

CLAIRE DAVIS

**The Laws
Of
Physics**



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Love's Landscapes

An M/M Romance series

THE LAWS OF PHYSICS

By Claire Davis

Introduction

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

What Is Love's Landscapes?

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's Landscapes*.

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.

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.

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Photo Description

There are two men in a playroom. The first man—Master—sits naked and erect with his legs spread. He is a vision of physical perfection and male beauty. He holds a riding crop and nonchalantly watches his pet. The other man—Puppy—is on all fours wearing a leash, muzzle, and chains. He has a tail butt plug and is facing Master, with his head down in a submissive pose.

On the floor around them are many mouse traps which have been positioned in a game. Puppy must get past them safely, without making them snap, in order to get to his Master's bone.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

A Master sits with his back against the wall with a waiting "bone" for his pet. However his pet must make his way across the floor covered in mouse traps without getting caught in order to get his bone. They've been here for hours playing this game. It's been a slow go and the Master's pet has been unsuccessful in his first two attempts. What lead up to this wicked game? Is the third time the charm? Does puppy get his bone and a reward at the end? Please say yes! He's tried to be a good boy.

Sincerely,

JennM

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: sex industry, fetish/toys, hurt/comfort, humorous, age gap, first time, geeks, social anxiety, water sports, off-page assault

Word Count: 20,305

Dedication

“The owl and the pussy cat went to sea in a beautiful pea green boat...” Edward Lear

This story is dedicated to my elegant fowl, for twenty years of floating on that ocean...

A special thank you to V.W.Singer for creating such a perfect front cover.

THE LAWS OF PHYSICS

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He can't move. He forces himself to be still and concentrate, but all he can hear is his frantic heartbeat and sobbing, ragged breathing. He tentatively moves his head to see a little. It's still dark, but at least the hood's been removed. He peers into the gloom, willing his eyes to see through the inky depths. A dull throb, and he is suddenly aware of his ankles... they rub and hurt... he tries to shift them, but they're held too tightly to the chair. Once he starts stirring, he aches all over. He wiggles his fingers about, trying to slip through the restraints, but just can't get a grip. He can't move. His wrists are held firmly behind him, leaving him exposed and open. He can't move! The panic starts to build again, a galloping thunderous rush through his veins.

"Wolf! WOLF? Can you hear me? I, I don't think this can be right—you've made a mistake. Please, please Mr Wolf, please? Can you just let me go now?"

"Wolf." He can't work out what happened—can't process it. He can smell bleach. He tries to grasp at one thing. A vision appears—the scarf, yellow swirls and silk. "Is this a joke to get me back for the scarf? I'm sorry, okay? I'll never steal anything ever again—Jesus!" He notices a camera on the wall—aimed right at him? "Are you filming this? Sick bastard!" He wonders how he could have been such a naive idiot. *Stupid!*

His eyes flit round the room again rapidly but can see no obvious means of escape. It's just a small room—like a cell. He can't see a door or a window and thinks of a coffin. He mutters, and swears, and shifts uncomfortably. He's not in pain, but he's naked for God's sake—in front of a camera! He looks imploringly at it. "Hey! Hey you! Can you hear me? Call the police! I've been kidnapped!" There's no response.

As his initial shock fades, the terror, upset, and outrage explode from him. "You fucking monsters—let me out now, or I'll get the police! My friend knows I'm here. He'll call them when I don't text! You'll be done for assault, kidnap, and abuse. Wolf? WOLF! You big, fucking, brainless idiot. LET ME OUT!" But there's a part of him that knows it's his own fault. That he came here more than willingly and signed all the papers. He yanks angrily at the

restraints, hoping to cause himself damage. *Fucking. Stupid. Bastard. What. Did. You. Think. You. Were. DOING?* The anger and spit erupt from his mouth, and for a minute, he mindlessly shakes and wrenches his arms and legs.

The pain in his wrists forces him to calm down. He shuts his eyes so he can concentrate and focus. He must be missing something! What did the paperwork say? *Think! Think! Idiot!* He can't remember—didn't bother to read it, just signed it with a flourish and posted it. *What did they say at the interview?* He doesn't know—too many thoughts and fears all crowding his brain. The stress seizes his brain—his thoughts and senses run together, and it's a noisy riot in there. His only clear thought is that he smells terrible—sharp like vinegar. He whimpers.

Behind him a door crashes open, making him jerk and jump like he's woken suddenly from a nightmare. "Finally!" He tries to turn, but there's a screen, so he can't see. "Oh, thank God! Please, please help me, my legs and arms are tied down, and I can't get free. Can you help me? It really hurts, and I need the toilet." Then, quieter, "Hello?"

"You'll speak when asked and only then. You'll serve us in any way we want. You're a nobody. A thing. From now on, you are the *It*. What are you?" In the silence of the cell, the voice echoes. Freddy says nothing. He screws his eyes up really tightly so he sees stars, feeling the tears slipping down his cheeks.

"Shy? Aw, don't worry—you soon won't be! Can't wait to find out what those lovely lush lips can do!" The man jumps round the screen, grabs Freddy's head in both hands and kisses him. He pouts into the camera and licks his lips. "See you soon, pretty boy!" Then disappears back through the door with "boy" whispering into nothing.

Freddy is completely shocked.

He is literally unable to move. The ringing in his ears turns to roaring, rushing water, and he's aware of the sticky residue of the kiss on his lips—moist and fruity lip balm. His breathing and pulse explode into action, and he screams and screams. It sounds like car tyres, kettles shrieking, and nuclear war. He shakes the chair hysterically, rocking it forward. In his haste, it topples over, and he bangs his head on the floor as he goes down. The door opens behind him, and he feels the wet warmth of urine running down his leg.

One Month Before

Freddy was bored and restless. He undressed sulkily in front of his hall mirror and scrutinised himself. He was pale and slim with dark wavy hair and lots of freckles all over his face and arms. His mum always said he looked like a pixie from down the garden, with his heart-shaped face and dimples, but this just wasn't the sexy look he yearned for! He was completely smooth where he'd shaved last night except for a small bush around his cock, but he might get rid of that later. He looked younger than his twenty-two years and slightly awkward and gangly. He thought about how he could make himself look more desirable—then wondered if anyone else would ever get to see him naked, anyway.

To cheer himself up, he slid on his black leather driving gloves and hefty walking boots. He posed for the mirror—pouting, hand on hip, shaking his arse. *Idiot!* The contrast between velvety-black leather and his white porcelain body was striking though, and he ran his hands over his sides, chest, and nipples. The leather felt much more sensual than his hands—cool, smooth and arousing.

Curiously, he stroked his gloved hands over his thighs and balls. That was very nice! He imagined it was someone else's hands, someone strong and powerful and, yes—definitely male. Freddy got down on his knees and looked back at himself in the mirror. He couldn't stop staring at his arse, twinkling back at him almost cheekily! Freddy sucked on his gloved fingers then tickled his hole teasingly, nudged his thumb in, and cupped his balls with the other. It felt dirty and a bit deranged—so good! He grunted and moaned a bit as he watched his reflection and thought of his favourite porn star. He was flushed and glazed, with his lips parted, his hips slowly rocking. "Oh, yeah, bitch, Daddy wants to hear it," he murmured. Unable to wait any longer, he fisted his cock fast until he shouted and came all over his hall floor. He sat there for a bit, leaning against the wall with his knees up, staring in the mirror, wishing there was some sultry guy staring back at him.

He pondered again if real men existed, like on the porn sites. Collars, plugs and being bound were his obsessions. He'd always wondered what it would be like to go with a man. More than wondered! He fantasised constantly about being fucked by a man, owned, possessed, perhaps held down while being sworn and spat at. Freddy got through an embarrassing number of books about humiliation and slaves then looked for relevant bits on the Internet. He spent hours every day dreaming about kissing—rubbing his face against bristle and running his tongue over teeth and lips. The men in his fantasies were strong and

surlily with big powerful hands. Men in charge, who gave orders and demanded subservience... Masters and Daddies.

He was driving home from work yesterday and saw two men urgently kissing at a bus stop, hands in hair and on hips and cupped round muscular necks. It was this vision that sent him spiralling into such a boil of lust and rage. They looked so hot and so beautiful—desperate and oblivious to anything else—he couldn't drag his eyes away. *Oh, why can't that be me? Why not?* He slammed his foot down straight through a red light and almost crashed. *Stupid!* He'd probably get points on his licence for that. *Idiot!*

His doctor told him he probably had social anxiety disorder. All Freddy knew was that he just didn't click with people and never had. When he was younger, he was convinced (as were the other kids) that he was from another planet. His mum always said his brain was just wired differently—that was all. He yearned, ached to connect with people (men), but all he did was irritate them. He recently overheard a colleague describe him as quirky! He went to work with his head down, came back and read books about the universe, physics, and sexual attraction. He was currently reading about the mating habits of peacocks, and wondered if he could apply this learning to his own search for a boyfriend... and that was about the paltry sum of his life. He sighed morosely, thoroughly sick of himself, and thought that the trouble with him was that he was just so mediocre. No distinguishing features. Run-of-the-bloody-mill Freddy.

So he went "shopping". He did this maybe three times a month, more if he felt particularly empty. This week, Freddy had been twice already! He was usually furtive and cautious, but the last few times he felt frantic, even desperate. Truthfully, he hadn't even enjoyed himself. Today, he set off determined to stop this deep nagging ache from taking root and festering forever.

His favourite shops were the ones with expensive luxury items. There seemed very little point bothering with cheap rubbish which only made him feel worse. "I deserve the very best the shops have to offer!" He was accosted by a very interesting-looking DVD about rock formation, a sparkly watch just hanging there begging for it, and finally—his best find of the month—figure-hugging, silk underwear. "Lovely! My boys will feel very special nestled in those. Come to papa!" he trilled. For the few moments where he made his decisions and choices, he was almost woodenly fulfilled. Sometimes, he even pretended he was choosing things for a loving boyfriend, waiting for him at home.

He left the precinct both nauseous and exhilarated, wondering if anyone would stop him. But no, as always, he got to the car with his “purchases”. He usually felt euphoric for at least a few hours but not this day. He got home, stared at the bags for a minute and noticed how quiet the flat was—just the hum of the fridge for company. No one to talk to except himself. He felt flat, and blank, and stretched out. He could see that, tonight, silky underwear would really not be enough.

Two bottles of wine later, Freddy was smashed, wasted, trashed. He strutted to all his favourite songs in his new underwear and felt fantastic, for a little while. At some stage, he went through his work numbers and sent a few messages, adding kisses and silly faces. “Ha! You’ll like this one, Tom!” He forgot that, except for conversations about targets and deadlines, he’d never actually spoken to any of his colleagues—he was far too shy. Eventually though, he ended up on the Internet, gazing at porn with wonder and admiration. There were so many lovely men! He saw the advert almost straight away. “*Huge Brother* Launch! Cast members still needed! Give it a try—what have you got to lose?” What indeed! He didn’t read it fully but filled in his details and pressed *Send*.

After vomiting spectacularly, he staggered off to bed and practised kissing his own arm a bit and humping the mattress. He pretended it was his hunky master with the leather gloves, but he was too drunk—his heart just wasn’t in it. He cried a bit, and then finally floated off to sleep, murmuring to himself that this just could not fucking go on.

The next day at work, Freddy was in shit. Deep shit. He was shouted in to the director’s office at nine-thirty to explain the drunken texts of the night before. Amongst others, the words “Big Hairy Cock” and “Ride me hard” had been sent to five members of staff, all male. Freddy felt all his energy drain away and could not think of an excuse or an explanation. “Sorry,” he threw in lamely, and felt his eyes welling up and his hands beginning to shake. He couldn’t even find the strength to lie or plead stress, but there must have been something in his face because the director sent him home and told him not to come back for a week. He wasn’t exactly kind, but he peered from under his brows and said to sort himself out—this just wasn’t like him! Freddy agreed, with a shrug and pained smile.

