyes returning to Dexter, who had pulled off his jeans, leaving only his briefs.

Before Travis could work his trousers down, Dexter strode over to him. “Hands clasped behind your head.” As Travis moved to obey, Dexter yanked the pants down, making Travis yelp in surprise. Next thing he knew, his underwear was off, and Dexter was kissing him again, one hand helping to secure Travis’s hands, the other wrapped around Travis’s cock. Travis’s moan was swallowed by Dexter’s mouth.

“Now that’s a pretty sight,” Jason said. “Dexter, bring him over here. Time to tie him up.”

Dexter groaned. “You’re not letting me play with him.” But he took Travis’s hand and led him over, giving him an evil smile.

“You know you’ll get to play plenty. My turn to taste those sweet lips.” As soon as he was within reach, Jason wrapped a meaty arm around Travis’s waist and drew him in, leaning in to kiss him. While Dexter was all teeth and tongue, Jason had a much smoother style—just lips at first, and then coaxing Travis’s mouth open, sucking on his tongue. Surrounded by all that hard muscle, Travis thought he might melt.

On the other hand, when Travis felt the warm skin of Dexter’s bare chest against his back, he feared he might bypass melt and go straight to full nuclear meltdown. Dexter’s cock brushed against his ass as the man took Travis’s wrists, binding them over his head. Jason continued to kiss him, grabbing Travis by the hips to pull him in closer, growling under his breath. The contrast of Dexter’s near-nakedness and Jason’s soft sweats was driving Travis crazy. Travis moaned louder, unable to grab either of them because of his bound hands.

Jason broke off the kiss. “Steer him to the bed. Hands and knees. Should we blindfold him?”

Travis shook his head. He wanted to be able to see all of them, in all their glory. Dexter laughed, sounding sinister and gleeful at the same time. “For the first part, yes. Don’t worry, Travis. You won’t miss everything. But I think you should just concentrate on feeling things first.” Dexter patted Travis on the ass, as Jason stepped back to retrieve a black handkerchief. Dexter took it from him and fastened it around Travis’s head, making sure it was snug. Then, by gentle pressure of his hands, he guided Travis to the bed, positioning him on all fours

on the mattress. That left his ass open for whatever evil plans they had. Travis shivered.

“This is intense.” Travis said the words, but it almost didn’t feel like him talking; he felt lost, floating, waiting for things to take form. He gasped as he felt a warm hand on his back, lightly but firmly holding him down. Another hand drifted over his ass, down to his thighs, pushing them further apart. Then another hand grabbed his hair—that had to be Jason, since he seemed to have a thing for hair pulling. Travis hissed.

“Hold still,” Jason said. The hand on Travis’s thigh moved back up to his ass, only to fondle his balls. Travis bit his lip to keep from crying out.

“I just love how responsive you are.” This time it was Dexter speaking, and Travis realized he was the one playing with his ass. The hand left for a second, and Travis heard a familiar sound—lube squirting from a bottle. So, he wasn’t completely surprised when the hand returned to his ass, this time to spread lube between his cheeks, over his pucker.

What was the expression on Dexter’s face right now? Travis wished he could see, as Jason massaged his scalp with that large hand, still holding him in place. Weight shifted around on the bed and the fabric of sweatpants brushed against Travis’s face. He turned his head slightly and felt the string ties brushing his lip.

Jason sounded amused. “Find something you like? Go on, boy. Show me how talented you are with your mouth.” Jason shifted, and Travis had to find him again, realizing that Jason was kneeling in front of him, now, crotch to face.

He opened his mouth to work at the ties, but Dexter distracted him with a slick finger probing his anus. Travis mewled, feeling trapped between the attentions of the two men.

Jason’s hands steadied him, one on his head, and the other on his shoulder. “Never mind what he’s doing. Come on, boy. I’m waiting for you.”

Travis tried not to clench his teeth as Dexter’s finger slowly worked its way into his ass, spreading the lube deeper. Instead, he opened his mouth and clumsily searched for the elastic waistband, managing to grasp it with his teeth to pull it slowly downwards. Beneath the fabric, he could feel the hardness of Jason’s erection waiting for him, could smell the man’s desire. His own cock had been hard for some time now, jutting out eagerly. The only thing he feared was losing control prematurely.

“Oh that’s hot,” Dexter said from behind him, pushing in deeper with his finger. “Damn, boy... are you tense? Relax a little back here. Or do I need to threaten you with a rimming?” Even though Travis couldn’t see the man, he knew Dexter was grinning. It was there, in his voice. The finger withdrew, and Travis knew he needed to get Jason soon or he’d have a whole new kind of distraction to deal with.

He managed to get the pants down a little. Before he could figure out how to work them over Jason’s package, Jason helped him, yanking pants and underwear down with a hard pull. He grabbed hold of Travis’s ears, directing him to a thick hard cock.

Travis wasted no time. He opened his mouth wide and sucked along the length, feeling the veins pulsing against his tongue. He worked his way down to the head and licked at it eagerly, even as he felt the brush of hair warning him that Dexter was near his ass again. As he worked the thick bulbous head of Jason’s cock into his mouth, he felt Dexter’s trim beard brushing at the insides of his thighs. Travis whimpered. His cock was so hard by now that it hurt.

