



winston gieseke (ed.)

**WHIPPING
BOYS** gay s/m
erotica

BRUNO GMÜNDER

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INTRODUCTION: LET'S PLAY MASTER & SERVANT

Society has long tried to control sexual behavior with shame. But what happens when it's the shame that turns you on? Or the thought of inflicting pain? What if your deepest arousal comes from bossing someone around? Or if your favorite thing about sex is worshipping the bruises, scars, or marks that result from it? If any of these apply to you, you might just have an inclination for BDSM.

What exactly is BDSM? Depending on who you ask, it stands for bondage, discipline, dominance, submission, sadism, and masochism—a six-for-four deal of an acronym that runs the gamut from using physical or emotional pain as a sexual stimulant to asserting control through restraint, domination, or humiliation. Proponents often have their own definitions—a mutually consenting act of “rough sex,” a methodical appreciation of all things sensual (versus a race to orgasm), an intentional “perversion” of an otherwise sacred act of love—and if yours differs, that's OK. While many scholars agree on the principle that BDSM sex involves a highly unbalanced power dynamic established through role-playing, the truth is, the BDSM experience—like pretty much everything in life—has unlimited forms, from the so-called vanilla (if you've ever lightly bitten someone during sex, you've practiced a mild form of sadomasochism) to the extreme (such as binding, whipping, and flogging).

Why would someone want to be bound, whipped, or flogged? A common answer is that it's a thrilling escape from reality. Physical pain releases endorphins in much the same way that pleasure does. And for some, the sensation of pain increases their arousal. For fans of submission, the turn-on might be letting go, giving yourself over to someone who can, in a safe and non-permanent setting, fulfill your need to be dominated. But as with any sexual act, common sense and safety are key. The reality is that most “sadists” get off on the temporary perception of being in control rather than

the act of inflicting actual pain (“hurt but not harm,” as more than one practitioner has likened it).

In *Whipping Boys*, desire and domination take on many forms, from spanking and bondage to punishment and humiliation: Some of the stories depict hardcore BDSM doyens who live and breathe the scene—like P.A. Friday’s “All About the Boy,” Landon Dixon’s “I Am Whipped,” and Chip Masterson’s “Objectivity”—while others involve horny guys on a search for a specific sexual satisfaction (David Aprys’s “Mistake Number Three,” Simon Sheppard’s “The Tibetan Book of the Fag,” and Mike Hicks’s “The Revelation”). Where that search leads them is anyone’s guess.

Occasionally we find that one must be forced into numerous roles before he can be reborn as a new and improved version of himself, as happens with the title character in Gregory L. Norris’s “Mister Nobody’s Yard Sale.” And other times, a little pain play leads to a whole lot of self-discovery, as experienced by Joe, the hapless drifter whose foray into rough sex helps define his character in Kit Christopher’s “Professor Pain.” (Incidentally, if you fancy Joe and want to read more of his mischievous adventures in the bedroom, check out “Panty Raid King Trains a Pledge” in *Blowing Off Class*.)

But not all of the characters detailed herein are die-hard BDSMers. Sometimes people unearth a desire to exact power in a sexual situation as a way of compensating for feelings of helplessness in everyday life, as is the case in Brett Lockhard’s “Work Party” and Rob Rosen’s “The Naughty Neighbor.” And then there are the hapless pleasure-seekers who walk blindly into the fire, like the awestruck and highly impressionable high school graduate in T. Hitman’s “The Burning Men” or Curtis, an eager-to-please first-time international traveler who hooks up with a local stud and finds himself tied to a bed in Jeffrey Hartinger’s “His First Night in Dublin.”

And last but not least, there’s always the rough-sex-as-revenge plot, which is used titillatingly in Natty Soltesz’s “Reunited” and Roger Willoughby’s “Chips, Dips, Chains, Whips.”

Whether you’re an erotic thrill seeker who enjoys being bound and gagged, a whip-wielding master with a penchant for welts, an average Joe who gets off on putting someone in his place, or a bootlicking slave who’s up for whatever your master feels like dishing out, this erotic collection of extreme sex and the men who beg for it will inflict just the right amount of sting.

