

CHAPTER 1

Boots 'n cuffs

I was horny as hell and wasn't going to take it anymore! I'd just worked through the Labor Day weekend at the bookstore I manage in Manhattan. After dealing with tourists and students for three long days, I needed to be with my own kind. I needed to at least see some other leathermen — and preferably do a lot more than just look!

So I went to the Spike. On Friday and Saturday nights in the early '90s, jammed with preppies and jocks and club kids unfazed by the ear-shattering music, it was barely a leather bar at all anymore. But on a Monday night back then it was the only place in New York likely to have what I wanted: a skilled topman looking for an experienced bottom to tie up and deliciously abuse. I'd given myself the next day off, so if I lucked out and went home with someone equally unencumbered, we wouldn't have to rush.

I got down to the bar from my apartment on the Upper West Side by 10:30 — early by weekend standards but just right for a weeknight — and made the rounds, chatting with the guys I knew, giving high-voltage smiles to those I didn't but would've liked to know, trying not to seem desperate to get laid. I pretended this was only a casual night out with the tribe: Just soakin' in the atmosphere. Just struttin' my stuff with the other kinky boys. Yeah, sure — except it'd been weeks since I'd had any action.

I'm not one of those “high disposable income” type fags who can afford to spend most of August lying on the beach or hiking in the mountains, fucking their brains out every night. Nor am I poor enough or young enough to chuck it all and throw myself on the kindness of strangers. Thanks to the September college rush, August, when the city is at its worst, is my second busiest time of

the year (after the month between Thanksgiving and Christmas), and I'd been working late and coming in on weekends, too. Result: I was *sooooo* horny for some good bondage I practically creamed just catching the glint of a subway cop's handcuffs. Cuffing and gagging myself at home and jerking off to a porn video just isn't the same as being under the control of another man. I needed to be brought down all the way, to give it all up. I wanted to follow orders and not have to think about it first! Of course, the trick was finding a man I could trust to give me the *right* orders . . .

I'd dressed with calculated casualness. The night was still muggy, so I wore no visible leather except my vest, belt, old (but spit-shined) combat boots, and a braided bolo tie around my bare neck. A tight gray T-shirt covered my nipple rings (while throwing them into relief for anyone close enough to look). Only a few other signals of my interests were showing, like the triple loop of cotton rope circling my right bicep and the neatly folded gray and black hankies sticking out of the right back pocket of my jeans. You'd have had to get me somewhere a little more private to see the tightly buckled leather cock-and-ball harness that helped maintain my basket. (My cock shrivels when I'm not aroused — or am in pain, even if I'm enjoying it — but it's a respectable six inches hard.) I left my curly reddish-blond hair uncovered. Why hide one of my best assets?

In my first turn around the room I had everyone sized up, measured out, and inventoried: Who was hot, and who was not. Who might be looking for what I had to offer. Who was already taken, and who might be available. Who looked more dangerous than I was prepared to take on. Who was hunting, and who was just window shopping. The advantage of going out on a week-night is that the bar's not too crowded to circulate easily. The disadvantage is that the pickings can be slim. On the other hand, you only need to snare one — one at a time, anyway! And that night I certainly spotted "the one" right away.

I knew him socially from GMSMA and the New York Bondage Club, and though I'd never played with him, I'd watched him work on others. I could almost hear him whistling as he carefully trussed his partners into delirious immobility. He knew the classic moves, all right, but his specialty seemed to be the off-center variation — like putting a guy in a complicated, full-body rope harness, then suspending him from a dozen rubber bungee cords

hooked into the ropes. Hanging in suspension is one thing, but *bouncing*?

His name is Terry Andrews, and he was wearing a full New York City Highway Patrol uniform — one of my favorite uniform fantasies come to life. If you don't live in the city, or aren't a sucker for cops (pun intended!), you may not know that our Police Department even *has* a Highway Patrol division, let alone that on a halfway decent body its uniform is one of the sexiest outfits ever created — and a total anachronism. Patrol officers wear thigh-hugging Navy-blue serge breeches with a light-blue stripe down the outside seam, usually fitted into knee-high English-style black patent-leather riding boots laced at the instep and top (unlike the CHP's Dehners, which have a back buckle at the top — we uniform buffs care about details like that). In cool weather their shirts (light blue back then, changed to Navy blue a couple years later) are covered by double-breasted black leather coats cinched at the waist by Sam Browne belts complete with shoulder straps. Handcuff cases ride neatly centered in the back of their belts, and leather holster flaps cover their gun butts.

