



Bare-Knuckle

RABID MONGRELS MC

K.A. MERICAN

BARE-KNUCKLE LOVE

— Fight to the death. Love to the bone. —

Jason is back in his home town and trying to make money the only way he knows—in an illegal MMA fight. Bare knuckles. Hardly any rules. All he needs to do is... lose.

The Rabid Mongrels Motorcycle Club bet against him, and they are set to make a killing, but when Jason spots his high school crush in the audience, he can't bear to lose. All he wants is to have Hyde notice him. He gets more than he bargained for when Hyde turns out to be the president of the MC, now out for his blood.

To survive, Jason will have to make a deal with the blond devil. No matter how manipulative and vicious Hyde can be, he is a dark wet dream come to life, and Jason can't keep his hands to himself. Soon enough, the self-destructive lust he has for Hyde becomes a dangerous obsession that takes Jason to the most forgotten corners of his soul.

Table of Contents

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----|
| Blurb | 2 |
| Love is an Open Road..... | 4 |
| Bare-Knuckle Love – Information..... | 7 |
| Bare-Knuckle Love..... | 8 |
| Chapter 1..... | 9 |
| Chapter 2..... | 14 |
| Chapter 3..... | 27 |
| Chapter 4..... | 39 |
| Chapter 5..... | 46 |
| Chapter 6..... | 61 |
| Chapter 7..... | 70 |
| Chapter 8..... | 74 |
| Epilogue | 90 |
| Author Bio | 93 |

Love is an Open Road

An M/M Romance series

BARE-KNUCKLE LOVE

By **K.A. Merikan**

Introduction

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

What Is Love is an Open Road?

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

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

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

Words of Caution

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

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

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

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

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BARE-KNUCKLE LOVE

By K.A. Merikan

Photo Description

A muscled, handsome man stands in a seedy backstreet, with nowhere to run. He's shirtless, with bandaged knuckles and blood dripping down his chest from a cut on his face. They backed him into a corner, but he won't go without a fight.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

I know they're coming. Someone's coming. And what they have in store for me will make that last bout look like a romp at the playground. They won't let me get away, not after what I've done... not now that they know I found out the truth.

I hear heavy footfalls everywhere. I'm outnumbered. Outgunned. All I have are two fists—and those are broken and bloody... but maybe, just maybe, with a little luck (or a goddamned miracle) I'll make it out of this... out of here.

The footsteps are closer now... slowing down. They found me. I see a shadow coming from around the corner. I don't know who or what is on the other side of that wall... if it's one guy or twenty. I guess it really doesn't matter. I close my eyes and take a deep breath before I growl, "Hey, asshole..." I take two steps and let my fists fly.

****Please no BDSM. I'm looking for something gritty, rough, and raw... the rest is up to you.**

Thanks!

Sincerely,

Ali

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: dark, enemies to lovers, dubious consent, biker, first time, in the closet, men with pets, HFN

Content Warnings: graphic violence, past animal abuse (not by MC), past child abuse

Word Count: 34,879

BARE-KNUCKLE LOVE

By K.A. Merikan

Chapter 1

Fight or die. It was what his father taught him. But only the winners counted in his father's eyes, and Jason wouldn't be winning tonight. Tonight was all about money. Something his father loved almost as much as power.

Blood pulsed in Jason's ears as he drank coppery-tasting water from a bottle. The crowd around him roared battle cries of bloodthirsty cannibals, but their voices were only background noise in the cramped space of a downtown basement. Jason breathed in deep, clenching and unclenching his fists as he watched his opponent across the cage. Though he wasn't sure whether "opponent" was the right word in a situation where the match had been rigged.

Titan was what they called him, the nickname very fitting to someone so huge and ugly, but in a real fight, the guy wouldn't be that much of a challenge. Mass and strength alone weren't enough, and if Jason were trying to win, Titan would have been sweating blood like a pig in an abattoir by this point. But life demanded money for rent, food, and the occasional beer, and it wasn't like an underground fight could affect Jason's future job prospects. If he had any in the first place. All he wanted right now was to settle back in his hometown of Southport, Washington, which happened to be the county's center for illegal activity thanks to its harbor and lenient police force. The local motorcycle club, the Rabid Mongrels, organized the fight, and it seemed they had a very good relationship with the police to pull off such stunts.

As Titan approached him, there was some satisfaction to be had from breaking a law his father had enforced. Jason was on his own, and he would do as he pleased, even if the voice at the back of his mind was waiting to scream at him for not playing by a real man's rules. Titan's scent crawled toward Jason inch by inch, and the man's acne-scarred face tensed up, but when Jason glanced over Titan's shoulder, ready to take the last few punches, his mind went completely blank.

The pale shape of a familiar face emerging from the dark background was like a beacon shining through the fuzz of the fight, through the pain in Jason's bloodied knuckles, from a time much darker than now. Hyde stared at him from across the cramped room, his longish blond hair in disarray, brows low over his eyes, luscious mouth sucking in cigarette smoke. He was even more handsome than he used to be in high school; the past ten years had added definition to his features.

The punch to Jason's face completely threw him off-balance and made his jaw crackle. It was as if someone pushed Play on an MP3 player that had stopped. The world was loud and vicious again. Sure, Jason was back in his hometown, but the last thing he expected was to see the guy who made him realize his sexuality all too clearly. Not that he'd ever done anything about it, but he was *not* about to lose in front of Hyde.

"Fuck the money," he muttered to himself through the mouthguard and pirouetted back to Titan. He struck the side of the guy's jaw, the punch sending a tremble all the way down his elbow.

The crowd roared all around him, tuning in with the stampede of blood pumping through Jason's brain. Titan tried to hook him, but Jason stepped away, only to deliver a punishing blow to the side of Titan's jaw and send him on the mesh.

"Motherfucker," mumbled Titan, with bloody spit spilling out of his mouth as he charged at Jason again. But with Titan's movements slow and unfocused, it was clear the power of Jason's last punch still gave him seconds of advantage.

All Jason could think of was the shame of Hyde seeing him lose. Maybe Jason's life turned out shit, but there was one thing he was good at, and that was fighting. One skill that he could show off to the object of his wild teenage fantasies. But with another glimpse of Hyde's handsome face behind Titan, all of Jason's senses scattered, leaving a blind spot for Titan's fist on his ribs.

With air forcefully knocked out of his lungs, he stumbled backward, squeezing his fists tighter. The bandages on his hands and wrists were already soaked through, but even with his mind hazed by pain, he sensed the thumping of a giant approaching from across the mat.

Jason put his fists up. Fight or die. He was *not* losing, no matter what it took. He tensed his muscles and dodged a few more blows, managing to deliver a punch to Titan's side. The fight was going nowhere fast, so he decided to risk it all. He didn't block the next powerful punch, but when it left Titan open, Jason was ready and put all his strength into a kick to the fucker's shin. Titan fell to the floor with a choked scream, but the plan went sideways when Titan grabbed Jason's leg and flipped him over to his back with a loud *thud*.

Jason's muscles tensed reflexively under the beast of a man who pushed him to the floor. Titan's sweat was sharp and penetrated Jason's nose like it was fucking menthol, but at least it gave him enough of a clear mind to move

his head away when that giant fist smashed into the mat right where his nose would have been. Titan's eyes burned with fury as he clearly realized the earlier agreement was off.

Jason would not be the one tapping out. He'd win or die. Hyde used to watch him at the gym sometimes, so maybe he'd be impressed by how Jason's skills had developed. Rage filled his bloodstream when he realized Titan had pinned him down with his whole weight, but the bastard still managed to sneak in another hit to Jason's face.

His nose was right above Jason's, the mouthguard sticking out from between his beaten lips, and the wetness Jason felt on his chin just had to be spit. A spasm of revulsion went through his body. He would not be fucked by this ugly mongrel. His body took over, leaving his brain buzzing with silent rage. He spat out the mouthguard and bit into the raw flesh above. Titan's muffled scream blew into his ear, almost busting Jason's eardrums, but he chewed on, his jaw locked like he was a pit bull fighting for its life. Each time his victim tried to pull away, his mouth was flooded by more of the sharp, salty flavor, spiced up with the stubble trailing over his tongue.

Screams around them were so loud Jason couldn't even hear his own thoughts. It was all about the flesh, blood, and bone now, as his jaw closed over a fragment of Titan's cheek. Titan was distracted, too busy screaming. As much as the fucker tried to get away, Jason locked him in with his legs and began punching his face into a pulp.

He wasn't sure when Titan stopped struggling, but eventually Jason realized the fight was over. Lights shone bright on him from above, and he was down on the mat, with another guy between his legs, their pulses synchronized and powerful, with nothing to rival its sound.

Jason pushed Titan off, and the surrounding crowd was strangely quiet as he got up. Only now he remembered to spit out a piece of Titan's cheek. He desperately looked around for Hyde. Did he see Jason win? Did he?

Maybe he lost it during the fight and somehow couldn't get the direction right, but he didn't see the familiar face anywhere. The judge stared at him from his spot in one of the corners of the cage, along with his female assistant, whose bright eyes shone with lust, as if the animalistic finale of the match switched on a new program inside her brain. She breathed fast, playing with a thick string of beads that was the only covering for her breasts. She nudged the judge, who immediately went forward, as if her touch broke a spell. The small man took Jason's hand and raised it without locking eyes with him.

“Today’s winner!”

Jason dared a smile, but barely anyone cheered, so he wiped it off his face along with Titan’s blood. When his gaze fell to the edge of the ring, to the man he’d made the arrangement with, reality dawned on him, and it was as sharp as the taste on his tongue.

The dark beard couldn’t hide the murderous expression behind the man’s steel-gray eyes. He mouthed something, and cold sweat spilled down Jason’s spine when he realized it was “You’re dead.”

Without taking another second to think, he darted for the other side of the cage and rushed outside. The crowd parted in front of him, leaving safe passage for the man-eating madman.

A scantily clad woman stumbled over her monster stilettos. With no one to grab her, she rolled into a ball and screamed out as Jason jumped over her and rushed through the double doors, only to stampede up the metal staircase, his only way to freedom. Suddenly, being two floors underground wasn’t that much fun anymore. He needed air. Needed it now. How could he have lost his mind like that? Hyde wasn’t even available—he got fucking married in the last year of high school and already had a kid by graduation.

Jason swore beneath his breath as he sprinted up the first flight of stairs, followed by someone’s screams. The staircase rumbled with noise as the chase closed in on him, a mass of black and gray ready to tear him apart if they got the chance. Did he actually kill Titan? Fuck, maybe he did.

Forcing his muscles to work at their top power after five rounds of an exhausting fight seemed like an impossible feat, and yet he managed to speed up and soon burst into the kitchen of the Greek restaurant serving as cover for the business downstairs. He dove past one of the cooks, who dropped a pan with a shriek, but all Jason felt was hot droplets on his forearm.

He sped for the emergency exit, not looking back. The dark, salt-scented night swallowed him into a narrow alleyway between buildings with no windows.

“Get back here, motherfucker!” someone yelled behind him, but Jason was not about to follow the order. Maybe he really was crazy and just hadn’t realized it before? He’d lived on the fringe of society for far too long to be sure.

Jason ran through the narrow alleyway, blindly passing trash containers. He could hear the sounds of the traffic, the meowing of stray cats, but nothing was as vivid as the men ready to hunt him down like a wild boar in some stupid

fantasy movie. He stumbled over something and ran further with his foot stuck in a plastic bag, trash rolling around with his every move.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” he mewled to himself when he hit a dead end. He slammed his palms against the wall. It was a good thirteen feet tall. This was it. Sink or swim. Fight or die.

Jason turned around and pulled his fists to his face. He was not going down without at least giving it his best shot.

With his eyes now used to the dark, he clearly recognized that he was up against three men. His heart beat furiously against his ribcage, but he refused to back down.

“You’re coming with us!” growled one of them, but the whole group kept their distance.

Jason assessed them one by one. Three men. All wearing leather vests with patches, which could only mean one thing—they were members of the motorcycle club responsible for the fight. Maybe he could play up the crazy and scare them off that way? Win some time to leave town?

“Yeah? You gonna take me on?” he asked and took two steps their way. He knew to show no fear. People always look for your weakness, ready to eat you alive if you make a mistake.

He smiled when every single one of his opponents made at least the tiniest shift back. None of them wanted to be bitten by a rabid pit bull like him. They’d all seen what he’d done to a man with a crowd watching on, and none of them wanted to find out what he was capable of when cornered.

“You broke our agreement, fucker!”

“You wanna try me? See how fucked in the head I really am?” he hissed and took another step forward with his fists up high. He bared his undoubtedly bloodied teeth at them. He could still taste the tang of Titan’s blood, and it made his skin crawl with thirst for more. Maybe he couldn’t take them on all at once, but he was prepared not to sell his flesh cheap.

A loud *thump* made Jason’s mind hit reverse when he realized there was someone behind him. But before he could even think of punching the guy’s nose in, his jaw clenched, and every muscle in his body turned into wood. He believed he screamed when he inevitably fell face-first to the ground, but he could be sure of nothing after endless heat tore into his flesh like burning tongs.

Chapter 2

Jason woke up dizzy and aching all over, with an orchestra playing out of tune in his head. When he tried to reach for his forehead, he realized his hands were cuffed to the back of the chair, and the chair itself wouldn't budge at all, as if someone screwed it to the floor.

Jason's mind was still a bit fuzzy, but he was pretty sure he'd been Tasered. Like a fucking dog. He tried to pull on the chair a few more times before resigning to sit in his place.

He was lucky to still be alive, considering how much money he cost the guy who hired him. He let his body vaguely relax and looked around, frowning when he noticed stands with free weights and other gym equipment all over the small unfurnished room. The walls were a sickly green color, and the lamp above his head looked like it belonged in someone's living room—it was a metal fixture with only two lightbulbs out of six working.

No windows, only one door. This was a fucking trap. Did they want to torture him first? He was a strong guy, but no matter how much he strained his muscles and pulled on the handcuffs, all his efforts seemed pointless. Sweat beaded on his neck and trailed down his chest as the heat of the closed space got to him, though all he was wearing were the knee-length shorts he had worn during the fight. The aftertaste of Titan's blood was still there as well, and at the moment, he longed for more of it to soothe his thirst. At least that gave Jason a bit of satisfaction in the otherwise dreary situation.

He wasn't sure how much time had passed, but when he finally heard sounds of footsteps behind the door, every tendon in his body tensed with the need to fight. Two pairs of footsteps. Two low, masculine voices. What they were saying, he couldn't tell, but while one was clearly agitated, the other had the monotone, relaxed melody Jason learned to associate with stoners.

Jason had his ankles tied to the legs of the chair, so kicking his interrogator was out of the question as well. What was he to say anyway? That he lost his mind because he noticed his high school crush? That wouldn't fly, even if he lied and said it was a woman. He needed to think of something better. Only now he realized he left his phone at the venue. All blood drained from his face just in time for the door to open. Jason blanked.

Hyde looked down at him, leaning against the doorframe just like Jason remembered him doing back in high school. With his hands in the pockets of

loose-fitting jeans that still managed to show off all the delicious lines of Hyde's hips, he looked masculine and hot without trying. His black tank top revealed toned shoulders, and the arms that used to be just tan skin were now covered by full-sleeve tattoos. Jason's gaze was drawn to the old-school eagle Hyde got inked on his arm way back, but now, it was woven into a colorful jungle of wild animals shown in the midst of a fight to the death. Hyde had always been handsome, and he still wore his dirty blond hair in the same style—pulled back into a short ponytail—but his features were now so much more masculine. The cleft in his chin was deeper. His hazel eyes brighter. The broad, perfect nose and luscious lips seemed almost obscenely beautiful with the short stubble as a frame. A big pink balloon of bubblegum leaving Hyde's lips yanked Jason out of his stupor.

The balloon popped, and Jason still didn't know what to say. Hyde didn't seem surprised or bothered by the position Jason was in, and Jason's heart sunk more with each second. His eyes strayed to the fair hair covering the colorful ink on Hyde's forearms. He'd lick each one. Unfulfilled fantasies were the last thing that should be on his mind, though, and Jason clenched his teeth tighter.

"You smoke?" asked Hyde, entering the room casually, as if dealing with imprisoned men was something he did every day. He locked the door behind himself and grinned, chewing the gum loudly. His voice had an underlying rasp that tickled each cell in Jason's body.

Jason's thighs clenched on their own accord. "No."

Hyde clapped his hands. "Good. I thought you wouldn't. Someone like you must take care of themselves, huh?" he asked, leaning against the door. "I changed my clothes just for you. I don't know if smelling it on someone can give you cancer as well, and we need to take good care of your health now."

Jason frowned. Was this a veiled threat? A way to cleverly say *We can keep you alive for days and days of torment?* The hairs on Jason's forearms bristled as he followed Hyde with his gaze. He doubted Hyde remembered him from school, so those potential points were lost. He used to be a nobody back then. Not that he was much of a celebrity now, but at least he wasn't scrawny anymore.

Jason couldn't help his eyes wandering to the hole in the jeans on Hyde's knee. Just that glimpse of skin gave him goose bumps.

Hyde squinted as the silence became too long. "You not grateful?"

Jason curled his shoulders. "I suppose," he mumbled, daring to look Hyde up and down. He supposed it didn't matter what clothes were on a man set to interrogate, torture, or kill him. Then again, if he were to die, he'd like Hyde to be naked. A silly smile forced its way to his lips.

Hyde's pale eyebrows shot up. "I like jokes. Would you like to share?"

Jason licked his lips. "You wouldn't find it funny."

Hyde stepped closer, and his jeans brushed over Jason's bare knee. "Try me."

The flush crawling up Jason's neck wasn't doing him any good as he tried to come up with something to say. "Why am I here?" A change of topic would be a better option, just like distractions were in the cage.

The low, honest laugh that left Hyde's lips made Jason start in his chair.

"Good! That's very good!" Hyde chuckled before blowing yet another bubblegum balloon. He leaned forward and gave Jason's shoulder a playful pat.

Jason groaned. "Okay, okay. Why are *you* here?" Oh, God, he could smell that bubblegum, and instantly imagined that Hyde's lips would taste of it. A thought appropriate for the loser/pervert that he was.

Laughter died on Hyde's lips, and his face became dead serious. A chill went all the way down Jason's spine. He remembered very well where Hyde's nickname came from. Back in high school, he was a popular guy, everyone's friend, only he could smile one minute and beat someone into a bloody pulp under the bleachers the next. Like a modern day Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

"I'm a guy who lost a lot of money tonight," hissed Hyde.

Jason stilled and licked his dry lips. "I made a deal with someone else..."

"That was an associate. And now all plans for a new car for my wife are fucked."

Jason swallowed, the anticipation of a hit becoming worse than actual pain would be. Worse still, a part of him hated that he disappointed Hyde. It wasn't logical in any way, since the guy didn't know him and had a wife on top of that, but Jason still wanted to please him. Like when Hyde asked him to get a beer at a high school party, but by the time Jason came back with it, Hyde had already gone off somewhere.

"Um... Sorry?"

Hyde snorted. “Come on, you can do better than that. You just sucked my fucking bones clean, my friend.”

“Shit happens.” Jason looked down to that tiny bit of skin visible through the hole in Hyde’s jeans.

Hyde laughed, stepping closer and now standing over Jason’s knees. “Yeah, I’m pretty sure Titan shit himself out there.” He cleared his throat. “Don’t tell him I said that.”

Jason’s eyes went wide at the closeness, and he stared straight at Hyde’s crotch. This wasn’t happening. He glued his back to the chair. “Is he alive?” Breath got trapped in Jason’s chest. He couldn’t care less if Titan was alive. All he cared about was Hyde’s dick so close to his face. Father had always called him a cocksucker in anger, but the old bastard had never known just how right he had been about Jason.

Hyde shrugged. “Yeah, but he’s not getting married anytime soon. Who’d want him now, right?” he asked with a wide smile. “Unless you would. From what I could see, you found him quite *delectable*.”

Embarrassment swamped Jason like a typhoon. He’d actually bitten a guy’s cheek off. He was some kind of monster, completely disconnected from real life. All he thought of back then was winning. He wanted a chance to show how amazing he could be to a guy who didn’t care about it. To a guy who’d actually bet *against* him. “I don’t usually eat people,” he growled, his face pulsing with heat.

“Are you a comedian?”