The warmth of Dexter’s tongue nearly sent him over the edge. Travis choked instead of swallowing down Jason’s cock, trying to come off it to warn them. Jason didn’t let him, pressing forward, trapping him. Dexter lapped at his hole then pushed his tongue in deeper. Travis made a noise that was part torment, part bliss. He shuddered, feeling the wet trail of his precum against his thigh.

“I think he might need help with his control,” Jason said, and even his voice sounded strained. “Grab the cock ring and put it on him. Then you can go back to what you were doing.” He rubbed Travis’s shoulder. “Tap three times if it gets too much for you.”

Holy fuck! A cock ring? Yes, Travis had read about them. They’d even featured in a few of his fantasies. But he hadn’t expected that one would be used on him. The delightful feel of Dexter’s mouth left, leaving a chill as the air hit his sensitive entrance. Before he could think too much about that, however, Jason tugged at his hair, reminding Travis that he had a job to perform.

This time, he managed to get most of Jason’s thick length down his throat. The flavor was intense, and Travis found himself wondering how long it had been since these two had been able to have this kind of fun. He could only imagine the hours that an undercover sting might mean. Swirling his tongue around the flared underside of the head, he made sure to give extra attention to

it. Yes, he wanted both men to fuck him. However, the thought of swallowing Jason's cum was almost as exciting.

"Damn," Jason breathed, stroking his hair. Louder, he added, "He's good. You should really try this."

"I dunno. I was having fun right where I was," Dexter quipped back. The bed shifted again as he returned, his hands brushing across Travis's stomach as he took hold of his cock. The cock ring was rubber and stretchy. Once it was in place, the constriction eased Travis's urge to come, but it also trapped him into a needy state of hardness. He whimpered around Jason's cock, deep-throating him. Despite his sounds, however, he loved this. Helpless and trapped, with nothing to do but feel.

Jason brushed his fingers over Travis's cheeks, caressing him. "I'm going to start thrusting. We're going to keep doing this until Dexter has you prepped. Then the real fun can begin." He chuckled darkly.

A bite to the fleshy part of Travis's ass caused him to cry out and nearly choke. He swore Dexter was trying to kill him. Jason eased back, but only to thrust forward, giving Travis just barely enough time to prepare himself. As Jason's cock hit the back of his throat, and Dexter's tongue found his ass again, he thought he'd died and gone to heaven.

"God, yes. So juicy," Dexter sighed, in between licks to Travis's pucker. Even though he wasn't in danger of shooting off any more, the sensation still sent jolts of pleasure through him. Dexter rammed his tongue in deep, again, and Travis felt tears leaking from the corners of his eyes as he moaned and sucked. This was way beyond any sex he'd had before.

"Wrap it up, brat. I'm not sure I'm going to be able to hold on here much longer. And I have some new toys to try out." The warning in Jason's voice was clear, and yet there was an undercurrent of humor beneath it. Travis understood, at once, how the dynamic between the two worked. Dexter was anything but submissive, but he obviously liked letting Jason be the one in charge.

Dexter groaned, but he pulled back, and Travis wanted to groan as well. Jason pumped his hips slowly, and Travis concentrated on giving him the best blow job he could, but when he felt Dexter's fingers with the lube, again, it was all he could do just to hold still. He arched his back and shook his head a little, not wanting to tap out but needing to slow it down a bit. Jason seemed to get the message; he retreated, and his cock slipped out of Travis's mouth. Travis gave a grateful nod, breathing hard.

“Too much for ya?” Jason asked with a grin. He shifted, and Travis realized he was lying down now. A callused thumb trailed over Travis’s swollen lips, and then he felt Jason’s mouth again, kissing him. Dexter stretched him with three fingers, sliding them in and out.

Travis’s mind was pretty much mush at this point, but he tried to speak. “Sorta. It’s, uh...” He bit his lip as Dexter expertly finger-fucked him. God, if this was the prepping, what was the actual sex going to be like? “It’s really intense.”

“So we’ve heard,” Dexter smugly said. He withdrew his fingers, but just as Travis thought he was done, something hard and rubbery pressed against his entrance. “Now, relax. Push out.”

With a shuddering breath, Travis did so. The plug felt huge as Dexter worked it in, stretching him almost to the point of pain, but not quite. He hissed, and then as the flared base passed through the ring of muscle, Travis groaned. Then, the thing was in, held tight by his ass. He supposed it made sense. He knew for sure Jason’s cock was huge. Maybe Dexter’s was, too? Either way, the plug would make whatever else they had in mind very, very interesting.

Once the plug was in, both of the men withdrew, leaving Travis alone and shuddering on the bed. “Dexter? Jason?” he asked. He’d liked having them close, knowing they were with him, even if the sensations had started to get overwhelming. Yes, there was the cock ring reminding him how hard he was, and the plug filling him. But it wasn’t them, their touch.

“Right here, boy,” Jason said in a reassuring tone, to Travis’s left. “Dexter, go ahead and remove his blindfold. He can watch this next part.”

