

SHORTS

by J. M. Snyder

Lulu Press
Morrisville

JOY RIDE	6
A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR SANTA.....	17
POOLSIDE	29
PONY PLAY.....	37
ESCAPE.....	53
BEST FRIENDS	62
ONE OF US.....	74
THREESOME	89
EASILY ADDICTED	98
HOOKING UP	114
DEVILISH GOOD TIME.....	124
BATTLE OF THE BANDS	140
OFFICE VISIT	147
THE NEW CLIENT	156

Joy Ride

A LIGHT-WEIGHT KAWASAKI Streetbike buzzed around the curve, taking the turn wide as it shot through the red light and into the parking lot of Sylvia's Bar and Grill. Gravel sprayed up from the bike's wheels in a flourish. From where he leaned against his black Harley-Davidson Electra Glide, Mack Thomas shook his head in disgust. Over the engine's drone, he hollered, "Get a real bike!"

Beside him on a Harley Softail Deuce, Stan Freeman laughed. Mack crossed his thick arms in front of his broad chest and nodded at the newcomer. To no one in particular, he muttered, "Nice moped." Stan laughed again.

"Yeah yeah," the rider said, cutting off his engine. He shook a mess of blonde hair free from his helmet. "Laugh it up, Pops. I can out-ride you with my eyes closed." Barely in his twenties, Brad Anderson had a wide grin, bright eyes, and tousled hair so damn perfect that Mack clenched his hands into fists to keep his fingers to himself. In the suddenly quiet afternoon, the sound of his popping knuckles seemed menacing. "Is that supposed to scare me?" Brad asked. He flashed Mack a quick smile, then winked. "Because it's not working."

With a shake of his head, Mack grunted. "Don't you have anyone else to bother?" he wanted to know.

Brightly, Brad said, "Nope. Today's your lucky day, old man."

Old man didn't quite fit Mack, and he wasn't sure if the kid was as fearless as he played at or just plain stupid. At thirty-five, Mack was a stolid man,

well built and in shape, muscles bulging from the torn holes in his shirt where sleeves used to be. The bandanna tied down over his hair, the black wraparound sunglasses he favored, the leather chaps and length of chain he wore looped through his belt only added to the effect. He was the type of guy most people went out of their way to avoid, ducking their heads or turning away as they passed by him, silently praying to slip into Sylvia's unnoticed. The huge touring motorcycle that crouched behind him, with its built-in hard bags and luggage box on the back, looked as if it ate bikes like Brad's for breakfast. And yet the kid pattered down daily to the little truck-stop bar where Mack and Stan hung out, messing with them and egging them on, trying to ... what, exactly? Mack wasn't sure. If he wanted to fit in, the best thing he could've done would be to turn that Streetbike in for a Sportster—bottom of the line, true, but at least it had the HD logo on the back and not some foreign name. Maybe he wanted to goad them into a race, show off what his little bike could do against their choppers, but if that was the case, Mack wasn't going to buy it. Brad's father was chief of police out in the county, and the road past Sylvia's was a straight stretch to the interstate with *speed trap* written all over it.

Or he could have something else in mind. Most of Brad's comments to Mack were laced with innuendos that Stan either didn't catch or ignored completely. "You got a lot of power between your legs," he said once when Mack was on his hog, engine idling beneath him. Later, defending his Streetbike, he explained, "I like it fast and quick and easy. In and out. You know what I mean?" The way he stood up on the bike as he rode away, ass in the air like an invitation to follow, a glance over his shoulder to see if Mack got it and a smirk on his face when Brad was sure he did...the kid wasn't just asking, he was *begging* for it. For Mack. *Follow me*, those dancing eyes teased. Their gaze stayed on Mack even as Brad shook his wavy blonde bangs out of his face. *Chase me, old man. Come on, you know you want a taste of this.* And he did.

Still straddling his bike, Brad leaned over and crossed his arms on the handlebars. "So what are you old farts up to today?" he wanted to know. Behind his dark sunglasses, Mack watched the way Brad's thin t-shirt rode up to expose tanned skin in the hollow of his back. The tight biker shorts he wore hugged his thighs and ass. Beneath the shiny red material, his round buttocks looked like two apples, and Mack frowned against the thought of sinking his teeth into those firm mounds of flesh. He could tear into that ass with his teeth and lips and tongue, driving deep inside with his fingers and cock—"Hey cowboy," Brad called out in that flirtatious tone he used whenever he spoke to Mack. "Like what you see?"