Jason scowled and stayed silent, settling on giving Hyde’s crotch a discreet sniff. Smelling guys was one of the reasons he liked hanging out at the gym. A little secret his family didn’t know anything about.

“I saw that,” said a voice from above.

Jason’s muscles stiffened, and he looked up to avoid staring at Hyde’s crotch. “Saw what?” he snarled, getting agitated all too quickly. He was so far out of his comfort zone it wasn’t even funny anymore. The broad, mean smile on Hyde’s face told him exactly what he was talking about, but Jason would not admit to it. Ever.

But just when he thought his situation couldn’t get any worse, Hyde reached into his pocket and pulled out Jason’s phone. “There’s lots of interesting stuff on here.”

No. No. No. No. No.

Jason's life was *over*. He would die out of embarrassment. "Is there? I just got it off some guy. Didn't format it yet." Such a blatant fucking lie. Jason was already wheezing.

Hyde waved his hand dismissively. "I found all that naked combat footage, and I thought *Wow, this guy's dedicated!* Then, those sneak pics of guys training might come off as a bit creepy, but I suppose a man needs to know who he's up against. But my favorite's this one," said Hyde before turning the screen toward Jason, and it was almost as if he spat in his face.

Hyde turned up the volume as far as it would go. It was a porn clip Jason had bookmarked. A hot young wrestler getting fucked by his opponent, with his outfit torn on the backside. And soon enough, their coach joined in to plow the guy's mouth as well.

Even in this horrible situation, with his life on the line, Jason felt a tingle of excitement stir in his balls. He'd jerked off to that video a dozen times at least. Having Hyde's scent so close wasn't helping either.

"I said it's not mine," Jason hissed through gritted teeth.

Hyde grinned, and no matter how hard Jason tried, his eyes were back on the zipper in front of him when he heard it open. All the hairs on Jason's body bristled, and this time it was arousal that Tasered his whole body. What was happening? He dared to look up at Hyde with the question in his eyes.

"I think it's time to talk man-to-man," said Hyde, switching off the video, and putting the phone on a training bench close by. The navy cotton of his underwear was peeking through the open zipper. "I won't let you go until you get my money back. And the club's. This time, you have to honestly promise me to lose."

"Why would you trust me?" Jason looked from Hyde's handsome face to the zipper and back up again. This was surreal. Was this supposed to be like a treat for him? After all he'd done? Or was it some twisted punishment in a straight guy's mind—making the fag suck dick?

"I *don't* trust you. I just think you'll know what's good for you," said Hyde, hooking his thumbs through the belt loops of his jeans and pulling them slightly lower.

"Are you trying to threaten me with your dick?" Jason let out a laugh that sounded fake even to him. He was so nervous his stomach clenched to the size of a nut. His erection, on the other hand, would not listen to reason.

“Why would a nice, long dick be a threat?” asked Hyde, and Jason went into tunnel-vision mode when that tan hand dove into the navy boxer shorts, only to reappear holding a beautiful specimen of a cock. Already half-hard, it was a good size, thick and on the longer side. Just looking at it had Jason’s shorts becoming that much more uncomfortable.

“Are you t-trying to... befriend me with it?” Jason whispered. His face was burning, but he wouldn’t dare blink. He’d never been this close to sucking another guy’s dick, and the prospect of giving head to Hyde was making him sweat. His insides fluttered, and his own cock saluted. He’d fantasized about Hyde’s dick many times, but the reality of it, the full, glorious 3-D was incomparable with his imagination. The musky yet clean smell of it pulled him in like a leash.

Hyde chuckled above Jason, and he gave his beautiful tool a slow, loving pump.

“You could say that. I’m feeling generous.”

Jason swallowed, not minding the handcuffs anymore. “Not afraid I’ll bite it off?” As soon as he’d said that, he realized it wasn’t the smoothest of jokes after he’d actually bitten a guy’s cheek a few hours ago. “I mean...” He took a deep breath, unsure what he meant anymore, too absorbed with that meaty, glistening cockhead in front of him. He didn’t expect the warm hand cupping the top of his head.

Hyde petted him gently while quickly readying his tool for work. “I know. You wouldn’t want to hurt a dick like that, would you, Jason?”

Jason loved the way Hyde said his name. Acknowledged him. He shook his head slowly, and his lips parted on their own. His body wouldn’t say no to Hyde’s cock no matter how much his mind tried to alert him of potential danger. All the years spent struggling with his desires, only to have them disperse here and now. A cock handed over on the silver platter of Hyde’s hand.

Hyde grunted and stepped closer, until the cockhead brushed over Jason’s lips, gently painting them with salty wetness. “How about a first taste?”

Jason could try and lie about his phone, but there was no way to lie about the way he opened his mouth in invitation. His cock was painfully hard, and he stirred in the uncomfortable seat he wouldn’t change for any other. Jason had expected torture and pain, yet instead, was getting his wet dreams coming to life. Maybe he actually died and went to heaven?

When Hyde's hand slid under his jaw and caressed him there, he was ready to roll over and show his soft underbelly. "You want that? You want to taste my cock?" whispered Hyde, with his eyes locked on Jason's. His handsome face was as flushed as Jason's felt.

Jason took a deep breath, hardly believing he'd be saying the words. "Yes, please..." He dared touch the cockhead with the tip of his tongue. His body went wild with arousal at the salty taste of skin. He wanted to hump the chair he was sitting on, but he'd get no relief with both his hands and legs immobilized.

When the smooth, lovely cockhead pushed into his mouth, he uttered a moan he could hardly believe left his own lips. Deep. Throaty. Completely wanton. And yet he couldn't deny himself more of the sweet slide over his tongue. He leaned forward to take more in, exploring the throbbing veins. Hyde was so hard it was unreal that it could be Jason's doing. Father always told him he was good for nothing. Looked like he'd just found himself a new calling. All he needed was a lot of practice.

There had to be a first time for everything, and all Jason could hope for was that he wouldn't turn out to give lousy head. As much as he hated his brain for it, he was already fantasizing about the next blow job he'd give. He'd watched a lot of porn, though, and it couldn't be that hard. In some ways, it was like being back in the ring. He'd completely lost sense of reality, trapped in one moment in time, focused on only one goal: sucking cock until it drowned his mouth in cum.

Hyde's dick was wonderfully meaty, salty, and Jason was already getting addicted to his smell. His thrusts were slow, easy for Jason to handle, even when they gradually deepened and Hyde steadied Jason's head with both his hands. "That's good," he uttered, smothering Jason's mouth with attention. "You're doing great. Suck me harder."

Jason curled his toes and fulfilled the request. His insides melted when he dared to look up, and his eyes met Hyde's. He was being looked at. With a cock in his mouth, he was now the center of Hyde's attention. Not anyone else. Him. He could purr against those hands.

Every time the hot dick slid over his tongue, a part of him went to heaven. He couldn't help sliding his ass over the seat, too horny to care about dignity. And despite not being able to put much pressure on his own dick, the movement of fabric against it was starting to give him deep shivers.

“You like it? You hungry for more of that cock?” whispered Hyde, and Jason was surprised to feel the warm prick leave his mouth. He followed it with a low moan, but Hyde just grinned and pulled it out of reach, masturbating, as if just to tease Jason.

“Yes, yes...” Jason said eagerly and leaned forward, ready to have Hyde fuck his mouth. He no longer had the mental energy to ponder Hyde’s sexuality. Jason didn’t give a shit as long as he’d get to suck on that throbbing cock. Even back at school, Hyde had this glow of charisma about him that made everyone want to warm themselves in his light. Jason craved that, too, in his friendless life.

Hyde smiled and pushed two fingers deep into Jason’s mouth, gently pressing on the back of his tongue. Jason moaned when the cock slapped against his cheek, warm and slightly wet from his own saliva.

“I’m gonna come down your throat, and you’re gonna swallow it all like a good boy, isn’t that right?” rasped Hyde, patting Jason’s cheek with his cock over and over again.

Jason mewled and sucked on the fingers for a moment as he nodded, rubbing his face against that hot flesh. His mind was long gone, giving way for his body to express itself. His balls tensed up every now and then, as he couldn’t sit still in the chair. He was so fucking ready for Hyde’s cum. Ready like never before in his life.

“I will,” he whispered, looking up at Hyde in adoration of his every feature, from the tattoos to the long blond hair, the stubble he wanted to lick all over, to the plump lips made for kissing.

“Yeah? You’re my little cocksucker?” rasped Hyde, jerking off right in front of Jason’s face. It was almost physically painful to think it could have been Jason’s mouth moving over that wonderful cock instead.

“I’ll swallow it all...” Jason lived for the slight friction he managed to get from rocking his hips in the chair. His cock twitched, rock hard, desperate for release, and made his lust palpable.

Hyde pushed deep into his mouth, and despite Jason’s best efforts not to gag, he started coughing around that delicious dick every time it slid into his throat. Hyde cursed beneath his breath and pulled back, only to push in again, holding on to Jason’s head and slowly enforcing a rhythm.

The fast movement of Hyde’s hips, pushing the dick in, fucking Jason’s mouth in earnest, was too much to bear. When a vision of Hyde lying on top of

him and fucking his ass in that same rhythm flooded his mind, Jason came in his pants, humping the air and sucking the thick cock that demanded all the attention Jason could give and more.

Hyde gave a muffled groan, and moments later, when his thrusting became a bit shallower again, Jason sensed bitter wetness at the back of his tongue. He swallowed, eager to take it all, to make Hyde happy with his performance, sucking and lapping at the pulsing cock to milk it dry.

Hyde stilled against him, not yet pulling away, and Jason didn't want to shower ever again. Unless Hyde would promise to jerk off on him. *Oh, fuck*, Jason would like that. His heart was still hammering in his chest when he came down from the ultimate high. Never before had he been so close to another person. Jason bowed slightly to rub his forehead against Hyde's pubes as the softening cock slipped out of his mouth with a wet smack.

Hyde chuckled and scratched the back of Jason's head before stepping back and casually putting his cock back into his pants. "Someone likes a good throat fuck," he said, nodding at the wet spot at the front of Jason's shorts.

Jason squeezed his thighs together as reality kicked in. He just blew a guy. And loved every second of it. He could still feel the slight strain at the back of his throat. "I... I..."

Hyde's mouth twisted into a toothy grin. "Up there in the ring, you're all about power, but out of the limelight, you get down on your knees. Happy to take a load or two."

"N-no," Jason uttered, his chest tightening. He just couldn't say no to that hard cock in front of him. What did that make him? And what did Hyde think of him now?

Hyde stepped back and grabbed Jason's cell phone from the bench. "I think you are a nasty little cocksucker. You just came in your pants from my dick ramming down your throat."

There was no denying that. The stain on Jason's pants was proof of his lust for cock. His breath was becoming raspy with all the things he wanted to say but didn't know how. He could hardly breathe. His father had been right all along. He was weak and soft, ready to roll over for another guy. Jason bit the inside of his lips so hard it hurt, yet the aftertaste of Hyde's cum sent a pleasant shiver down his spine.

Hyde pointed the phone at Jason's face. "Say 'cheese'," he said with a self-satisfied grin. "No? Okay." He took a photo. "I thought it would make a good

last frame for the video, but whatever you like. I should have went for the money shot. Wouldn't you like that? All that hot cum on your face?"

Jason went completely still when Hyde turned the phone around to show him the screen with a video of what they'd just done. He fucking filmed it. Jason let out an incoherent scream and lunged at Hyde, but the handcuffs allowed him little movement. Jason wanted to tear the beautiful bastard apart and feast on his fucking carcass for this betrayal.

"I thought you liked videos where big, strong men get their tonsils oiled up. Was I wrong?" asked Hyde casually, while the alien person who looked like Jason opened his mouth for a cock on the screen. The guy was panting and asking for more. All red-faced and excited. He wasn't like Jason at all.

"I was just—I..." Jason was at loss, yet a dark, lusty part of him wanted to see that dick all over again.

Hyde nodded, his face dead serious. "I get it. You needed your protein after tonight's fight really, really bad."

"Shut the fuck up!" Jason clenched his fists, wishing the video away. His vision was getting blurry. All the years spent working hard—looking for a purpose and trying not to dream of a guy handling his body like a sex toy—all for fucking nothing the moment a stiff dick hypnotized him into sucking.

Hyde made a face and switched the video to full volume. Each slap of skin, each suckle, each moan resonated down Jason's skin as the stranger who looked just like him took it like a porn star, without any shame, looking up at the man rewarding him with the privilege of sucking his cock. He remembered all too vividly how that hard meat twitched on his tongue.

Jason hung his head to avoid looking. "Make it stop," he said, annoyed by the tremble in his voice. What if his brother saw that video? What would anyone think of him if word got out about this? He was getting nauseated and couldn't help the slow trail of tears down his face. He'd fucked up so bad.

The lewd sounds stopped, and Jason stirred, all tense when warm, masculine hands cupped his face and pulled it up. He bit into his bottom lip to stop its trembling. Great, not only did he suck cock, he also cried like a baby. Jason's life hit a new low. He tried to pull away, but Hyde's hands held him all too firmly.

Hyde's eyes were bright and attentive, and it felt like Jason was being pulled apart with that stare.

“Shh, you’re a good boy, aren’t you?” whispered Hyde and slowly sat across Jason’s lap.

Those words were like a soothing balm on Jason’s nerves. Hyde’s body so close only reminded Jason that he couldn’t remember the last time he got hugged, when he was actually close to another human being he wasn’t fighting against. Jason sniffed and nodded, too choked up to actually say the words.

Hyde was warm, less heavy than most of Jason’s opponents, and yet he achieved what they could not—he brought Jason all the way down to his knees.

“I just want to make sure you earn that money back for me next week. You’ll get the phone back, and you can delete that video if you want. I’m not gonna show it to anyone.”

Jason was hyperaware of each move Hyde made on top of him, of the closeness of his ass and thighs, of the heat of his fingers, and the masculine scent he exuded, combined with the smell of sweet, minty bubblegum. Most of all, though, he was painfully aware of yet another tear sliding down his cheek. Last time he cried was when his dog died years ago.

“I’ll do what you need.”

Hyde pulled the gum out of his mouth and tossed it to the floor. He leaned in, close enough for Jason to sense his breath on his mouth. He could bite those pretty lips off if he wanted now, but he couldn’t bring himself to move.

“You know I’m just messing with you?” whispered Hyde. “It got me horny when you did those nasty, nasty things. Took my dick like a bitch in heat.”

Jason looked into the beautiful hazel eyes so close to his, so focused on him. He’d never gotten this much attention from Hyde, and was now sure Hyde didn’t remember him, because he’d have used that to his advantage otherwise. The very thought that Jason was the one to get Hyde horny was so overwhelming it ached somewhere inside. A guy like Hyde could have anyone. Man or woman. Yet he noticed Jason and gave him more than he could ever wish for. Then again, he also blackmailed him and called him a bitch, which was both maddening and confusingly arousing. “Little bitch” was yet another invective often thrown Jason’s way by his father, but on Hyde’s lips it sounded almost like a compliment.

“It did?” Jason asked, embarrassed not only by the tears, but that Hyde got to see them as well.

Hyde smiled and crossed the minimal distance between them, unlocking Jason's lips with his soft tongue. Jason melted into the chair, too scared to move a muscle. He could understand Hyde wanting to fuck his face, degrade him, but... kiss?

Hyde groaned, massaging Jason's arms as he deepened the kiss, sucking Jason right into it, leading the way. He smelled sweet and fresh, with a hint of cigarette bitterness. "I like a man with lean meat on him," he whispered.

Jason arched into the kiss, out of his depth, unsure what he was doing yet desperate to do well, not to embarrass himself any further with his lack of experience. His toes curled on their own accord, and he closed his eyes, imagining more pleasant surroundings than being tied to a chair in a storage room.

"We'll set you up for the fight next week, and you're gonna lose this time, right? You'll do that for Hyde?"

Jason took a deep breath, light-headed over his first kiss. But through the haze, he could see where this was going. Hyde had always been a smooth talker who had gotten what he wanted no matter what he'd had to say to get it. What was a stupid kiss to him? What was getting his dick sucked by a guy, if he could get a good deal out of it?

Jason nodded and licked his own lips, which still tasted of Hyde's unique flavor. He'd get played by Hyde any time if that was what he'd receive in return.

Hyde grinned and sucked on Jason's bottom lip. "Sweet. You'll move in with me for the week. Do I hear a 'Wow, thanks, Hyde'?"

Jason blinked in panic. "Move in with you? Into your house?" His heart began hammering, and reality crashed into his dream. "Doesn't your wife live there?"

Hyde frowned. "So? She's got her own room."

"I've got a place to stay." Jason was being pulled into some scheme, and he didn't like it one bit. He was sure it was a trap.

"Yeah, a motel room. You can do better than that," said Hyde, sliding off Jason's lap.

Jason looked to the wall with a sigh. Obviously, Hyde's "associate" must have told him all about the conditions in Jason's filthy impromptu home. "I doubt it, but fine. I guess I can stay on your sofa, or something."

“Good boy,” said Hyde, slowly walking to stand behind Jason. The sound of the key unlocking the handcuffs made Jason tingle. He was free to fight back now.

But instead of launching himself at his tormentor, he pulled his hands to the front and rubbed his wrists. He hadn’t noticed when he cut his skin on the cuffs. He could try and fight Hyde for the phone now, but he didn’t even know where he was. Jason needed to pace himself, find a good moment. Not to mention that he didn’t want to hurt Hyde. He’d probably not be able to bring himself to hit that handsome face. Ever.

Jason shuddered when a switchblade opened right by his cheek.

“Do your legs,” said Hyde, strolling back to the door.

“You’re not afraid to give me a knife?” Jason squinted at Hyde and cut the tape on his ankles.

Hyde shook his head with a smug smile. “My guys will turn you into Swiss cheese before you even walk out of this building.”

Jason groaned and gave Hyde the knife back, but as he stood up, his knees gave out, and he had to hold onto the chair. Had to be an aftereffect of the fucking Taser. Hyde used to be much taller than him back in high school, and that was still the case, though it was now more like two inches instead of five.

“You own this place?” Jason asked as his gaze drifted to Hyde’s mouth.

Hyde put his arm around Jason’s shoulders. “Why, yeah. Handsome, charming, and with his own business. That’s me.”

Jason rolled his eyes. “Too bad polygamy’s illegal, because that sounds like marriage material to me.” He couldn’t force himself to pull away, though. The touch of the hot, heavy arm was way too pleasant.

Hyde chuckled and pushed Jason out the door. “Everyone’s dying to meet you. Especially Titan.”

Chapter 3

Hyde had no fear in him. First, he gave Jason a knife after having openly played him, now he was walking through the narrow corridor first, seemingly unconcerned whether his life was in danger. But as much of an asshole as he was, God, was Hyde a fine-looking man. There was a relaxed softness to his gait as he moved, gently swaying to the sides. Some of the soft hair escaped the ponytail, and Jason felt his skin getting hot when he realized it must have happened when Hyde fucked his mouth with the ferocity of a madman. The discomfort of the forced entry felt so good that just thinking about it gave Jason a kick.

They say that people who are popular in high school don't necessarily end up successful in life, but Hyde? He hadn't lost even the slightest bit of his natural charm. Trim and broad-shouldered, with beautiful arms and smooth skin, he had it all, just as he did ten years prior. At school, Hyde was the guy everyone wanted to either be or date—handsome and smart enough to get good grades despite not spending much time with his homework, and with a father who tended to be extremely lenient. Hyde had had a good car and cool clothes that most parents would not accept on their teenage kid. He didn't have a curfew and threw the most epic parties—all that while being a badass whom no one wanted to cross.

Jason had been to one of those parties. Shy and friendless, he got excited as if Hyde invited him to the prom, and spent all his money on a new pair of cool sneakers, not realizing that literally everyone at school was expected to be there, so there was nothing special about it. But when Hyde spoke about it at the gym where Jason had been hanging out after school, it had been the first time Hyde spoke to him. Or toward him. At that point in time, Jason didn't have much of a concept of gayness, as it was definitely not something spoken about at his home other than as an insult. What he did know was that Hyde's voice had his insides fluttering and his skin erupting in goose bumps.

At the party itself, Hyde had asked Jason to get him a beer and put a hand on his shoulder as he did so. Jason still remembered it so vividly as if it were yesterday. Unfortunately, when he returned from the kitchen with a perfectly chilled beer, Hyde was gone, off with his friends somewhere. Jason agonized over his failure for several days after. That maybe if he had taken less time, Hyde would have still been there, they'd have hung out, and who knew what could have happened. But it never did. Most probably never would have, as

Jason wouldn't have dared to make a move on Hyde even if the guy had been completely drunk. After all, he hadn't dared to make a move on anyone. Ever.