When you fall in love, there's always a chance you'll get hurt ... when you're a whipping boy, it's guaranteed.

Winston Gieseke

Berlin

THE REVELATION

Mike Hicks

It's one of those humid nights in the city when wearing clothes feels perverted. I'm in a hurry, which doesn't help, and the wet shirt clinging to my pecs is so uncomfortable that I decide to shed it. A wolf whistle comes from a trio of teenage girls on a second-floor fire escape as they watch me peel it off and wipe my pits with it. One of them calls out an obscene suggestion. I toss the sweaty rag at them, and they disappear through the window in a chorus of giggles.

Matt told me he's out of condoms and that I should pick some up on my way over. *I* should pick some up. I stopped off for a twelve-pack of Magnums at the drugstore just because I'm too horny to waste time, but it's eating at me that he expected *me* to be the one to prepare for our session. That's not how it's supposed to work. It's *his* job to be ready for my arrival. He may need some disciplinary action for this. That may be what he's bucking for anyway. I've learned to read him pretty well by this point. But I think I read him pretty well from that first time I spotted his ass at the YMCA and followed him home.

It was a lot colder, of course, six months ago ...

I was lost in the reverie of my post-workout shower when I sensed I was being watched. It's something I'm used to, frankly. Not that I have such an exalted opinion of my looks, but when you've got a dick as big as mine, it just happens. I don't mind it; I like that my cock can be door-opener, so to speak, when I need it to be. I just have to be judicious in returning the glances so as not to give the wrong signal when I'm not interested, which is most of the time.

I decided to give the guy a treat and let him stare while I soaped up. I figured him to be either a size queen or a fan of the blond bearded look I've got going. Whichever, I gave him a minute before I turned around quickly to catch him. He looked away instantly. His face reddened, and he went about showering like he didn't notice he'd been busted. But he knew. And thus I held the upper hand. I now had the right to look at him openly while he had to pretend not to notice. That's the unwritten rule in these situations.

As it happened, he was one of those extra-lean guys I've got the hots for. Smooth and sinewy with just a little dust of hair on the chest, little bee-sting nipples, and dark eyes. He shook out a thick shock of wet, dark hair as he slid the bar of soap over his pubes. His legs were surprisingly hairy given the smooth ivory of his upper body. He turned around to display a firm and compact ass. Just as I was wondering whether the inside of his crack would be smooth or hairy, he dropped the soap and bent over to pick it up. The fur inside matched the hair on his head. That intimate valley was the last part he lathered up before rinsing off completely. He turned off the water, wrapped the towel around his waist, and headed for the lockers.

I counted to twenty before following him, slinging the towel across my shoulders and letting my cock wag comfortably back and forth. I found him at a locker near mine, pulling on a pair of clean white briefs. I came inappropriately close as I passed; my prick nearly touched him. I caught him looking at it again, and I smiled in an attempt to let him know that his perusal of my goods was OK with me. He looked away and started pulling up his pants.

I decided to break the ice: "Don't think I've seen you here before," I said.

He coughed lightly before responding. "Um, no, you haven't. I generally come at night—I have classes during the day." He donned his shirt and sweater, then started to put on socks and shoes.

I pulled on my T-shirt, but left it at that, remaining bottomless while we talked. "Ah, a student, then?" I scratched my nuts and let my fingers linger there.

"Yeah. Grad student. My name's Matt."

I took my hand from my ball sac and extended it to him. He gulped and took it to shake. "And I'm Mike. Nice to meet you, Matt." He pulled on his coat and grabbed his bag. "You're playing hooky today, then?"

"I guess you could say that."

“So, you must be a bad boy then.” I shot him my seduction smile.

“Yeah.” He avoided eye contact. “Guess I need a spanking, huh?” He looked me in the eyes, then looked away and blushed instantly as though surprised by the lewd suggestion that had come from his mouth. He grabbed his bag and headed for the door in a hurry.

“Hey—Matt ... wait!” I called after him. “It’s OK ...” But he was gone. I had an impulse not to let him get away. I threw on my clothes as quickly as I could and jogged out the door after him. I was still buttoning my coat when I got to the street. Snow was beginning to fall. I caught sight of him at the end of the block just about to turn the corner. I trailed him, keeping myself fifty feet behind. If he knew I was there, he didn’t let on.