The division cap, worn whenever a helmet is unnecessary, is like the standard eight-sided Navy-blue NYPD cap except that the brim is longer and the wire inside (which holds the crisp angles) is removed, giving it a “crushed” look like a soft chauffeur's cap or a 1920s police cap. What makes all this clearly a matter of style, not function, is that most of these guys ride around in cars, not on motorcycles, so there's no reason they *need* the boots and leather coats. But oh, how they howled when the bean counters tried to take them away! Fortunately, they won that battle.

Terry wore the police gear, including the Sam Browne belt but no gun, with an easy self-assurance. (He also stayed close to the bar's air-conditioning outlets, but hey, it was 83° outside!) Unlike some uniform guys, who look like they'd never in a million years qualify for the service whose gear they're sporting (yeah, I know it's a fantasy, but I can suspend disbelief only so far), nothing about Terry was at odds with the persona he was projecting. Quite the contrary: he was tall (half a head over my 5'9"), broad-shouldered, husky, and clean-cut except for a trim pepper-and-salt moustache. His plain features might not earn him a place in most pinup collections, but his face was full of character. The sensuous lips under the 'stache sometimes curved into a

warm smile, more often into an odd, crooked half grin. His eyes betrayed amusement at the variety of tribal plumage on display.

I'd always admired his style, and he had a good rep — no traumatized tricks or resentful ex-lovers in evidence, just a string of satisfied bottoms eager for return engagements. I guessed he was in his late 30s or early 40s, older than my 33 years but still in my generation. While he'd shown signs of interest in me before, every other time I'd seen him out he already had someone at the end of his leash, either figuratively or literally. Tonight he seemed to be unaccompanied — cruising for someone new? Although he'd been talking with a couple of other men when I came into the bar, by my second turn around the room he was standing alone by the wall near the corner door, working on a soda and eyeing the crowd noncommittally.

I walked over, as casually as possible, and stood next to him, trying not to seem too eager.

"Hi, how ya' doin'?" I said after a decent interval — and could have kicked myself for not coming up with something more imaginative. It didn't seem to matter, though.

"Can't complain," he responded in his rich bass-baritone (I'm a sucker for tops whose voices alone command respect). His eyes raked me over from head to foot, and he turned slightly toward me. My heart thumped.

"You by yourself, Sir?" I asked lightly, giving him my biggest smile. Despite the risk in using the honorific so soon, I felt instinctively that he would appreciate it — and it gave me a buzz using it. "Usually you have someone in tow."

"Not tonight — yet," he said. "How about you . . . uh, Matt, isn't it?"

"Yes, Sir. I'm alone, too, Sir," I said, pleased that he'd remembered my name. "At your service, Sir, if you wish."

"Maybe I'll take you up on that," he said, his eyes twinkling and that suggestive half grin on his face. I hoped he was already thinking about how to restrain and torment me! He finished his soda and set the empty can down.

"Would you like another, Sir?" He smiled and nodded. I was walking on eggs as I went over to the bar to get it. I imagined his eyes following me every step of the way — evaluating me, deciding if I was worth his trouble. After handing him the fresh soda, I ventured a compliment on his uniform.

"You look great, Sir. Not many guys appreciate the Highway Patrol uniform."

"I live in Westchester, so I see them every time I drive into the city," he explained. "It's a lot better than what the street cops have to wear."

"That's for sure." *Go for it . . .* "And have you made your arrest quota yet tonight, Officer?"

"Being arrested is just the first step," he said in a stern voice, setting down the soda and moving a little closer. "Are you ready for what comes afterward?"

"That depends," I told him. "I don't know about the third degree, Sir. Besides, you don't have to torture me to get me to talk — more the reverse! But a spell of close confinement and discipline would go down real easy right now — especially since I don't have to go to work tomorrow."

"How close do you want it, boy?" Not even a half grin now, and his voice had dropped half an octave. Standing in front of me, he leaned into the wall, trapping me between his powerful arms.