Hyde opened a door to the right and walked Jason into a large communal shower room, with open stalls and toilets right across from them. The place was incredibly old school, with cream-colored tiles, some of which were broken or missing like gaps in an old man's smile.

"Right," said Hyde, casually turning around in front of Jason. "Hop under the water."

"H-huh?" Jason swallowed and glanced between Hyde and the showers. "Now?" He knew the answer to his own stupid question, but was still delaying the anxiety of undressing in front of the guy.

Hyde raised his brows. "Should I do it for you?"

Jason's eyes went wide. "No!" he said louder than he would have wished. He walked into a shower stall and pulled down his shorts after a deep breath. The chill immediately made his scrotum pull up closer to his body, but it was a loud whistle that made his skin crawl.

"You don't shave anywhere. I like that," said Hyde, pulling close a metal stool. He sat on it and leaned against the wall behind him, ready for a makeshift peep show.

"Why the fuck would I shave? I'm not even hairy anyway," Jason groaned and dared a peek at Hyde before turning on the water. He would miss Hyde's smell on him, but after the blackmail, the fucker had another thing coming if he thought he'd get a blow job ever again.

"It's more common than you think. When I hook up, it's like a lottery of pubes. You never know what you're gonna get."

"Like dick sizes, I suppose," Jason muttered and got some soap as the water warmed up. He didn't want to have any blood left on his face when he met Titan again.

"Yes, exactly like that!" said Hyde with a broad smile that Jason really tried not to look at. That man was a treacherous beast. "Only I don't care much about that. I'm more interested in the back than the front."

Jason clenched his buttocks and turned around, but that wasn't optimal either, so he settled on standing sideways and washing faster. "I don't care at all. I just watch some porn. Any guy can get curious."

“Tell me more. I love closeted types. They’re the most dedicated at worshipping my dick,” said Hyde, slowly getting up from the seat.

“Ah, fuck you. You know shit about me.” Jason watched Hyde, already wishing to stroke the stubble on his face. Wishing him naked under the shower as well.

“Seven inches? It’s a wild guess,” said Hyde, walking up to the stall.

Jason’s mind instantly drifted off to Hyde’s thick dick, and his lips parted slightly. “Stop staring, creep.”

“What else am I supposed to do? Wash it for you? I think you’re old enough to do that.”

“You can get me a towel.” Jason just snarled at Hyde and finished washing with a quick soap-up of his short hair.

Hyde made a low cat-like purr and moments later, fabric slapped Jason’s ass.

“Here you go, tiger.”

Jason grabbed the towel and gave himself a quick rub before tying it around his hips. He made sure to make a show of it when he toweled his hair, as Hyde had mentioned he liked Jason’s muscles. Jason worked hard to have pronounced abs, and showcasing them paid off, as Hyde’s cool gaze definitely left a sticky trail down Jason’s freshly cleaned six-pack.

They left the showers and entered an equally ancient locker room. It was depressing to look at, yet on the other hand, Jason had been to worse places. Hyde tossed him some stale-smelling clothes from one of the lockers and leaned against the wall.

“Is this getting you off?” Jason asked as he pulled on a pair of sweatpants over his naked body.

“Your lips did a decent job at doing that.”

Jason pushed Hyde’s chest without a second thought. “What the fuck? Don’t ever fucking say that again!” He pushed Hyde once more, all the way to the wall.

Those hazel eyes opened wider, and Hyde laughed. “What? Perfect it wasn’t!”

“I’ve never done it before, so what the fuck do you expect, huh?” Jason grabbed Hyde’s top. Heat was creeping up his neck. He wasn’t good enough even for sucking cock?

Hyde grimaced and grabbed the back of his head. “What the fuck? Your mouth is like a freaking vacuum.”

Was that supposed to be some fucked-up compliment? Jason’s fist went up on its own accord, but he stilled when Hyde opened his palm to protect his face.

“You want to knock my teeth out? Where’s your sense of decorum?”

Jason imagined that pretty mouth without teeth and stilled. How was he supposed to fight Hyde? Before he could come up with an answer to that question, something smashed into the underside of his jaw so hard he bit his own tongue, stumbling backwards.

“You obviously have none if you bite people’s cheeks off,” hissed Hyde.

“You’re the one who Tasered me, aren’t you?” Jason asked with a bit of a lisp, massaging his numb jaw. Looked like hitting *his* face was perfectly appropriate. It made sense.

Hyde spread his hands. “It’s able to put a grown man to sleep. And by the way, did you just say I took your cherry?”

“There is no fucking ‘cherry’ in the throat, you dumbass!” Jason curled his shoulders and pulled on a T-shirt with the gym logo, a blue bird with muscular arms. He stilled, realizing this was the very gym he, Hyde, and the other guys from Hyde’s circles frequented after school. It hadn’t looked nearly as bad back then. It was far from Jason’s old home, but he used to rather spend over an hour walking than miss a chance of smelling the faintest hint of Hyde’s sweat.

“Right. It’s in the ass, I forgot,” said Hyde, watching Jason with a deep frown that wasn’t making him any less handsome.

“And you’re not getting it, so fuck off, and let’s just get on with it.” Whatever “it” was.

“You’re lying.”

“Why would I lie? I’m telling you I’ve never been with a guy.”

Hyde sighed. “Ridiculous. You’re one hot piece of ass.”

Jason spread his arms, not sure what to say. He never considered himself much of a hot guy. “How does anyone even meet anyone? I don’t know. I’m not good at this shit. I don’t know any gay guys.”

Hyde grinned and opened his arms for a hug. "Poor you!"

"It's not funny!" Jason hugged himself instead. "I'm not good with people."

Hyde's arms dropped. "If that's any consolation, you're pretty talented with cock. It was damn impressive for a first-timer. So there's that."

It wasn't a talent Jason wanted to have. "I got carried away," he muttered, wanting to hide.

Hyde stared at him with those piercing eyes.

"Just let it go, I'll do what you asked for." Jason broke the silence, too tense to bear it. Hyde wouldn't understand. He was always the life of the party. "It was a one-time thing, and I'm done with that now."

Hyde pulled out a pack of cigarettes and put one into his mouth. "You need to meet my guys."

Good. The message must have gotten through to Hyde's brain, because he finally changed the topic from dick-and-ass talk. Jason was ready to get back to his miserable, loveless life full of unresolved sexual tension first thing next week. He nodded.

"Come," said Hyde, leading him through two more rooms and into a windowless weight room. Now they could hear voices and some music ahead, and Jason wasn't sure what to anticipate.

He rolled his eyes at the way Hyde ordered him around. He took a deep breath and focused on the width of Hyde's shoulders, on his own aching jaw, and the little scratch in his throat, all to avoid making eye contact with whoever was there ahead.

They walked through a door and into a well-lit room. The voices died down, only to erupt again.

"Motherfucker! I'll bite your nose off!" shouted one, and when Jason looked up, he was shocked to see a mass of gauze and bandages over Titan's face. The guy was wearing a leather cut with lots of patches sewn on at the front. One of them read "Sgt at Arms."

Jason swallowed. What was he to say? That he's sorry? That wouldn't be good enough. He crossed his arms over his chest. Four other men got to their feet, but none of them tried to stop Titan as he charged straight at Jason.

Hyde gave a theatrical sigh. "Come on, it's not like you were pretty before. Remember when you got drunk and complained about your acne scars? Isn't the one big, badass scar you'll have now more of a chick magnet?"

“You claim you have any control over this rabid motherfucker?” a bearded young guy asked, but Jason was too busy dodging Titan’s fist to listen.

“Titan, for fuck’s sake! You want the money back or not?” growled Hyde, grabbing the giant from behind.

“How is his head in one piece gonna help with that? You better put a shock collar on the fucker!” Titan yelled, spitting all over Jason’s face.

Hyde snorted, and with a strong push, he got Titan to back off. “Deal. Now can you not mess up our investment?”

“He’s right, Titan. Chill,” said a tan man with a buzz cut and a plum-colored birthmark spread over half his cheek.

Jason frowned at Hyde. *Deal?* He couldn’t be for real.

Titan groaned. “But you’re putting it on that crazed mutt. He’s fucked in the head. Should get fucking isolated.” He walked over to the wall and got a collar from under a large flag of the Rabid Mongrels MC, along with its logo, a red-eyed dog laying on a pile of guns and human skulls. It was the club that organized that night’s fight, and he now realized they were also the ones to make the contract with him. All of the men but Hyde wore identical leather vests, with the same symbol on the back.

Jason swallowed. Would these guys really let him go with a slap on the wrist if he won back the money? Somehow he didn’t think that would be the case.

“He’s gonna get the fucking collar,” hissed Hyde, as if Jason wasn’t there at all. Typical. Hyde looked at the guy with the birthmark. “Spotty, help me the fuck out?”

Jason took a few steps back, his eyes wide. “I’m not wearing a fucking shock collar! You outta your fucking mind? This is some first-class bullshit!”

Hyde gritted his teeth and sent him the glare of death. “You will wear it if you don’t want to be the new accidental celebrity.”

Jason scowled and shut his mouth, but still took another step back. This was so out of his comfort zone he wanted to howl. The last thing he needed, though, was to end up on Xtube for everyone to see him moan around a cock and swallow the load. But if Hyde thought that after this threat and the collar, he’d ever get a blow job again, he had another thing coming. Though Hyde probably wouldn’t want one from a guy and only did it for the blackmail video. Jason couldn’t help but look around. Did the others know what Hyde had done?

Spotty came over, his thin lips pressed into a pale line. “Kindergarten’s over. We’re having beer now. Right?” he asked Titan, with a mean slap to his bruised arm.

Hyde walked up to Jason with a low growl, holding up the freaking collar. “Let’s get this over with, shall we?”

“You ever use it and you’re dead,” Jason whispered, looking into Hyde’s eyes as the guy locked it around his neck, standing all too close.

Hyde pursed his lips, sending him a silent kiss the moment he locked the collar with a metal bolt. The four men behind his back roared with equal amount of laughter and angry babble, and Jason wasn’t sure which came from where. He wanted to lock himself in his motel room and just sleep forever. Not have to deal with his sexuality, going mental on Titan, or having a crush on an obnoxious, manipulative prick.

Jason put his hand over the thick collar, and an unpleasant chill went to his stomach at the memory of getting Tasered. He could probably somehow remove it, but what would be the point of it if he wanted to settle accounts with the club anyway?

Titan spat on the floor, and Hyde scowled at him but said nothing.

Spotty shook his head before raising his eyes at Jason. “Fetch us some beers.” He pointed to the fridge in the corner of the room.

Jason shifted uncomfortably, but Titan pushed him forward. “You deaf, motherfucker?”

The young guy with a beard, whom Jason already noticed was called Jack, snarled at him. “You cost us a fuckton of money tonight, so you might wanna get creative with your apologies.”

“Just don’t bring in any human jerky,” chuckled Spotty, holding on to Titan, who showed off his teeth again. Jason was pretty sure the guy would gladly return the favor to Jason.

“I could flay his ass,” Titan snarled. “It’s not like anyone’s gonna see that at the next fight.”

Jason didn’t blink, but cold sweat broke out under his T-shirt. He was sure the guy would be more than capable of doing as he said if given the chance. He got the beers in silence, trying to come up with scenarios of what he would do depending on the type of torture the Rabid Mongrels wanted to indulge in. He

was resigned to his fate at this point, knowing there was no way he could just run from five armed men with a shock collar around his neck.

Babyface, a guy with round, oddly ageless features, grinned and pulled out a crooked knife as Jason slowly approached the set of leather sofas and armchairs where the bikers sat. “We do have the right tools. You could make a belt out of his skin.”

Hyde snorted. “Come on, guys, you really want to fondle another man’s ass? How about we each grab a beer and chill out with a game of darts?” he asked, leaning back on the leather sofa.

Spotty rolled his eyes. “Seriously? Darts?”

“Or we could make a belt buckle out of his teeth,” said Babyface.

Jason watched them, wishing his face were made out of stone, but his insides were the softest pudding, and his stomach clenched in anticipation of pain. Looked like getting humiliated and blackmailed would be the “fun bit” in comparison to what was about to happen.

Jack drank half his beer in one go and looked back to Jason. “That kind of shit should be up your street, right? Since you’re the cannibal and all that?”

Jason’s gaze slid over Hyde but quickly fell to his bare feet when their eyes locked for a split second. “I’m not insane. It was an accident,” he mumbled.

“Guys, hear me out, yeah?” asked Hyde, slowly getting up from the couch. He walked up to Jason and took one of the beers before pushing him to face the fridge again. Despite Jason’s best intentions, the fleeting touch of Hyde’s hand burned him through the shirt. “I thought his back would make a great target.”

The laughter and howls of satisfaction made Jason’s skin crawl. *Fuck*. Sure, why not? Why not stab him to death with those darts in an attempt to make his death the most pathetic way to go?

“I’ll drink to that!” Jack said, and a gulping noise followed.

“I’m gonna turn him into a fucking pin cushion!” Titan cheered. “Get some markers, Spotty.”

“The one who wins gets a bigger share of the money next week,” announced Hyde, much to his friends’ enthusiasm, but each word that left his mouth made Jason number. He supposed being shot at was better than being exposed as a cocksucker.

As Hyde grabbed the remaining beers, Babyface took his place next to Jason and put a hand on his neck, squeezing it, with a dark grin.

“We’ll see if he’s as tough as he made everyone believe. Can you stay still during the game, Cannibal?”

Jason gave the fucker a hard stare. “Try me,” he said through gritted teeth, and someone behind him whistled. He had stayed still when his brother and his friends had shot real ammo at him, so he could bear with this. So typical that he’d be the target, though. Always on the outside.

The bikers laughed, Hyde joined Babyface and gestured for Jason to pull his hands up. “So far, so good. Impress us and maybe we’ll patch you up afterwards.”

“As if. I won’t be pouring good vodka over his back,” snarled Jack, but Titan had other ideas.

“We can make do with gasoline. My backyard could use a torch.”

Jason held his arms up. For a moment, he wanted to take off the T-shirt himself, but then he thought that it was a nice opportunity to get more of Hyde’s touch. He looked over his shoulder at Titan. “Your *face* could use a *cheek*.” Jason knew he shouldn’t be tempting fate, but he couldn’t just listen to that bullshit.

Spotty laughed, pushing his battered friend back to the armchair as soon as Titan got up with murderous intent.

“Relax. You just need to aim right, and maybe we’ll vote on making him a torch for your backyard next week.”

Titan growled but stuffed his mouth with the beer bottle. Hyde pulled the shirt off Jason and tossed it to the sofa. He briefly looked into Jason’s eyes, with the same calm interest as before.

“Stand by the wall.”

Jason clenched his teeth and followed the order, as Hyde attached a leash to his collar and tied it to a hook in the wall.

Spotty couldn’t stop laughing behind Jason. “Is that so the pup doesn’t run away with its tail between its legs?”

“Why, you interested in looking at his tail?” asked Hyde, and his hand skirted under Jason’s navel, making him climb up to his toes. No one else could have seen the gesture, but it had Jason on pins and needles.

“Oh, fuck you,” said Spotty good-naturedly.

“Who wants to draw the target?” called out Hyde, and soon, there was someone new approaching Jason.

“Make it art,” said Spotty.

As the marker began trailing all over his back, the laughter and chatting commenced; Jason’s mind drifted off to another place in space and time. What he wanted was to not hear the slurs thrown at him, to detach himself, but all it got him was the memory of the time when he had been in a similar situation. Never a part of his brother’s group, always the subject of nasty fun. Fourteen, with a bucket of water on his head, serving as target practice. His teeth had clattered, his heart hammered in his chest like mad, but he hadn’t moved a muscle, only prayed that the game would end sooner than later. When Jason peed himself, Rick and his friends laughed so hard they couldn’t shoot anymore.

“There,” said Babyface, finishing the drawing with a few dots. “Which hole should be the bull’s-eye?”

The other bikers debated this for a second, and from the scraps of conversation he heard, Jason realized he had a woman’s crotch and legs drawn all over his back, complete with a heart-shaped bush and dollar bills sticking out from underneath her garter. The men eventually settled on the rules, and he was left standing there, with a collar on his neck, leashed and humiliated. He never thought he’d be in this kind of situation as an adult man.

“Brace yourself,” shouted Titan from behind Jason’s back. “Don’t you dare cry when I drive this into you!”

Jason sneered at the sound of those words, since no one could see his face. He’d done enough crying tonight to last him a few years. Father never approved of tears, and when Jason was a kid, Father showed him exactly what he thought about them. Jason couldn’t sit for days after that.

A dart slammed into the wooden wall in front of Jason, and as the guys behind him laughed at Titan’s aim, Jason couldn’t help a little smirk as well. The smile was wiped off instantly, though, once the next dart pierced his skin and made him bite his lips. It hurt like a motherfucker.

“Yeah! Right in the cunt!” Jack yelled, cheered on by his friends.

“Try to get her in the ass next time,” laughed Hyde, and it triggered an unwanted stir in Jason’s groin. Now that he’d seen Hyde’s cock, he had a hard

time keeping it out of his mind, which made the whole situation even worse, since Hyde was clearly not on his side, yet another tormentor out for blood and humiliation. Like getting Jason to suck his cock on camera wasn't enough for the night. No, he had to also comment on the sleazy picture on Jason's back and throw darts at him, as if it were their fucking night out in a bar.

"That ass is mine!" shouted Babyface, but when the dart stung Jason, he knew Babyface missed before the thing dropped to the floor.

Jason tried not to think too much, but the longer the game lasted, the more his back throbbed, screaming at him to get away. He must have nearly switched off his mind, because the touch on his arm that brought him back to reality came out of nowhere.

Hyde nodded, taking the leash off the hook. "Not too bad."

Despite his body being tense and aching, Jason stood strong, pretending he didn't care about the blood trickling down his back from a few spots. "I bet none of you managed to hit the pussy." He forced a smirk and turned around.

He expected a slur, but before Titan could say anything, Jack laughed out loud. "Fucker's got a mouth on him."

Hyde's eyes lit up. "They did, but it wouldn't stick."

"That's because the spikes on our darts aren't long enough to stay in the flesh," said Babyface from his spot on the sofa.

"Whatever, you wouldn't win anyway," said Jack, the winner of the game on Jason's back.

Hyde gave Jason the shirt. "Put that on. We're going home."

"You better keep that remote for his collar close, or you might end up with your face eaten off," Spotty advised in a serious tone.

Jason might as well have been invisible. Even though they lost money tonight, even though Titan got injured, they still found a way to have fun and chill out—at Jason's expense. When Jason was younger, he thought that he was still to meet close friends, but as the years passed and that never happened, he became increasingly alienated from how other people lived.

As odd as it was, he was happy to be included somehow, especially since it gave him the chance to make a show of his endurance. There were no more dirty comments as Hyde said good-bye to everyone else and led the way into the wet-smelling backyard of the run-down gym on the outskirts of town. A

light went up the moment they stepped outside, illuminating five mean-looking bikes waiting for their riders. Hyde looked back at Jason, stroking a gray cruiser with green flames painted on the sides.

“You alive?”

Jason curled his feet on the cold gravel. “I’m fine.” Just another night in the life of Jason “Cannibal” Myers. Ripping a guy’s cheek off, getting Tasered, sucking dick, and being used as a human bull’s-eye. This was not how he planned the big comeback to his hometown.

Hyde stared at him for the longest moment, and then mounted the bike and told Jason to hop on. Jason followed on an invisible leash. The bitch seat. How appropriate. He sighed, letting out some of the tension from his aching body.

He gripped onto the metal at the back, but his crotch still touched Hyde’s ass, making him more light-headed and more awake than he’d like. He wondered how many of the darts were thrown by Hyde.

It was difficult to stay straight on the bike when the machine finally started, driving into the empty street, but Jason’s survival instincts kicked in as soon as Hyde increased his speed. Cool air swiped over Jason’s bare arms, and in contrast with the chill, which caused them to break out in goose bumps, the helmet Hyde made him wear felt like a heated can around his head.