I followed him till he turned to climb the steps of a generic brownstone. I stood on the sidewalk and watched his ass as he fumbled for his keys. He found the right one and worked it into the lock. The door swung open. He paused before going in, then, slowly, tentatively, he turned around to acknowledge me. He caught my eye and motioned me toward him. When I got to the top of the steps he put his mouth close enough to my ear that I felt the warmth of his breath. The two words he whispered took me by surprise: “*Be rough,*” he said. Then he sped up the interior stairs, leaving me behind.

I followed slowly up to the second floor and saw the door to the street-facing apartment hanging open, so I went in and closed it behind me. I didn’t see him in the living room, so I proceeded down the hall to the bedroom. The shades had been drawn and the light was dim, but I was able to make him out in the dark kneeling near the window.

“How about some light?” I asked.

He didn’t open the blinds, but instead reached over to turn on one of those little night lights that plug into the electrical socket. It bathed the room in a dim glow. I could see that he’d taken off his shirt. His pants were unbuckled. His erect nipples cast tiny shadows against his skin. The top of his bush was visible through the open fly, and his aroma was making its way into my nostrils.

There was something around his neck. I moved closer to see it what it was: a leather collar, a padlock hanging open through the hasp. He kept his face downcast as he handed me the key. I locked the lock and put the key on the nightstand. Matt took my hand and held it against his cheek, then looked up into my eyes expectantly.

I understood what he wanted but I wasn't sure I could comply. I had never before been into that kind of sex. Yet I'd gotten a hard-on at the sound of the clicking of the padlock.

I decided to give it a try.

I raised my hand high and brought it down sharply against Matt's face. He fell—a little too easily—back against the radiator and looked up at me with an expression that I might have taken to be fear if it hadn't feel so well rehearsed. He'd done this before. He nodded his head just slightly, which I took to be a signal that I'd gotten it right. I decided to go with it.

"Get up," I said. He obeyed, rising to his knees. "Pants off," I ordered next. He got out of them as quickly as he could from that position. I unzipped my pants and pulled out my cock, erect and dripping, and slapped him in the face with it. He moaned.

"Thank you," he said.

"Can't hear you—" I barked, surprised at how quickly I got into this.

"*Thank you! Sir!*" He shouted. I worried the neighbors might hear. That didn't seem to bother him.

I forced the hooded prick into his mouth. He slathered his tongue around in the goo until the head popped out of the foreskin. He put his lips over the piss slit and sucked hard—greedy, it seemed, for as much of my dick honey as he could extract. I put my hand on the back of his head and began shoving his mouth down on me. He started gagging about halfway down, but I kept pushing. After a few moments of struggling with his gag point, it slipped past and he took the whole thing till his nose was buried hard against my pubic bone. "Good boy," I said, "now suck." He murmured something in response, likely a pathetic attempt at "Yes, sir."

He surprised me with his talent. He came all the way off almost to the tip, keeping suction, not letting me go, then plunging down on me to shove his face in my bush. His gag reflex seemed to disappear. I took over the rhythm, holding him by the back of his head and fucking his throat like I used to fuck pussy. I could have easily cum in his mouth right then, but there was more I wanted to do to him. I pulled the fleshy pole out of his mouth; it glistened with his saliva.

"Is it ... OK ...? Am I doing a good job, sir?" he asked.

I didn't answer. "Get on your hands and knees," I barked. He got it quickly this time and pushed his ass out toward me. I gripped each firm, round

cheek hard and pulled them apart to expose the downy hair. Only a suggestion of wet, pink flesh was visible in the midst of the dark thatch. "So, Matt played hooky today, did he?" I stroked my fingers over his butt cheeks.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "Is that OK?"

"No." I slapped his right cheek hard enough that the red outline of my hand remained on it.

"Owwww!" he cried.

"Quiet!" I spanked the other one.

"Please don't," he said, clearly meaning *please do*.

I hit hard again. Again, he let out a little cry of protest.

"Reach back and spread 'em," I said.