Travis heard movement and then felt hands at the blindfold on his head, loosening it. He blinked, letting his eyes adjust. Dexter was smiling at him. “You’re doing great, so far. Damn, you look good like this.” Reaching under Travis, he tweaked one nipple and then the other. Travis swayed, groaning.

“I feel like...” he struggled to find a comparison “... like I’m some harp, and you’re plucking all the strings.”

Dexter laughed. “Awesome. Like this?” He pinched a nipple, a little harder this time. Travis hissed, but made himself stay still. Not like he was going far with the plug and his hands tied, anyway!

“You two are adorable,” Jason said, returning from the chest with some new items. Travis looked with trepidation at a sinister-looking flogger with thick

long leather tails. In addition, Jason held a leather paddle and a crop. He stopped when he reached the bed, and held up the paddle. “You want to warm him up?” He grinned, but there was a glint in his dark eyes that told Travis this was going to be more than just a simple spanking.

Dexter seemed to see it as well. “I suppose you want me facing away from you. Wait—Where’s that evil ‘Bitch-From-Hell’?” He reached over and took the paddle, climbing off the bed. With his black briefs still on, he took position behind Travis, bending over, presenting his broad back to Jason.

Travis blinked. *Evil Bitch?*

Jason laughed darkly. “In my back pocket. Now, lose the underwear and start spanking him.”

The look on Dexter’s face was pure glee. Travis turned and gave him a pleading look. “Is this going to hurt a lot?” Shit, the last time anyone had spanked him, he’d been eight, and it was his mom! The burn in his ass reminded him that there would be a lot more to this spanking than just a light slap. Every time he moved, the plug shifted, pressing into things that felt really, really good.

Dexter waved a hand at him. “Don’t worry. He knows you’re new. He’ll go easy on you.” He eased out of his briefs, allowing Travis to finally get a look at his cock. Long—maybe even longer than Jason’s—and slender, like the man. Travis couldn’t help licking his lips.

Dexter seemed pleased by his expression. “Yeah? Don’t worry... I’m sure you’ll get a taste of me sooner or later. Now, ass up, head down. You’re free to watch me.” He glanced over his shoulder and back. “While Jason might go easy on you, he won’t go easy on me.”

Jason set down the crop and brandished the flogger. “You’ll try this one as well, Travis. Don’t worry... this isn’t the ‘Bitch.’ I’ll be bringing her out in a minute.” With that, he swung, the black tails of the flogger landing on Dexter’s back with a smack. Travis winced, but Dexter smiled.

Travis stared at Dexter incredulously. “You like it?” Jason landed a few more blows, getting into a rhythm with the slap of leather on skin. Dexter sighed, arching.

“You bet. Now, don’t hold back your sounds. Let’s see if you like it as well.” Dexter drew back his arm and brought the paddle down on Travis’s ass. The smack was higher-pitched than the sound of the flogger. Travis’s yelp was

also higher-pitched, and he squirmed, realizing that each blow was going to do really interesting things to that plug inside him.

Dexter looked at him expectantly, and Travis shrugged helplessly. Jason paused as well.

“It stings,” Travis said, because that was pretty much the only thing he could think to say. Dexter huffed out a breath, shaking his head and smiling, and the paddle came down again, not as hard this time, but still hard enough to get a grunt from Travis. Jason resumed as well. Dexter hardly seemed affected by the beating as he set to spanking Travis, the paddle alternating from one cheek to the other, each slap producing a light sting. With the lighter blows, Travis found that he actually kind of liked it, the slow burn, together with the constant pressure of the plug. He groaned, his eyes falling half-closed.

“Oh, I think we have a winner,” Dexter said in a half-dazed voice. Travis opened his eyes and found that Dexter seemed to be enjoying taking the flogger almost as much as he was enjoying wielding the paddle.

“Harder,” Travis pleaded. Who would have thought he’d actually beg for more spanking?

“Harder, you said? You heard him, babe.” Jason immediately began swinging the flogger harder, causing Dexter to grunt and arch.

“Fucker,” Dexter muttered, but he didn’t seem too angry, as he began spanking Travis harder, the burn turning bright and fiery on Travis’s ass. Travis wondered if he’d made a mistake.

But then it started to feel even better.

At first, Travis didn’t even realize it was him making the low moaning sounds, swaying as Dexter continued to spank him, the paddle moving from one cheek to the other and sometimes both. Dexter’s breathing had changed as well, and it was as if they had some kind of invisible string between them, connecting them, and Jason was the master puppeteer.

Then the flogging stopped, along with the spanking. Jason set the flogger down. “I think that’s enough for his first taste. I want him to see you take some real pain. Then, you and I can both use the crop on him.”

Dexter straightened, stretching before handing Jason the paddle. He gave Travis a warm smile and reached over, rubbing his hand over the spots he’d abused. The touch to his ass sent tingles all through Travis, and he sighed,

shivering. More than anything, he wanted Dexter on the bed with him, touching him, especially his poor neglected cock.