Jason could have managed to balance holding on to the metal bar at the back of the seat, but in the end, he slid his arms under Hyde’s and held on with a deep exhale. He’d never hugged a man this way, and he could see himself falling asleep while holding on to a big, strong body like Hyde’s. Who was he kidding, though? It wasn’t just about any man. Those butterflies in his stomach were fluttering for Hyde.

Chapter 4

As they left town, and the bike climbed a hill close to the seaside, Jason watched the sparse lights of his hometown. The big, yellow reflection of the moon trembled on the water. It was as if all that happened tonight had been just a dream. He knew where the fishermen's boats were, his childhood house only two blocks away from the harbor, somewhere close to the dot of light emerging from the thick darkness at the shore. Father's ghost probably sat in one of the boats, shouting orders at the other fishermen in the night, not realizing he was dead and wouldn't fish ever again.

Hyde eventually drove into the trees and away from the sea, and he slowed down as they were swallowed by darkness, with only the pale halo from the headlight illuminating the way. Jason looked back when they rode past a bus stop, but just moments later, Hyde steered the bike into a long driveway, which climbed up a small hill. When they finally reached a clearing, Jason was surprised to see a large two-story house with a small playset and a double garage.

"Here we are," said Hyde. He left the bike beneath a covered area by the garage. "Be quiet once we're inside. Everyone's already asleep." He frowned and looked at his watch. "Or still asleep. Not sure what the schedule is today."

Jason hugged himself, slightly shivering from the cold. His toes were freezing. "I've screwed up enough tonight."

Hyde gave him a sideways glance and walked up to the door, which was guarded by two small evergreens in clay pots. "Yeah, you did. Why would you change your mind anyway? No one forced you to agree to forfeit the fight."

Jason pursed his lips. Hyde would never understand. "I'm fucked in the head, if you haven't noticed."

Hyde frowned and opened the door to a dark hallway. Jason's muscles jumped into readiness when he noticed movement, but Hyde only gave a quiet laugh and patted his chest. "Come to Daddy!"

A pale shape rushed through the hallway, and before Jason knew what was going on, Hyde had a white pit bull hanging off him like a little kid.

"Good girl!" chuckled Hyde, casually walking inside while carrying the dog. He leaned against the wall, and the lights finally went on, illuminating a

minimalistic interior, with pale tiles underneath their feet and a large built-in closet on the right.

Jason's lips parted, and then spread into a small smile. The dog looked so similar to Ratso, his old pit bull. The poor thing would probably be still alive if it wasn't for Jason's father. Instead, Ratso was commemorated as a stylized tattoo on Jason's chest, along with the motto Jason learned to be true in life. *Fight or die.*

Hyde walked up to him, with the dog leaning toward Jason. Its big eyes were wide with curiosity as it loudly sniffed the newcomer. "Heidi likes you."

Jason gasped, and took a step back. He could bet this was a trick to see his vulnerable side. His hands itched to pet the cute muzzle, but the last thing he needed was a reminder of Ratso. Heidi even had the blue eyes his dog had had.

"I... I don't like dogs," Jason muttered awkwardly.

Hyde scowled at him and kissed the top of Heidi's head before gently placing her on the floor. "Good girl. Bed."

It took some convincing, but the dog eventually disappeared in one of the open rooms.

"At least you don't eat them," concluded Hyde, leading him through the pristinely clean house.

"Or do I?" Jason dared a joke, but wasn't sure if it came out funny or creepy. He didn't like the disapproving look he got from Hyde before, so he hoped to make up for the bad impression. He shouldn't care, but he still did. He loved how intensely Hyde's gaze had penetrated him when Jason blew him. In that moment in time, Hyde had been focused on him and him only.

"You don't. She'd maul you first."

At the very end of the corridor, Hyde walked through a door, entering an average-sized room with somewhat aged furniture and pictures of birds on the walls. "That's where you're gonna sleep," he said, closing the door behind them. "The bathroom is right there." He nodded toward a doorless entryway.

Jason suddenly felt tenser than when he was awaiting a dart to his ass. Hyde seemed so relaxed, yet his presence took up the whole room and swallowed Jason as well. "It's... nice."

"Thanks. Most of what you see here came from my old home," Hyde said absentmindedly before nodding at Jason. "Now take off that shirt. You're not showing my son that picture tomorrow."

Jason had almost forgotten about the crotch drawn on his back. Almost. “You wanna throw a few more before it’s gone?” he grumbled as he took off his T-shirt. To think that this disastrous night began with him not wanting to get humiliated in front of Hyde. Tough luck.

“I had to give them something. Would you rather they cut you with that carving knife?” asked Hyde, switching on the light in the bathroom. “That was quite impressive, by the way. Not a single groan,” he said, looking up at Jason, with a small smile curving his mouth.

Pride swelled up in Jason’s chest at the thought that he managed to excite Hyde. “Maybe my nerve endings got fucked after the shock.” He went into the bathroom, more out of his depth than he ever was in the ring.

“You’re fucking modest. I’m not sure if I like it or not,” said Hyde, following him to a white-and-blue bathroom with a small bathtub in the corner.

“And you’re full of yourself, so there’s balance in the room.” Jason clenched his fists. He was standing in front of the hottest guy on the planet with a pussy drawn on his back. This was not an ideal scenario.

Hyde grinned and gave the tub a friendly kick. “Go on, hop in. I’ll get that porn off you.”

Jason hesitated for the longest moment, but took off the sweatpants. He couldn’t wait to get his aching feet into warm water. Besides, Hyde had seen him naked already. “Why are you so friendly all of a sudden?” Jason sat in the tub, with his back to Hyde.

Hyde snorted and switched on the water. Jason tensed when cool droplets sprayed his skin, but moments later, Hyde showered his whole back with warm water. It still stung a bit where his skin had been pierced, but it wasn’t anything he couldn’t bear.

“I’m always friendly. Unlike you. Why would a man who hates dogs tattoo one on his chest?” asked Hyde.

Jason sighed, uncomfortable with the closeness. It was making him hot and cold, and utterly confused. “It was my dog. It’s different.”

Hyde murmured something, and Jason felt something cool spill down his back. Bodywash.

“I suppose I get it. I hate children. I mean, the ones that aren’t mine,” said Hyde, starting to massage the herb-scented soap into Jason’s skin with a washcloth.

The touch was weirdly relaxing, even if slightly intimidating. “How many do you have?” Jason whispered, looking into the water at his feet. It was already darkening from the marker on his back. He couldn’t really see much of Hyde in this position, but there was definitely a touch of smile to his raspy voice.

“Just one. Cody. He’s eleven. Had him while still in high school. How about you?”

“I don’t have... anyone.” Jason frowned. That sounded beyond pathetic.

“That’s tough. No girlfriend?” asked Hyde, scrubbing Jason harder, which in turn made his back raw and hot. It was a weird sensation, especially coming from someone whose touch Jason craved despite his best wishes.

Jason snorted and had a better look at his bruised knuckles. “No, I’m not very good with people.”

“You don’t say!” Hyde chuckled and sprayed Jason’s back again before reapplying soap. “Isn’t working that well for you, is it?”

“I’ve got someone washing my back. I wouldn’t say I’m doing so bad.” The last thing Jason wanted was for Hyde to think he was a loser. Breath stilled in his throat when Hyde’s nimble but strong hands slid down his arms and settled on Jason’s biceps. The heat of another body was something Jason was familiar with, only not in this setting. He didn’t know what to say.

“True. I was impressed with your performance tonight.”

Jason frowned. “I attacked your friend.”

“He’s gonna be fine. Titan’s popular with the ladies anyway,” came in a whisper that warmed Jason’s ear. He stiffened when Hyde swirled the tip of his nose over the shell of his ear.

Jason was a fish out of water. “What are you doing?” he mumbled.

“What do you think I’m doing?” uttered Hyde, and it wasn’t just his warm mouth sending electric charges toward Jason’s groin. He slid his soaped-up hands over Jason’s chest and down his stomach in a slow, sensuous trail.

Jason bit down hard on his lip. “I think the guy who blackmailed me and threw darts at my back wants to fuck me as well.” He gripped onto Hyde’s wrist, because if that hand reached his cock, he wasn’t sure if he’d be able to say no, and his resolve shrank that much further when Hyde sucked Jason’s ear into his mouth and tickled it with his tongue.

“Don’t be so sensitive. A man’s gotta do what a man’s gotta do.”

“Fuck you.” Jason pulled away from the touch that had his dick filling. “I’m not gonna be your bitch. You got your video already, and I’m not risking another.”

Hyde wrinkled his nose and shook his head. “You see any cameras? What kind of man doesn’t want his dick sucked?”

Strangely enough, Jason was more anxious about that than sucking one himself. In some ways, it felt like something that would expose him even more. “You don’t remember me, do you? From school?” He glanced back at the handsome face.

The way Hyde’s pupils grew confirmed Jason’s assumptions. “From school?”

Jason’s lips curled into a smile that carried no happiness. “Of course you don’t. You invited me to your party once.”

Hyde narrowed his eyes. “It’s been eleven years. I’m surprised you remember *me* if we weren’t friends.”

Jason slouched and pushed Hyde’s hand away. “Everyone remembers you. And I know you’re not friendly. You just do what needs to be done to get what you want.”

Hyde stared at him in silence. “Fucking expert. What’s my real name then?” he asked eventually.

Jason turned around to see him better. “Pierce. And you got your nickname for your two faces. I wouldn’t trust you for a second.”

Hyde actually took a step back. “We’re not fucking then?” he asked, as if it weren’t clear yet.

“I think you fucked me over enough tonight. Stole my first kiss, you fucker. Not gonna get my cherry.”

A genuinely surprised Hyde was a sight to behold, especially with that kissable mouth dropping gently.

“First kiss? Are you fucking kidding me? What’s wrong with you? Because it’s not your outer package,” he said, moving his hand up and down in front of Jason.

Jason couldn’t help his ego inflating slightly at the sort-of-compliment. “I don’t know. I’m a bit shy. Whatever!”

“And you’d still rather I jerk off to that video than get off with me?” asked Hyde, clearly not convinced.

Jason stood right up. “You are not allowed to jerk off to that!”

Hyde chuckled and folded his arms across his chest. “Oh, really? It’s the hottest porn I’ve made so far. You’re quite the star.”

“Really!” Jason got himself a towel and wrapped it around his hips. “It was a one-time thing. I’m not gay or anything.”

“Dream of it, Princess. Breakfast’s at seven, so be ready,” grumbled Hyde, leaving the bathroom without another look at Jason.

“Don’t you ever fucking call me that!” Jason didn’t care whom he might wake up. He had enough on all levels tonight. Arousal was spiking in his body at random times, and the worst thing was that despite all that happened, he still wanted Hyde’s gorgeous lips on his dick. If only he could ignore what was left of his pride and let the man stay with him for the night. But that could involve consequences he wasn’t ready for.

Hyde didn’t bother answering, and all Jason heard was the click of a door closing. Jason hadn’t felt this lost for years. His mind kept drifting back to Hyde’s dick, to its thickness, its pulsing veins. It was heaven on earth, and Jason hated wanting it again.

Even when he put on the pajama pants he found in the closet, he couldn’t fall asleep, tossing and turning in bed for at least an hour. The moment he heard scratching at the door, his senses awoke, reminding him of every ache in his body.

It had to be Heidi, and Jason had no idea what the dog could possibly want from him. Was she hungry? In dire need of an emergency walk? After the fifth round of scratching, he gave in and stumbled out of bed. When he opened the door, Heidi was sitting at the threshold, her tail sliding over the floor behind her butt like a fan.

Jason didn’t even want to pet dogs, as it always fueled painful memories, but Heidi looked so much like Ratso he couldn’t help it any longer. He held out his hand for her to sniff, and then sat on the floor in front of her.

“Hey there... Hey, girl. Does your master treat you well? He seems to.” Jason stroked the pit bull’s head.

Heidi lapped at his hand, and without further ado, climbed into his lap, as if she didn’t know how big she was. A small whine urged him on to pet her. She

was a really friendly dog, just as Ratso had been before Jason's father used him for fights.

Jason curled around Heidi, for a hug no one would see and no one would judge him for. "I've had a really tough night, sweetie. Coming home can be hard. Wanna come to bed with me? I could really use some company right now." He took a deep, slow breath to get rid of the itch in his eyes.

Heidi yawned and once more turned her brilliant blue eyes at him. Just like Ratso's. Jason kissed the top of her head.

Chapter 5

“That explains everything,” came through the haze of sleep, and Jason groaned, prying his eyes open. The bed smelled nice, and there was someone warm right next to him. “So that’s your thing?” continued the voice above. “She’s hairier than me.”

Jason looked up at Hyde from the bed, where he was tangled up with Heidi. He didn’t have the heart to just push the dog away now. She slowly picked herself up, smacking Jason’s hand with her tail. Hyde leaned down and let her lick his face. Jason would happily join in.

“Good girl. Daddy doesn’t normally let you get any action with them boys, right?” chirped Hyde.

Jason looked to Hyde’s loose hair and crawled out of the bed. He couldn’t help a tingle of affection when he saw Hyde give the dog so much love. Even in a simple pair of jeans worn with a hoodie, Hyde looked good enough to eat.

“She just... came in here at night. Wouldn’t stop bothering me until I let her in,” Jason mumbled and began dressing. Someone must have been here earlier as well, because a fresh change of clothes was laid out on a chair by the bed.

“She loves people, but Amanda made this rule about not letting her sleep in the bedrooms, so you’re officially a rebel in this house,” chuckled Hyde, sitting down and pulling Heidi closer. The dog clearly loved her master, and she climbed into his lap, just like she did into Jason’s the night before.

Jason put on the clothes, which were slightly too big, and it only hit him when he zipped up the hoodie that they were likely Hyde’s. Jason couldn’t help but dream of Hyde hugging him as softly as the gray hoodie did.

“I don’t really hate dogs.” Jason sighed, watching Hyde’s fingers playing with a fold of skin on Heidi’s back.

Hyde shrugged. “You’re a never-ending surprise, aren’t you?”

Jason pursed his lips. “The secrets are oozing out through the holes in my back.”

Hyde slapped his shoulder. “Come on. No hard feelings.”

“I’m a big boy.” Jason nodded, but when his fingers lingered on Hyde’s for too long, he quickly pulled away and petted the dog’s head instead. Heidi had

such a smiley face and happy eyes. Jason was not about to become a home-wrecker when such a sweet-natured dog lived here. What if Heidi loved Amanda as much as she loved Hyde?

“Good. Time to stuff your face, because you’ll be sweating like a pig tonight,” announced Hyde, getting to his feet. Heidi jumped off, whined, and scratched at the door. She too was hungry.

Jason stared into Hyde’s wide smile. “I will?” He licked his lips and followed Hyde as they walked out of the room.

“Yeah, you need to train, so I arranged for Spotty to work on you. He’s less murderous than the others and hates you a bit less,” said Hyde, walking toward the front of the house.

Fresh dough and coffee made the kitchen feel homey, and the scene in the room looked like the first minutes of an apocalyptic movie, where the viewer is introduced to a middle-class family man who eats pancakes for breakfast and is always nice to his family.

The place didn’t seem to suit a man like Hyde. Or maybe it did. Like the perfect Jekyll to his Hyde. The woman by the kitchen island had to be Amanda, and Jason couldn’t force himself to look into her eyes after what he’d done with Hyde yesterday. His gaze drifted to the spotless tiles on the floor.

“Good morning,” Jason mumbled, wondering how much she knew about Hyde’s work.

She looked up, all prim and perfect in her skinny jeans and colorful shirt. And when Jason looked into her eyes, big and friendly, he realized he did know her, too. It was the same girl Hyde married in high school, and Jason felt he shouldn’t be as surprised as he was.

Amanda looked Jason up and down, and he tensed under the scrutiny, suddenly realizing that maybe she had her suspicions about her husband. “And who’s this?”

Hyde walked up to her and reached over, snatching a piece of fruit off the plate she was preparing. “Handsome, isn’t he?” he asked, looking at Jason with a half smile.

Jason froze, as if a visceral part of him believed that if he stood really still, he’d go unnoticed. This was the third time Hyde mentioned he found Jason attractive, and it was slowly growing on Jason, even when said in front of Hyde’s wife. “Sorry, I’m intruding,” he muttered. “I told him I could stay in a hotel.”

There was a rumble of stampeding steps on the stairs, and a female voice called out, “Honey, did you see my cell phone? Can anyone call me?” A pretty Asian woman with twin buns on top of her head and deep purple lipstick stormed into the kitchen, slowing down when she spotted Jason. Her eyes alternated between the other people in the room, and just when Jason felt he’d die of tension, Hyde stepped in.

“Don’t worry, he’s gay, too.”

Jason took a step back, and then another, his brain coming to a complete standstill. “What...? What?” he hissed. “The fuck?” His stomach clenched so hard it hurt.

Hyde rolled his eyes. “Relax. You’re in a *very* gay house. I think only Heidi and Cody swing the other way, though you can never know,” he said casually, as his wife gave the other woman a kiss.

Jason clenched his hands on his nape, which only reminded him of the fucking collar. His body flushed with heat and cold all at once. Hyde’s wife had a girlfriend? “I... this is n-not on.” Great, he actually began to stutter.

The Asian woman smiled at him. “Hi, I’m Beth. Are you Hyde’s new boyfriend?” she asked, playfully wiggling her eyebrows.

Seeing Hyde nod made Jason close his mouth.

Amanda smiled his way. “Good for you! You want your pancakes with bacon?”

“More like prisoner,” Jason said, and Beth laughed out loud.

“God! Tell me about it.” She grabbed a piece of bacon and rushed out of the kitchen. “I’ll get Cody.”

“Boyfriend?” Jason mouthed to Hyde with a frown.

Hyde stepped close enough for their shoulders to touch. “I did bring you home,” he whispered and walked off to open a can and deposit the meat in a doggie bowl. Heidi kept brushing against his legs like a cat. He put it in front of her.

“Hello?” Amanda raised her eyebrows. “How do you take your pancakes?”

Jason bit his lips, smothered with more kindness than his body could take. “With maple syrup...?” Was he being needy? Was it too much to ask? Would she hate him? He hugged his own arm. A part of him knew that this had to be a

trap, and the AK-47s were coming out any second. Or he would wake up. And... Hyde was gay? Like *gay* gay? Which meant that he was actually kind of available? Jason couldn't help but glance at Hyde.

Amanda smiled at him. "Why don't you set the table?" She then showed him where the plates and cutlery were, completely unbothered that her husband had a guy on the side.

Jason took extra care with setting the table, worried he'd fuck something up. Never in his life had he eaten in a house like this one. People living here seemed so... nice to each other. Somehow, it made Jason feel all the more miserable about his own life. About not getting breakfast as a kid. No one ever bothered making him lunch for school, or ironing his T-shirt. And this couldn't just be some messed-up elaborate scheme by Hyde. This was his life. Jason would cut off his own finger to be a part of it.

He was checking whether the cutlery was straight enough for this picture-perfect family when he heard Hyde laugh in the kitchen.

"You're wearing your T-shirt backwards! The dragon belongs in the front," he said to a small dark-haired boy, who looked nothing like Hyde and seemed to have taken all of his looks after his mother.

Beth poured four cups of coffee and stirred cocoa in a colorful mug, before coming over with the tray of beverages. "Made one for you as well."

"Thank you." Jason dared to smile, and they all sat down to breakfast, looking like a family-friendly cereal commercial. Hyde kept cracking jokes with his kid, Beth and Amanda talked about their upcoming day over pancakes, Heidi brushed against Jason's knees, and the sun shone bright into the spacious kitchen. Even the pancakes were perfect. Fluffy, tasty, with organic maple syrup.

Jason could never be a part of this, no matter how much he might try. In his world all little boys got in the morning was a slap to the back of the head. And he would definitely not be anyone's boyfriend if his father had a say in it. Any potential boyfriend would end up six feet under, and Jason's jaw would have a few teeth less. These people had no idea how lucky they were.

After the meal, Amanda and Beth drove off to work, each in her own car, which left Jason and Hyde to walk Cody to the school bus. The kid was charming and talkative, with a keen interest in MMA, which he kept chatting

about with his father. They had Heidi on a leash as they walked down the driveway, with birds singing all around. It was too good to be true.

If Cody had taken anything after his father, it was a sunny personality. In a few years, Jason could imagine him being as much of a popular kid as Hyde had been.

Jason put his hands in his pockets as he watched father and son, with his heart melting in his chest, and he walked closer to Hyde than he should have. When the boy got on the bus, and they were alone again, Jason didn't know what to say to Hyde. In a perfect world, they'd be kissing not talking.