He complied. I ran my finger down his crack against the wet fur. I felt him squirm when I hit his fuck hole, and I paused there to play with it. He was wet enough that my index finger went in easily. He squirmed as I stuck it in, but then I felt him clench around it, beginning a process of tightening and then relaxing his hole, pushing it out so I could see the wet pink, then clenching again. I forced in a second finger.

"Owwwwww ..." he moaned. I responded by sticking in a third and plunging in hard. He was flexible. When I pulled them out, his hole stayed loose, like an invitation for me to enter. He made it twitch.

"Do that again," I commanded. He continued to make it open and shut rhythmically for me, while I found a rubber on the nightstand, opened it, and eased it onto my boner. It was a standard size, so didn't cover the entire length of my shaft like it should have, but I figured it would work this time. I was willing to find out. I placed the swollen head against his quivering pucker and let it rest there. "You're gonna have extra large ones ready for me next time," I said. "Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Yes?"

"Yes ... *sir!*" He smiled.

I spanked each cheek one more time, hard enough to make it sting. He squirmed and whimpered. I was getting into this. I forced my sheathed cock head into him. He let out a little shriek and braced himself. I grabbed him by the collar and plunged myself all the way in. I pulled out slowly most of the way and then entered him again, enjoying the look of my fat shaft splitting him open; the meshing of his dark hair with my golden bush each time they

met; the snug fit of his sphincter that he made tighter on each outward stroke. I rocked in and out, picking up the pace as I went. He didn't scream, but I could tell when I hit his inner erotic buttons by his involuntary grunts and shudders.

I came deep inside him, on an inward thrust, my left hand digging into his left cheek, the other pulling on his collar hard enough to choke him. He grabbed my cock with his sphincter when he felt me shoot and wouldn't let go. Or maybe couldn't. I didn't want him to loosen up yet.

I pulled him up by the collar so that he leaned back against my chest, my prick still deep inside him. I brought my mouth close to his ear. "Jack off for me," I whispered low. "Jack for me while you've still got me in your ass." I grabbed his nipples and pinched them. He began to masturbate as directed while I rocked in and out of him.

"Oh, God," he screamed, "Sir, *yes ... sir!*" I felt him tense up and then shudder as he shot a creamy fountain all over his chest. He kept spewing and shaking for a good half-minute until he finally relaxed against me and slid around in our shared sweat. I ran my fingers over his torso and collected a few drops of his semen, which I then fed to him.

My cock slipped out of him with a pop while he licked his cum off my fingers. I peeled off the rubber and handed it to him, instructing him to dispose of it properly, then went into his bathroom to sponge off. I stood over him and dressed while he remained kneeling before me watching, still naked, still soiled with our juices. I took the key from the nightstand and unlocked his collar, handing him the key after. I ran my fingers through his sweaty hair.

"I'll be back tomorrow, same time," I said, and turned to go.

"Wait—" he said, sounding almost urgent. I turned around. He reached into my front pants pocket and pulled out my key ring. "You need this, sir." He took the key to the padlock and worked it onto my key ring, then fixed his big brown eyes on mine as he stuck it back in my pocket. "I'll be ready, sir."

That was the beginning. Looking back, it was a fairly mild preview of what followed. In the months ahead our exploration of submission and control came to include every domination scene I'd ever fantasized about but had never dreamed of trying in real life. Matt willingly submitted to every command without questioning—even to the point of occasionally being

shared with selected big-dicked buddies of mine. The biggest surprise was the subtlety of the turn-on. Scenes that weren't even obviously sexual were the hottest of all. Like the time I had him take off the collar and follow me down to Starbucks for a cup of coffee. The rules were what made it hot. I put a butt plug in him that was so big it was hard for him not to walk funny. But he had to try. That was the rule. He followed three paces behind me and spoke only when spoken to. He got my coffee and, when I nodded permission, sat at the table with me to watch me drink it. The collar went back on as soon as the door to his apartment clicked shut. No one seeing us together on the outing would have suspected that anything was going on. And that's what made it so hot. Submission and obedience were the keys.

That's why the condom thing is eating at me, I guess. A small thing, but as you can see, in the context of the arrangement, small things are meaningful.