"As close as you can make it, Sir," I replied firmly, respectfully lowering my gaze. My cock responded eagerly as we slipped deeper into the time-honored roles.

"Turn around," he growled, stepping away slightly. "Put your hands up on the wall and spread your legs."

I complied, but not fast enough, apparently, for he grabbed me by the back of the neck and pushed my face against the wall — not hard enough to do any damage, but firm, real firm.

"Hold it there," he said, then kicked my legs a little further apart. His gloved hands frisked me thoroughly — *very* thoroughly. My nipples each got a sharp pinch, and he twisted and tugged slightly on my rings, as if gauging their size and weight. When he got to my crotch, he groped hard enough that he must have noticed the cock harness — or at least my hard-on. But he didn't say anything, just finished patting me down.

Then he pulled my right arm down and behind me. I felt cold metal on my wrist and heard the clicking of handcuff ratchets — *magic time!* Terry expertly secured my left wrist as well, keeping my palms out the way cops are trained to do, and set the locks. I shivered a little in excitement, and maybe a tiny edge of fear: I was in custody for sure. I sensed other guys watching us — *probably green with envy.*

Terry twisted me around to face him and pushed me to my knees. *This is going very fast*, I thought as my head came level with the buckle of his belt. He quickly slipped a dog chain around my neck and pulled it up snug on the end of a leash, holding the leather loop at the end in his right hand. He seated himself on the low bench under the bulletin board and stretched out his legs.

“Clean ‘em,” he ordered, pulling down on the leash to bring my head closer to his boots. I shuffled backward and bent into a Z-shape, struggling to keep my balance. My jeans pulled tight over my ass, and my hands strained at the steel cuffs holding them against my back. A twinge of worry — *Are we still in the Spike, or have we somehow time-slipped back to the anything-goes days of the Mineshaft?* — skittered across my mind before bootlust took over. I licked my lips and touched them to each of Terry’s boots in turn, tasting them and inhaling the scent before extending my tongue and lapping in earnest.

I really love boots. They’re often the first thing I notice about a man. Not just *any* boots, though — they’ve got to be one of the kinds identified with a traditionally masculine occupation. Military boots, cowboy boots, motorcycle or engineer’s boots, and police boots are at the top of my wish list, but loggers’ boots, line-mens’ boots, and just plain shit-kicking work boots also rev my motor. When I’m on my knees with my tongue wrapped around a man’s boots, I feel connected to his power source, as much as when I’m sucking his cock or getting fucked — maybe even more, since every guy has a cock, but not everyone can wear boots like he belongs in them.

Terry wore his cop boots with authority, and servicing them was a treat. I don’t get off on swallowing dirt from boots — for me that isn’t the point, more like an occupational hazard — and his were clean (dirty boots wouldn’t have fit his spit-and-polish uniform). I licked them with reverence and relish, running my tongue along their glossy smoothness, straining to feel the slight grain in the leather, occasionally brushing my clean-shaven cheeks across the instep or rubbing my nose along the shafts. I pressed down hard at the toes, trying to make him feel my devotion through the thin layer of leather separating us.

Out of the corner of my eye I noticed that we’d attracted a small audience. One of the onlookers actually challenged Terry about the ritual he was witnessing. I caught the words “humilia-

tion," "degradation," "shameful public display," and others along those lines.

"Why don't we ask him?" I heard Terry say, and he pulled my head up off his boots. I licked my lips and grinned at him. "The man wants to know if you feel humiliated, boy, licking my boots in public," he said sternly, but he looked like he was having trouble suppressing a grin of his own.

"Humiliated, Sir?" I asked, trying to sound bewildered. I'd been asked that question before, by vanilla friends and acquaintances struggling to understand my passion — but to get it here, in a famous leather bar, was irritating. "Why should I be humiliated? It's an honor to lick your boots, Sir."

And I enjoy it, asshole, I added silently, meaning the guy whose question had interrupted us. I couldn't see his reaction, but I heard someone quickly walk away behind me. They didn't sound like bootsteps, either.

"Back to work, then," Terry said, grinning openly now, and let the leash go slack. I returned eagerly to his boots, finishing up in front and twisting myself around to get at their backs. I could see guys still watching us, but it felt as if we were alone again, isolated in a magic circle created by his power and my submission to it.