"We could have a quickie before we go," said Hyde, his words pushing into Jason's consciousness like a sharp spike. They punched all air out of his lungs.

"So, you're gay," Jason muttered and turned back to the house as his ears heated up. His imagination was all about Hyde's weight on top of him, driving that thick dick inside with no mercy, making Jason suck on his fingers as he fucked him.

"Yeah. Worked out well for me. I just need to make sure no one knows, and it's fine."

"Aren't you... afraid to have me around your family?" Jason looked to Hyde's perfect house in the clearing ahead. He didn't expect a firm grip on his shoulder.

Hyde's face was marred by an ugly sneer as he leaned closer, looking down on Jason with malice that was hard to stand. "You try to fuck with what I have here, and you're dead. I'm gonna put that fucking video everywhere and make sure everyone knows how you look with a cock stuffing your face."

Jason pursed his lips and nodded. "I won't. I suppose it's only fair that some people have nice lives. Karma and all that shit."

Hyde snorted, composing himself. "Good. I worked hard to have this. I took care of Cody when Amanda was in college. I earned this, and nobody's taking it away. So don't joke about this."

"*You* took care of Cody?" Jason couldn't hide his surprise as they reached the house. Away from any prying eyes, the air between them became electric despite the angry outburst of moments before.

Hyde shrugged. "Yeah, she was at school all the time, and her parents didn't want to do it, so it was me and Dad. What's so surprising about it? Wouldn't you take care of your own kid?"

Jason just watched him for a long moment. “*My dad killed my dog.*” The words were hollow. They didn’t contain a fraction of the anguish and pain Jason’s father poured into his life.

Hyde stopped, frowning at Jason, his eyes bright, searching for signs of lying, but they wouldn’t find any. “Damn. What for?”

Jason crouched by Heidi and petted her head. “He was too weak. My father said he would fight or die. But he didn’t die. He was mauled so bad from a dogfight, but still lived. He whined so horribly, and I couldn’t help him, couldn’t make him quiet, so my dad hung my dog from a tree.” Jason took a deep breath, but saying it out loud was too much, and in the end, he sat on the floor in the corridor.

Hyde growled and kicked the wall. “Fucker. How can anyone do that to an animal? He probably got off lightly, didn’t he?”

Jason shrugged. “No one found out about it.” He opened his arms to Heidi, who came for a hug more than willingly and started licking his hands. He’d never shared this story with anyone before, and he couldn’t pinpoint what made him tell it now. Maybe it was the fact that Hyde was gay, so Jason hoped the guy wouldn’t judge his weakness as harshly?

Hyde slowly sank down into a crouch and looked at Jason. “Look, maybe he should get a taste of his own medicine? He still around?” he asked casually.

Jason dared to look up into Hyde’s eyes. “No, he got murdered.”

Hyde pulled on Heidi’s ear. “He didn’t get mauled and hung by any chance?”

Jason trailed his middle finger over Hyde’s knuckles. “No, he got his head smashed in by a metal pipe.”

Hyde’s fingers curled around Jason’s hand, slowly massaging his flesh. “You think that’s enough? Seems like a quick death.”

Jason hugged the dog closer, haunted by the sight of his poor Ratso with a broken paw, with his ear ripped off, muzzle bloodied “You don’t choose these things.” Hyde’s thumb trailed over Jason’s hand. While watching porn, he never imagined just touching this way would feel so good. It sent electric charges up and down his hand, to his chest, his stomach, his face, his groin.

“Fucker got off light, I told you. That’s how it always is. They get a fucking fine, maybe a short sentence, and that’s it.”

“He ran dogfights with my brother. I hated it. But that one dog was mine. They had no right to him. He wasn’t trained for violence. He was as friendly as Heidi.”

Hyde dropped to his ass and shifted closer, touching his knee to Jason’s thigh. In the shadow of the quiet home, it felt oddly intimate.

“You still in touch with the other bastard?”

“Nah, don’t wanna know him. I moved out a year after high school.” Jason frowned and let Heidi go when she started whining. Everything was so fucking shitty in his life. No money, no friends, no home, and he was a fucking virgin on top of that. He wasn’t even in touch with being gay, because he’d always pushed it away and put all that energy into fighting.

Hyde shifted closer, pushing the front of his thigh against Jason. “Why did you come back here then?” He sighed, tickling the inside of Jason’s palm. Having a man touch him like that was so unbelievable that it took Jason a second to wrap his head around it.

“I didn’t feel at home anywhere. I needed to stop running from all the shit that went down here.”

“And you can either live at a motel or at my place. That right?” whispered Hyde, crossing the distance between them. Jason’s stomach turned into goo when their noses touched.

For once in his life, he was actually wanted somewhere. Maybe it wouldn’t last forever, but Hyde said Jason was hot, invited him to his family home. Jason still needed to get rid of the incriminating video, but who cared if the guy threw darts at you, when he opened his lips so eagerly? Jason slid his arm to Hyde’s side and leaned in for a kiss.

Hyde groaned and pulled on the front of Jason’s shirt, urging him closer.

“I jerked off to you so many times back at school,” Jason whispered into Hyde’s perfect lips.

Hyde’s breath trembled between their mouths. “Yeah? What did you think about?” he whispered, and Jason stirred when he felt Hyde’s hand climb up his thigh.

“That you’d notice me,” Jason said quietly, nervous about what he was saying, but getting touched by a man was getting him high. He slid his hands over Hyde’s nape and into his hair.

“I notice you now,” rasped Hyde, slowly pushing Jason to the carpet. His gestures were relaxed but firm, showing experience.

Was this what Jason wanted? Did he really *want* to be gay? He sure wanted that dick inside of him, even if it hurt. The thought pushed him into action, and he crashed his lips into Hyde’s. Jason needed to learn how to kiss and fast.

Hyde’s teeth sank into his lips as Jason lay on the floor, with Hyde on top of him. He gasped when their groins met in a quick, rocking motion. “I’m gonna fuck you so many times I’m gonna taste my cum when we kiss.”

Jason’s eyes went wide, but he didn’t pull away. He could hear the slurs his father and brother would throw at him if they knew he spread his legs for a guy. His face was flushed, his dick was getting hard, but he couldn’t push away the shame of what he was doing. He wanted to gag on Hyde’s cock, craved for Hyde to fuck him raw, come on his ass, come on his face, eat him alive and spit him out.

Hyde’s tongue deep in his mouth made him quiver as the masculine, fresh scent hugged him tight and tickled his cock. But a loud banging on the door pulled him out of the dream.

“Hyde, you in there?” someone called out, and Hyde pulled away, breathing hard. His mouth glistened with Jason’s saliva.

For a split second, Jason was a deer in the headlights, but another knock to the door made him throw Hyde off and crawl away. Served him right. *Crawl away like the pervert maggot you are*, whispered a voice in his head. What was he thinking? This wasn’t like him at all. If anyone saw him, if anyone found out... It was enough that Hyde already told his wife and her girlfriend about him. How dare he do that anyway? Jason himself didn’t know who he was, so how could Hyde just announce those things as fact?

Hyde scowled at him but swiftly jumped to his feet, shaking his head at Jason. “Coming, Spot!” he said, lazily walking up to the door at the end of the corridor. He seemed unfazed by the fact that they had nearly been discovered. The door opened, revealing Spotty’s face.

“What is it?” asked Hyde.

Jason sat at the table, taking deep breaths and trying to look like he didn’t just let a guy promise him a hardcore fuck.

“Hey, you told me to come round at eight? Take Jason?” Spotty raised his eyebrows. He couldn’t suspect what was happening, could he?

Hyde hit his forehead. “Oh, fuck, yeah. You’re right. But I need him for half an hour more or so. Sorry about that. I’ll bring him over as soon as we’re done,” said Hyde, as if they hadn’t been close to fucking on the floor just minutes ago.

Jason clenched his teeth. Nothing would be “done” within the next half an hour. Jason needed to keep his head cool and remember who he was, where he came from. His brother taught him all about what showing weakness earned you. Pain, tears, and slurs. When he was a kid, he was taught that it was his responsibility to make sure no one took him for a fag. The guy who molested him got his jaw broken, but Jason had been licked by the belt all over his body, a lesson he still remembered all too vividly.

Hyde closed the door behind Spotty, and when he turned around, the wolfish smile on his face told Jason he wanted to pick up exactly where they left off earlier. Slowly, he made his way to Jason and stopped right by him, with his crotch definitely too close to Jason’s face. The guy didn’t have a concept of personal space.

Jason got up so quickly he stumbled. “I got carried away. This isn’t a good idea. I don’t even know what I’m doing.” The phantom strikes of the belt on his body itched much worse than the darts had last night.

Hyde pushed Jason against the table and grabbed his neck with one hand. His stare was so intense it fueled the fire inside Jason. “Open my pants.”

Jason bit his lips, and pushed at Hyde’s chest, though his whole body screamed for him to shut up, kneel and suck Hyde’s dick at least three times a day. “I was upset and confused,” he groaned, but nudged Hyde’s knee with his own accidentally-on-purpose. There had to be a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in him as well, because parts of his brain disagreed on what he was supposed to do.

“Stop talking,” said Hyde, and his hand slid up from Jason’s neck. He pushed two fingers into Jason’s mouth and stepped closer, blowing warm air on the side of his neck.

Jason took a deep breath, and sucked on the salty fingers, his mind in a blur as he looked into Hyde’s eyes. His face started to burn, and even though he told his hands not to, they still travelled down to Hyde’s zipper and pulled it down. Couldn’t this just be an alternate reality he’d step in and out of?

Hyde chewed on his lip and started slowly moving his fingers in and out of Jason’s mouth, turning them gently as he caressed the tongue with his fingertips and pulled on the cheeks. “Good. Now pull my cock out.”

Jason never even blinked, but his fingers trembled when he slid his hand into Hyde's pants, taking his time to feel the strong, tense stomach, Hyde's pubes, and the half-hard cock. For the first time in his life, Jason held another man's dick, and it only made him suck harder, bob his head on Hyde's fingers. Jason's flesh crawled with hunger that wouldn't be stifled easily.

Hyde rocked his cock against Jason's hand and pulled him closer, cradling Jason's head against his arm. His eyes were unusually dark as he leaned in and traced Jason's lips where they stretched around the long fingers. "Such a fighter. I want to fuck you so hard I break down that facade you showed us yesterday. During the game, I kept thinking about pulling your pants down, putting spit on my cock, and pushing it into your tight ass."

Jason's eyes went wider. *That* was what Hyde thought about when making casual jokes? The intensity in Hyde's eyes was so different from the way he looked at his son while sneaking him an extra pancake. Jason only realized he moaned around the fingers when he heard his own voice sounding so alien. His fist squeezed tighter over Hyde's throbbing erection, and as much as Jason wanted to look down, his gaze was locked with Hyde's.

The vision painted in Jason's imagination had his own dick straining against his pants. He saw himself biting his tongue, still with a dart in his back, Hyde's thick cock splitting his ass, everyone else watching, cheering on as Jason tried not to moan.

Hyde grunted and pushed his fingers in all the way to the knuckle. Without breaking the connection between their eyes, he started a quick, powerful rhythm, reminiscent of yesterday's face fuck. It had Jason quivering at his mercy.

"I think you should drop to your knees now," whispered Hyde.

Jason inhaled quick, short breaths through his nose. He did want to replace those fingers with Hyde's cock so bad his own dick throbbed. His brain was flooded with sexual imagery that made him powerless against the lewd suggestion. Jason gave the tips of Hyde's fingers a wet kiss when he pulled away to kneel. The addictive smell of Hyde's arousal already teased his nose. He opened his mouth without even being asked for it.

Hyde looked down at him with a wide grin. "You still want me in charge, don't you?" He rocked his hips forward, swaying his cock just enough so it would brush against Jason's cheek. It throbbed against Jason's flesh, beautiful and demanding all of his attention. "You want to open up wide and have me do all the work, right?"

Jason licked the salty tip of Hyde's cock. He'd not eat for a week if he got to taste this cock instead. "I want you to fuck my tonsils raw," he whispered, too scared to look up.

Hyde laughed, rolling his stiff, warm cock against Jason's cheek, mocking his pleas. "You don't need to speak anyway, right? I'll give you a very sexy rasp."

Jason mewled and shook his head. He didn't want to speak. Talking made it all too real. He opened his jeans and pulled them down enough to let his dick out. He knew that for Hyde it was just another fuck, but for him, there was an intimacy to touching another person skin-to-skin. Jason leaned forward to kiss the soft balls below the cock.

Hyde gasped and pulled Jason's head closer to the musky scent, to the soft skin covered by fine hair. "Yeah, that's what you're gonna be swallowing soon. It's all there, waiting for your slutty mouth."

Jason's brows drew together, but he sucked in one of the testicles. There was no use arguing. His mouth *was* hungry for Hyde's cum. Maybe *this* was his true self, not the strong, defiant fighter? Ready to take a cock down his throat and say thank you after. He teased and suckled on one of Hyde's balls before moving to the other. It was all very new to him, but what he lacked in skill, he compensated with enthusiasm. He wanted to lick all the fresh sweat off Hyde, and then some. He practically moaned in protest when Hyde pulled him back, but disappointment only lasted for a split second when he realized his dream man was ready to mount his mouth.

Jason dared to look up, with his heart pounding and opened his mouth. He craved that thick flesh in his body. He wanted to serve a cock and feel it spill. Hyde's beautiful, long hair framed his flushed face, and Jason was ready to give him everything, even if the come-down after the orgasm would make him regret that.

The weight of that glorious cock on his tongue was all it took for Jason to moan and squeeze his cock through the jeans. The taste of warm flesh exploded in his mouth as Hyde eased him in, rocking only half of his length in and out of Jason's mouth. He slipped his belt out of his pants with a small smile.

"You've waited for this."

There was no way for Jason to say no with his mouth full of cock, but he still mewled when his gaze followed the belt. Hyde wasn't going to hit him,

was he? A shudder went down Jason's spine, and he petted the cockhead with his tongue to show how pleasing he could be. He was dying to watch Hyde orgasm, see his face tense, feel the cock twitch between his lips and flood his mouth with so much spunk it'd be dripping down his chin. The vision left him close to hyperventilating.

The scent of leather was oddly fitting to the masculine musk coming from Hyde's crotch, but the belt did Jason no harm at all. Hyde folded it in two and looped it over the back of Jason's head just before pushing his cock a bit deeper into Jason's mouth, tickling the back of his throat.

Jason moaned when the dick prodded at the back of his throat. He grabbed onto Hyde's hips, opening up to the cock while kept in place by the belt. If only he could relinquish who he was, he'd do this every day. Even as he gagged, he couldn't wait for Hyde to push his hips forward again, filling him with the delicious heat.

There hadn't ever been a man whom he wanted to serve as much, and so he endured the discomfort, trying to relax and open up, with varying success. Drool was spilling down his chin and onto his neck as Hyde penetrated him ever deeper, faster.

"You're so wet. That how much you want me to give it to you? I'm the only one who can feed that hungry mouth of yours."

Jason moaned and crawled his fingers under Hyde's hoodie to touch the tense stomach. He'd never had a chance to explore another man's body, and he didn't get distracted even as Hyde rode his mouth, his balls slapping against Jason's chin. Tears welled up in his eyes from the push on his throat, yet he sucked for all he was worth. His other hand went down to his own dick, which was already dripping with precum. The belt kept his head in place for fucking, and he was in a lustful haze, arousal beading all over his body.

He shuddered violently when Hyde pulled off his hoodie, presenting Jason with a perfect view of his broad, toned chest, the tattooed arms, all that masculine strength on display for Jason's pleasure. The belt was back where it belonged, and Hyde's thrusts became ever more forceful, knocking air out of Jason each time Hyde's cock slammed home. A dark flush spread over Hyde's body, in stark contrast to his usual coloring, as he rode Jason's head hard and fast.

"Don't come yet," he said, pistoning in and out of Jason's lips. "I'm gonna beat you raw if you do!"

Jason moaned again, but pulled his hand off his cock. It ached for release, but he would wait. His ass throbbed from the excitement, and his anus clenched every time Hyde's thick meat pushed all the way into his throat until he gagged. His focus was dispersed all over the place but kept traveling up to Hyde's wide chest, thick arms with throbbing veins, dark, hard nipples. Hyde's body was to die for, and Jason would gladly join Heidi, even living on Hyde's floor, if he could only become a true part of his picture-perfect life.

"Open wide," hissed Hyde. He pulled out his cock and frantically masturbated with only the head resting on Jason's lips. "You're gonna taste all of it, and you're gonna tell me how good my cum is, do you understand?"

Jason stirred his hips back and forth with a high-pitched moan. He nodded as he opened his mouth wider, ready to comply as if his life depended on it. Hyde's thick fist moved over the stiff cock, pumping it until he came, his cum spilling too quickly for Jason to catch it. Some landed on his tongue, some on his cheek and chin. The excitement was too much to bear, and his whole body trembled when he watched the beautiful man above him orgasm. Hyde hissed, his face tensed, the moves of his fist became slower as he shook the last salty droplets of cum into Jason's mouth. Jason was so ecstatic he could cry. The spunk sliding down his cheek was the stuff of his wildest, darkest sexual fantasies.

Hyde shuddered and brushed the remainder of his cum on the bridge of Jason's nose before massaging his own chest as he tried to catch his breath with a bit of fuzz to his gaze. "You're such a slut. You'd take more if I could continue, right?"

Jason's lips trembled, and he couldn't help but lick them, just to taste more of Hyde's spunk. "It was so good," he said in a trembling voice, stroking Hyde's stomach, as if the man was some pagan idol. "I'd only take it from you," he added in a weak attempt to save face, but there was most likely no way for that when he kneeled on the floor, with lust making his body tremble and cum drying on his face. He would, he'd take it all.

Hyde smiled at him and traced the side of his face with the back of his hand. "Push your pants down."

Jason followed the order more than willingly, pushing them down all the way to his knees. The smell of sex in the air was driving him mad. He brushed cum off his cheek and licked his hand, already greedy for more of Hyde's taste.

Hyde pushed him down like a hungry wolf, spinning Jason around and throwing him to the floor. Jason gasped as his wet, hot face pressed against the

cool tiles. His ass was bare, completely at Hyde's mercy as he kneaded it with one hand, grunting with pleasure. "I would fuck you now if I could. That ass looks so fucking tight."

Jason moaned, panic giving his arousal an edge that could bring him to orgasm if it was strong enough. He writhed in no particular direction, not trying to escape, not trying to push against the hand, just sliding his dick against the tiles. He was trapped under the most amazing of weights and could barely breathe as Hyde pinched the sensitive inner side of Jason's buttock. For a split second, Jason thought he'd come but the teasing wasn't enough.

And there they were, two wet fingers pressing against Jason's anus, slipping between his buttocks like it was Hyde's God-given right to touch him there.

"You wanna come?" whispered Hyde. "Push back."

Jason panted, and shut his eyes, all sweaty and ready to finish any second. The tightness in his balls was becoming unbearable, but he pushed his ass up, rubbing against the fingers like a bitch in heat.

Hyde put his hand on Jason's back, and it was an unbreakable hold, though there wasn't much physical force behind it. The fingers started gently rocking, and despite the strangeness of the sensation and slight discomfort, Jason couldn't deny his body becoming increasingly agitated.

"Take them all in, or you're gonna leave here with blue balls. You know you want it. You want all the dick and cum you can get."

He fucking *wanted* it, but was his body actually ready for it? "I don't know..." Jason whispered into the tiles, but stirred his ass against the hand, forgetting himself in pleasure.

Hyde laughed and pushed harder on Jason's back, forcing his face to flatten on the tiles. "You can stand darts in your back, you can stand my fingers up your ass. Don't be a coward."

Jason groaned and spread his legs wider. Hyde was right. What was the worst that could happen? Oh, God, he didn't even care anymore, he just wanted to come so bad it hurt, and he'd hump the floor to get there. He held his hands flat against the tiles. He was a good boy.

Jason screamed when Hyde shoved his fingers in, a dull, odd ache at the entrance of his body, but still, it made his cock twitch at the thought of what this could possibly lead to. Hyde didn't let him rest and started moving the digits in and out, creating a burning friction inside him.

“Come on, jerk off,” hissed Hyde, all but lying on top of him as he spread Jason’s hole with his thick fingers. “You’re gonna come with my fingers up your ass, but what you really want is a cock, isn’t it? A thick dick to spread you in two.”