“Okay, be honest,” Dexter said, perhaps seeing the want in Travis’s eyes. “Did you really like that, or did you just endure it so that you could get to the ‘good stuff’? Me, I’m a masochist as well as a sadist. But everyone’s different.” His hand slid down from the area he’d spanked to tug lightly at the plug, sending another jolt through Travis. Then Dexter started playing with Travis’s balls.

Travis groaned. “Not sure. I kind of liked it. I think part of why I liked it was having the butt plug.” He shifted, trying to get Dexter to play more. “So far, I think I’m more into the pleasure than the pain.” He blushed. “And being helpless. I dunno why, but the fact I’m bound and helpless right now is really turning me on.”

“So you’re a slut who likes bondage,” Jason said. He’d pulled out a new toy, a short, sleek whip of some kind. It didn’t look very impressive—not compared to something like a bullwhip. However, Travis had a feeling the thing would sting like hell if swung right.

Travis couldn’t take his eyes off the small whip. “I guess so. Um, what’s that? And who is it for?” He noticed Dexter had suddenly gone quiet.

Jason grinned broadly. “This is ‘Bitch-From-Hell,’ my singletail. My partner has a love-hate relationship with her.” He twirled his finger at Dexter. “Go on, now. Turn around, and let’s show our newbie what a pain slut looks like.”

Dexter whimpered, but Travis had a feeling it was more for show than anything else. “Bastard,” Dexter muttered, pouting. He turned around, bracing his hands against the bedroom wall, his back to the bed and Jason. Travis shifted a little so that he could watch better.

Almost lazily, Jason began swinging the whip in a figure eight, the tail not touching Dexter, not yet. He flicked his wrist, and the whip popped, startling both Travis and Dexter, who groaned at the sound. “He really loves this,” Jason confided, stepping closer. “Both the tease, and the actual hit.” He let the tip just graze his partner’s shoulder without cracking it. A shudder went through Dexter, and for a moment, Travis wished he were in that position.

Then another crack and this time it struck; a red welt appeared, almost like magic, on Dexter’s back, and he yelped, his fists clenching. His buttocks

clenched as well, and Travis noticed for the first time that he had a *really* nice ass. In fact, all of him was pretty much perfection.

“Are you going to just tease me or what?” Dexter asked. Travis winced. Even a ‘newbie’ like him could see that was asking for it.

A loud *crack* this time, and a longer red stripe appeared on the back of Dexter’s shoulder, which immediately began to bleed. Dexter shouted and hissed, rolling his shoulders. “Fuck!”

“That teasing enough for you?” Jason shot back, still grinning. He winked at Travis.

Travis watched on, incredulous. Jason delivered four more strikes with the whip, but these weren’t as harsh, raising welts but not drawing blood. Dexter moaned at the last one, actually arching back into it. “Okay, Sir. Think I’m good. May we play with Travis now?”

Jason stepped back, nodding. “Yeah, yeah. I’ll deal with you more later. Grab yourself a crop.” He carefully put the whip back into the chest, and pulled out a long slim riding crop with just a small bit of leather at the end.

Travis was already sweating in anticipation. He’d liked watching the two of them more than he wanted to admit—the whip was scary, but both of them seemed to be having such fun. Maybe this all wasn’t so bad after all? All he knew was that, right now, he wanted both of them inside him, riding him for all their worth. He doubted he’d like the crop. But he was willing to try it.

“Please, not too hard? I don’t know if I can take it like he does,” Travis said as Jason approached the bed. The burn from the spanking and the plug had faded, and his erection had flagged somewhat, but with that cock ring he wasn’t likely to lose it entirely.

Jason rubbed a hand up and down Travis’s back, soothing him. “Don’t worry. Dexter’s a seasoned player. No way I’d use a singletail on you for your first time playing. This is supposed to be fun. Just keep communicating with us.”

Travis relaxed as Jason caressed him, feeling a shiver every time Jason’s hand strayed near his ass or his hips. He found himself swaying, almost desperate for more touch, more sensation. Jason had removed his sweatpants but he still had a shirt on, which somehow seemed fitting with Travis and Dexter naked.

Dexter returned with a shorter, broader crop. He set it down and joined Jason, rubbing up and down Travis's legs like he was a racing horse. Travis had the urge to turn and lower his head, to get his mouth on Dexter's gorgeous cock, but he had a feeling that would be a mistake. So he endured the touches, his body coming back to life, aching with the need for more.

"God, I just want to suck him now," Dexter said, his hand brushing higher up Travis's thigh, ghosting over his balls. Travis bit back a mewl, quivering. Yeah, this was much more to his pace.

"Soon," Jason promised. He reached under to give Travis's cock a pull, and Travis nearly levitated. He was so horny! He moaned, rocking forward, then hissed as Jason let go and pinched his nipple hard. Dexter slapped Travis's ass in counterpoint to the pain.

"Easy there, boy. You heard what the man said." Dexter slapped the other cheek and then withdrew, standing.

"Yes, Sir," Travis said, because it felt right to say it. So, he'd have to wait for pleasure and submit to the damn crops. Taking a deep breath, he forced himself to relax despite the insistent ache in his balls.