A hot Hispanic kid perched on a stoop looks me over as I pass, keeping his eyes on me as he sticks his middle finger slowly into his mouth and moves it in and out. I walk by quickly so as not to give him any encouragement. Six months ago, I'd have climbed up there without a second thought to give him what he obviously wants, but I've got a boner for Matt tonight.

I get to his building, walk up the steps to his door, and ring the buzzer. Maybe it really is time to end it if he's going to start acting this way. It's always easy enough for me to find fuck buds. But hell, I have to admit it's gotten to the point where Matt's the only one who can take care of me just right. And I can't decide whether I like that or not ...

I start tapping my foot on the concrete. He's sure as fuck taking his goddamn time getting down to answer the door. Finally, I hear his voice. He's calling down to me from above: "Hey ... Mike ... up here." I glance up. He's opened the window and is looking down at me. He's naked from the waist up and probably from the waist down too. My cock stirs.

"Come on down and let me in!"

He doesn't move. A sly smile dawns on his face.

"What's the matter?" I cry. "What the fuck's with you tonight?" I lower my voice in a stab at discretion. "You know what I'm gonna do to you for this, right?"

Matt shakes his head. "Take off your pants," he says.

"What?"

He's grinning like he knows the answer to a riddle I just don't get. "You heard me," he says.

"Fuck you."

He shrugs and makes like he's leaving.

"Wait!" My heart is pounding. "Matt!" *What the fuck is going on here?*
"Wait!"

He pauses. "Take 'em off then."

I'm less shocked by his order than I am by the realization that I know I'm going to obey it. I stick my fingers in the waist and pull my pants down, exposing my prick. My balls hang low from the heat. I lay my shorts on the railing and stand there fully—embarrassingly—exposed to anyone who happens to pass by. I look up at Matt. Is he *laughing*?

And I suddenly understand everything. This is the moment he's been waiting for ever since he bent over for me in the shower and made me follow him home. His moment of revelation, the revelation of who's in charge here: *It's not me*. It's never been me. Even when I was barking orders at him, it was to please him. And he's waited till he knows I can't get by without him to reveal my true position.

"Now, on your knees!" he shouts. The feeling of humiliation makes tears of shame come to my eyes, yet I feel my cock go hard against my will the second the words are out of his mouth. I kneel on the stoop, my erection pointing skyward. Matt disappears from the window.

Is he coming to the door, or is he simply ignoring me? I don't know. The only thing I know is that I'm going to be here, kneeling, until he decides to come for me. If he chooses to, that is. I hang my head and wait. Some kids have spotted my naked ass on the stoop and are shrieking with laughter at me. God, I hope he'll come.

It begins to rain.

I AM WHIPPED

Landon Dixon

Reichert, back to the dripping brick wall, took a look around the corner, into the darkened alley. Through the pouring rain, in the dim, silver-tinted light, he could clearly see the golden buttocks of the man gripping the greasy wall of the alley. He could also see the big man standing in back of the bent-over, smaller man. This man was slowly pulling his heavy, buckled belt out of the rungs of his leather pants, staring at the glowing twin hills of those buttocks.

Reichert grinned in the rain, a cold, merciless grin that testified to his sadistic nature, along with the growing bulge in his water-streaked black leather pants.

The alley ran between a vacant sex shop on one side and the leather club on the other side. There was a grey metal door in the side of the leather club halfway down the alley. Reichert knew the club, and the alley, and the door. He'd beaten and grinded out many a brutal sex act himself in just this setting, when the club had become too packed with too many watching eyes, and a little privacy and a lot of violence were called for, welling up from a man's swollen balls and hardened cock and sadistic soul.

The big man in the alley, dressed all in black, wasn't put off by the drenching rain one bit. He pulled his heavy leather belt free of his pants, doubled it up in his right fist at the iron buckle, staring at the smooth, tan, unblemished mounds of the other man's buttocks. The rounded pair pushed out wanting, the soft, stretched skin glistening with moisture, humps brimming with need. The big man slapped his length of belt across his left palm. The bent-over man dug his fingers into the damp, dilapidated brick, twisting his head halfway around to see where the hurt was coming from, what the instrument of torture and ecstasy would be.