Jason arched his ass up to reach his cock, and bit on the knuckles of his other hand. All the sensations were too much, and he came after just a few pumps to his dick. The push and pull on his sphincter was relentless, and it choked a desperate cry out of him. As soon as the orgasm flooded his body, his ass clenched and throbbed around the blunt fingers. Everything was too intense. Hyde’s breath on his ear, the tickle of his long hair on Jason’s cheek, the glorious weight of his body pinning Jason down, and Hyde’s hand holding him in place by force, so he practically humped the fingers as he came. Nothing mattered but the sensations of the flesh. Every droplet of sweat, every goose bump, made him hyperaware of his body.

Spent, used, and as happy as ever.

He’d get Tasered again for this.

Chapter 6

The next few days set up a routine for Jason. He'd get up and eat breakfast with Hyde's family. They would then walk Cody to the school bus, walk Heidi, and ride to the clubhouse/gym, where Hyde would stay busy for most of the day, and Jason would train with Spotty, who turned out to be a decent coach.

The club members didn't try to hide their resentment at first, but Jason was surprised to see they gradually warmed up to him in a very no-nonsense way. Even Titan seemed to get over the fact that Jason had ripped off a piece of his flesh. It probably helped that Hyde got the guy a date, and considering the sounds they made in the room next door, the chick dug battle scars.

Jason wasn't all that surprised when he realized Hyde was the boss here, as he'd always had a talent for gathering people around him. But a motorcycle club? Those Jason associated with hierarchy and old men with long beards being in charge. Here? Not so much. Then again, it wasn't a big club, with only the five fully patched members and one prospect.

From what he gathered, the five guys, including Hyde, bought the gym a few years ago and made it their second home. They supplemented their income through illegal fights, so they could all live comfy, if a little rowdy, lives. Titan usually represented the club in the ring, and the next fight would be no different, but the bets would be on Jason losing, or rather on his opponent winning, whoever that would be this time. Apparently, after Jason's wild outburst, no one wanted to fight him just yet.

Jason practiced anyway. He was in the ring with Titan, Spotty watching and giving them both tips. Jason wouldn't say he found fights "relaxing," as they always fueled a surge of adrenaline, but it was satisfying to be good at something, to know he hadn't screwed up his life completely.

Hyde spent a great deal of time in the open office next to the ring. The gym wasn't very popular, and it seemed that it was more of a private club for local bodybuilders. Most women or modern health freaks wouldn't feel too comfortable in the dark, somewhat stuffy corridors. But that suited Jason well enough. After a daily strength routine, he and Titan were practicing their tactics for the upcoming fights, and even Babyface, who still didn't accept Jason around, stopped by to watch.

It was when Hyde came out of the office with a beer in one hand and a cigarette in the other that the stakes got higher. At least for Jason. A few days

had passed, and Jason still desperately wanted to impress his high school crush. At times he wasn't sure if Hyde actually thought little of him or just got off on the dirty talk, so he worked extra hard to make sure Hyde knew what Jason was worth.

Titan dodged another one of Jason's punches and withstood a kick to his ankle, which was supposed to make him trip. He was better than Jason initially believed, very focused and adept at using his body to his best advantage. But Titan's size, while providing him with certain perks, could also be inconvenient in a fight with someone as agile as Jason. Kicks were quicker when you had shorter limbs, and this time, Titan fell to the mat. Jason moved as quickly as he could, his vision turning red as he sensed Hyde's eyes burning through his skin. Titan hit himself in the jaw, and Jason climbed on top of him, keeping him in a tight hold, which was almost impossible to break.

Babyface forgot himself, and for the first time, Jason heard the guy cheer him on. Spotty yelled advice, and a few female voices joined in as well. Titan elbowed Jason's stomach, but Jason managed to pack a punch as well. Body against body, they pushed at each other. Jason couldn't help but take a sniff of Titan's sweat. Masculine, slightly bitter, much less appetizing than Hyde's.

This one time two days ago, Jason completely forgot himself and lapped all the delicious salt off Hyde's skin, caressing him right into a second orgasm that day. They lay half-naked in the grass after that, watching the waves crash on rocks that grew out of the water. The local children were usually told those were the teeth of a dragon, and Hyde and Jason had a prolonged conversation about it over a meal of prepackaged sandwiches and Cokes. Hyde told Jason he was planning to bring Cody there for his birthday. When Jason told Hyde that he never had a birthday party, Hyde vowed to buy him a cake.

Jason blocked yet another of Titan's attempts to hit his ribs, and when he briefly looked away from the strong body beneath his own, his eyes met Hyde's dark, intense gaze. He was standing right by the ring, his mouth kissing the bottle, chest working up and down. Hyde was turned on.

Their gazes locked for a split second too long, and Jason got a slap over the head so strong that he lost focus just long enough for Titan to shove him down to his back. It was hard to fight when images of Hyde's cock straining over Jason's face muddled his thoughts. The unexpected consequence of finally having a sex life was that Jason was on pins and needles all the time. Just days ago, the only touch he could count on was by his own hand, and now that he had options, a sexy man who was actually available, his mind was too preoccupied with fucking.

One of the girls laughed on the sidelines. "Mount me like that, Titan!"

"Will do!" Titan roared, delivering a harsh punch to Jason's side. "Just. Let. Me. Finish. With. This. One," he rasped, punctuating each word with a hit.

Jason patted the mat with a grunt. All he could think of was crawling out of the ring and sucking Hyde off then and there. They hadn't moved past oral sex, but it was good enough for Jason. Still more than he'd ever got in his life. Truth was that he found it a bit daunting to go all the way, even if the fingers penetrating his ass felt oddly good.

"Break!" announced Spotty, slapping Titan's ass as the giant jumped out of the ring, straight into the arms of his chosen lady.

"I know what I'm having for lunch," he said before throwing her over his shoulder. She laughed, pretending to struggle, but it was clear she was just as much into this as Titan was.

"Could have done better," commented Babyface, stepping back with a snarl.

Hyde shrugged, slowly drinking his beer, but his eyes never left Jason's. Would there be a reward at the end of the day, or would Hyde be disappointed with Jason's performance?

Jason gave Babyface the side eye. "Fuck off and do something useful." He sat on the steps to the ring and held out his hand for Hyde's beer. At least he'd get to taste something Hyde's lips had touched.

Hyde approached him, moving like the sexiest beast on the planet, completely relaxed. There was a slight smile on his lips as he passed Jason the bottle. "You got distracted," he said, and Jason felt his ears heat up when he realized Hyde knew very well why Jason lost.

"Yeah, one of the girls flashed me her boob," he said for other people's ears, but his eyes never looked away from Hyde's.

"Must have been the best one out there," said Hyde in a lowered voice. He moved his foot forward, and it brushed against Jason's, unnoticed by anyone but them. The touch sent an electric charge all the way up Jason's spine.

"Yeah, can't fight well when I'm horny."

"But you can't just fuck whenever you want. Gotta earn it."

Jason took a swig of beer. "I know. Just because she flashed her boob doesn't mean she's gonna put out. You think I should woo her somehow?" He wondered if he wasn't getting too comfortable with Hyde. After all, the guy still had the video. Throughout the last few days, Jason had seen Hyde playing

with the phone every now and then, undoubtedly enjoying a recap of the humiliating clip. All Jason needed to even out the playing field was to get rid of that bullshit.

“She might need to release some steam later. Why not try?” asked Hyde, taking the beer and finishing his drink. He let his lips sink slightly lower over the glass mouth, flooding Jason’s mind with images of Hyde slobbering around his cock. It only happened three times so far, and Hyde hadn’t been any less commanding when a sucker. The bastard had this aura of authority that kept Jason in line every single time.

“You sayin’ she’s a slut?” Jason looked away with a little smirk. He’d learned this week that years of his libido being neglected had backfired and made his sex drive strike back with a vengeance.

“A perfect match to your manwhoring ways,” chuckled Hyde, leaning against the ring by Jason’s side.

“Not marriage material, though.” Jason rubbed his face to hide his smile. Nothing good ever came from showing his true feelings.

Hyde laughed and kicked Jason in the shin. “Who? Her or you?”

“I’m broke and homeless, so I guess me.”

Hyde leaned in, and Jason stiffened when that warm hand playfully patted his cheek. “Good boy,” Hyde said before walking off, unbothered. It was all getting to Jason’s head. Was it actual flirting, or was it just banter? The fuck was that? It wasn’t like Jason wanted a relationship with a guy anyway. That would be weird, but he couldn’t help the craving for sex eating at his gut. And it was just so easy with Hyde taking charge of the situation and unleashing it upon Jason.

Spotty was busy talking to Babyface, and with Titan still out for his sex lunch, there wasn’t much to do for Jason. He immediately looked up when someone walked through the door. It was Coke, the man who sealed the initial deal with Jason and a prospect at the MC. He raised his hand in greeting, and Jason reciprocated, surprised not to see the other members come up with chores for the guy. In a club with as little manpower as the Rabid Mongrels, there was plenty to do for each member. Instead, Jason noticed both Babyface and Spotty gazing after Coke as he walked past them toward the office.

When he’d first seen Coke around, he wondered why anyone would allow others to order them around the way he did, but the longer Jason watched the

camaraderie the Mongrels shared, the more he understood Coke's desire to be a part of this. There was loyalty between the guys, even when one of them fucked up, or got into a fight. It reminded Jason of the relationship his brother had with his friends. As much as Jason hated their guts, he had always been jealous of having a pack of friends who stood up for one another, no matter what. No one ever wanted Jason to join any group.

Hyde appeared in the doorway of the office before Coke could walk in. He grabbed him by the shirt, pushed him back, pulled him close, and sent him to the floor with a powerful headbutt.

Jason's eyes went wide. So much for camaraderie.

"There you are, we fucking missed you!" Hyde roared, delivering a harsh kick to the lying man. Jason couldn't see what exactly happened, but from the high pitch of Coke's scream, he figured Hyde must have gotten him in the balls.

Babyface laughed and clapped his hands, rushing over like a kid eager to spend his allowance on sweets.

Jason looked around the gym, shocked that Hyde would act like this in public, but he realized Spotty stood by the closed door, and only the Mongrels and him were inside. As horrible as the next kick to Coke's ribs was, Jason felt a little giddy to be included in whatever was happening.

"What the fuck, Hyde?" Coke moaned from the floor.

Hyde snarled and gestured toward the body on the floor. Babyface was quick to get Coke to his feet. He pulled his arms back hard, just in time for Hyde to deliver a punch to Coke's stomach.

"I heard you had some interesting conversations last night!"

The way Coke went white as a sheet told Jason more than his lips. "No! I just said I lost money on the last fight. I was just talking about *me!*"

"Sure you did," Hyde said with a smile that made Jason both aroused and cold with fear. Babyface let Coke drop to the floor, and Hyde dove after him like a vulture. "You think this is a game, huh? Who's gonna come to the fights if they think they're rigged? Ever thought of that?" Hyde asked and delivered another punch to Coke's face, and the guy cried out, bleeding all over his beard.

Jason had his nose broken before, and he was pretty sure that was what just happened.

"I didn't think—" Coke tried, but Babyface cut in.

"That's the fucking problem!"

Spotty snorted, walking over with a scowl on his face. “We don’t need men who don’t think.”

Coke coughed, with blood dribbling down his chin. “Wait... you need to have a vote about this... Titan and Jack aren’t—”

“We already voted,” hissed Spotty.

Hyde shook his head. “Get this fuck-up out of my sight. Take Titan, and have his little blonde piggie leave. I’ve got too much on my plate to babysit her.”

Jason licked his lips and stood up. This would be his moment. Hyde seemed distracted enough with the drama, so the phone that was a noose around Jason’s neck would be the last thing on his mind.

Jason walked past Babyface, who didn’t hesitate to gag Coke with some kind of rag. Jason ignored it and continued to the office, his skin crawling with nervous anticipation. He could hear Titan’s voice in the background, and the general commotion gave Jason even more confidence as he entered the small, bleak office with pinups layered on the walls. There were old metal filing cabinets and two desks, one of which—the one with a red laptop—was Hyde’s. In the background, he could hear everyone leaving, their voices ever quieter.

Jason opened the cabinet where Hyde stored extra cups and snacks. “I think you need another drink. What was that all about?” he asked and filled a large souvenir mug with beer from the cooler by the door.

Hyde didn’t respond right away, but his sheer presence in the room made Jason’s skin tingle as he stood there and wordlessly begged for attention. After a while, the door to the office closed, and Hyde approached in soft footsteps.

“You’re feeling at home already.”

“Nice question dodging.” Jason’s lip curled. He was pretty sure Hyde kept the phone in the right pocket of his jeans. He let his gaze discreetly wander, and he couldn’t stop himself from admiring the bulge at the front of Hyde’s pants.

Hyde’s palm spread over Jason’s back, and his warm body soon molded to Jason’s side. “Why do you want to know?”

“Does it affect the fight? I’m in it after all. It’s about my rep.” Jason took a swig of beer to cool down his nerves.

The hand trailed up his spine, only to settle on his nape. It was almost as if Hyde were putting an arm over his shoulders, at least until Hyde gently pulled

on the collar, sliding his fingers between the strap and Jason's skin. "He got drunk and told someone you were paid for complying with our bets."

"Only I didn't, because you lost." Jason took a deep breath. He needed to refocus. Phone. Not Hyde's dick. Phone.

Hyde snorted and massaged Jason's neck as they both looked at the old cupboard. "That's one thing saving the day. But I'm not gonna let some idiot ruin what we've been working for. No one's forcing him to be here. I used to prospect at another club, and I left because it was shit. I thought if I ran one, it would be better. You familiar with Russian roulette?"

"Yeah, what about it?" Jason frowned at the memory of his brother playing a drunk version of Russian roulette against dogs. He molded his back against Hyde's slightly bigger body.

Hyde's nose brushed the back of Jason's head. "They had me play it to get out of the club. You can see it went well for me. And I took some hangarounds with me. That's how the Rabid Mongrels started. On our own rules. I won't let a dipshit like Coke ruin what we have."

That was just such a Hyde thing to do that Jason smiled. Only Hyde's own rules mattered. Couldn't stand teachers, couldn't stand bosses, only made sense that he'd not last somewhere as a prospect. "So you were club president from the start?" Jason pulled his hands back and ran them over Hyde's hips, ready to dip them into Hyde's pockets.

Hyde spun Jason around and propped him against the cupboard, spilling some of the beer in the process. He wore a devilish smile as he leaned down to run the tip of his nose over Jason's. "We had a vote, and turned out they wanted me as their leader."

"No surprise there, right?" Jason took a deep whiff of Hyde's glorious, cigarette-tinged smell.

"Not really," whispered Hyde, slowly grinding his hips against Jason's. He tightened his hold on the collar and lapped at Jason's lips. "Fuck. If I'd known you at school, I'd have fucked you under the bleachers. You're just the type..."

"What type?" Jason's face went aflame, and as much as he needed to go for the phone, the thought of an eighteen-year-old Hyde fucking his scrawny fifteen-year-old self blurred his mind.

Hyde smiled into the kiss and grabbed Jason's jaw, holding him in place. "You're not a guy who wants dates and chocolates. You want to be fucked hard and then have a beer."

Jason gave a short nod. So true. He was in no way ready to consider a relationship with a guy, but the sex? That he could probably handle. Seemed straightforward enough. “You read me so well.” He decided to go for flattery as his fingers reached into Hyde’s pocket.

Hyde groaned, turning Jason’s head to the side and biting his ear. “We’re alone. I could fuck you right now. I fucking need it after today...”

“Here?” For a moment Jason wanted to just let go of the phone, find out what it was like to be actually fucked by Hyde, feel his cock deep in his ass, but the shame of that video was too much. He couldn’t risk it for anything. In one swift move, he pulled out his old phone out of Hyde’s pocket and dropped it into the beer-filled mug. The *plop* resonated in the silence, and Hyde stepped back, staring at the container before knocking it to the floor. The phone flooded out of it and slid all the way to the desk on a yellow wave.

Hyde came at Jason, grabbing his head to his chest and pressing his forearm hard against Jason’s throat, choking him with so much force Jason’s adrenaline levels skyrocketed, putting him onto a world of desperation. He grabbed the muscular arm and pulled, trying to slip out if the hold. To distract Hyde, he pushed back, crashing them both into the desk. The memory of Hyde’s cruelty against Coke was fresh in Jason’s mind, and he wasn’t willing to experience those kinds of punches himself.

But Hyde didn’t spare him any and kicked Jason right in the knee, sending him to the floor with a punch to the top of the head. It made Jason’s teeth crackle. “You bitch!”

Jason growled like a mad dog and swooped Hyde’s legs into an embrace, only to pull on them with all his strength. Despite Hyde’s weight, he managed to send him to the ground.

Hyde roared, his handsome face twisted into a mask of anger. It was the last thing Jason saw before searing pain bit into his flesh like a hot metal rod, repeatedly penetrating his neck and shoulders.

He screamed out and grabbed onto the shock collar with trembling fingers, but another explosion of pain had him wheezing. Jason’s vision became a blur, and he inched away on all fours.

“Stop!” he cried and fell when another pulse of electricity attacked his neck and chest with the ferocity of a rabid dog.

“I gave you my word that I’d delete it after the fight,” roared Hyde, and he must have pressed the button again, because Jason was once more gripped by

the throes of pain as his throat constricted. The metallic taste in his mouth didn't predict anything good.

"I can't... have it out there," Jason rasped, barely recognizing his own voice. He put his forehead against the cold, wet floor.

"You're dead to me! I'm not gonna ever have my cock near you again, you stupid fuck!" roared Hyde. He kicked Jason over and placed his foot on Jason's naked chest, watching him with so much spite that it made Jason want to crawl into the smallest hole and die of hunger without anyone ever seeing him again.

Jason's whole body shivered from the pain. "I don't care," he said to save face, though that case was long gone. He tried to push off Hyde's foot, but his arms felt too heavy.

Hyde kicked him in the ribs and spat on the floor. "You bitch. Can't believe you did that," he growled, pulling on Jason's feet. The floor scraped against Jason's skin as he was dragged through the office like a dead body ready to be dumped into cement. The doorway flew over him, and soon he felt the salty odor of the training room as Hyde dragged him out of the office. The dirt and cobwebs on the ceiling were mocking him.

Jason spat out some blood, but didn't have enough energy to look back at Hyde, who sure as fuck wasn't Dr. Jekyll anymore. "We're even now..." he tried despite his better judgment, and right away he was hit with a sharp stab of electricity.

"Not even close," said Hyde, looming over him like a vulture. "If you ever want me to touch you again, you *will* lose this fight."

Jason let his lips spread into a wide smile, "Yeah, right. Like you can keep your hands off me." He clenched his fists, readying for another shock, but it didn't come.

Hyde snorted and walked into the office. "Do the weights while Spotty's out," he said before shutting the door. His laughter was worse than a kick in the teeth.

Had Jason overestimated himself? That thought chilled him to the core of his aching flesh.

Chapter 7

Jason was alone in the kitchen, washing all the dishes that were left after dinner. Hyde wouldn't talk to him other than through a few slurs, so Jason retreated to the safety of not speaking, not connecting, not even making eye contact. At least Heidi was there for him with her pretty white muzzle and blue eyes. She followed him around the house, as if sensing his distress in a way no human could.

Had he really done so wrong with that phone? Wasn't it only fair for him to want to get rid of blackmail material? Jason tried to make up for his presence in Hyde's home with doing any chores that he could come up with, but that didn't seem to be enough. Nothing he'd do would ever be enough payment to become a part of this pretty suburban life. Jason didn't fit into the picture.

Someone tapped on his shoulder, and he almost dropped the plate he was holding before he realized it was just Beth. She smiled at him. "You don't need to do that. We have a dishwasher," she said, switching off the water.

"Oh, uh... yeah, I kinda... wanted to make myself useful." Jason took a deep breath and put away the cleaned plate. He probably looked like a thug with the black eye and bruise-stained lips.

Beth patted him on the back. "If we don't use it daily, it stinks. Just toss everything in there."

"Sorry, I didn't know how to use it, so I thought I'd just wash up in the sink."

She waved her hand. "That's fine. I'll do that after I read the book to Cody."

This was another thing Jason couldn't comprehend. The adults in the house took turns to read *Peter Pan* to Cody, and that included Hyde as well. It was unheard of where Jason was from.