Again, the blows were light at first. Jason started, and Dexter soon after, each one choosing a side to swat, the crops hitting nicely in the fullest part of Travis's ass. It hurt worse than the paddle, but it also felt better at the same time. Which made no sense. Pain, sharp and clear, burst from the skin and tunneled deep, transforming there into something that was almost pleasure. Again, the plug was to blame for that; it almost felt like being fucked. Travis closed his eyes, making soft animal sounds.

"There's a masochist in him after all," Dexter said, but without his usual humor. He sounded almost reverent.

"I thought so," Jason commented, equally quiet. The only sounds became the hits from the crops and Travis's responses.

He didn't know how long they went on; the blows started to come faster and harder, and his moans turned into cries. It wasn't about fucking now; it was about sensation, and just riding the wave of it, floating somewhere between the two men working on him. Dimly, Travis wondered if he'd be sore later, but right now, he didn't care. Right now, he didn't even care if they fucked him.

This must be that endorphin high I read about.

The blows stopped. Travis waited for a moment, but when no more came, he opened his eyes. It felt weird, like coming back to his body, like he'd been

asleep, only he hadn't been. He glanced over at Jason, needing the strong presence of the man to solidify things for him. "What?" Was his voice hoarse? He didn't remember screaming.

"You're done," Jason said softly, setting down the crop. He crawled onto the bed, pulling Travis on top of him, tied wrists and all. Travis gasped as his cock, still hard with the cock ring, brushed against Jason's bare legs.

"I am?" Travis asked. His ass was on fire, hurting fiercely, but for some reason that was okay. He saw Dexter set down his crop as well, as the man stretched out beside them, and then there were two bodies pressed against him. Travis shivered, moaning.

"Okay, maybe not totally done," Dexter said with a chuckle, reaching between Travis and Jason to fondle both of them. He seemed eager to get things moving, his stiff dick wedged against Travis's thigh. Travis was content to just drift for a moment. He felt Jason's strong hand taking hold of his jaw, guiding him to lower his head for a kiss. Travis was a confusing mixture of satisfaction and need. Jason's mouth only helped fuel the desire.

Jason's lips were gentle but insistent, kissing Travis with a fervor that made his head swim. Travis pressed one hand against Jason's muscular chest, and even through the shirt he felt how ripped the man was. Needed those clothes off. He tried to protest, but Jason didn't let go, plundering Travis's mouth with his tongue.

"Don't forget to share," Dexter whined, trying to squeeze in between them. Travis felt more than heard Jason's chuckle; then he broke off the kiss. Jason wrapped one arm around his partner and then returned to kissing Travis, but soon Dexter was kissing them as well. It became a tangle of mouths, with both Dexter and Jason vying for Travis. Travis sucked on Jason's tongue and licked along the edge of Dexter's furry jaw, sighing. So the modeling dream hadn't really come true, yet. This dream had, however. Pure heaven, being molested by two men.

His brain function was sluggish, but Travis was aware of his need again. His arms were wrapped around Jason's head with his tied hands underneath the man, so it was impossible to do much. But he could communicate with the rest of his body, and he did, rubbing his poor cock against Jason trying to get some relief. When Jason and Dexter let him catch a breath, Travis pleaded, "Fuck me, please. I need—" He didn't get a chance to finish as Dexter moved in, kissing him hard. Jason shifted enough to pull his shirt up over his head.

“You wanted to suck him? Do that, while I grab the condoms,” Jason said, disentangling himself and rolling to reach for the night table.

“Okay, this is just getting in the way now,” Dexter said, reaching for the rope binding Travis’s wrists. He released them, and Travis gratefully rubbed his wrists as the three of them adjusted positions. Dexter rolled Travis onto his back, spreading his legs. “This’ll be better, for the moment, at least.”

Out of the corner of Travis’s eye, he saw that Jason had removed the last of his clothing and had grabbed a few condoms, one of which he was rolling onto his own cock. Travis feasted on the sight, taking in the well-defined pecs, the muscular stomach, and the tribal tattoos that covered one shoulder and arm, and over one-half of his chest. It looked Maori—Travis wasn’t sure. He stared in fascination, almost forgetting Dexter for a moment.

Naturally, Dexter didn’t allow him to forget for long. “He’s fucking sexy, isn’t he?” he said, nibbling on Travis’s ear. His hand was busy stroking Travis, and he was moving to lie in between Travis’s legs.

“Yeah,” Travis said. What else could he say? Dexter was a lucky man. And it struck him that these two cops had taken him into their confidence, to keep secret what they had between them. It touched him.

“Stop, you two. Gonna give me a big head,” Jason quipped back at them, turning to watch as Dexter brought Travis’s cock to his mouth. Dexter wasted no time. He swallowed Travis’s member down to the root, moaning happily. Travis bit back a cry.

Just as quickly, Dexter popped off. “You already have a big head,” he shot back, reaching over to tug at Jason’s cock. Jason scowled and slapped him away, but Dexter only grinned. “Doesn’t he?” he asked Travis, and returned to licking at the head of Travis’s cock.