Freddy went shopping on the way home, knowing he was building up to a crisis. The lights seemed too bright, and he was sure everyone was looking at him. He stumbled about in a daze and wondered if perhaps he should have just

gone home. He wandered round in circles for a while, unable to decide or escape. Finally, he desultorily chose a bright, floaty thing and was making his way to the doors when a firm hand on his shoulder stopped him. "Excuse me, sir. Come with us." As he was led off by two huge security guards, he couldn't help thinking in a bleary, horrified sort of way that this was the stuff of his fantasies.

They took Freddy to their office and showed him the recording—shoving that scarf into his pocket and heading for the doors. He tried very hard not to actually cry, and he knew his hands were shaking. They glared at him, asked for details of work and finally why he did it. They said they might contact his work, and he felt the icy sliding of shame rolling down his back. He didn't even know what to say to their questions. There were no sane answers—only that stealing from shops somehow got him through the month. No way could he tell them that! He was looked up on a system—no previous convictions—given a warning and sent off. As he left, one of the guards stared at him with piercing blue eyes and said, "You're a disgrace, sir"—then winked! Freddy hung his head and felt his face burning. He slunk off to his car as desperate and low as he had ever been. He drove home without noticing the route he took, or the world going on around him.

When he got home, he cried. Not the pretty crying of films and books, but horrible gasping sobs and snot and red eyes, with his knees drawn up and his hands clutching his hair. His face felt puffy, and his eyes hurt from the explosion. He went round his flat, bleakly collecting up all the ridiculous items he had stolen, put them in black bags and left them outside with the bins. He was shocked to fill six bags. "Six!" He wondered what the fuck his mother would say if she knew. The pure awfulness of it all overwhelmed him as he replayed it again and again. "Why did you do it, sir?"

"Because I'm a pathetic weird loser who collects china dogs and likes to sticks things up his arse," he said. The thought of actually saying this to his mum or those security guards set him off, and he laughed hysterically. He finally blew his nose, sat curled up for a while on his sofa staring into space, then checked his e-mail. There was the usual crap, but one he didn't recognise. It was an invitation from The Black Matrix for an interview. "Who the fuck's The Black Matrix? Interview?" He looked them up on the Internet and found them immediately. "Holy shit!" Beautiful men wearing various bits of leather glowered across the sofa at him, and he stared back, mesmerised. His eyes feasted on arses and cocks, swaying balls and nipple rings. "Interview for what?" he said feverishly, but it didn't specify.

He had a nebulous memory of a form online from when he was pissed. He thought that he may have signed up for a web cam, or to be a member. God, just the thought of being around all those muscles and hairy thighs pretty much sounded like a trip to heaven. Freddy didn't know anything about porn studios, but he decided that whatever the interview was for—signing up, making the tea, cleaning the jocks (with his tongue!)—"Fuck it!"—He'd do it. He was off work anyway—perhaps this was fate giving direction—taking charge of his destiny and giving him the kick up the arse he needed.

Next morning, Freddy was up at four a.m. He'd gone for it and shaved his bush—and every other errant hair he came across. He was enchanted by the result and spent the rest of the night stroking his cock and thinking about *The Black Matrix*. He was completely exhausted but hyperaware (too much coffee). He wasn't quite himself, but maybe that was a good thing—after all, himself was someone he was heartily sick of. He went through his wardrobe and finally decided on black T-shirt and jeans. On a last minute whim, he went commando!

He arrived at the place but felt cheated that it all seemed so tasteful, and most of the people were women in pastel-coloured jumpers. Eventually, the receptionist announced grandly that Wolf would see him now. "Wolf?" He sniggered nervously as he went in but stopped dead at the man sprawled in the opposite chair. Big, blonde and scowling. His nerves faded as he was engulfed by pure animal lust. This man was simply gorgeous, a vision of perfection. Freddy knew he was staring. The guy's hands were behind his head and his legs—oh, those thighs!—were stretched out in front of him, relaxed and shapely. Freddy's gaze finally slid up past the moulded jeans to that tantalising peep of taut stomach, and he was just physically unable to look away. His T-shirt was tight, as if painted on over those defined graceful muscles and insolent jutting nipples. The man made an impatient growl and Freddy blinked, tore his eyes away, and looked up. He was met by icy blue eyes and a handsome face with velvet pink lips, and the kind of stare that could either start or finish a war.

He was also the security guard who'd called him a disgrace, and he did not look impressed or pleased to see Freddy. Not at all. He raised one eyebrow and pointed at the empty chair. Freddy thought wildly that he could command whole armies from that sweeping eyebrow. Perhaps Mr Wolf wouldn't remember him; after all, he must see so many shoplifters and muggers—there was nothing special about him!

“Well if it isn't our scarf stealer. Danny wasn't it?”

Freddy closed his eyes momentarily at his voice. He sounded like an actor from an old black and white film—a heady mix of American and English. He could listen to it all day! It had some quality that made him ache to obey and to please.

“Er, um, no, it's Freddy, how do you do? Look, that was all a mistake! Do you think we can just forget it and start again? I don't usually do that sort of thing. It was a sort of mix up actually and...”

“Sure, Johnny, sure. Tell me a bit about yourself then. It says here you're interested in our week experience venture or working on *Huge Brother*? Hmm?”

“Weak experiences?” Freddy had a vision of himself being too weak to move, and Wolf tying him up and taking charge of his body. He had a vivid hallucination of himself naked at Wolf's feet, being fed by hand, and drinking from a bowl on the floor. He imagined himself with everything stripped away—a personal slave with no rights or opinions. He would exist simply to serve. Freddy drew breath, licked his lips, and stared at the man in front of him. He was aware that he made a small noise at the back of his throat.

He guessed that The Black Matrix must be a “pay for kinky gay” type service. He'd seen that kind of thing on Internet porn sites—men dressed in nappies being spanked, slaves, daddies, and even college boyfriends. Truthfully, he didn't even care if it was legal. He was completely bewitched by the very idea of being around men such as this. Surely, he'd get the chance here to explore his hidden urges, and maybe make a few friends—men who wanted the same things he did...? He shifted, adjusted his jeans, and realised that Wolf had stopped talking and was glaring at him with raised eyebrows.

“Sorry Mr Wolf, pardon?”

“Just Wolf. So, here's the paperwork—lots of signatures required, health and safety, that sort of thing. Why don't you have a read through it and get back to me?”

The lovely Mr Wolf started pushing paper at Freddy and moving as if it was over. Over? “Yeah, that's fine. I'll just sign now shall I? Can we start today? Now?” Wolf stared at him as if he wanted to eviscerate him. His eyes narrowed, and he made a grimace, and drew in a deep breath which lifted his shoulders, but even that was unbelievably handsome and only served to make Freddy's trousers even more uncomfortable.

“No! You have to read the stuff and think carefully about whether or not this is for you. I’m assuming you went through it all on our website when you filled in the form. If you’re successful, once you sign, it’s legally binding. I have to be certain, though, that you understand it all, because it’s my job to. I also have to make sure I get the right guy. Now tell me about yourself like I asked.”

So Freddy did. He wasn’t usually one for deep confessions—but he found himself gabbling on about his sorry life. He told Wolf about the shoplifting and his mother, even his father’s suicide. Looking deep into Wolf’s striking eyes, he heard himself owning up to being unfulfilled and lonely, never having had a proper relationship and his yearnings towards men, particularly strong and bossy men. His eyes filled up a bit when he confessed to feeling an outsider—just that bit different from everyone else. He thought that he saw understanding and sympathy in those deep blue eyes, and felt that this would be the start of something special. Wolf would take charge and personalise a service just for him! He was all but ready to climb into that amazing-looking lap, “Yeah. I actually meant your work experience. Which studios have you worked at—I don’t recognise you? You have done this before haven’t you?”

Freddy was mortified beyond words. “I, yes, I have indeed, oh yes, I’m experienced, and willing, and I’ve worked all over and done everything and everyone.” He winced, grabbed the papers and fled back to reception without looking back. He knew he’d fucked that one up! *Idiot!* The woman there looked at him, startled, and said, “How did you get on with White Fang?” and handed him a cup of tea and a pen.

When the kid first walked in, Wolf nearly told him to fuck off right back out the door—cheeky little bastard! He was pretty sure this was a wind-up by Mitch—his mate from the security firm. Mitch knew all about The Black Matrix and Wolf’s new role, so it wasn’t inconceivable that he’d somehow bribed this wanker to come here and piss Wolf off.

“Hmm.” He didn’t throw him out, though, because Freddy just didn’t look like some arse-wipe here to cause trouble. When Wolf had interviewed Freddy yesterday about the shoplifting, he nearly snorted at that bloody scarf—all arty swirls and stupid tassels. Only Mitch’s presence stopped him. Wolf had not missed the way that Freddy stared at his chest and legs, even while he was being interviewed. If he’d been on his own, he would have let Freddy go with a smack to that pert little arse and his phone number in his pocket.

Wolf knew people the way that some men knew cars, and he was very rarely wrong. Once Freddy had started gabbing on about his father topping himself and his need for guidance, he knew that this was his man. Freddy was slightly over the top, obviously—no one was that daft—but that would work on screen.

He had now interviewed over a hundred young guys for the launch but hadn't yet cast the kidnap victim. The first thing he'd thought when he saw Freddy shoplifting yesterday, was how striking and unusual he looked, a sort of other-worldly elf with sex appeal. He was cute and graceful, almost furtive. When he'd seen him flitting through the aisles, it made him think of a deer in a forest. Very different from his other porn star cast members. He knew his viewers would love him.

He gave Freddy ten minutes, then called through to Gail to send him back in. He suppressed a smile when he noticed that Freddy had just about bitten through his lip and had stuck the pen behind his ear. His eyebrows were raised, and his dark, shy eyes peered out from that cheeky face. He was adorable!

“Okay, so have you had a flick through everything? Hmm? Okay, I'm going to take a chance and offer you a contract! Obviously this is all new, and you'll be in it from the beginning so you can shape things to some extent, though a lot depends on the viewers. Do you want to go home and think about it, or are you happy to sign now? I wouldn't usually take you on so quick, but to be honest we're ready to start with *Huge Brother*. If you don't work out, nothing's lost, is it?” The kid stared at him a bit with those huge dark eyes like he was confused or struggling with the language, and Wolf paused a minute. People had told him before, many times, that his stare is terrifying. Some of the younger guys called him “Mother-fucking Alpha”, but not to his face. He took a breath and tried again. He smiled his best porn star dazzler, went through the contract all again—pointing out the small print and details. “Is that clear? D'you need me to go through anything else? No? Okay, so I'll get Gail to send you a copy with details of a start date. Bring enough stuff for a couple of weeks.” And Wolf held out his hand for the kid to shake. The kid grasped it with both hands and just held on like he was being rescued from the ocean.

Wolf patted his hands, raised his brows and drew back. “Hmm.” He gave the boy his warmest smile again and tried a different approach. “What you into Fred—you like football?” Freddy shook his head. “No. Xbox?” Freddy looked completely lost. “No.” Wolf could write on a postage stamp what he knew about young guys this age. “Cars? No. Hmm. Well, don't worry! We get lots of

types here; you'll fit in just fine! Give me a call if there's anything you need clearing up. See you next month!" He put a hand on the kid's shoulder, squeezed it, and led him back out to Gail. As he walked away, the kid looked back at him with a look he couldn't really define. There was something about Freddy that confused him, but he wasn't sure what it was. He decided to do a bit of research, see what he could find out.