Reichert licked his lips and gripped his throbbing erection through his pants, pumped.

The big man raised the looped belt over his head, ready to strike. The other man shivered his butt cheeks, asking for it, the masochist yearning to feel the pain as much as the sadist desired to inflict it. The belt whistled through the wet air and slashed across the waiting ass, striking with a wicked intensity.

Reichert shuddered at the crack of leather against flesh, his cock surging in his fist. The man swung the belt again, struck the butt cheeks a second time, sending water spraying and flesh gyrating. The brutal report, and the resulting scream of joy, sliced through the rain-soaked night.

The bent-over man stuck out his blasted ass even further, up even higher, inviting the biting leather. The other man obliged, for himself, flailing the smaller man's sculpted, sensitive bottom; grunting and gasping, smashing thick, white-red streaks across the golden buttocks; jolting the bent-over man and himself with each raw, savage blow, beating and bruising and burning that perfectly curved, gloriously endowed backside.

Reichert's teeth shone white in the night, gritted together. The knuckles of his right hand burned white, also, as he gripped his huge erection and squeeze-stroked it, the rain water serving to lube the leather so that he could shift his hand on his cock at all. His hard, blue eyes were locked on the alley ass-whipping, his night-black hair dripping unnoticed, his ears attuned to the growls of the punisher and the groans of the punished. He was getting off on the savage scene, big-time. His only regret: that he wasn't the guy wielding the belt, whaling that luscious piece of ass.

But then again, this time, he was actually getting paid to pursue his perversion.

The iron belt buckle clattered to the dirty alley floor, the skin-heated black leather coiling like a snake. The big man had his big cock out now, his pants down around his ankles, intent on destroying the inside of that lovely butt like he'd ravaged the outside. He briskly lubed his cock with oil and rainwater, the rigid appendage jutting out huge and gleaming, dark as the sky above. He planted a heavy hand on the other man's welted left cheek, making him scream all over again, striped buttocks quivering wildly. Then he pulled the cheek open and jabbed his long, hard cock in between the battered mounds, up against the pucker.

“Fuck him! Fuck his beaten ass!” Reichert hissed, grabbing onto his balls in his pants and twisting, jacking his cock with his other hand.

The black battering ram burst into the burning red ass. Buttocks quivered out of control, dark shaft driving deeper and deeper into gripping anus, stretching, stuffing, maybe even tearing (Reichert hoped). Until the big man was backed up balls-tight to the smaller man’s butt, swollen cock buried in steaming chute, muscled thighs pressing up against stinging cheeks. Reichert groaned right along with the other two men.

The rhythmic smack of flesh against flesh now filled the grungy alley and the dripping night, along with the grunts and moans of men working ass. Cock drilled into anus, pounding a sadistic sexual point and nine turgid inches home, ass shuddering and swallowing joyously.

The banging beat increased, the intensity mounting. The man getting fucked slapped his hands against the brick. The man doing the fucking smashed his hands and hips against the other’s rippling, roiled ass, his cock pumping the gasping chute faster and faster.

Reichert tugged on his thundering length of meat to keep pace, pulling on his sac. Pre-cum stained his wet leather, his unblinking eyes dead-focused on the incendiary action in the alley, just like the men making it. Until he heard the ass-whipped/reamed man wail, “Cum in my mouth! I want to swallow your cum!”

The jerking big man ripped his spurting dong free of the sucking anus as the crazed smaller man spun around and went down to his knees on the cobbled alley floor. The erupting organ was just plunging into the waiting, wide-open mouth when Reichert rushed in and grabbed the big man by the shoulder and flung him back. The man howled, his cock spraying impotently up into the air. Reichert rapidly scanned the kneeling man with his handheld up close. And then he slammed his laser-plug into the slave’s neck and jolted juice as the small scanner screen flashed red.

Just in time.

The slave toppled over onto its side on the rain-slick stone, jerking crazily, his CPU fried. Then the body was still, decommissioned.

“What the fuck!?” the big man raged, his twitching cock still dribbling semen to add to the mess in the alley. “What the fuck did you do that for!?”

“To save your life,” Reichert said calmly, pocketing the scanner and laser-plug in his leathers. “If that’s worth anything.”