"Is there anything else I can do?" Jason so desperately wanted to be useful in this house, which was so perfectly organized without him.

Beth sighed, leaning against the counter as she looked him up and down. "Talk to Hyde? You two are acting weird."

Jason didn't notice when he leaned in, his heart leaping. "Is he? What do you mean?"

Beth shrugged. “Dunno. I guess he seems quieter than usual. And he didn’t watch yesterday’s game. That doesn’t happen.”

“Sorry to make it all weird here. I’ll probably be off in a week or two.” *Or right after the fight.*

Beth frowned. “Will you?”

Jason played with his fingers, more nervous by the second. “I guess so. I just need to sort out a place for myself. I don’t know what Hyde’s told you about me, but I doubt he’d want me to stick around.”

She pressed her lips together, slowly walking away. “Uh-huh. You two really need to talk.”

But for Hyde, Jason was a “stupid fuck.” It was hard to argue with that.

Jason fed the dog more treats than he should have and played with her for a while, pushing away the time to decide whether he actually wanted to talk to Hyde or not. Jason was a hopeless pup, wishing for Hyde’s attention, even after getting the shock collar treatment. Instead of being angry about that, his first thoughts had been that it was a lot better than getting Tasered.

Now, with the video off the table, he didn’t even know what to do about the fight anymore. He spent a good half an hour in the shower, pondering what course of action to take. Would it impress Hyde if despite all the threats, Jason still won? Or would he consider that another slap in the face and *kill* him this time? Jason knew what his father would say. It was all about winning and winning only in his book. A dog that lost was a dog that died. Hence the tattoo on Jason’s chest.

Fight or die.

He took a deep breath, standing in front of Hyde’s bedroom door in the middle of the night. He wasn’t good at talking, but maybe he could work things out with body language?

There was still time to back away, but Jason wouldn’t fail again. This was one of the times he had to fight for what he believed in, so he put his hand on the door handle and gently pressed it down. He stilled, listening to the sounds coming from the darkness, and when nothing happened, he opened the door, trying to make the motion as smooth as possible.

Hyde’s room was big and airy, with a built-in closet that covered the entire wall and a huge bed under the window. The moment Jason stepped in, his nose picked up the scent of Hyde—fresh linen with a hint of tobacco and lime.

Jason took a deep breath and pushed down his pajama pants. He was ready to let his body do the talking. His stomach was twisting and knotting at the idea of going for full-on sex, but he'd never be more ready than now. He swallowed and slid under the covers to the deafening roar of blood pulsing in his ears.

Hyde let out a groan and pulled his pillow closer, completely peaceful in the bluish light coming through the blinds. Such a fucking handsome specimen of a man, with his long hair in disarray and lips slightly parted. Jason ran his fingertips over Hyde's forearms. They hadn't really touched much other than in sex, and as much as Jason craved the contact, he was too scared to actually sleep with a guy in the same bed. That would mean other things than lust.

Hyde sighed and pressed his eyes tightly shut. "The hell?" he mumbled. "Who let you in here?"

Jason bit on his lip. "It wasn't locked." He moved his hand to Hyde's stomach, and a shiver went down his spine. A body to die for. And Jason would do a lot to stay in Hyde's good graces, but what was he to say? *I'll do whatever you want?* That would not put him in a good position.

Hyde's stomach moved under Jason's touch, so warm, with soft hair creating a path down from his navel. Jason would love to just dive under the comforter and follow that trail.

"I never invited you," rasped Hyde.

The blade of those words was sinking into Jason's chest, but he still impaled himself on it by moving closer. "I thought you'd like me here anyway...?"

Hyde laughed, rolling to his back. The sparse light showed off his wide, sheepish grin. "Told you. If you want me to fuck you, lose the fucking game tomorrow."

"Come on," Jason hissed, happy about the darkness, because he could feel his face heat up. "It's not just about that, is it...? You said you think I'm hot." Now he was starting to disbelieve it himself. Could it be that this had been all just some twisted ploy to make him cooperate?

"As many of them are. You think you're special or something?" whispered Hyde, gently kicking Jason under the comforter. It felt like a blow to the stomach. "You betrayed my trust two times now, and I'm not gonna reward you with my cock."

Jason pulled away, painfully aware that hurt had to be painted all over his face. He should have never sucked Hyde's dick in the first place. He really was

a stupid fuck. “I just wanted a quick fuck before bed, so don’t make it a big deal.” Jason retreated out of the bed, desperate to stop embarrassing himself. Where did he drop his fucking pants?

“I hope you didn’t masturbate while watching me sleep,” growled Hyde, rolling over to face away from Jason. It was humiliating beyond belief.

“Fuck off, asshole. This experiment is over,” Jason snarled in return and pulled on his pajamas. He hurt all over from rejection twisting the knife inside of him. For the first time in his life, he decided to go for it, and he got the finger. How appropriate for a loser fuck-up like him. His father had been right. He was worth as little as his dog, and his father *hung* poor Ratso from a tree.

He stumbled out of the room, with the voice in the back of his head getting louder and louder. Telling him to die already.

Chapter 8

The people outside were ready to rip Jason's heart out and chew through it, at least that was what Spotty told him as they arrived at the venue. It was an old bowling alley this time, with the cage erected in the basement, just like the week before. Titan won his fight and was now happily celebrating with two chicks on his arms and a big black eye peeking out from underneath the bandages.

Jason's fight was to be the finale of the evening, and with his opponent being the Freak, he was up for a challenge. The guy was famous for not pulling any punches, and according to the legend he surrounded himself with, he'd been born in an institution for the criminally insane and never met the parents who conceived him within the hospital walls. He reportedly lived in the woods somewhere, and instead of drinking what everyone else did, drank chia seeds in water before each sparring match.

Voices roared outside the makeshift locker room, and Jason already knew the match before his own was over. His skin tingled with the excitement he always experienced before a planned fight. His chest was hot, yet his mind was slowing down, prepared for the rapid thinking required in the cage.

Spotty put a hand on Jason's shoulder. "He might be the Freak, but you're the Cannibal, right? You just need to stay up there for long enough so that the fight doesn't look rigged."

Jason didn't even know if he was going to go through with it or not. Hyde had been a complete shit since yesterday. Sure, he was still hot as hell, but the way he acted made Jason wonder if he wanted to fuck Hyde anymore. Maybe he'd be better off winning the fight, showing Hyde the finger, and running off?

The door opened, and Hyde marched in, as if called over by an unexplainable power.

"Five minutes," he said, circling Jason, with his hands down his pockets.

The tension between them was like a living, breathing thing, ready to attack any second.

"I know," Jason snarled in reply, refusing to look up. He was so done with Hyde. He was so done with *men*.

Hyde nodded at the door. “Spots, go talk to Jack. He wanted something.”

Spotty looked at his watch. “Might as well. Good luck,” he said, with a slap to Jason’s shoulder.

Jason just groaned in reply. The last thing he wanted was to be in the same room with Hyde. He’d opened himself up, went with all the fag stuff despite his fears and better judgment, only to get rejected. As if *he* was the one pushing for sex in the first place.

“Are you ready to get your ass handed to you on a platter?” asked Hyde with a big grin. His fingers sank into the tense flesh of Jason’s shoulders, massaging the muscles.

“Get your fucking hands off.” Jason hated how good Hyde looked with that smile. His long hair was tied into a messy ponytail, the scruff on his face was a few days overdue for shaving, there was a hole in his T-shirt, and he still looked like a million dollars. Jason wanted to win the fight just to wipe that pretty smile off his face.

“You chickening out?” Hyde walked away, but Jason stilled when he felt a tingle of electricity around his neck.

Jason curled his fingers into fists. “This is what you gonna do? Shock me before the fight? Why not go all the way and fucking Taser me, huh? It’s gonna be hard to tap out, though, if I’m not moving.”

Hyde laughed and walked over, pulling out a bundle of keys. He was looking through them one by one, making a show of it, even though they both knew which one would open the padlock on Jason’s neck. “I’m gonna trust you’ve been trained well enough by now.”

“I’m not your dog.” Jason ignored the way Hyde’s fingers tickled his chin.

“You wear my collar and do as I say,” Hyde said casually as he pushed himself between Jason’s knees.

Jason bit his lips, confused by the mix of anger and excitement. “Not gonna be wearing your collar for much longer.”

Hyde kept his gaze, and Jason’s hopes faltered when that pretty mouth twisted into a cold grin. “I just need you to not fuck up the next few minutes. Then, off you can go, to the pound for all I care.” The collar parted on Jason’s neck, and as much as he despised it when he first got it, his neck now felt unpleasantly empty. He didn’t belong to anyone anymore.

“I’m all about your money. Wouldn’t want to end up in your chair again and have to suck your dick,” he hissed in a sad attempt to save face. At least Hyde couldn’t rub the video in his face anymore and remind Jason how much he loved to suck cock.

“The guy you’re fighting is as greedy as you. He’s been running dogfights for the last twenty years or so.”

Jason gritted his teeth. And he was to lose to that guy? “I’m not greedy. You are.” It wasn’t all that true, though. Jason was greedy for anything Hyde could give him. Any scrap of attention. His brother had been right. He was pathetic.

There were three knocks on the door, and Hyde smiled, already walking over. “You’re on. Make Daddy proud.”

Jason gave Hyde’s back a longing look. He’d show the bastard how much he didn’t care for his cock. It wasn’t even about life, death, or money anymore. Father had taught him all about hiding emotion. If he showed Hyde how much he wanted him, lost the fight just to get him interested again, he’d just prove he wasn’t worthy of that attention. That he was desperate for it like a puppy, that he was more interested in Hyde than in anything else. Then, Hyde would use that against him, as people always did when someone showed how they truly felt. He’d laugh at Jason’s pathetic attempts to grasp for any affection he could get. He’d smoke a cigarette, and fuck Jason’s face, if Jason was lucky. Or unlucky for that matter.

If Jason had any pride left in him, he needed to win the fight, and make a show of how much he didn’t care about Hyde’s beautiful hazel eyes or the touch of his strong hands. That was surely what Jason’s father would advise. Of course, apart from beating him into a bloody pulp for being interested in cock in the first place.

He followed Hyde outside, trying not to look up into the countless faces, hardly recognizable in the sharp light coming from above. The noise was so loud, he felt like his eardrums were about to bust, and he smiled, thinking how ridiculously off-balanced that would make him. He’d lose, just like Hyde wanted.

The basement was a relatively small room with a high ceiling. Steep bleachers wrapped around all four sides around the cage, and the people gathered made so much noise stomping their feet and yelling that it might as

well have been a league fight. Keeping his gaze low, Jason saw Hyde's sneakers rush over the concrete floor. There was only one way left for Jason. He followed the club patch on the back of Hyde's cut as he climbed the tiny wooden stairs that led to the cage.

His opponent was already waiting. Taller than Jason, with an ugly scar parting his face in two, Freak took a swig of water and put in his mouthguard. It had sharp teeth drawn on the outside. Jason wanted to smash the motherfucker's teeth in when he thought about all the dogs the bastard hurt throughout the years. He knew firsthand what those poor animals had to go through. Even the ones that won didn't live good lives.

Freak looked at Jason and grinned behind the mouthguard, before spitting on the mat. With the lights so bright over the cage, the silhouettes around it drowned in shadow, merging into one bulging, roaring mass, but Jason's eyes were on something else altogether.

Hyde walked around the ring with a cordless microphone in hand. He was looking around, not speaking yet, and the longer it lasted, the more the tension rose. All eyes were on him, and Jason's drifted to the wet dream of a man as well. Maybe if Jason wasn't such a loser, he'd have been able to keep Hyde's attention for longer, but there was no way to hide what he was. A piece of shit from nowhere, with no money, no home, and dirty needs. No wonder Hyde lost interest after a few fucks.

"We're almost done here," said Hyde eventually, his masculine voice cutting through the noise as he walked around the cage with a wild smile. "I'll be short and sweet. You all know Freak. He's won eight out of his last ten fights, so you can see that he might be the older one here, but his experience pays off."

Hyde looked at Jason, and when their eyes met, it was as if a beacon of warm light fell on Jason. "His opponent for the night is Pitbull. A local guy, back after several years of fighting God-knows-where. And while he is new to the local scene, many of you probably know him from last week's stunt. Hope Freak keeps his ears away from those firm jaws."

Jason frowned and bared his teeth at Hyde. What the fuck? *Pitbull*? Motherfucker had no right to name him! For a moment, he wanted to grab the mic himself and tell everyone he was no pit bull, but he'd just make a fool out of himself. The screaming got too loud anyway when Hyde mentioned the biting.

Excitement, anger, resentment, all mixed in Jason, making a nauseating cocktail.

Hyde laughed. “So, ladies and gentlemen, you can still place your bets during the first round. Who will win tonight? The dog or the master?” He switched off the mic, letting the crowds drown the venue with their loud voices, but Jason couldn’t miss the smirk coloring Hyde’s mouth as he skirted past him. So sure of himself, his strengths, his sexuality, his attractiveness. Nothing seemed to be out of place in Hyde’s world.

Jason wanted to be him, to fuck him, to mean something in Hyde’s life, or at least make a ripple on that perfection. Even if he’d stain it with his grubby hands, he wanted to be a part of it so bad it hurt.

The judge was there, same one as last time, and he gave Jason a sideways glance, before gesturing for both opponents to come over. He stepped back, leaving them space to shake hands, but Jason already knew Freak wouldn’t be one to try and honor the man he was about to fight. The man-mountain folded his arms on his chest and stared Jason down with a mocking smile.

“I’m gonna fuck your ass for everyone’s enjoyment,” he said over the noise, just for Jason’s ears.

For a split second, Jason was too stunned for words. “Oh yeah, fag? That’s what you like?” he mumbled through his mouthguard, stepping closer.

Freak gave him an unpleasant grin. “Good luck,” he mumbled, pulling back, much to the audience’s enjoyment. Freak was a bad guy, and everyone loved him for it. All Jason could do in this situation was to be equally rude or just ignore the bastard. He’d show Hyde what he thought of him.

The fight got off to a rocky start for Jason. In an official MMA fight, he’d never be paired off with a guy as big as Freak, but here, none of that counted. If a guy dared take out his mouthguard, he was even allowed to bite. Well, maybe not rip a piece of another guy’s body, but still. A fight was always a roller coaster, getting thrown around, dodging punches, but this one was about so much more than just physical contact. Hyde’s actions and words messed with Jason’s mind so bad he didn’t know anymore if he was fighting to win or to lose.

Exhausted after several painful rounds, he managed to break even before the big finale. The stakes were high for everyone, and it could be heard in the desperate and angry cries around the cage. Jason had blood from a cut above

his brow line clouding his vision, and the ringing in his ears that started with Freak's last punch was still there, but Jason was proud to see his opponent was tired as well. His powerful, naked chest glistened with sweat, but he was also soft in the knees. Jason could do this. He *could* win.

He stood there, taking deep breaths. Maybe he could use a move his father taught him? Jason hated the bastard with all his heart, but there was no denying that the fucker had been right about so many things. If you weren't tough, life would chew you up and spit you out. Just like Hyde did. Had his fun and messed Jason up worse than he was before. Thinking of Hyde made Jason scan the crowds for the familiar face.

He was right by the cage, in the narrow circle of glow that made his bright eyes shine. His mouth was halfway open, face flushed with the excitement of the moment. He must have sensed Jason's eyes on him, as he looked back, without the silly smile this time.

There was no time to look any longer when the mountain of muscle descended upon Jason with all his force. Yet as Jason delivered punches, dodged slaps and kicks, all he had in his mind were those eyes on him. Intense and dark with lust, watching him from above as he sucked Hyde to feed that insatiable need inside. Throat open for brutal thrusts and ready to take all of Hyde's cum.

Fight or die, Jason's father taught him, but Jason had already given up the fight when Hyde truly noticed him for the first time. Why would he listen to the advice of a dead man anyway? What kind of pride was he fighting for, if that same dead man had beaten any dignity out of him years ago? What did he actually have left to lose?

Jason let Freak kick his feet from beneath him so they landed on the mat. The sheer weight of the other man was enough to make him starve for air, but it wasn't enough. Two more punches, and Freak had him down. Heavy, stinking of sweat and blood, Freak was already triumphant, and while Jason did struggle, he didn't even give it his all, chewing on his lips as his opponent twisted his limbs further. It fucking hurt, but at least Jason would make Hyde happy for the last time.

His father was gone, just a fading voice in his head. He'd killed the fucker with a metal pipe, avenging his poor, sweet dog and himself. He didn't need to follow his father's rules, or anyone's for that matter. If that made him a loser, so be it. He'd take all the shit from Hyde if he could be his at least one more

time. He was giving up, and if this submission wasn't good enough for Hyde, Jason might as well die.

The moment he found Hyde's eyes in the crowd again, he tapped out.

Hyde blinked, staring at Jason, still like a statue, and it felt like he'd never be able to move again. Hyde let go of Jason and dragged himself to his feet, basking in the adoration of the crowd. The judge was there to announce his victory, while Jason remained on the mat, too shocked to get up so suddenly. Hyde was still looking at him, his face neutral, neither happy nor mocking as he leaned back, slowly disappearing into the shadows.

That was it. Jason had opened himself up raw, just like yesterday. Ripped his chest open and presented the pulsing desperation inside, just to get rejected. This was nothing new in his life, yet it felt like the end of the world. At least he could believe that he chose his own path, that his father's ghost wouldn't be the one directing his life. But then again, no one would be, because Jason had nowhere to go, a lonely raft with one passenger, drifting on the open sea.

As he headed for the room they used as his locker, the other Mongrels he'd passed couldn't show him they were happy with his performance, so no one would know it was all a setup.

He walked down the short corridor and slipped inside, unsure if he wanted to switch on the light. It seemed like a good idea to stay in complete darkness, hide forever and not even pick up his single bag of stuff from Hyde's house. He'd just disappear like a ghost now that their debt was settled, and Hyde wanted nothing more to do with him.

He locked the door, switched on the light and dropped to the creaking bench, slowly unwrapping his hands. He stretched his aching fingers and assessed the damage in the mirror on the wall. His face looked like shit with the fresh swelling, but at least nothing was broken. He got up to have a better look at the cut over his brow.

"I hope it leaves a scar," came from the cramped corner, and Jason spun around, with his heart in his throat. Hyde was leaning against the side of an ancient wardrobe, next to a crate of tenpins. His face was painfully neutral as he regarded Jason in silence, casual as ever in his gray shirt, the one with a hole, and sexy low-rise jeans.

Jason took his time thinking of a snappy comeback, but nothing seemed good enough. Did Hyde come here to bask in his glory after Jason gave up?

Wasn't *that* enough? He showed his true self, the part willing to not fight but accommodate. Left himself open, and if he didn't run fast enough, Hyde would be able to poke at that raw wound.

"I hope you're happy," Jason said in the end.

Hyde walked out of his hideaway with a small smile finally emerging on his lips. "I guess. It's not often that someone proves me wrong. You must really want it."

Jason looked down to his knuckles to avoid Hyde's gaze. "You win, okay? You don't have to rub it in. I did what you wanted."

He could see Hyde's legs moving closer and closer, until the tips of his sneakers touched Jason's bare feet, and all barriers of personal space were cancelled, because Jason didn't have the energy to fight the invisible hold Hyde still had on his neck. Hyde smelled a bit more of smoke and sweat, sharper, more aggressive than usual, and yet Jason wanted him all the same, if not more.

"Not yet," rasped Hyde, his lips so close to Jason's forehead that he felt the movement of air in his short hair.

Jason bit his lips so hard he drew blood. "What could you possibly still want from me? Didn't you earn enough money?" He couldn't utter another word when Hyde's fingers gently squeezed around his throat, and those intense eyes were on him and him only.

"You could have won. I could tell. You did it so that I would fuck you."

Jason couldn't hide anymore, forced to face Hyde and those eyes that saw right through him. His lips trembled, and he took a deep breath to fight off the itching in his eyes. Hyde's words were completely true, even if they rubbed Jason in all the wrong ways. He was a pathetic mess, and Hyde could surely see that.

"I told you, I don't care," Jason whispered, tense as if he were readying for another fight.

"Sure you don't," said Hyde in that voice that was bound to push all men to their knees, warm and so sensual you could almost feel it licking your ear. "Now cut the crap and touch my dick."