The Present

Almost a month, and a shitload of work later, the day arrives for the launch of *Huge Brother*! Wolf feels brutal and raw and scowls and snarls at everyone. His new Swedish furniture hasn't turned up, and the "living space" looks sparse and uninviting. Not good for the viewers—they want cool and stylish to reassure them that The Black Matrix's porn equivalent to *Big Brother* is elegant and sexy. He wants fun, yet moving, not seedy and cheap. He stresses, worrying that it will be a disaster, and he'll have let Tyler down. Wolf never accepts less than perfect from himself or anyone else. He knows he can be moody, but today he is just too anxious to care. So when Freddy arrives, he barely glances at him—too busy issuing curt commands down the phone, and sending out light sabre glares to anyone stupid enough to get too near him.

He'd done a bit of research, and his suspicions were confirmed—Freddy's not known at any of the well-known porn studios. He doesn't mind someone new to the industry—but there's something about Freddy that doesn't add up, and he's learnt over many years of porn and life experiences to rely on his instincts. He's a stickler for rules and regulations, and he doesn't take chances. He meant to have a quick word with Freddy when he arrives, make sure he's clear on everything, but his mind is on other things, and it gets overlooked. Gail dutifully sent out all the legal documents and even a little letter inviting Freddy to call with any concerns or questions. Freddy's signatures came back but nothing else. Interesting though, Wolf noticed that at the bottom of the last legal documents Freddy had written a line asking for the bill! The bill?

He perches in the recording room where he can see all the rooms with cameras. "Come on! Come on!" He's eager to stick to the announced launch time, and he hopes Tim's prepared the cast. He notices Freddy waiting patiently and hopes Tim looks after him a bit. Freddy looks cute sitting there naked except for the towel with his hands clasped in front of him—oh yes, no doubt he'll be a huge hit with the viewers. Their highest ratings are always for the young, sweet lookers with big puppy-dog eyes.

He's terrified about *Huge Brother*. His boss and best friend, Tyler, talked him into it, and they both came up with the money to fund it—all Wolf's savings. They even got superstar, Jake Bass, over for the launch! If it's a flop, then he'll have to go back in front of the cameras himself. He hasn't made anything new for two years—got so sick of having to play the bad old daddy forcing the young flesh into sex and debauchery. Twenty years being the gay porn badass is enough for him. He's left his security guard job, so he can manage this project full time. It's a huge gamble. He watches everyone assemble and feels sick with nerves.

The cast wait for the signal to begin. The red light flashes, and Wolf holds his breath, waiting for the first scene...

Freddy follows his instructions and gets back in the shower. Wolf watches as the other cast members approach, shouting, and holding pretend guns. They fling a hood over his head and restrain him to carry him off. They take him to the cell and attach him to a chair, naked. Freddy does exactly as Wolf hoped—shouts and screams, thrashes his perfect body about and looks completely realistic, also extremely hot. Tyler is blown away by the whole scene and congratulates everyone. "Brilliant, guys! Outstanding start! Keep it up!" The cameras move around the "house" introducing the cast, then return to Freddy and the cell.

"Bloody hell, he's good!" Wolf murmurs to his crew, noting the way that Freddy reacts when Jake goes back in and kisses him. "Amazing! A complete natural! All that begging and crying—how's he do that?" Wolf's no good at pretending or lying—what you see is what you get—but he's full of admiration for this young unknown and wonders again if he's been to acting class. His crew reports that viewing figures are absolutely through the roof! They all cheer and shake hands. It's only when Freddy pisses and knocks the chair over that he wonders if everything is okay—pretty hard core for a newbie—so he asks Tim to contact Freddy via the microphone he's wearing.

"What microphone? You never said put a microphone on him!" and Wolf stomps down himself to check. The crew turn the cameras elsewhere while he goes into the cell they put Freddy in.

"You were bloody fantastic Freddy—spot on! You okay?" and Wolf is horrified by the noise that comes from Freddy—a long wail of anguish and fear. "Hang on mate, hang on, let's get you out of these. It's okay, it's okay. Calm down. You're all right. You claustrophobic?" Freddy is completely white and

looks awful, wrung out and pinched. He's unable to talk coherently, and as Wolf takes off the restraints, he slips about on the floor in his own piss.

"They, they dragged me!" he sobs, waving madly with his hands.

"Oh, fucking hell, come here. It's all right, oh you poor, poor guy," and Wolf gets straight down there with him in the piss and pulls him into his arms. Some instinct takes over, as he strokes his hair and talks softly, as if to a frightened animal—telling Freddy that it was all just acting, setting up the first scene for *Huge Brother*.

"Didn't you read that stuff I sent you? It explained all this—your part is to play a kidnapped victim brought into the house to serve the others. Everyone knows it's just acting, but the viewers love a bit of resistance. Like straight men pretending to shag for money. You seen them sites?" and Freddy nods weakly, listening now that he was back with Wolf. "Well, it's the same sort of thing—a reality porn show house where we've put in some pretend bits that the viewers voted for. I thought you knew! You've got four parts—the kidnap victim, boy slave, and naked gardener scenes and one they haven't voted on yet. In between, you get to hang about and earn a fortune. What did you think the job was for?" Freddy shakes his head; he looks terrible and is shivering. "Come on, let's get you out of here into some clothes," and Wolf takes off his jumper and wraps Freddy up in it then helps him up. He carries him back to his room and wraps him up in bed.

"Bloody hell—what did you think we were going to do?"

"I, I don't know. I thought you were thugs or rapists, I don't know. Just so fucking scared," and he looks up with big, tragic eyes full of tears, and Wolf sees just how much he's fucked up. He and Tyler have seen their fair share of devastation in this business—lost friends to drugs and drink, AIDS and even anorexia—but he's never seen anyone so utterly terrified.

"Oh, bollocks, I'm so sorry. I'm sorry! I should have caught you this morning before we started. I'm such a stupid, big bastard sometimes. I was so stressed, trying to get it all started on time." He stares at Freddy's white face. Freddy just leans his head on Wolf's chest, and Wolf hugs him, full of remorse.

"Do you want me to take you home?" he whispers some time later, into Freddy's hair. "I'll compensate you for this, obviously; we're not really a bunch of amateurs, though it must look that way to you. You okay?" Wolf peers into Freddy's eyes. "What did you think the job was for?" And Freddy tells him.

Wolf can't help but laugh a bit, though he's appalled that this has happened—that he allowed it to happen in this studio. “Tyler will kill me!” he murmurs. Over the years, Wolf's done numerous campaigns for the porn industry to have proper health and safety regulations. Thanks to him, The Black Matrix has doctors, lawyers, even a dietician visiting. He thinks, with sinking horror, that he didn't even show this poor kid the fire escapes, never mind give him a welcome pack.

“Personal services, huh? You mean kink? A nappy? Hmm.” Wolf has seen a lot of kink, and there isn't much he hasn't done. “That your thing then?”

“Don't know, never done it. Just, when I got your e-mail, I thought, oh why the fuck not? If I was paying, no one would be able to laugh at me.”

He's so indignant on Freddy's behalf that he pulls him closer. “Who would laugh at a gorgeous young guy like you? Hmm? No one!” and then, after a bit, “You got no boyfriend, honey?”

“Nah, never had one. I'm not really boyfriend material. Had a girlfriend once, but that didn't work out. Obvious reasons.” He snorts.

Wolf lifts his eyebrows at him and nods slowly. “Yeah, wanting to be a sex slave and shit in a nappy will do that to a woman. Not that I'd know!” he says, and they snort together—and he can't help cuddling Freddy closer. The poor kid's calmed down now but clings on and burrows in. This is a new experience for Wolf—touching without sex. He tries unsuccessfully to recall the last time he just held a man. He remembers Freddy telling him his life story at the interview and realises unhappily that it was all true. He rubs his chin softly against Freddy's head and wonders how he can make this right.

“Want me to take you home, sweetheart?” he says, and Freddy's eyes grow larger and shinier. He's not sending him off alone in a taxi—he looks so beat up. “Yeah, that'd be great. Thanks. What will you do for the slave boy and naked gardener scene? They both sound epic, by the way.”

“Ah, don't worry, I'll just go through the list of hopefuls I interviewed before you and pick one. The viewers never really saw your face clearly. Beat over a hundred other candidates, you did.”

“Really? Me?” and Wolf is just torn apart all over again by Freddy's disbelief.

“Of course, you did! You've got a lovely body, Fred, and a face to die for.” Then Wolf wonders if this is what a man outside the porn industry even wants

to hear. He doesn't know and can't remember a time when he wasn't obsessed by body fat and arse tone. "I mean, you can tell you're a really lovely guy. Genuine! Now come on, get dressed, and I'll whiz you home, and you can pretend this was just a bad dream. Hmm? Don't worry, I'll wait for you outside in case them killer porn stars gang up on you again." Freddy smiles a bit at this, and Wolf feels tingling warmth slide all over him. Before they go, Wolf insists on taking Freddy round, showing him the set up. He introduces him to the cast, and they all apologise profusely for the horrible mistake. "Shit! No way! Sorry dude." Freddy is awestruck by Jake Bass, and Wolf has to guide him away by the hand.

Wolf sets off and works hard to get Freddy talking. For some reason, it's important that Freddy sees how sorry he is. It takes a while, but Freddy does seem to relax a bit. "So did you kill one then? A wolf?" He barks out a laugh and squeezes Freddy's leg. "Nah, it's actually short for Wolfgang—my mother was German. Did me no favours when I was a kid, but it works for porn, hmm?" Freddy agrees that it does. Wolf tells him a bit about his life of porn and doesn't miss how enthralled Freddy is. Freddy also tells him about the set of catastrophes that led up to today and tries to turn it all into a great joke. Shoplifting and suspension from work! Wolf shakes his head at him, appalled, and Freddy stops, hangs his head and goes quiet.

They finally stop, and Freddy seems to crumple, his shoulders hunching inwards. He looks so deflated and sad, that Wolf feels terrible. "Look, I feel truly awful about all this. Honestly, I don't know how it happened. I'm going to review all our procedures tomorrow and make sure it never happens again." Freddy just smiles at him sadly and gets out, wrapping his arms around his chest and stamping his feet from the cold. It's obvious that Freddy's used to being let down and disappointed. "We'll pay you, for today and for the week. No, in fact for the entire two weeks, to make up for our mistake. I really cannot say how sorry I am. Is there anything else I can do to put it right? I feel incredibly shitty about it. I really do."

"Nah, it's okay, I should have read the bloody paperwork, and let that be a lesson not to go filling in things on the Internet after two bottles of wine. I'm okay now, honestly. You better get back to *Huge Brother*, hadn't you? Thanks for driving me home."

It's this resignation that really gets to Wolf. He'd feel better if Freddy shouted at him and threatened him with court. He knows that he's very lucky not to have a lawsuit on his hands and doesn't even want to think about what

would have happened if he hadn't been there—Tim wouldn't have gone in to check, dozy bastard. The scandal and cost probably would've finished them off. He can't think of anything to say though, and he really has to get back. He takes Freddy's suitcase out and carries it up. "Well, look, we'll give you a ring tomorrow, and I'll come see you when *Huge Brother* is finished—and Fred? Forget about the nappies—I've done that, and it's crap!" And Wolf claps Freddy on the back, winks at him and is gone. All the way back to The Black Matrix he thinks about Freddy stealing that ridiculous scarf and coming to The Black Matrix to get fucked. He can't believe Freddy doesn't know that he could have any man—with his cute smile, and silky lashes, and lithe body, why would he need to pay for sex? He also thinks, a bit guiltily, about how he felt snuggled up in his arms, with his nose pressed into his neck and the softness of his curls against his cheek...