He seemed to be in no hurry, and though I was so excited I could have shot my load in seconds if I'd been able to stroke my hair-trigger cock, I savored the delayed gratification. Being collared and cuffed, kneeling at his feet, methodically servicing his boots — in fantasy the boots of a cop, in reality the boots of a formidable topman I respected and lusted after — was the most exhilarating experience I'd had in months. I was buoyed by the circle of energy flowing between us, a self-renewing current that seemed to travel from his boots through my tongue to my body. It seemed to energize my nipples, cock, and ass, then flow back up to the chain around my neck and along the leash to his hand, where it re-entered his body only to pour down into his boots and back to me. Despite the aches and pains from my crouching position and the constriction of my arms, I wanted this scene to continue forever exactly as it was. Just lick and lick, sniff and rub, and lick again, world without end, amen. . . .

"That's enough, boy," Terry said finally and stood up. He pulled me to my feet, and when I was steady again — the sudden

change of position left me briefly dazed and shaky — he led me to a darker corner of the bar. Standing against the wall, he turned me so my back was against his chest. That put my cuffed hands very near his crotch, and I tried to feel him up through his leather police coat. As near as I could tell, he had a hard-on, too, and he made no objection to my explorations. He pulled my T-shirt out of my jeans and went exploring on his own, running his hands over my furry chest and down toward my crotch. I sucked in my gut, wishing I had six-pack abs to offer him, regretting each gym session I'd missed during the busy weeks. He didn't seem disappointed, though. The leash chain jingled slightly as the hand holding it moved authoritatively over my body.

He held me tight against his chest as he pinched and pulled my nips more vigorously. I arched my head back and moaned as the pain increased, though it was never too much to bear. When he suddenly licked my neck and ears, rasping his mustache along my skin, I melted.

"Ahhh, shit, Sir! What you're doing to me . . . Please take me home with you, Sir!"

"You need it bad, don't you, boy?" he whispered right next to my ear so it sounded loud and intimate at the same time. His hands continued to play with my nipples while his words played with my head.

"I can do anything I want to you, can't I?" he crooned hypnotically, his normally precise diction slurring as he conjured up one bondage scenario after another. "Twist you up like a pretzel. . . Plug your butt 'n' mouth. . . Cuff ya spreadeagle to a cell door and whip y'r ass 'n' back. . . Stick a catheter up y'r cock 'n' feed ya your own piss. . . Lock heavy irons on your wrists 'n' ankles and an iron collar 'round y'r neck 'n' chain ya to the wall. . . Hogtie ya 'n' gag ya with a boot. . . Strap ya to a post 'n' paddle y'r ass till it's cherry-red. . . Lace ya into an eyeless, mouthless, padded leather hood, strap ya into a leather straitjacket 'n' leg sack, 'n' let ya stew f'r a few hours — or days."

This erotic litany was accompanied by continual stimulation of my nips and half-painful kneading of my chest and shoulder muscles as well as frequent grabs at my swollen, harnessed cock and balls. My stiff dick and whispers of "Yes, Sir" and "Please, Sir" — in between wordless hisses and moans — didn't leave much ambiguity about my consent to his threats, or promises.

"I could fuck y'r face. . . . Fuck y'r ass. . . . Use ya any way I please, ain't that right? . . . Just as long as you're roped or chained or strapped down. . . . Just as long as ya can't resist. . . . Anything I want — long as there's no damage or unsafe sex."

"Yes, Sir! Thank you, Sir!" I called out to show I noticed, and appreciated, those qualifiers.

"Yeah, that's what you want, isn't it? That's what this boy needs, doesn't he?" These final questions were punctuated by really vicious twists on my nipples.

"Aiee! Yes, Sir," I exhaled. "Aarrggh! Yes, Sir! Yessir!" What else *could* I say? He was offering me exactly what I wanted, and I had good reason to trust him. Should I have called for a time out so we could negotiate calmly before witnesses? Would you?

"Let's go, then," he said and started to walk through the bar toward the front door. The leash chain yanked at my neck before I recovered my wits enough to follow him. I was still cuffed, of course, and struggled to maintain as much dignity as I could as we worked our way through the crowd.