Jason's Adam's apple bobbed against Hyde's palm. Did Jason really want to be touched by someone who thought so little of him? "I'm sure there's other hot guys out there for you."

Hyde leaned in and brushed his nose over Jason's, silencing any further protests. "Yeah, but I want you. All sweaty after fighting a man twice your size, with blood smeared all over your face."

"I turn you on?" Jason swallowed and slowly ran his hand over Hyde's chest, all the way to his stomach. Everything he wanted was right in front of him, and no price was too much to pay.

Hyde grabbed Jason's hand and put it on the front of his jeans, against the warmth of a cock that was still waking up. His eyes were slowly getting that intense dark shade, and he dove in, trailing his tongue over Jason's cheek.

What if Hyde pushed him away again, though? Jason already knew the answer. He'd dive in headfirst again, ready to get hurt, if that was what it took to get a piece of Hyde. After all, he'd already decided he was ready to have sex with this guy, to have Hyde actually fuck him.

A moan escaped Jason's lips, and he crooked his head to offer his neck to Hyde as he squeezed that glorious dick he wanted fucking his throat at least once a day.

Hyde gasped into Jason's mouth, grinding his hips forward, into the waiting hand, as he moved his nose along Jason's neck and jawline, all the way into his short hair, smelling the sweaty skin. "You want that dick fucking you hard, don't you? That's why you lost."

Jason took a deep nasal breath. "I do... That's what I think I want." He unbuttoned Hyde's jeans. The heat coming off of Hyde as he opened the pants pulled Jason in, eradicating shyness in the face of what he'd always denied himself. Tonight had been about his decisions, and he chose not to let a ghost of the past haunt his life anymore. He wanted Hyde, and he'd have him, even if just this once.

"Me too. I'm gonna hold you down so that you can't run." Hyde's cock was stiffening rapidly as he thrust into Jason's hand over and over.

"I won't run. I'll take everything you've got," Jason whispered, barely believing he was saying such things out loud to another man. He squeezed Hyde's thick tool, slightly intimidated by it now that he imagined it pushing into him.

Hyde swallowed air straight out of Jason's mouth, biting into the bruised lips. It was slightly painful as he nipped on the flesh that was swollen from the fight, but at the same time, each touch intensified the lust burning in Jason's

chest. He craved a firmer touch. Something faster and stronger, a wild fight between two hard bodies, with no rules to follow.

“Push off those shorts,” whispered Hyde.

This time Jason didn't hesitate. For a moment, he tried to push down his shorts with only one hand, so he could still keep caressing Hyde's dick with the other, but it was no use. He pulled away and took off his shorts and jockstrap faster than ever, naked, overwhelmed, and as needy as a teenager.

“Good, I wanna see all that ass spreading for my dick.” Hyde pulled him close, for a kiss so intense Jason lost the sense of time altogether. It could have lasted for several seconds, or an hour, but what he knew at the end was that there was a hard cock poking his hip, and his own was throbbing, as if it were about to burst any second. He'd forget the humiliation of yesterday if that meant having Hyde tonight.

Hyde sucked on Jason's top lip before spinning him around so quickly Jason lost balance and fell forward, grabbing the bench. He could barely breathe thinking of what he was about to do. He'd laugh in the face of rules forced on him since a young age. He'd do whatever the fuck he wanted. His breath got quicker, along with his pulse, and he kneeled on the floor. Jason looked over his shoulder, at the most glorious piece of man he'd ever seen. It was all worth it for this one moment. His mouth watered when Hyde pushed his underwear down, freeing his dick, and it was hard, dark, and beautiful with its glistening tip.

“Spread your legs. Show me how much you want it,” uttered Hyde, kneeling behind Jason and covering him with his own body. The fat girth of his cock pressed against Jason's tailbone, ready for action at any given moment. It could be pushing in within seconds, with Jason bent over and taking it like the bitch he was.

Jason curled his toes, too lost in the moment to try and read Hyde, or to wonder what would happen tomorrow. For all he cared, tomorrow could never come. “Oh, fuck, I want it.” He spread his knees, and though he barely believed he was doing it, he rubbed his ass against Hyde's crotch like he was in heat. It would hurt, he was sure the fucking would hurt, yet he'd still take it.

“You're humping my dick already? Can't believe no one found out how much of a slut you are for all those years.” Hyde grabbed Jason around the chest and pulled, making him breathless, but seconds later, there was a slick, cool sensation drizzling over Jason's anus. Hyde had touched Jason there

before, but he only ever used spit, so this was a foreign sensation, soon made more familiar by two fingers rapidly slamming in, all the way to the knuckles.

“Oh, fuck!” Jason whimpered, trying to find something to grab onto and settling on Hyde’s hip. Things were moving quicker than he expected, but that didn’t stop his dick from being painfully hard.

Hyde pulled on Jason’s ear with his teeth, distracting him from the momentary discomfort. Those fingers were so proficient at breaking through all of Jason’s barriers. He wanted to just roll over and let it happen.

“I want to have you like Freak did back there,” rasped Hyde. “You’d like that, wouldn’t you? Get fucked in front of all those people?”

“Fucker! He didn’t *have* me.” Yet Jason loved the way Hyde pushed on him with his whole weight. His thighs trembled from the fast finger-fuck, and when Hyde pushed them up to the knuckle again, it forced a pained moan out of Jason. Too much, too fast, yet Jason wasn’t about to close his knees.

“Thank fuck for that, I like your ass nice and tight,” laughed Hyde, circling his fingers in Jason’s hole. “Hard and fast. You up for it? Jason?” And just like that, the fingers were gone, leaving Jason achingly empty, with just an aftertaste of friction.

“Yeah, fast and furious.” Jason let out another moan. He’d never felt as free in his life, and he wouldn’t let fear get in the way of his dream fuck. So he’d be aching tomorrow? Who cared? Wouldn’t be the first time.

Hyde pressed on Jason’s neck, pushing him against the bench. “Good boy,” he uttered, just as something warm and thick slid up and down Jason’s crack.

“That how you like it?” Jason hated the nervous tremble in his voice, so he decided to shut up. This was the fucking pinnacle. Everything could go to hell after this. Jason didn’t have enough fucks to give, but when Hyde’s cock pushed in with a force he didn’t expect, it took a lot of effort to stop himself from crying out at the sudden, searing pain in his ass.

He swallowed the noise, with Hyde’s palm pressing against his mouth. The salty fingers pushed into Jason’s mouth as he shook, trying to get over the stabbing sensation.

“It’s not even halfway in,” whispered Hyde with a tremble to his voice, dark and needy. “Relax.”

But Jason couldn’t, all tense and anxious despite his arousal. He breathed hard against Hyde’s palm, overwhelmed by the pulsing, thick flesh inside of

him. His muscles trembled against Hyde's strong body. Jason wasn't sure anymore if by getting fucked he was taking or giving. It all muddled into one experience, hard to compare to anything else. At least Hyde knew what he was doing.

"It's fine," Jason muttered as soon as he was able to utter a word. He wasn't some dainty flower, but the way Hyde pulled his head back, kissing and licking his neck, made his body finally give in. Pain subsided, and that wonderful cock moved in. Steadily, inch by inch, until Jason felt the tickle of Hyde's pubes on his ass. The sensation was so intense that Jason couldn't help but tremble against the bench. It still hurt, but the pain seemed clouded, dispersed somehow as Hyde held him close against his chest.

Taking a cock this way felt so different from blow jobs when a dick in his mouth was the single point of contact. This time, Hyde's whole body embraced him, those big arms held him in place, Hyde's mouth ghosted over his shoulder, and it all transformed Jason into a hot, throbbing mess. There was something odd about the pain, too. It had a purpose, and now that it was fading into a dull throb, Jason realized it only made everything else more intense.

"How do you like that? You're all stretched now, with a big dick up your ass," whispered Hyde, moving his fingers over Jason's tongue. "I knew you could take it."

Jason moaned at the thrust Hyde did to emphasize his words. He'd been running from this all his life, only to end up getting fucked by the first guy he ever lusted for. Jason sucked on the thick fingers. He'd even suck another cock if Hyde wanted him to, he'd take everything. He arched his back to Hyde's chest and stomach, and the sweat between them only got him hornier. There was not an inch of doubt, and nowhere to run from the conclusion—he wanted to get fucked, whatever that would make him.

Hyde slowly moved back and forth, stretching Jason, preparing him for more with each thrust. His hand squeezed Jason's throat, not quite taking away his air supply but asserting the right to do so. It had Jason's inner alarms constantly alert, ready to receive each new sensation. It was as if he were tuned in to focus only on Hyde and the way his hot dick pushed and pushed until it brushed against something that had Jason moaning like a bitch in heat.

Jason shut his eyes, and his knees slid wider apart. The grip Hyde had on him reminded him of a lock in the ring. Winner fucks the loser, but he wasn't about to complain about giving in. A shiver of arousal went through his dick

when Hyde pulled back and slammed in again. Jason let out a needy moan, reaching back and gripping onto Hyde's side.

"Such a needy fucker," said Hyde, straightening up behind Jason, and it was almost like losing your clothes on a cold night outside. Jason wanted him back and desperately pulled on Hyde's hip in an attempt to lure him into the previous position. Hyde laughed, and Jason stopped breathing when that cock rapidly moved back, until just the head was in. Jason wanted to say something, but when Hyde slammed all the way in, the power behind that thrust pushed a weak mewl out of Jason's lips instead.

"Feels like you tryin' to keep me inside," rasped Hyde, repeating the movement, his cock tickling Jason's pleasure center as it pushed home.

The mix of arousal and slight pain made Jason shut his eyes tight and give in, unable to fight how physical sensations interacted with emotions he'd always kept buried. The man telling him that feelings were for sissies was long gone and six feet under. He'd *feel* if he wanted to—and get his heart broken if that would be what it took to live.

Jason leaned on the bench, with his elbows for better support, all too aware that Hyde surely straightened up to see Jason's body better, watch his own dick drive into Jason's ass.

"I'm a trap," Jason groaned, bowing his head between his arms.

"You sure?" whispered Hyde, suddenly pulling out completely. Jason was too shocked for words, but he cried out at the stab of pleasure when Hyde pushed all the way in again, grinding his hips against Jason's ass. The hair on Hyde's stomach tickled Jason in the best way possible as he started a quick rhythm inside his relaxed hole.

The slapping of skin and Hyde's firm grip on his hips had a myriad of porn clips playing on loop in Jason's brain, but watching was nothing like experiencing the fuck himself. The first moment Hyde's dick brushed against that wild spot inside of him, it was as if a neon sign got switched on in Jason's brain. It read "Get Your Fuck Here" and pointed with its flashing lights to Jason's ass. The way Hyde's cock pistoned in and out was driving Jason into oblivion all too fast. He could live to serve this man. If that made him weak, then so be it.

"Yeah," Jason hissed, spacing out, and in this one moment, unashamed of the filth about to leave his lips. "You won't be able to get enough of fucking

my ass. Is your dick ready? I bet it is. You can't wait to come inside of me, can you? You're gonna come so hard, I'm gonna be dripping with your jizz." His hazy mind supplied an image of Hyde's dick pulling out all spent, leaving his hole sore, red, and sticky with cum.

Hyde withdrew with a loud animalistic hiss. He pulled on Jason's flesh and threw him to the floor. The cold tiles were a shock to Jason's back, but when Hyde climbed on top of him and filled the emptiness in Jason once more, the inside of Jason's body exploded with liquid heat. Hyde's face was covered by a dark flush, his eyes dark, mouth swollen from their kisses. His long hair had long lost the band and was now hanging around his face. He gritted his teeth and pushed on Jason's thighs, folding him in half as he started a furious rhythm, slamming his balls against Jason's ass like a pro.

"I'm gonna leave you so sore you're gonna need someone to carry you home," he whispered.

The new angle of Hyde's thrusts had Jason curling his toes and crying out. It was easier to reach his dick now, so he didn't hesitate and jerked off in the rhythm of Hyde's fucking. He could barely recognize his own voice when he came after just a few pumps to his dick, fueled by the pleasure coming from a spot inside his ass. His cum splashed Hyde's stomach, and a few droplets reached as far as Hyde's stubbly chin. What was more unexpected, though, was the way his ass began clenching and throbbing over Hyde's cock. All Jason was left with was moaning and panting, too overwhelmed and incoherent.

"Don't look away," warned Hyde, breathless as his thrusts became uneven and brash. "I'm gonna come, and I want you to look at me, you little bitch."

Jason put his hands on Hyde's shoulders, squeezing the hot flesh. He was no longer embarrassed by the words. He'd be Hyde's bitch and love every second of it. He was flushed, sweaty, and still on the high of his orgasm when he looked up into Hyde's intense eyes. He bit his lips, trying to fight back a moan, all too aware of Hyde looking at him, but a sharp, punishing thrust forced out a squeal he didn't know he was capable of. Jason's fingers dug into Hyde's arms, but he never looked away or even blinked.

Hyde was beautiful when he came. His eyes rolled back, mouth opened slightly, and he gave the tiniest moan, pressing hard against Jason's ass. It was a *moment*, and Jason's world slowed down as he watched Hyde come back from his high. There was a shadow of a smile on that handsome face. His hold on Jason's limbs relaxed, and he pulled out, holding onto the condom Jason only now realized Hyde had been wearing all along.

It was an unexpected disappointment. Jason had imagined Hyde's cum coating his insides, leaving him all sticky and used. He let his feet fall to the cold floor on both sides of Hyde, suddenly unsure what to say anymore, now that the spell of sex was wearing off. But even with Hyde's cock out, Jason could still almost feel it in his raw hole. He didn't regret anything.

Hyde tossed the condom at a small trash can nearby and scowled when it dropped to the floor. "Damn, I should have it by now," he said, still sitting between Jason's legs and kneading his thighs.

Jason bit his lip, embarrassed by the temptation of drinking the spunk out of the rubber. "Could have fucked me bare," he whispered, more exhausted than after a fight.

Hyde's eyes darted up, and he snickered. "You must *really* like me if you don't want to fuck responsibly."

Jason's eyes widened when he felt two fingers entering his well-fucked hole. It was sore, but at the same time, the sting made him feel so unbelievably good. His lips parted for a little moan, but his face was on fire. The touch was much different than in the heat of sex, when all breaks were out.

Jason pouted, sliding his feet over the floor. "Responsibility is for pussies."

"Yeah, I used to think that, and then I had a kid at eighteen." Hyde snorted and traced the inside of Jason's ass, caressing it gently.

Jason cleared his throat. "That's a good point," he muttered, but then his voice softened. "I do really like you, though. No one else makes me feel like you, so I'm letting your douchebag moves slide. I'm hopeless."

Hyde laughed and slid to the floor next to Jason. He was relaxed, with a small smile on his face as he settled in Jason's arms, with his hair tickling Jason's bicep.

"You know how some people are nice just to get something?"

Jason squinted and tensed up. Was this fuck some stunt to butter him up? "What do you want?"

Hyde shrugged. "Sometimes people can also be complete douchebags to get what they want. Full disclosure: I bet on you winning."

The words took a good few seconds to sink in. "What? But you told me to lose... Didn't everyone else bet on me losing?"

Hyde sighed and kissed Jason's forehead, as if they just finished a normal, cozy make-out session on the sofa. "Yeah, they heard the rumors, so I thought if you were pissed off at me enough, you'd win. Even made up the dogfight thing about Freak to rile you up. Lost again," he said, finishing it with a whistle.

Jason tried to be angry, but he had been fucked too well. There was no rage left in him. "Fucker. Serves you right." He slid his fingers over Hyde's stomach. It trembled under his touch as Hyde laughed.

"I guess. Deceiving such an impressive man..."

Jason shook his head. "Not gonna fall for your flattery."

"Sure, and now, after a few days of lies, you won't believe me! Typical." Hyde nuzzled Jason's cheek and pulled closer. "I'm serious, though. You've got some endurance."

A smile pulled at Jason's lips. "I'm a fighter."

Epilogue

Jason took his time packing. If the Mongrels lost their money this time, it wasn't his problem. He fulfilled his obligations, so it was time to leave. His ass still ached after yesterday's fuck, but it was a good kind of pain, one that would remind him of pleasant times. He'd probably sit on the bus to nowhere and clench his ass thinking of Hyde's sweaty body towering over him. He would then cry a little bit on the inside, and then he'd find himself a fuck every now and then. Because he wouldn't deny himself anymore.

There was a knock on the door, and Heidi raised her head, looking at it, before darting toward the entrance with a whine.

"Come in!" Jason said and zipped up his bag. There was a finality to it that he didn't want to think about.

Hyde kicked the door open and briefly petted Heidi's ear before pulling in a large box, and an equally enormous plastic bag. "Hi. Everyone's left already."

Jason put the bag over his shoulder. "Yeah, I suck at good-byes, so I didn't want to make a big deal of it in the morning. Tell them it was nice to meet them."

Hyde frowned at him and put everything on the floor. "You wanted to sneak out on me?"

Jason cleared his throat. This was exactly what he wanted to avoid. "I wouldn't call it 'sneaking out' ... You're probably busy and all that."

"I was picking up your housewarming gift. You'd make it more work for me if I had to return all this to the store," said Hyde, kicking the box.

Jason's trail of thought came to a halt. "What? You wanna *keep* me?" He realized how that sounded and quickly rephrased it. "I mean, you want me to stay?"

Hyde cleared his throat. "It's a nice bedroom set, made with actual down. So you know, we can be comfortable. I talked with Beth and Amanda, and they don't want me fucking upstairs. Because Cody. I can be loud." Hyde chewed on his lip and stepped closer to Jason.

Jason's eyes were growing wider. Hyde did want to keep him. "I have no job."

“You’re a fighter. You’re good.” Hyde grabbed the front of Jason’s shirt and pulled him closer.

Jason dropped his bag to the floor. “I lost you money. Twice.”

Hyde snorted. “Yeah, and one of those was because I’m an asshole.” He took a deep breath, staring at Jason without another word.

“With your looks...” Jason took a deep breath. “There’s guys hotter than me out there.”

“Not that many willing to put up with me.” Hyde smiled and leaned in, his long hair tickling Jason’s cheek. “I’m not gonna change.”

“So your offer is: I get a down comforter, and you keep being an arrogant, manipulative bastard?” Jason raised his eyebrows with a smirk. That was so typical of Hyde, and he couldn’t help but be attracted to it. He didn’t think he could ever fall for a regular nice guy.

Hyde nipped at the tip of Jason’s nose. “I can be good when I like someone. Besides, you did seem to like using my *tool*.”

Jason leaned closer and kissed Hyde’s perfect lips with his own bruised ones. He’d love to use Hyde’s tool every day.

Hyde closed his eyes and leaned into Jason’s embrace. “And a special perk. You get to prospect for the Mongrels.”

Jason wrapped his arms around Hyde’s neck. He did want to stay. He hadn’t even wanted to admit that to himself before, but now that it was a possibility, his heart began to beat so fast he was getting flushed.

“What does that entail?” Jason whispered into Hyde’s lips before another kiss. It didn’t feel as lusty as any of the other kisses they shared so far, but the gentleness behind Hyde’s lips had Jason’s heart leaping in a different way altogether. Jason was kissing a man and loving it.

“Hn... doing what the other members tell you to do. Especially the president,” rasped Hyde.

“Oh yeah? Like what?” Jason tightened his hug, still overwhelmed with another change in his life. Hyde was rocking his world to the core yet again.

Hyde chuckled and looked up, with his nose touching Jason’s. “He could say something like ‘Prospect, suck my dick.’”

“Fuck, guess I’d have to do it if I’m prospecting...” Jason’s smile widened, and he dropped to his knees, elated. He was pretty sure he’d be thoroughly enjoying his time with the Rabid Mongrels MC.

The End

Author Bio

K. A. Merikan is the pen name for Kat and Agnes Merikan, a team of writers, who are mistaken for sisters with surprising regularity. Kat's the mean sergeant and survival specialist of the duo, never hesitating to kick Agnes's ass when she's slacking off. Her memory works like an easy-access catalogue, which allows her to keep up with both book details and social media. Also works as the emergency GPS. Agnes is the Merikan nitpicker, usually found busy with formatting and research. Her attention tends to be scattered, and despite pushing thirty, she needs to apply makeup to buy alcohol. Self-proclaimed queen of the roads.

They love the weird and wonderful, stepping out of the box, and bending stereotypes both in life and books. When you pick up a Merikan book, there's one thing you can be sure of—it will be full of surprises.

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