Freddy struggles to get back to normal after such a shock to his humdrum life. He already booked leave for the next two weeks and can't face telling his mum that he isn't away on holiday after all. How can he possibly explain it? She's got dementia as it is! He goes over and over the kidnap, and reasons that it was all worth it to be alone with Wolf for a bit. There is one day when he just sinks, and he feels so let down, and disappointed, and desperate that he throws food at his walls then sinks to the floor and cries. He recognises the desperation of this and doesn't care. He looks his symptoms up on medical websites but ignores their advice to seek help. He can't face anyone, so he cleans his flat a few dozen times and rearranges everything, seeking order and structure.

He tries (but fails) not to watch *Huge Brother*. He can't tear himself away from *The Slave Boy*. There's a section where you can choose your favourite bit so far, and he notices with shock that the kidnapping has top votes. His biggest achievement! He feels like it's a betrayal but still watches porn with Wolf in it—doesn't look like there's anything recent though. He is utterly captivated by that body, and by Wolf's easy confidence, and the elegance with which he moves. Wolf's mastery is like unbreakable thread reeling him in. He goes to sleep with his arms wrapped round himself and pretends he's in bed with Wolf. He can't stop thinking about those arms holding him together, so strong and capable and warm. He has a miserable couple of weeks hoping desperately that Wolf will come back. He decides to take up running but doesn't dare venture out. The two weeks fly past with him in a daze—as if the earth spins on while he watches, anchored to the moon alone.

Two weeks later, Wolf stands outside Freddy's flat wondering what the fuck he's doing. He hasn't been able to forget Freddy and is drawn here, not just by guilt but something else. Something cracked and left a ragged opening when he comforted Freddy. It's been years since Wolf had any sort of a relationship with a guy. Fucking all day at work messed up his head, and it's easier to go home alone. He's got as many friends and fuck buddies as anyone could ever want, and for years all this has seemed enough. Since the Freddy incident though, he feels strange and anxious. Oh, sure he's been busy with *Huge Brother*—a massive success with viewings way better than anyone dared dream—but he is aware of the uneasiness that lingers. He feels off kilter and out of alignment. He tells himself that he only wants to apologise for the mix-up but he knows this isn't true. He's rung Freddy twice since the incident—once with Tyler—and once alone. Freddy's voice sounded so different from the noises he hears all day at The Black Matrix, earnest and shy and so interested in everything he has to say. Freddy has awoken a dormant longing in him. Like the first time he ever saw the ocean—he realised he'd missed it all his life. He can't wait to see him again...

He glares at the door for a while, chewing his lip. He's not used to feeling out of control and doesn't like it. He's just about decided to fuck off back to The Black Matrix and stop being such a big moron when it flies open, and Freddy stands there dressed for running. They stare at each other in silence for a bit, then Freddy laughs, and it's the best thing he's heard in years. It's a proper belly laugh which transforms Freddy into a breathtaking spectacle of dimples, sparkly eyes, and a sweet nose with freckles. "Wolf! What are you doing here?" Freddy beams at him with surprise and open adoration. There's no pretending or game playing here. Wolf is quite sure no one has ever been that pleased to see him!

"Hey, Fred! Glad to see you again. I was just passing, and thought I'd check that you're okay." He feels a confusing mix of protective, aroused, and terrified. He'd like to crush Freddy to him, but he is scared that, if he starts, he will never be able to stop.

"Come in then." Freddy pulls him in by the hand and treats him like he is royalty—making him tea in a little pot and fussing over him. He laughs nervously at everything and can't stand still. It's exhausting to watch! He natters on about space, and the news, and only stops when Wolf lifts a finger, waits until Freddy stops chattering then pats the cushion next to him. Freddy slithers on like he's boneless and sits with his hands in his lap staring at Wolf, transfixed.

“Ssssh.” Wolf cannot help himself. He draws closer to Freddy and strokes his face—so young and fresh, no sun beds or moisture cream needed here. The instant he touches, Freddy leans into Wolf’s hand, his eyelashes brushing Wolf’s skin like gentle wings. Wolf daren’t move, and for a few moments, he just strokes Freddy’s cheek gently, skirting his eyebrows and forehead with his long fingers. Wolf is used to touching—he’s spent whole years of his life with his mouth round cocks and his hands on bodies, but this feels like a completely new sensory experience. He’s captivated by Freddy’s breathing, his skin and hair, and the slight trembling of his lips.

“I thought about you,” he whispers. “I couldn’t stop. You okay? Hmm?” He can’t bring himself to take his hand away and makes small circles with his little finger on Freddy’s cheekbone. Freddy looks at him like he is James Bond on a rescue, and he wishes that he was.

He takes his hand away and pours tea, and the spell is broken, for a while. Freddy talks a little too loudly and very fast, like he wants to get it out of the way quickly. “Oh yes, I’m fine now, I’m such a stupid bastard though, even by my standards, this was pretty high up there on the idiotometer.”

“Don’t do that.”

“Do what?”

“Put yourself down. Don’t ever do that.” And even though Wolf only meant it as a gentle chiding, Freddy looks stricken and hangs his head.

“Sorry,” he mutters. “It was really nice of you to come all the way out here. I watched the rest of *Huge Brother*, and it was fucking fantastic! And, and, you—in those porn films—just bloody holy wow! I couldn’t look away, and the one where you...!” Then he stops abruptly and bites his lip. “Not that I was spying on you or anything.”

Wolf huffs and laughs at that, “Is there anything you don’t worry about, Fred?” He nudges Freddy’s shoulder, raises his blond eyebrows, and then looks down at him mock sternly.

“Hah! Well, no, not a lot, really. I never seem to get it right, Wolf. I think one thing, but then it comes out all wrong.” But he has thawed a little and smiles wryly at himself. Wolf listens to everything Freddy says carefully, assessing him and wondering where to go next with this. This is the first time in years he wants to impress a guy, and he’s as rusty as Freddy. They get through it somehow—some jokes and cheery banter until they both dry up, and Wolf

clatters about with the tea things. He thinks that not only is his life a world away from Freddy's, but that twenty years separate them too. He sees, with resignation, that it will be impossible after all. He's distracted by the horrific china dogs and gets up to have a look. "You like dogs, Fred?"

"Nah, I'm terrified of them. My dad used to collect these, and I just sort of carried it on." Freddy gets up to show his favourite one, stumbles, and crashes into Wolf. They have one of those moments where both people move to get out of the way but end up colliding again in a never-ending cycle. Wolf smirks, grabs Freddy to still him, then runs his hands lightly up and down his arms, making his hairs stand up from the static electricity. Freddy's arms are soft and warm against his hands, and he keeps them there as long as he can.

He leans as near to Freddy as he dares, without frightening him into bolting, then rests against his forehead. "So, Mr Scarf-stealer. Do you want to come out with me?" Then, because Freddy's face is a mass of confusion, "You know, as a guy—come out with me as a guy. Like on a date? We could go for a drink or maybe a meal? Hmm?" Freddy's eyes just melt like fudge chocolate ice cream, and Wolf wants to kiss him so much but he daren't.

"Really?"

"Really!" Wolf nods, and holds his breath and doesn't feel good enough.

"Yes! Sorry—didn't mean to shout. Brilliant! Yes, yes I'd love to Mr, er, Wolf. Fantastic! I'll just get my jacket and change into my jeans—hang on!" He doesn't have the heart to tell Freddy that it's ten a.m. and actually he meant maybe the weekend or one evening. Freddy's excitement is magical, and he feels at least twenty years younger. As they leave the flat, he's very worried he'll fuck this up.

Their first date is a wonderful success. Freddy's like a nervous kitten—all skittish and frantic, but by the end of their meal—a breakfast in bloody McDonald's—he calms down and talks without doing that scary gasping thing he does. Wolf can't look away. He thinks that maybe if he's very cautious and takes his time—and then some—he can ease Freddy out until he can just be himself. He never met anyone so shy and anxious and frantic—the men he knows are usually the opposite way.

There's something almost childlike about Freddy and the way he reacts to things. He squirts the ketchup like it's the best thing ever, doing it over and over, making Wolf laugh. He watches Wolf so intently it makes Wolf realise just how uninterested most folks are. Wolf can't help staring back into those

radiant eyes, brimming with intelligence and curiosity. He can see that Freddy is trying so hard—it's tiring to watch, but he's captivated. It seems to him that Freddy has an untamed quality which makes him feel fierce and giddy. He ruefully tells Freddy that it's about a million years since he had so much fun.

Just about everyone bores Wolf lately, with their phones, and social networking, and need to be the best. He often thinks he needs a holiday from the human race, somewhere he can get back to his roots. He can't stop thinking about looking at the stars at night, mountain walks, making pancakes—that kind of thing. Freddy makes him want all this, so suddenly and so badly. He's just dying to touch Freddy—but if he goes too fast he thinks Freddy might be off like a wild horse. As he leaves, he pulls Freddy close and gives him a quick peck on the cheek and is rewarded by Freddy's pink cheeks and beautiful beam. "I'll see you Friday at seven, Fred." He drives back to The Black Matrix, and somehow, the monotony of life seems less oppressive, like spring is on the way.

Friday night comes around and Freddy's getting ready for their date—their first real date out if you don't count McDonald's. There are a million things he has to think about and get right: "Underwear or not? Is the tie too formal? Breathe, check! More mouthwash. Cologne. Calm, calm." He goes over some social guidelines from a book Mum gave him years ago—"asking questions, not hogging the conversation and not ranting". Do not go on about physics! Do not mention electricity or space! His mother has told him many times that most people find these topics boring. Unfortunately, the book doesn't get on to kissing and sex. He thinks ruefully that geeks probably aren't meant to do either.

It still doesn't seem likely that he's going out with Wolf—as a guy, and he wonders what a man like Wolf could ever see in him. He thinks of all those porn stars and knows that Wolf could have any man he wanted. He's going to try flirting tonight though—maximise his chances—and no way Wolf is getting away without at least a proper kiss! He's frantically read everything there is on the Internet about anal penetration and how to prepare.

He joyfully has a few experiments with his new toys—why didn't he get these years ago? *Idiot!* Freddy is now the proud owner of a dildo, a prostate tickler, a fleshlight, and some anal beads. Surely Wolf fucks on a first date? Freddy's a virgin, but he's not telling Wolf that. He longs to be funny and sophisticated, though he'll settle for normal. He feverishly goes through the guidelines again.

His thoughts and dreams have been full of Wolf undressing and touching him. When Wolf stroked his arms last week, he was so aroused it felt like a million nerves waking up throughout his body. The thought of those long fingers on his nipples, and his hands holding him as he comes makes him close his eyes and moan. He watches hours of porn where Wolf is the top—the way his muscles shift like waves—has become like wallpaper in Freddy's mind—springing to life every time he switches on.

What Freddy would love, is to serve Wolf—to be used by him like the slave boy on *Huge Brother*. His arse clenches, and he wonders if he has time for another wank before Wolf arrives. There's a constant ache around his groin, as if he's fourteen again and can hardly keep his hands out of his jeans. He's read somewhere that the smell of an animal's sperm will attract potential mates, so he mixes cum with hair gel and rubs it all over his hair until it sticks up. He skims the guidelines again.

Freddy looks practically edible when Wolf picks him up! He's spiked his hair a bit and looks young and attractive. He wears a dark grey suit and a tie which Wolf would like to seize to draw Freddy in for a kiss. This time though, it's Freddy who kisses Wolf! He launches himself, puts an arm around his neck and rubs their cheeks together. Wolf murmurs, and Freddy gently drops little kisses all over his face.

He brings up his other hand and runs it through Wolf's hair, then leans back and stares. No one's ever looked at him like that! Wolf's hopelessly lost for all time. He softly runs his hands up Freddy's sides and hips and meets Freddy for their first real kiss. They clash teeth and noses, and Wolf just about has a heart attack, but in the end everything falls into place. They cannot stop, and soon Freddy has both hands in Wolf's hair and his tongue swirling round Wolf's teeth, and Wolf is gripping Freddy's arse. They pant at each other as Freddy rubs his cock against Wolf.