Travis groaned. These two were going to kill him. “Uh-huh.” He was tempted to ask to suck Jason again, but what Dexter was doing felt so good. He feared he’d suffer by contrast. Worse, now that he was on his back, he could feel his abused ass rubbing against the sheets, sending flashes of heat through him.

Jason rolled his eyes. “I think you’ve been giving orders for too long. You’ve forgotten how to take them.” He paused for a moment, watching as Dexter swallowed Travis down again. While the sensations made Travis want to close his eyes and just bask, he made himself keep them open, drinking in

the sight of Jason standing there. “Keep going,” he told Dexter, and then he grabbed the bottle of lube, pouring some into his hand. “Let’s see what else you’ve forgotten.”

As Travis watched, Jason knelt behind Dexter, and though he couldn’t see exactly what was happening, Travis had a clue. Dexter groaned, spreading his legs as Jason prepped him. So what did that mean? Dexter’s mouth felt amazing, absolutely, but Travis wanted to be *fucked*.

“Are you both going to fuck me?” Travis was horrified at how desperate he sounded. But he was! He squirmed, his hands finding hold in Dexter’s hair. Dexter came off of him with a smirk.

It was Jason who answered. “Yes. Are you feeling ready for us?” He did something with his fingers, and Dexter gave a shout, gritting his teeth. He didn’t exactly look like he was in pain, more like extreme pleasure.

“Yes,” Travis said, eager to have that plug out of him, to have something else there, instead. “Please. I can’t hold on much longer.”

Jason pulled his hand back from Dexter, and wiped his fingers off on a tissue. “Go on, then, Dex. I know you want first. Pull him over to the edge of the bed.”

“And I know you want to finish,” Dexter quipped, but he did as ordered, pulling Travis to the edge of the bed and grabbing Travis’s ankles to prop on his shoulders. His next comment he directed to Travis. “Ever do a daisy chain?” He allowed Jason to put a condom on him, leaning back to rub against his partner like a cat.

Only in his wildest fantasies. Travis stared at Dexter for a second, trying to wrap his mind around the idea. The condom on, Dexter next worked at the plug, pulling on it gently to ease it out of Travis. Instinctually, Travis pushed out and felt it withdraw with only the burn of stretching, leaving an emptiness desperate to be filled. He was beyond trying to keep up with either of the men’s banter. “Fuck me,” he begged, tugging at Dexter’s arm.

“Patience, boy. I’m getting there,” Dexter said with a chuckle. He leaned over, capturing Travis’s mouth in a hungry kiss. At his ass, Travis felt Dexter lining up, the blunt head of his cock teasing at the entrance. A sharp thrust later, and Dexter was halfway inside. Thanks to the plug, there was no pain; there was only the blinding urge to grab at Dexter’s hips, to force him deeper.

“God, he’s eager. I love that,” Jason murmured. He stroked Dexter’s back, bending him over. Apparently, Dexter was going to be the meat in their

sandwich. Travis held still even though he wanted to move so badly that it was sending shivers through him.

Enraptured, Travis watched Jason line up, watched as he brushed aside the mane of Dexter's hair to nibble at his throat from behind. Travis whimpered. Watching the two of them, being a part of this, was incredible.

"Hold still," Dexter murmured, half lost in the attentions from his lover. Then, Jason thrust forward, the movement pushing Dexter's cock deeper into Travis. Travis bit back a cry.

"Steady," Jason said, and Travis wasn't sure if it was him or Dexter he spoke to. He felt Dexter quivering, and he could only imagine what something like that must feel like, both to have his cock in somebody and to be penetrated at the same time. It was just as well it was Dexter tonight; he didn't think he could handle any more sensation at the moment, thank you.

Jason adjusted his position, as did Dexter. Travis's hand strayed to his cock, but Dexter slapped it away. "Don't you dare," Dexter warned him. "You'll be coming last, so you might want to just grin and bear it." He arched back against Jason. "I'm good."

"You're fucking tight," Jason rumbled. He pulled out a little and then pressed forward again. Dexter groaned. Travis was right there with him because the thrust filled him again as well, and it was perfect. He settled for gripping Dexter's hips to anchor himself.

Dexter purred, wiggling. It was an interesting effect. "Damn right I am," he pronounced, then added, "So is he." He smiled at Travis, sliding a hand up his chest to tweak a nipple.

The waiting was making Travis sweat. He breathed out hard, staring down at their joined bodies. "Now?"

They didn't answer. They didn't need to. Jason began thrusting, slowly at first, but hard enough to rock Dexter into Travis. A look of pure bliss came across Dexter's face, and he nuzzled his cheek against Travis's chest, sighing. "Too damned long, Sir." Reaching down, Dexter took hold of Travis's cock, teasing the head with the pad of his thumb, holding it but not squeezing. Travis sighed as well. He felt himself opening up, greedy for more.

Jason grunted in agreement. He pulled further back and slammed in hard, causing Dexter to cry out. Travis whimpered. It was good, but he needed so much more by this point.

“Please,” he moaned, scratching at Dexter’s hips.