"Get out of here," Mack answered, his voice gruff. He turned away, hating what this kid could do to him, hating that he allowed himself to get

reeled in like this. Brad wasn't his type, with his surfer blonde hair and frat boy good looks. Mack went for older guys usually, his own age, with *real* bikes and leather fetishes and—*admit it*, he told himself, glaring at the door to Sylvia's just for something other than Brad to look at, *it's because he's everything you'll never have that you want him so damn bad. One taste, that's all you need, and you'll see dick is dick no matter what it's attached to. One taste, Jesus—is that asking too much?*

Brad laughed. "You're just jealous."

With a snort, Stan asked, "Of what? Not *that*." He nodded at the Streetbike.

"Oh please," Brad answered. He kept his gaze on Mack, as if he thought perhaps the biker was watching him from behind his shades, which he was. "It's hot and sexy and *tight*. Responds to the slightest touch, one hell of a ride. You know you want it."

Stan patted the leather seat behind him. "This is a Harley," he explained, and Mack bit back the urge to tell him that he didn't think the kid was talking about what Stan thought he was talking about. "There's no better ride in the world."

"I can think of better," Brad disagreed. "Hey Mack, can't you?" When Mack didn't reply, Brad pressed, "Come on, Daddy. Don't hate me because I'm beautiful." Mack clenched his jaw—he wouldn't allow himself to be baited, not here in front of Sylvia's where anyone could see, not in front of Stan. But Brad didn't let up. "And smarter than you. And *faster*—"

"That bike's not faster than mine," Mack interrupted, then glared at the grin on Brad's face that clearly said, *See what I can make you do?*

Sitting up in the seat, Brad started his bike. "How much you want to bet?" he asked, revving the engine. It sounded like an annoying mosquito compared to the roar that Mack's Harley made when it came to life.

"I ain't betting you shit," Mack replied. "I already know." Behind him, Stan laughed.

Brad eased up on the throttle, letting the Streetbike's engine idle. "You know what I think?" he asked, his voice low. He watched Mack closely to see how his words hit home. "*I think you're too scared to take me on.*"

Mack's head jerked up at the insult, his mouth grim, his hands bunched into fists again. He had a limit and the kid was getting dangerously close to pushing him over it. Stan cautioned, "I think you'd better go."

"Give me a try," Brad continued, as if Stan weren't even there. Revving his engine, he looked Mack in the eye, sunglasses or not, and said, "Show me what you can do. If you're not *chicken*—"

Stan jumped to his friend's defense. "He's not! Go on, Mack. You can't let him talk to you like that, the little punk. Teach him some respect."

“I’ll teach him something,” Mack growled. His skin felt flushed and raw, suddenly too hot and too small for his body. A throb that began somewhere deep in his groin began to pulse at his crotch, pumping blood into his thickening cock. His balls ached at the bold way Brad watched him, waiting, as if he knew he’d have his way in the end and all this banter was turning him on just as much as it did Mack. Oh, he would love to teach that boy *something*, all right ...

“You’ll have to catch me first,” Brad teased. He revved his engine but didn’t start to back out of the lot until Mack mounted his own motorcycle. Over the choppy purr of Mack’s Harley, Brad called out, “Don’t worry—I’ll try not to lose you.”

Then he was gone, darting out into the flow of traffic like a dragonfly. Mack took a moment to tug his helmet down over his bandanna and secure it under his chin before settling into the leather seat of his Electra Glide. Stan’s hearty thumbs-up confirmed that he didn’t realize they had never been talking about the bikes at all. With a sardonic glance at his friend, Mack gave chase.

MACK CRUISED AT a steady speed, just over sixty miles per hour, Brad’s bright red ass five seconds ahead of his bike. Once Sylvia’s slipped away behind them, it became obvious that the kid wasn’t interested in outrunning him—if he were, he wouldn’t keep looking in his mirrors to make sure Mack followed. He hadn’t put his helmet back on for this ride, and his blonde locks whipped to one side every time he checked the mirror. Mack could imagine the feel of that hair between his fingers—tangled and slightly oily from the wind. His hands tightened on the handlebars, goosing the throttle involuntarily as he wondered what that hair would smell like pressed against his nose. A clean, wild scent, perhaps, that gave way to sweaty musk closer to Brad’s scalp. He’d find out.