“Whoa!” gasps Wolf, pulling back a little and kissing Freddy's cute little nose, then running his nose along his cheek. “Fred! Hello! Sweetheart, we got all the time in the world. No reason you got to go rushing into it just 'cause I'm such a slut.” He smiles into Freddy's laugh, sharing the warmth of his breath.

“Wolf? You, you want me? Like this I mean?” And Wolf wonders what on earth has happened to this man who is so sure that he will fail. He wraps his arms around him and kisses his amazing-smelling hair. “Yes, I want you! Can't you feel how much? Hmm?” Freddy wriggles as close as he can possibly get—

chest to chest so Wolf can feel both their hearts thumping—and grunts something warm and appreciative. Wolf wants this man so much it hurts, like getting into a too-hot bath when your body is freezing.

They have a lovely dinner. Wolf's done a bit of research (with Tyler's help) and takes him to a swanky, cool place where there are other gay men. Freddy stares like he's at the zoo. He notices that Freddy gains in confidence with every smile and touch—like he is taking on nourishment after being on a diet for too long. Freddy asks about porn, and Wolf answers frankly and encourages him. “See, Fred, if you ask me about world affairs, or books, or classical music, I am Mr Stupid—but porn and sex—in my bones, as it were! Ask away...” This is not nearly true—actually he's very far from being stupid and he's starting to think there's a lot about sex he still doesn't know.

They have loads in common—maybe not in interests and hobbies—but in ideas and thoughts. Wolf is very knowledgeable about dementia—his own dad went that way. “Terrible—every day he knew me a little less until I couldn't face going to see him.” And Freddy amazes him by knowing the capital cities of every country he names. Not that Freddy has been to any of them—says he finds travel terrifying and has never left the UK. “I'd love to, Wolf, but heights bring on my asthma.” He knows about space and gets really excited by the laws of physics. “See Wolf, all forces exist in pairs...”

“Hmm,” Wolf mumbles about the truth of this. “Pairs. A mate. Other half. Waking up together on a Sunday, breakfast in bed, walking on the beach. A bath together. Hmm.”

Freddy has a few glasses of wine, becomes flushed, and waves his hands about. It's like watching tennis—back and forth, back and forth. He becomes aware that Wolf has noticed and sits on his hands, smiling a bit, and abruptly shuts up. He has this delicious habit of scrunching up his nose and creating patterns of freckles across his face, which is much more interesting than physics. Wolf watches it for a bit, mesmerised, then leans across and kisses it softly, right on the tip. He takes Freddy's hand and strokes it with his thumb—right there on the table for anyone to see—and Freddy gawks at him.

Wolf works out that the way to stop Freddy from panicking and worrying is to keep him focused. He practises a few times today—giving Freddy a single command, “Stop fidgeting, Fred,” and, “Slowly Fred, I can't keep up!” Freddy stops everything else and obeys—concentrates solely, with all his attention. Wolf knows that this is a very unusual skill which can take years to perfect—

often guys want to question or amend and they are so easily distracted. Not Freddy. He takes Wolf's instruction like he is starving for it.

Wolf is telling him about *Huge Brother*, and Freddy wonders how he can get him to stay the night. He still thinks that maybe this will be the last time he'll see Wolf. He can't believe he went on and on about bloody wind turbines. He wonders if it's too late to ply Wolf with booze so he can't drive. He nervously runs over the evening—had he been really boring? Was he fidgeting? Did he keep butting in? “Fred! Tell me about where you work.” And he gratefully calms his manic thoughts.

“Data input.” He winces at how boring that sounds, especially compared to porn star and herculean idol! But Wolf seems fascinated and asks him all about his day and his colleagues. Wolf chuckles when Freddy admits he doesn't know the names of many, even though he's worked there for five years. “Well, there's Kate and Tom. Oh, I don't know, Wolf! They're all really clever, and I just feel such a twat next to them.” Freddy knows that he pisses people off. He doesn't mean to, and sometimes he doesn't even know what he's done wrong. He tries to explain all this to Wolf, who already seems to get it and runs his huge hand up and down Freddy's leg.

“You don't piss me off, Fred, not at all.” As they pull up to Freddy's flat, it just enters Freddy's head of its own volition, and he blurts it out before he can change his mind. “Do, do you want to fuck me, Wolf? I mean—will you?” He can't believe he just said that—“Idiot!” He didn't mean it to come out quite like that! Wolf smiles and laughs a bit, takes Freddy's hands and brings them up to his face. He kisses them both carefully and wraps them under his chin.

“I do, darlin', and I'm going to, one day. When we're ready and we know each other, and you want it so bad you could burst, then we will. But tonight, this is what we're going to do. You're going to undress for me so I can see you naked, and then I'm going to touch you all over. I'm going to watch your beautiful face, and I'm going to make you come. I really want to see you come. Can you do that for me, Fred?” Wolf palms Freddy's aching cock through his trousers and squeezes teasingly. “Hmm?” Freddy feels his mouth hanging open but he can't seem to close it again.

He leads Wolf through his flat by the hand. Wolf is in charge, and that's how it should be. For the first time in his life, he is ready. As they walk to his bedroom, he thinks that tonight he is getting that gold medal, winning the lottery, and nailing that dream job. Tonight, he is the best, and there is no one

going to stop him. Wolf watches him closely, and Freddy aches to please him. He does everything Wolf asks—takes off all his clothes slowly and puts them on a chair. “That’s it, Fred, just like that.” His eyes hardly leave Wolf’s face—he is making sure he picks up every silent message. “Perfect, Fred.”

His senses seem heightened, as if to cheer him on—he is aware of the air on his nipples and chest and stomach, of his dripping cock, and his feet on the carpet. He can smell the apple shampoo that Wolf uses and his own cologne. He is hyperaware of Wolf’s gaze, blazing trails on his skin. He’s not afraid or nervous—he won’t have to make any decisions or speak unless Wolf tells him to. Finally, he’s naked and stands proudly in the middle of his bedroom as instructed, his legs apart and his hands behind his back. His chin is up, and he meets Wolf’s stare.

“Oh, you are something else, Fred,” Wolf breathes. He steps forward to run his hands down Freddy’s sides, gliding his smooth fingers across his chest and stomach. “Just plain pretty,” he purrs, circling his thumb over the tip of his cock, making him groan and gasp. Wolf’s hands are huge, and he traces them up over Freddy’s neck and all the way down to his legs and thighs. It feels so amazing—tingling shivers throughout his body which all shoot to his cock and arse. Wolf encourages him when he moans and murmurs, “That’s it, darlin’. I want to hear you! I’m going to look at every inch of your lovely body. You’re so hot! You like that?” he whispers, rubbing his thumbs over his nipples, making him cry out and writhe. “Such a good boy.” Wolf moves behind Freddy and caresses his arse until he leans his head back onto Wolf and whimpers.

Wolf slips his hands over the front of Freddy’s thighs and between his legs. He urges Freddy to put his arms back over Wolf’s hips so that Wolf can run his hands up and down over his body slowly, smiling at the noises he’s helpless to stop as Wolf nibbles his neck. Guttural, desperate noises straight from the stomach, heart and cock. When he starts squirming, trying to move his cock into Wolf’s hand, he turns Freddy gently around.

“I want you to undress me now. Oh, that’s it, nice and slow.” He kisses Freddy’s hands as they unbutton and unzip, making soft noises of encouragement. Finally they’re both naked, and Freddy can’t believe he’s allowed to touch. Wolf is perfect—a beautiful sculpture, pulsing with strength and power. He takes his time kissing his nipples and smoothing his ridges and undulations until they are both grunting with desire. He slides his arms round Wolf’s neck, and Wolf takes over. “I got you, darlin’.” Wolf takes both their cocks in his huge hand and strokes them slowly. “You feel that Fred? That’s us

together, you and me. Hmm? That nice?" He looks down at Wolf's huge hand wrapping them together. "You're fucking gorgeous, and soon I'm going to let you come. Hmm?" He leans his head on Wolf's chest and holds Wolf's shoulders as he rocks. "Please, Wolf. Oh God, Wolf!"

Wolf lifts him onto the bed so he lies flat. He plays with him a while, stroking and kissing and caressing. Freddy is arching his back and writhing and completely gone. His cock throbs with the almost painful need to come, and absolutely nothing else matters. Wolf moves between his legs, leans up on his arms, and smiles down at him. He kisses his way down Freddy's chest, holds both hips, and sucks him down all the way to the root. The warmth and wetness and tightness envelop him, so that he's beyond aroused. He moans and shouts, trying to push up. Wolf swirls his tongue round the head and slips into the slit then takes Freddy deep and bobs up and down, twisting his mouth and growling.

His arousal builds like an environmental force, and he shakes his head from side to side and pants out half-words and pleas. Wolf releases his hips, and Freddy has to thrust and thrust. Wolf rolls his nipples as Freddy screams and comes and comes. The noises that flood out are primal and raw and he's amazed that they come from him. Wolf is gazing at him with hooded eyes, "Oh Fred, Fred! Beautiful, darlin'." When Freddy stops writhing and gasping, Wolf licks his lips and kisses him all the way back up. "That was quite something! Mmm. Think you just came a river. Fucking gorgeous." And Freddy laughs and strokes his face and kisses him.

"What about you, Wolf?" Freddy hopes to God he can get it right, but Wolf sees the nerves, straddles Freddy, and strokes himself slowly, his eyes never leaving Freddy's. Freddy is utterly entranced and runs his hands up Wolf's thighs and... "Shit Wolf, that's so hot!" And Wolf cannot last either. He comes hard all over Freddy's chest and moans when Freddy runs a hand through his cum then licks his fingers with a cheeky grin. Wolf pulls Freddy close to him and kisses his hair again and again. "Fred, you are a revelation! Want me to clean up?" he murmurs, but Freddy snuggles closer. "No! Leave it. I'm going to keep these sheets forever and never wash them again." Wolf laughs and strokes his arse. "This your first time, Fred?"

"Mm."

"Well, it was my first time too—my first time with you. I'm a born-again virgin!" Just as they start to nod off, he murmurs softly but firmly into Freddy's hair. "And, Fred? Don't you go worrying about this when I'm asleep."

Freddy sleeps better than he has in years. Wolf's final demand goes straight to his brain, and he wakes up with his head on Wolf's shoulder and his arm across his massive chest. Freddy strokes it and thinks that Wolf's chest is majestic—like the ripples and curves on sand dunes in the desert—warm and golden and lovely. Wolf is already awake and greets him with a kiss. “Morning, gorgeous.” He shifts Freddy so he is lying on top. He runs his hands up and down Freddy's back and arse, then smiles at him lazily. Freddy can feel both their cocks, and he loves it. He worries that he's got morning breath and could he secretly clean his teeth, when Wolf smiles like he knows exactly what he's thinking and kisses him long and deep. “You got a shower, Fred?” Freddy nods. “Yes, Wolf. I just redecorated, actually.” He draws a breath to tell him, but Wolf shakes his head and holds up a finger. “Show me, Fred.”

Wolf is holding Freddy close and soaping his cock and balls gently. Freddy leans his head back on Wolf's shoulder and moans loudly. He can feel Wolf's cock against his arse and lower back and he leans into it, hoping. Wolf chuckles then soaps his crack with a finger. Freddy's whole body is awake and screaming, and he hears himself begging when the finger encircles his hole. “Oh please, Wolf, oh yes, go on, oh please!” And Wolf pushes his finger in gently and lets Freddy get used to the feeling.