Dexter began moving, rocking himself back and forth between Travis and Jason. They found a rhythm of sorts, each doing their part to increase the thrusts, to maximize the penetration. The speed increased as well, and soon it was all Travis could do to hold on, his ass being grandly fucked, listening to Jason’s cries and Dexter’s never-ending stream of words. “That’s it—fuck me—ohmygod, yes—so good—big fucking dick—”

Travis laughed; he couldn’t help it. Listening to Dexter was like listening to a play-by-play for baseball. His laugh stuck in his throat, however, as Dexter threw him a gleefully evil look, his fist tightening around Travis’s cock. He started pumping Travis’s cock in time to their thrusts. Even with the cock ring, Travis knew he’d never last like this. “Please! Need to come, please...” His fingernails dug into Dexter’s ass, probably leaving marks.

Thankfully, Dexter let up on the strokes, though he continued to fuck him. Panting, he said, “Sir... oh yeah, right there... I’m going to mark him. Then we can switch.” He bent closer again to suck at Travis’s chest, finding a nipple to chew on until Travis saw stars going off in his vision. Dexter’s cock found some new angle within him, hitting the perfect spot. Travis groaned, deep and desperate.

“Yes, you can mark him.” Jason thrust in hard, grunting. “But then you’ll come before we switch.”

“God, yes, no problemo, *por favor*,” Dexter rambled, sounding ecstatic. He splayed his hands on the bed on either side of Travis, bending over him, letting Jason fuck him hard. Dexter continued to suck on Travis’s nipples, sending shockwaves through him that went down all the way to his cock trapped between them.

“Scream for me,” Dexter murmured against Travis’s skin. Then he bit down, just above the nipple. Pain flared, bright and urgent.

Travis screamed. He couldn’t help it.

Then Dexter released him. Faintly, Travis was aware that Jason was pounding into his partner, the force reverberating through Dexter’s body into his. Dexter was still thrusting, but it was mostly little thrusts, now, sharp and quick. He seemed to be concentrating on the fuck he was receiving, his expression gone slack, his eyes closed. For once, he wasn’t talking.

“Come on, boy,” Jason huffed, and Travis realized he was addressing Dexter. “Come on... you know you want to.” He slapped Dexter’s ass so hard

that Travis practically felt it. He couldn't really move, trapped under the man, but he did his best to help, clenching his ass. At the moment, he envied Dexter.

Dexter gave a sob, shuddering. Then with a cry, he was coming, thrusting in hard, holding onto Travis's shoulders to violently rock himself back and forth between them. He howled, and Travis was clenched tight enough that he could feel Dexter's cock throbbing, releasing. Travis moaned, shuddering. He had to reach down to squeeze himself just to keep it together.

After a final mighty thrust, Dexter collapsed on top of Travis with a throaty sigh, limp and sated. Travis's legs slid off of Dexter's shoulders. Jason pulled out and disposed of the condom only to grab another one. "Get off him. My turn, greedy pig." He smiled as he said the words, helping Dexter to roll off of Travis onto his back beside him. Travis mewled as Dexter slipped out of him, feeling more empty than ever, his body just one giant bundle of nerves at this point, quivering.

"Please," he said, even as Dexter curled up beside him. Travis reached for Jason, heedless of whether he was supposed to or not.

Fortunately, it seemed like Jason was just as ready for him. Taking only a second to pour more lube on his fresh condom, he took the spot that Dexter had just left, spreading Travis's legs. "Not going to go easy on you," he warned Travis. Then he plunged in.

Travis gasped. No doubt about it, Jason was bigger than Dexter. He realized the plug hadn't just been for torture as he felt the ring of muscle stretch to the burning point to accommodate the dick slowly sinking in. Heat filled Travis, and he grabbed hold of Jason's wrists. He'd wanted big, right? Christ, he was getting it.

"Damn, I don't know which of you is tighter," Jason said with a grunt. He pulled out just a little only to thrust in again, sinking deeper this time. Travis concentrated on how much he wanted this, how exciting it was to have a hunk like this fucking him. He gasped as Jason took hold of his cock.

"Taking this off now so that I don't forget," Jason explained, working the cock ring off. Travis panted. It was uncomfortable enough—with Jason stretching him to his widest, and the rubber pinching at his skin—that he didn't need to worry about coming just yet. Jason was right. As soon as they got going, he wouldn't be able to control himself. Not any longer.

"You're doing great," Dexter murmured in Travis's ear. He'd apparently recovered the ability to speak again. Curled against Travis, he rubbed the spot

he'd bitten earlier. Travis had new respect for him; he'd been able to manage so well both fucking Travis and taking this monster cock up his ass.

Travis whimpered and turned his head, seeking Dexter's lips, kissing him. Jason continued to slowly stroke his cock as he let Travis adjust to him, sinking in another inch as a tremor went through Travis. Travis moaned into Dexter's mouth. The painful part was past. He'd never been so full before.

"There you go," Jason sighed, as the ring of muscle finally relaxed and he sank home. He leaned forward, and it became a tangle of mouths again. Travis alternated from kissing Dexter to Jason, just grateful to be there, to have discovered this whole new experience. Would they want to keep him around after? He hoped so.