Even though I liked being his prisoner, my eyes dropped and my face flushed with embarrassment whenever we passed someone who knew me. Terry noticed, of course, and seemed to make a point of stopping every few paces to say goodnight to a friend or acquaintance, always making sure they knew who he was dragging off, and why. "Gonna take this cocky Matt Stone fucker home and give 'im some attitude adjustment — isn't that right, boy?" was his usual line. Every time I just blushed and answered, "Sir, yes, Sir, whatever you say, Sir." And my cock stayed rock-hard — maybe I *do* enjoy humiliation!

If he'd been a stranger I'd just met, I don't think I'd have gone with him the same night no matter how horny I was. But he obviously had roots in the community as deep as my own, and I was sure he knew what he was doing. Above all, what was happening *felt* right. As we neared the door I glanced over and saw Billy, my favorite bartender, smiling broadly and giving me a thumb's up sign. I assumed it meant he approved of our pairing, but it could have been merely that our shenanigans were good for business.

The hot, stagnant air outside the bar settled on us like a wet blanket. Fortunately, Terry's car was parked only a block away. Coming on it from behind in dim light, plus my other distract-

tions, I couldn't even tell the make (a confirmed city boy, I'm not much into cars), just that it was low, curved, and silver colored. Since my hands were still cuffed behind me, I expected him to open the passenger door, but instead he opened the trunk.

"Get in," he said.

Shocked, I looked straight into his face. I don't know what I expected to see, but he looked perfectly normal, with only the faintest twitch at the corner of his mouth betraying his reaction to my reluctance. I dropped my eyes down to the yawning trunk and noticed a pile of blankets and rugs.

"Don't worry, boy," Terry said in a kindly tone. "I'll wedge you in so you won't roll around." I fought my own impulse to surrender. *What kind of a man takes tricks home from a bar in his car trunk?* I wondered, then realized how silly it was to balk at riding in the trunk after being led down the street on a leash!

"Get in, boy," he said, more sternly. "Don't keep me waiting — unless you want to stay here and go home alone." *The last thing I want!*

Deciding the uneasiness I felt was all in my head — there was still no warning from my gut — I gave in.

"Okay, Sir. I'm sorry, Sir," I said. The trunk had a low lip, so I tried backing into it. I lowered my ass in first, bracing myself with my cuffed hands on the bottom, and then swung my legs up and in. I glanced at him once I was all the way in, sitting there with my head brushing the raised lid. He was grinning now, but crookedly — one corner of his mouth kept dancing up and down. *What's so funny, copper?* went through my mind, but I didn't dare say it.

Once I'd ducked down under the lid and stretched out, lying on my side, he put a thick, doubled-over blanket under my head and cushioned my arms with a folded rug. When he finished adjusting the padding, I felt both secure and fairly comfortable. He unclipped the leash from the chain around my neck but left the chain, gently brushing my face and hair with his hand. Not thinking why, I licked at his gloved palm. He held it close to my mouth, and I nuzzled it like a pup for half a minute.

"Later, boy," he said as he drew it away finally — but he was smiling, not grinning. "Have a pleasant trip."

The *thunk* as the lid closed seemed very final. *Now I'm really committed*, I thought. *No backing out now.* It wasn't perfectly black

inside the trunk — bits of light from the street showed in several places around the lid. It was hot, but I didn't have any trouble breathing, especially after we started moving, and the faintly musty smell, with just a whiff of gasoline, wasn't unpleasant. As we bumped along the local streets, I was grateful for my padding, but when we smoothly picked up speed on the expressway — there must have been little traffic at that hour — I started to nod off.

I guess this means I trust him, I told myself after I'd yawned for the third or fourth time. Just to be sure, I replayed in my mind every moment of our encounter in the bar, straining to detect a false note or a reasonable cause for concern. All I found was more reason to admire Terry's skill at pushing my erotic buttons. I'd had an aching hard-on for the last hour and was still horny as hell, but that was his concern now — nothing for me to do but follow orders. And as he hadn't given me any to the contrary, I figured a little nap would do me good. *I hope Prince Charming is as gracious when we're alone as he was in public at the ball*, I thought as I fell asleep to the motion of the speeding car.