Freddy moves his legs further apart and thinks about how much better that is than the dildo he had up there yesterday. He moves his arse into it as Wolf adds another knowing finger then pushes expertly onto his prostate. Freddy writhes and moans and pants as Wolf kisses his shoulders and neck. Freddy starts thrusting back and making desperate noises until Wolf takes pity on him and moves his hand down to his cock. He strokes him and finger-fucks him, and Freddy cannot think of anything but the pressure and the aching need to come. He explodes with a shout which reverberates around the tiny bathroom. “Freddy, darlin', you could teach my porn stars a thing or two—you're a walking sex-on-legs.”

Wolf leans against the wall and watches Freddy as he soaps him firmly. Freddy is still flushed from his own orgasm, and he feels so damn sexy as he works Wolf's cock. He just goes by instinct, and it seems to work. It doesn't take very long—Wolf's head falls back, he jerks his hips, makes delicious husky sounds then comes in Freddy's hand. Like a beautiful machine. Wolf pulls him close, kisses him deeply under the shower, then they clean each other up.

Freddy is not prepared for the warmth and affection and fun—he'd only really thought about the sex. The closeness of Wolf is intoxicating—the talking, the laughing, and the connection. He could never get enough of this. He soaps every inch of Wolf's body and kisses most of it, because he just has to. He tells Wolf about how he tiled his bathroom and shows him the bits he's not happy with. As he bends over to illustrate, Wolf kisses his arse, "Oh, yeah I see, Fred—mm"—and he can't stop laughing. Wolf wraps an enormous towel round them both, and Freddy wishes they could stay like that forever. He moves in tandem with Wolf, back to the bedroom, giggling and tickling. Wolf ends up staying the whole weekend, then comes back round almost every night after work.

A month later, Freddy is on his way home to Wolf. He's just in awe of it all. Today, at work, someone asks him what he's thinking about—staring at the wall smiling—and Freddy admits he's in a relationship. His voice is fairly steady as he speaks, but he can't stop the smiles. Kate scoots nearer on her swivel chair and asks him all sorts of questions. He answers, then ends up telling her far too much, but Kate pats his hand and says, "Ah, that's so sweet, what's his name?" So he tells her, and half of the office. Wolf texts him in the afternoon to remind him of their date, and he's overcome with pure glee that this is his.

He feels giddy with arousal and anticipation, like his whole life is about to come to fruition. Tonight will be his first real fuck. Wolf has been so gentle and patient with him, bringing his body to life with his hands and his mouth. He thought this day would never come. His feelings for Wolf are overwhelming. Wolf fills his head every minute of the day, no matter where he is, with his easy joking and his affection. Freddy had no idea that sex could be fun, and silly, and sharing, but it is.

He hurls his clothes in a corner in the bathroom—Wolf would not be pleased—and scrubs himself down. He's just patting himself off when Wolf appears in the doorway. He leans there in his jeans and tight T-shirt, looking like the porn star that he is, all relaxed, and sultry, and smouldering. Like a blonde Viking leader, exuding ownership and confidence. Freddy beams at him then gets hard just from Wolf's gaze, raking him up and down, languid and hungry. "Hey gorgeous, come here," and he moves to Wolf and puts his arms round his neck. Wolf kisses him and strokes his back and arse. "I have thought about you *all* day," Wolf purrs in his ear, and leads him to the bedroom.

They kiss and stroke and caress, and it is warm and beautiful and right. At first, he was so nervous every time they got naked, feeling the weight of his inexperience against Wolf's life of porn, but he has gained confidence, secure in the knowledge that Wolf will take over. And he does. He brings him to the brink with his skill and his own arousal, teasing him with his mouth and tongue, then fingers, until he begs. "*Now, Wolf. I'm ready, now!*" he shouts, and watches as Wolf rolls on the condom with a snap and kisses Freddy's knees.

Wolf pushes his knees up against his chest. He feels so exposed, completely open, vulnerable, but also fierce. This is actually going to happen! He loves the way that Wolf stares into his arsehole, all serious and tender and possessive. It makes him feel dirty and hot and so aroused he's almost panicky. Wolf's massive arms place his legs over those fantastic shoulders, and he lines his cock up, and nudges in. Freddy's already gotten used to the initial discomfort from their dildo experiments; it's more the rushing sensation of wonder that overwhelms him.

He gives in to the physical sensations and the steady rocking and noises coming from Wolf. The delicious pressure builds, and he grips Wolf's straining, bulging arms, pushing back up into him. They get faster, and he hears himself urging and moaning and pleading. Wolf smiles down at him and takes his cock. He strokes it in time with his thrusts, and they both become frantic with desire. They come within seconds of each other, and it is profound and absurd at the same time. Wolf pulls off the condom, then they entwine arms and legs as they catch their breath and kiss and smile. Wolf kisses his forehead and eyelids, his nose and chin. "Was that okay? Are you all right, darlin'?" He nods, stupidly happy, then tells Wolf about the science behind attraction and sex, and giggles as Wolf asks ridiculous questions and nibbles his ear. He knows that already his life is as tangled up with Wolf's as his arms and legs. All that blond and dark hair mixed up together and irretrievably linked.

The next morning, Freddy and Wolf are heading for the old people's home where Fred's mum lives. Freddy's worried and bites his lip ferociously and wonders why he ever agreed to this—she won't understand, and it will only upset her and... "Stop." And Freddy does. Sometimes Wolf doesn't even have to speak—a lift of his landscaped blond eyebrows, and Fred's wayward thoughts are halted. "It'll be okay, darlin'—you ever see a woman oblivious to my charms? Hmm?"

"No, nor a man either." And they smirk. "You don't have to tell her what we do together, Fred! But give her a chance. She might know more than you

think. She's your mom, and she's not well. You might not get much longer to do it—it's important." Freddy starts to shake as they get near Mum's room, and Wolf lifts a warning finger.

She is old and frail now, fine wisps of hair floating outwards like lightning. "Hello, Mum." Freddy kisses her and sits down. "Mum, this is someone I'd really like you to meet—this is Wolf." She peers up at him and smiles. "Hello, Wilf dear, sit down, why don't you?" Wolf sits and chats about gardens, and TV, and what cake she had for tea yesterday. "Are you his boyfriend, then? I always knew he was a queer. I told his father. But if you want to, it don't matter, does it?" Freddy is so shocked, he drops his tea on the carpet, and it makes a dirty great stain and Mum moans, "Always such a clumsy boy!" She moves on to bad-mouthing one of the other ladies who hogs the TV. Freddy mops up the tea and watches Wolf flirt and agree with Mum that no, it's not right that she always gets to choose, and yes, they should throw her out on the streets. When they leave, though, Mum puts a hand on either side of Freddy's face and says, "I'm so glad dear." She kisses him soundly, and he sees Wolf's bottom lip wobble.

They leave the residential home hand in hand, and he smiles ruefully at all the years he wasted, worrying and fretting about telling her...

It's been ages now since the kidnap (Freddy likes to call it the gangbang), and they've long since moved on to spectacular and innovative fucking. He wants to do it all day and all night! He loves the way that Wolf answers all his questions and tentative demands. A few weeks ago, he wanted to know about felching, so Wolf showed him. The day after, he sent Wolf an e-mail with a list of everything he wants to try. It was a long list—the culmination of many years watching porn and a creative imagination, but Wolf sent it back with a tick next to every request.

Freddy still has his dark moments where he can't believe it and wonders when it will end. One day he's sure that Wolf will get sick of him and his strange ways. He obsesses about all those lovely men, naked around Wolf all day. They're all so perfect in ways that Freddy knows he can never be, and he wonders why Wolf wouldn't be tempted. Insults from years ago go round and round in his head. *Ordinary Freddy. Weirdo. Boring Freddy. Stupid!* Wolf always seems to know when his worries spiral out of control though, and he is not pleased.

Once the text simply said—*Get here. W*, and Freddy drives straight there to The Black Matrix, feeling sick and upset to find Wolf waiting outside with his arms crossed and a frown on his handsome face. Wolf says nothing at all but frog-marches Freddy inside and goes round holding his hand introducing him to everyone as his boyfriend. Freddy tries to look sorry, but inside he's just flying—boyfriends! Wolf then pushes him into his office and locks the door. He orders Freddy to strip, then fucks him over his desk. Freddy comes almost immediately, all over the documents and papers, then spends the afternoon on Wolf's lap.

“Now, why would I ever look at anyone else when I've got you? Hmm?” Freddy loves him so much, he wonders if he sends out some sort of psychic pheromone, which is why Wolf can read his mind. Wolf says it's down to his lupine magic.

Freddy eagerly waits for the next text. It comes at exactly five-fifty—*playroom*—Freddy rushes upstairs to see.

In the play room, there's nothing but cargo pants, a chair, and rope. There's a piece of paper stuck on the chair with one word—“Traitor!” Freddy squeals, rips off his clothes and flings them down the stairs, then puts on the cargo pants and waits. Almost immediately, he hears Wolf's key and then the door being slammed shut. He's so excited he almost slips into his nervous laugh but stops himself by biting his lip and breathing fiercely through his nose.

He hears the stamping of heavily booted feet, then the door is flung open, and he is confronted by a huge furious sergeant, perhaps a major. He is naked from the waist down—all gleaming muscles and enemy sensual beauty. His face is ablaze with disgust and hatred. He draws back, and for a moment the soldier thinks the Sarge is preparing to attack. His head jerks back, his mouth contorts, and he spits. A great gob lands on the soldier's face and eyes and mouth. It trickles down his neck and eyes. He hears the Sarge swear and expects torture for his crimes against his country.

“On your knees, you useless piece of shit! Give me twenty! Not fast enough. Get up again.” The soldier scrambles to keep up, but he stares straight ahead as he has been taught. “Oh, don't worry, meathead, I'll get it out of you.” The Sarge moves his face so close to the soldier that he can feel his breath. He spits out the words, his face a nasty sneer, “What. Have. You. Done. With. The. Memory. Stick?” The soldier presses his lips together and shakes his head vigorously.

The Sarge rips open the waist of the soldier's cargos and pushes them down. "Well, pretty boy, maybe this will change your mind. Give me twenty!" he roars, and the soldier scrambles to the floor naked and does push-ups with his arse in the air and his cock nudging the floor. "You got that stick in here, soldier? Maybe I better take a look." The Sarge parts his cheeks and shoves an already lubed finger in. "Keep going. Ten more." The soldier pushes down ten more times, and the finger moves with him. *Slap! Smack!* His arse throbs inside and out from the blows and the finger. He's panting now from the exercise and feels sweat on his back. "Stay on all fours, you scum!" The Sarge moves to get something from a box. Torture devices? The soldier cannot see, and he knows better than to turn his head.

Sarge returns and parts the soldier's cheeks again. "You are one ugly motherfucker, soldier. WHERE IS IT?" But the soldier soldiers on and remains silent. He feels something firm and slippery nudging at his arse, then entering him. His breath quickens, and he feels the vibrations against his prostate. The soldier wants to touch himself, but he daren't. "Oh yeah, I'll shake it out of you, soldier." The soldier's hips are held from behind, and he is rocked back and forth against the vibrating thing up his arse. *Slap!* "You take it up the shitter from *them*, soldier? I'm filming this and sending it to the fucking queen, your momma, and all your fuckin' friends if you don't tell me." *Slap!* The soldier grunts, with the degradation and humiliation and how horrible it feels inside him and... he's going to come. The vibrator is whipped out of his arse, and his cock is gripped until the urge ceases. "You dirty, horrible traitor. You are a fucking disgrace, and I'm going to teach you a lesson." His arse is slapped in earnest as he's pulled over the evil bastard's lap.