"Hold his hands," Jason ordered Dexter, and as soon as Dexter had a hold of Travis's wrists, Jason began moving, gently at first. Travis's body welcomed him, eager for more.

"Please fuck me," Travis moaned, beyond any care, at this point, for what he was saying or how wantonly he was acting. Dexter continued to drop light kisses across his face, throat, and chest, as Jason began to move more, pulling out halfway and thrusting in deep, sending the most incredible vibrations through him.

Jason growled at him, pulling out further, "Yes..." He slammed home. Travis cried out but nodded, encouraging him. "That's it. Take it," Jason hissed, and he started really fucking him, hips pumping, cock spearing Travis with every thrust.

"Yes!" Travis cried out, throwing his head back, drawing his knees in further, and opening himself as much as possible up for Jason. He wanted this to go on forever, but he knew it wouldn't last, couldn't last. He was so close already.

Jason grabbed Travis's legs so that he could ride him, cock pounding away at Travis's well-stretched hole. He burned, both inside and out, but he loved it. They were making all kinds of noises now, rocking the entire bed. When Dexter's hand wrapped around Travis's cock, it was just one more pleasure in a steadily mounting crest. Travis cried out, feeling something deep inside clamoring to break free.

"C-coming!" Travis wailed, and then he couldn't speak, couldn't even think as white-hot pleasure devastated him. All he could feel was Jason, filling him completely, covering him. Dimly, he heard Jason give a shout and felt an extra

hard thrust; then the man stiffened, almost crushing him in an embrace as he came.

Travis lost track of things for a bit, riding wave after wave, shuddering with the intensity of his orgasm. When he did start to notice things again, he found Jason was still on top but had shifted enough to let him breathe. They were sticky with Travis's seed, but Jason didn't seem to care. Dexter lay beside them, curled up contentedly. It was a welcome moment of peace.

Until of course, Dexter had to open his mouth again. "So do we get to keep him?"

Jason chuckled, his chest rumbling against Travis. Carefully he withdrew, rolling to the other side. Travis couldn't do much more than lay there. Truthfully, it took all his concentration just to put words together; his body felt like a rag doll, limp and worn out.

After a moment, Jason replied, "I think we might have broken him." He rubbed Travis's shoulder. "You all right there? Need water?"

Dexter added "Shower? Tylenol? A full night's rest?" He stretched, joints popping. "God, that was great. I so needed that."

Travis couldn't hold back his laughter. The two of them together were hysterical. "I'm okay. Just... whew. Water would be good." He nodded. "Sleep too." He had classes tomorrow. He'd worry about them tomorrow.

Dexter poked his side even as Jason rose to fetch a water bottle. "You didn't answer my question." He chuckled. "At least we got you to finally relax."

Startled, Travis thought about earlier, how nervous he'd been about the shoot, and how Dexter had worked to relax him—and turn him on. "This was all a set up," he said, feeling stupid. He wasn't avoiding Dexter's question, exactly. And he'd loved everything they'd done. He just needed time to think about the future. "Couldn't you have just given me the truth? I mean, maybe not before the whole raid, but..." They had told him, he reminded himself. Before things had gone too far, they had revealed who they were, and what they wanted. Part of him wanted to be angry that they'd done searches on him, that they'd known his closest fantasies and banked on them. Then again, cops did that. They always pulled up people's files. Just not their fantasies.

Jason returned with a cool water bottle that he offered to Travis, settling in next to him again. "Hey now. You're tensing up again. Yes, you were set up." He nuzzled Travis's ear. "Hopefully, in a good way. The timing was terrible, but the opportunity was too good to let it slip by."

Dexter added, “We’ve been looking for a third for a long time. As you saw, I like pain, but I also like giving orders. If you want, tonight’s it... You’ve had your fantasy fulfilled.” He looked at Travis with a calm intensity that made Travis wonder about the man behind the chatty mouth and the bravado “If you’d like to explore more, however, I know that I, for one, would like that.”

“Me, too,” Jason said with a smile. Travis looked from one to the other, his heart beating faster. This time it wasn’t because they were sexy as hell. They were—but it wasn’t lust pulling him now. It was curiosity of another kind. Could they actually fit together as a threesome?

He thought, just maybe, they could.

Travis took a long drink from his water bottle. He’d almost made a mistake today that could have risked him his life, trusting the wrong kind of guy. So he’d take it slowly. He wasn’t letting something like this pass by without at least a fair try. Looking into Dexter’s and Jason’s dark eyes, the fluttering in his stomach became a full torrent of butterflies. This was crazy. But it felt right.

“Sign me up,” Travis said, blushing.

Dexter and Jason drew him in for more shared kisses.

The End

Author Bio

J.T. Hall has been writing for many years; her short stories have appeared in anthologies and magazines. She earned her BA in English and an MA in Education and works as a technical writer in healthcare. On her time off, J.T. volunteers for LGBT causes and is also active in the local kink scene. You can find more of J.T.'s short fiction and novellas at Amazon and other online retailers. Look for her first full-length gay romance novel coming out in 2016!

Contact & Media Info

[Email](#) | [Blog](#) | [Twitter](#) | [Facebook](#)