Eventually, the soldier is flung on his back, still naked, and his hands are tied above his head. He's completely helpless and must await his fate. He watches out of the corner of his eye as the Sarge undresses. He is one scary son of a bitch. He kneels down by the soldier and runs his hand up his leg, over his balls and straining cock. "You're gonna give me it to me, bitch, one way or another." And he straddles the soldier and moves up until his huge cock is over the soldier's face. "I'm gonna do some push-ups of my own. Let's see if that fuckin' stick is lodged in your throat, shitface." And the Sarge pushes his cock into the soldier's throat and pumps.

The soldier is forced to deepthroat or suffocate. The Sarge starts grunting and making little noises and then pulls out and slaps the soldier over the face with his cock. The soldier, confused, licks and kisses as it goes past his mouth,

and the Sarge smirks and holds back a smile. “Oh yeah, you want it bad. Give me a colour, soldier.” And the soldier shouts as loud as he can, “*Green!*” He is flipped back over onto all fours, his hands untied, and then fucked hard like a dog—chest to back, sweaty and brutal, shoulders gripped by meaty vices—the force of the fucking actually bucking him forward. The Sarge is massive and very good at this, the bastard. The soldier makes a lot of noise and shouts and screams as the Sarge slips an arm around him and strokes his stomach as he fucks him. Then his hand slides down to his cock, and the soldier just cannot hold off. He comes with an enormous shout at this indignity and spasms, pushing back onto his impaler. The Sarge makes strangled, choking sounds then comes, clutching the soldier and kissing his back. They both collapse, laughing.

They lie together for a bit, talking about it. “That vibrator was so good! Can we do that again?”

“Mm, well, I never found the memory stick, did I? Maybe I’ll have to look again... I didn’t slap your arse too hard, did I?” Freddy has to keep telling Wolf that he won’t break—the first few times they played he kept asking if he was okay and slipping out of character. He still does sometimes, and he finds it really hard to swear at Fred, but Freddy loves it—the viler, the better. Freddy even made him a list of words—some underlined in red—he really wants Wolf to use, so Wolf does his best.

He can never make it last as long as Freddy would like. He wants to be tied to the chair and interrogated, but Wolf can’t wait. Freddy is much better than Wolf at this—he can play a role for hours, but they make a good team. They record all their sessions, and Freddy loves to watch them again and again as Wolf calls his name softly and holds him by the waist as they fuck. “You are something else, Fred,” Wolf whispers, holding his head still and rubbing their noses together. “Even if you are a traitor with a memory stick up your arse.”

One morning at work, Wolf calls to tell Freddy that *Huge Brother* is such a success that Tyler has received an offer to do a similar venture in California. Tyler wants Wolf to go with him as his manager. It will mean being away for a few months, but it also means that when it’s over Wolf will definitely never have to fuck, naked, in front of a camera again. Not for money, anyway! He talks it through with Fred and says that he won’t do it if Fred doesn’t want him to—four months is a long time, and California is a long way from England.

Freddy feels cold and wretched, but he hears the excitement in Wolf's voice and feels small and mean. "No, you should do it, Wolf—this is your chance, and you deserve it. I can manage, Wolf! I could come out for a long weekend in a few weeks. It'll be okay." Freddy grips the edge of the sofa until the stitches strain and it rips.

Freddy can't face seeing him off at the airport, so they say goodbye for now in Fred's flat. Wolf holds him very tightly and strokes his hair. "You know, Fred, if you say it's too much, I won't go. If you text me tomorrow and say it's too much, I'll turn straight back and come home. Any time you ask me, I'll come back." And Freddy cries all over again, despite all his efforts not to. In the end, he pushes Wolf out of the door and tells him it'll be okay, it's not forever. Wolf looks at him like someone has died, and when Freddy goes to bed that night he finds a huge bunch of flowers, a butt plug with a tail, and a lovely, filthy book about a gay werewolf.

Freddy does okay for the first month. He follows Wolf's instructions—he goes to work and the gym, visits Mum, and eats properly. He does *not* go shoplifting! Gail from The Black Matrix comes round with some of the guys to keep him company every week (and, he suspects, to report back to Wolf). He keeps the emptiness at bay but feels like much more than half of him is absent. He misses the sex, but he misses the other things much more. Sunday mornings are the worst, and the pancake mixture ends up in the bin, with him in tears. He calls Wolf every night, but he sounds so far away, and Freddy clams up and can't think what to say.

He now has a few friends at work though, and they persuade him to go out with them for a drink one night. They make him wear a T-shirt that says, "Sorry girls, I suck dick", and he gets drunk and sings karaoke. As he comes out from the underground alone, he is aware that he is being followed by a group of young men. He feels the panic rushing up and tries to rush past but is pushed into an alleyway and surrounded.

Wolf is on a plane for London. He hasn't slept or eaten and is in such a state of nervous anxiety and terror that he's not aware of anything around him. He is helplessly frozen. In his head he begs and begs Freddy to hold on, and he tries to send out mind messages as he passes over the states, the ocean, and, finally, the last mountains and plains, before landing. Short commands, like the ones he uses when Freddy panics. *Hold on, Fred. Hold on... I'm coming, darlin'... I'm*

on my way... Just breathe and do as they say... Don't you fucking give in, Fred... Master's coming ... Master orders you to wait for him... Oh, baby! Wolf covers over five thousand miles, and all his fear, anguish and love solidifies into a solid knot in his stomach and head. He throws up twice and feels himself being squeezed from the inside out. Sometimes, Wolf says things out loud, and the other passengers edge away. Wolf couldn't give a shit if they jump out of the fucking window. As they land, Wolf pushes past the other people and runs. He brings no luggage—only a passport, a wallet, and a set of keys. The taxi driver takes one look at his desperate face and makes it to the hospital in record time.

Freddy looks like a squashed plum, black and blue and with tubes everywhere. They tell Wolf that he has a deep concussion, and they won't know more until he comes round. Wolf takes his hand and all but collapses onto the bed. He knows there would be no point to a world without Fred—with all his useless facts, his strange obsessions, and his freckles. He sobs at that poor, distorted nose. If he could make Freddy come round with his will alone, then he would be dancing down the corridor. Wolf prays and promises all sorts of things to God and swears that if Fred survives this then he's never leaving his side again. Wolf cannot think about him being beaten up alone and him halfway across the world to make money. "All for fucking money!" The nurses feel sorry for Wolf and bring him tea and a sandwich. He falls asleep exhausted, half-curved up on Freddy's bed, clutching his hand.

Wolf comes to, all of a sudden. He opens his eyes and sits bolt upright to see Freddy awake and alive, black and blue but smiling, and so gorgeous. The tears finally start, and he cannot stop shaking and heaving. "Jesus fucking Christ, Fred. I thought you were dead, I thought you were dead." And he is unable to say anything else, so he places himself carefully round Freddy and sobs onto his stomach. Freddy is too battered to do much but croak, "I'm okay, Wolf, I'm okay. Shh, I'm okay now. See? I wouldn't dare die without you telling me to!" And Wolf remembers his psychic orders sent from the other side of the world and laughs tearfully. The sheer relief wells up through every muscle and pore, and he is the happiest man alive. He gets on the bed behind Fred and wraps both arms carefully round him. He gets as near to him as he possibly can without hurting the bruises.

He tells Freddy just how much he loves him and how precious he is to him and nuzzles into his hair. "Remember that shit you told me, Fred? The laws of physics?" Fred nods, looking a bit confused. "You remember, Fred—all forces

exist in pairs? The law of the universe and all that? Well, you were right, darlin'. You and me, we're a pair. Meant to be together. Two forces. I was fucking miserable without you, baby. One force on its own is nothing, just a miserable lonely bastard." Freddy says he should explain the theory better sometime, but links their fingers together and doesn't let go. They both drift in and out of sleep, locked together like a Chinese puzzle until the doctor returns. Wolf later goes with Freddy for the scan and listens carefully to everything the doctors say, and it seems that he's been incredibly lucky—it is mainly bruising and swelling.

While he's recovering in hospital, Wolf works his magic. He arranges for all the staff at The Black Matrix to visit him so he's never alone, and spends hours sitting with Freddy, holding his hand and amusing him with tales from *Huge Brother USA*. He has a steady flow of drop-dead gorgeous men next to his bed and a room full of flowers. His visitors are charming and spoil Freddy—reading him bits from crap magazines, feeding him chocolates, and making him and the nurses laugh.

Gail, the receptionist, tells him, "He's been so much better now that he's got you, though. Mad about you, he is." Freddy has never been so popular (or popular at all!) and feels like a celebrity. He's so glad when they let him go home, and Wolf gets to pamper him twenty-four hours a day.

He recovers from his physical injuries fairly quickly, but it takes a while for his brain to process all that fear and horror. Some of the darkness comes back, and the first time he goes out alone, he has a panic attack. He texts Wolf, with shaking fingers, and waits in the car with his head wrapped in his arms, his nails digging into his palms. Wolf arrives with Tyler, in a frenzy, and cannot get Fred to open the car door.

"Come on, darlin'—it's me, Fred. Can you open the door for me? It's okay. I'm here now, you're safe. It's okay." He eventually opens the door and is shaking so much that Wolf asks if he's having a fit. Freddy grabs Wolf to him and sobs.

"I couldn't stop them, Wolf. I couldn't. What if they're out here again?"

"It's okay, darlin'. It's okay. Nobody here but me and Ty. Look—see? We'll fucking kill anyone who comes near you." And Freddy believes him. Wolf sits with him on the back seat, for a bit, just holding him and soothing him, and Tyler tells Freddy how the same thing happened to him once, despite his impressive muscles and strength. "Nothing you coulda done to stop 'em,

Fred, not when there's a gang like that. Fucking cowards, Fred, pathetic, little men. Not worth your time even thinking about 'em." And Freddy feels a little better, so Wolf drives him home and treats him like he is made of glass. After this, he follows Wolf round the flat and only feels safe when he curls up on his lap. All kinds of horrible experiences he has pushed away his entire life flood his brain, and he feels out of control and emotional.

Wolf wakes up every night to find Freddy plastered on top of him, with his knees drawn up and his face crammed into Wolf's neck. Freddy hates himself for it—*Stupid idiot!*—and even though Wolf is full of concern for him and gives him all the time he needs, he is sure that Wolf is slipping from him. He feels ugly and weak and waits for Wolf to have enough. *Stupid!*

Wolf watches him, develops acid reflux, and says he feels as if he's swallowed knives, seeing Freddy so traumatised. He goes on the Internet and asks his friends, and finally, he takes him to a therapist who agrees to see them together. The first few times they go, he clutches Wolf's hand and is on major alert panic mode—he gabbles on and cannot sit still. Wolf strokes his hands, but the therapist—an old friend of Tyler's—eventually gets him going out alone and back to work, and things return to normal. He's still a little shaky when he's away from Wolf, especially on the nights when Wolf has to work, and he goes round checking the locks again and again. One night, Wolf comes home early to find him cowering in a corner, convinced that there's someone downstairs. After this, he goes with Wolf to The Black Matrix and has a sleeping bag on his office floor.

A month after the attack, Tyler asks Wolf and Freddy to come to his office to talk business. Wolf hopes he isn't in the shit and thinks about all the time he had off, looking after Fred. Tyler puts an arm round them both, though, and leads them to his old, battered leather sofa. "Guys, I want you to meet my financial advisor. He's got some figures about *Huge Brother USA*." Wolf smirks. "Financial advisor? Since when?" The guy goes on a bit, Wolf can't really follow—percentages and trends, blah blah blah—but Fred's listening intently, with his hands under his chin.

Everyone stops and looks at Wolf, so he raises his eyebrows at Fred, who takes him to the laptop and points at a figure. Wolf stares at it. Stares some more. "What's it say, darlin'?"—I'm no good on dollars!" Fred reads out the figure slowly then converts it into pounds and reads it out again. It's a six-

figure number. Wolf can't work out what they're telling him. He listens. He really does. The finance guy explains how *Huge Brother USA* has made them rich, really fucking, filthy rich. He looks at Tyler for clues. "Rich." He remembers when he and Ty had three outfits between them and gave blow jobs to pay the rent. "Rich?"

Tyler hugs him, hard. "Wolf, Mr Simpson is here to make you my legal business partner."

"Business partner? I don't want that responsibility, Ty." But Tyler won't take no for an answer. "Come on, Wolf, you crusty old bastard—we've known each other since the Ice Age! No one knows the business like you. I can't do it without you!"

"Sure you can—I'll just be your manager!"

"Wolf. You deserve this as much as me—it was half your money that funded *Huge Brother*. Heck—it was your idea in the first place! You can manage this end from The Black Matrix, and I can do the USA and Australia. What d'ya say, old man?"

"Fuck off. Not old! Let me talk to Fred."

Freddy makes him listen to Tyler and the finance guy and smiles when he asks the guy to read out the figures again until he can make sense of them. He and Tyler laugh at each other and shake their heads at what they've become—the granddaddy tycoons of the reality porn world.

"Holy crap on a cracker!"

"No fucking way!"

That night, as they're cuddled up together on the sofa, Wolf takes a deep breath and lifts up Freddy's chin with a finger. "Do you want to move in with me, Fred? Hmm?" And they talk about it. Wolf now has to be on call twenty-four hours at The Black Matrix and intends to renovate a flat above. "A brand new start for us, darlin'—our own place."

"I'd just drive you mad, Wolf!" But Wolf doesn't think so. "Well, I dunno Wolf—it's a big step." Wolf has a horrible sinking sensation. Maybe he's shamed Fred—or maybe Fred doesn't feel the same way he does after all? He feels old and weary and wonders how he can offer Freddy a way out.

"You could help at The Black Matrix, darlin'. It's all getting a bit much there for Gail—I'd really appreciate that. If, you know, if it didn't work out for

you..." And Freddy throws his arms round his neck and covers him with kisses until he smiles again.

"I'd love to Wolf, of course, I would! I'm just kidding, you big idiot." And shows him just how much he wants to move in together. Fred starts packing the very next day, with gusto. He throws away the china dogs and nearly everything else and tells his boss that he is off to get married! On their last night in his flat, Wolf tongue-fucks him until he's shouting nonsense, then very gently fucks him into the carpet.

Freddy loves living at The Black Matrix and soon becomes an integral part of its fabric. It's always busy and noisy but he makes their flat a haven, spending ages choosing colours and fabrics that will be peaceful for Wolf, after a hard day arranging arms and legs and cocks. He becomes best friends with Gail and sorts out their IT needs and website and all their ancient computers. The Black Matrix now has efficient systems, and he becomes the IT Manager. He loves sitting with Gail when she ogles the guys doing the scenes. They make themselves cry with laughter doing voice-overs in ridiculous accents:

"Get a move on, Colby. I'm starving!"

"Oh for fuck's sake, Jake, wash your feet!"

"Mason! The baby's coming!"

"Not that hole!"

As his birthday approaches, Freddy knows that he is in for one mighty treat. He doesn't know what—but Wolf's been looking things up on the Internet and scribbling away and mysterious parcels keep arriving. This is usually followed by a new game! Each one gets more and more adventurous, and he loves it. Anything with uniforms and costumes and paraphernalia gets his approval. He really gets off on the swearing. He has no idea why this is, or where it comes from, but Wolf says, "Who the fuck cares?" He gets the text at two p.m. *Under bed—1 hr.* There, he finds his dog tail butt plug and a muzzle. Puppy play! Freddy's favourite...

Pup and Master are having a game.

On the first try, Pup is mischievous! He scampers round the room scattering the mouse traps, pushing at them with his paws, and chasing them.

On purpose.

He runs in circles, trying to catch his own tail, and barks shrilly. Master just stands there—tall, strong, frowning. Pup can see his Master is *Not Pleased*, and he whines and wags his tail anxiously. Master crosses his arms and whacks the crop on the floor like a Grecian God from ancient times. Master is the universe and the galaxy and he is tall and true and powerful and Pup is *In Trouble!*

He jumps and hangs his head and crawls over to lick Master's toes and feet and tries to jump up on him. "Down, Pup. Bad dog." Pup is taken away to a corner and chains are attached to his ankle straps. Pup is left there on his own in the corner, with only a bowl of water and Master's displeasure. Pup is miserable and desolate! Pup has nothing. Pup is not good enough for Master...

Pup puts up with it for a bit and laps his water, then he tries to get Master's attention—after all, he is only a pup and needs a lot of reassurance. He whines and wriggles and yaps, but no reaction from his silent, glowering Master.

So, naughty Pup barks loudly and wags his pretty tail. At last! Master glares at him, but he does come over and squats down in front of him. He stares at Pup until he lowers his eyes and whines. "Maybe you need to burn off some energy, Pup!" And Master pats his head and tickles him and produces a rubber toy bone! Pup pounces on it and bites it and shakes it until it squeaks. Master takes the other end and pulls, but Pup holds on. They have a squeaky tug of war until Pup gives it up, then tackles Master to the ground. Master is strong though, and Pup works hard, darting in and out. Pup gets very excited and yaps and barks and nips Master's shoulder. "Now Pup, that is enough. Are you ready to try again?" Pup woofs and jumps and licks Master's leg. Kind Master! Master strokes him behind his ear and pats his back and Pup tries to push into Master's hand. Pup is rewarded with a doggy snack, and he chews it down. "There's a good boy! Now Pup, we're going to try again. I'm going to put all these lovely mousetraps out and if you can get past them all, without setting them off, *without* touching, Pup, then you can have this bone!" Master points to his groin. Pup is so excited that he runs in circles and barks.

Then pees.

All over the floor. Master's voice has gone ominously quiet—"Oh, Pup, you disappoint me,"—and Pup goes down on his belly and howls. To show Master that he really is sorry, Pup begins to lick up the pee, and Master rushes over and pushes Pup away. "No! Fucking hell!" And Master nearly loses it and has to clasp his mouth with his hand. Master's shoulders shake silently for a bit, and he makes choked, muffled sounds of laughter, and tears run down his face. Pup

sits on his haunches and watches playfully, his tongue hanging out and shifting his lovely tail. His eyes are bright and his nose wet, and Pup is just raring to go. Lovely, Master!

Master cleans up the pee and sits facing Pup. He gives him a tiny kiss on the shoulder like he just can't help it and whispers in Pup's ear, "Colour?" Pup barks out a "Green" and they begin again.

Master unclasps Pup, and he lies on his back with his legs in the air, and Master gives his belly a stroke and scratch just to show that there are no hard feelings. Master's hands are so gentle, and he makes circles and moves up to Pup's nipples and squeezes them lightly. Pup likes this, and he whines and pushes his belly up. Master speaks to Pup, softly, but firmly. "You're a spoiled puppy, yes, you are!" Then he licks all the way down Pup's belly, and alongside his cock, and under Pup's tail and balls until Pup is beside himself and starts to pant. "Such a beautiful, waggy tail." And Master pushes it in a bit further and wiggles it about, until his Pup is making a lot of noise and pushing his doggy arse back at his Master.

"Oh, Pup, what's this? A little puppy penis!" And Master nuzzles his cock and kisses it. "Oh, Pup, that is so sweet. Show Master." Pup gets proudly up on all fours, with his hind legs spread, and parades round the room for his Master to see. Pup can feel his Master's attention and admiration rolling over him like warm sea waves. Nothing else matters. Master is pleased and lies down on the floor so Pup can crawl over his face. Pup loves this attention and ruts the air a bit, whining and moving his tail as he does so. His puppy penis is standing so proudly from Master's care and love that Pup becomes engrossed and ruts quicker and grunts. Master has a huge bone again and Pup wonders if he'll be able to taste it before his task, so he licks all the way up Master's thigh. Pup is allowed to lick the bone once—so delicious—but then Master stands up and pats his head and gives him another doggie snack. "No, Pup, what did Master say? Remember?" And Pup is taken back to his chain and attached while Master carefully puts out the mousetraps again.

So Pup tries again. The second time, Pup concentrates so hard it gives him a headache. He gets past all but one mousetrap but bumps into the last one, and it snaps on his paws then skitters into Master's leg. Pup is so cross—"Oh fuck!"—that he launches himself at Master anyway, thinking that maybe he can just get to the bone, and Master won't notice. But Master does!

Master is up like a shot. Pup is taken back to his chains and water bowl and gets a tap on the nose when he yaps his annoyance. Pup is pissed off and barks

madly, then woofs a little swear. He turns his back on Master, lies down, and pretends to sleep. After all, he has not got much patience and needs lots of naps. He whines and moans a bit, then snuggles into the doggie blanket and has a little pretend nap. Master hasn't told him not to, and his jaw pouts a little. He is bored now and wants his bone!

Pup is "woken up" by Master's mouth on his doggie penis. Master is so good at this! Smart Master! He is patient and knows when to lick and when to suck, and pretty soon, Pup just wants to be mated and bollocks to the mouse traps. "Oh, good Pup! Pretty, pretty puppy. That nice? Hmm?" and Master gives his puppy penis one last lingering kiss, and Pup does a shaky woof. "Come on, Pup, let's have one more try—you nearly got there last time. There's my good boy." And Pup wags his tail and is rewarded with a scratch to his ears, slaps to his doggie arse, and another doggie treat.

Master releases his ankle chains and this time puts on a dog muzzle and a leash. Master leads him round the room, telling him he must keep his head up and focus only on Master's arse. Pup's knees are killing him, but Master is pleased, so it is of no importance. When Master is satisfied that Pup has calmed down and learnt to follow him, he arranges the traps for the third time. Master sits where he is comfortable and picks up the riding crop. Puppy lifts his head up and whines, and Master swishes it through the air to show him. If Pup fails again, maybe he will feel it on his back and arse!

Pup tries really hard. He is cautious and steady. He picks his way past each trap feeling only Master's eyes and approval. He has one wobble—when he notices that Master is slowly and lazily stroking himself. Master is magnificent—the bone is upright, gleaming and oh so tempting. Pup's bone! Pup is indignant and woofs, and Master blows him a kiss and winks. Pup is almost there. He wags his tail, howls a bit, then slinks past the last mousetrap. Pup has done it! Master is so pleased, and he takes off the chain and muzzle and kisses Pup all over his furry face. "Oh good boy! Now you can have your reward." And Pup is allowed to finally suck on his bone, slurping and lapping all over his gorgeous Master until he is panting and bucking his hips and making lovely desperate noises.

Then, Master takes out Pup's tail and fucks him long and slow, until Pup thinks that he will die or explode into space. Master is grunting and moaning himself, losing rhythm and gripping Pup's hips. Master shouts and comes with a death-like yell and Pup follows.

They shake and sigh together, and Wolf takes off Freddy's collars and rubs his wrists and ankles tenderly. "I love you Fred, even if you are a dirty, kinky bastard—can't believe you drank that piss—I nearly fucking died!" And Wolf tickles him. "Happy Birthday, darlin'." And Freddy wraps his arms round Wolf's neck and licks all round his mouth and nibbles his nose. They snuffle each other for a while, happy and sated. They both have terribly sore knees though, and agree that they will stand up for the next game. "Wolf? About those nappies..."

The End

Author Bio

Claire lives in the North of England with her family, including the ones in her head. She started writing at a young age and is really only ever in the real world a small portion of her time.

She is a passionate advocate of human rights, equal opportunities, and diversity. She likes to write about people who see themselves as not perfect or feel that they have not achieved.

Claire works with people, helping them to achieve their goals and give birth to their creative talents. She is currently working on two other projects and hopes to finalise a further book this year.

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