Easing into the ride, Mack let the chopper’s engine drown out the world around him. He ignored the few cars on the road, zooming around them as if they stood still. Like a cat after a mouse, he let the kid get ahead a bit and then he gunned the engine, closing the distance between them until his front tire spun mere inches from Brad’s exhaust pipe. Then he’d fall back again, letting the gap widen, playing the role Brad so badly wanted him to play. *Don’t think I won’t catch you*, Mack thought, grinning as Brad glanced back in the mirror at him. *You’ve been asking for it for too long now, kid. Let’s see if you can handle it.*

Up ahead was an intersection with a red light, but the left turn lane had a green arrow. That led to Snake Road, a secluded stretch that was just what

Mack had in mind. Engaging his throttle, he shot into the empty space to Brad's right, his engine barely turning over to keep up with the smaller bike. Brad shook his hair from his face, a damned smirk on his lips. Neck and neck now, Mack pulled towards the other bike, just a little at first as a warning and then hard, forcing Brad onto the shoulder of the road. The kid held the bike steady—at least he could ride, Mack would give him that. He eased off, allowing Brad back onto the tarmac and into the turning lane. Nudging his Harley closer a second time, Mack shot ahead, taking the turn hard as the light changed.

A quick look over his shoulder showed the yellow Streetbike revving after him through the turn. Good. The kid could also take a hint.

Just past the light, railroad tracks ran parallel to the main strip. Mack let up on the throttle and coasted over the bumpy rails, hanging back enough to make sure Brad followed. Though he had to sacrifice speed for control, slowing down as he crossed, the kid started on the throttle as soon as he was back on the road, a determined set to his jaw as he raced after Mack.

Beyond the tracks, Mack opened up. Woods lined either shoulder, broken only by an occasional house or overgrown field. The speed limit was high, even around the switchback curves that gave the road its name, but Mack wasn't going all out. Now *he* was the one checking the mirror, making sure Brad was still behind him. Had the kid honestly thought he could outrace him? That little Kawasaki against his Electra Glide? Was he *serious*? Here on an open stretch, it was all Mack could do not to leave the Streetbike in the dust. But that wouldn't be much fun, would it? It wouldn't make this little stint worth his while.

Around him the woods fell back and tall grasses waved as he passed. Mack slowed, looking for a track worn into the grass. He knew about where it was—it led from the road through the field, down to a copse of trees that hemmed in the river. A great spot for bass fishing, and a bit of a duck blind during hunting season, but at the moment probably completely deserted. There—off to his right, he saw the swathe in the grass. A sharp turn took him off the road and into the field.

Seconds later, Brad's bike followed his.

Mack sped up, confident. A hundred yards from the road, the hard-packed dirt track widened into a makeshift parking lot, the grass here trampled down over the years from countless ATVs and pickup trucks. And motorcycles—Mack had been here before. Following the edge of the grass, he slowed to a stop and then cut off his engine. The sudden silence was broken only by birdcalls and the buzz of Brad's bike, catching up. Unstrapping his helmet, Mack hung it on one of the handlebars and climbed off the hog. With deliberate care he leaned against the bike, arms and legs crossed in a

nonchalant pose, and waited.

Brad shot by, then noticed him and turned the Streetbike around hard. Dirt sprayed up as he cut into a hundred and eighty degree turn, barely keeping his seat. Light hair hung in front of his eyes, and when he ran a hand through it to get it out of his face, Mack could see beads of sweat above his upper lip and along his hairline. His engine coughed—Brad turned it off before it could stall. “Shit,” he sighed, breathless.

Taking off his sunglasses, Mack said, “Well, here we are.”

“Finally.” Brad ran his hand through his disheveled hair again—the ends were beginning to curl from the sweat. Still trying to catch his breath, he laughed. “I thought I’d never get you alone.”

MACK WAITED. THIS was Brad’s show—let him make the first move. Coyly the kid approached him and ran a loving hand along the polished fairing at the front of Mack’s bike. “A motorcycle like this is almost human, kid,” Mack told him. He watched those strong fingers, so pale against the black paint, and imagined them on his arm, his chest, lower. “You stroke it the right way, it’ll purr like a tiger for you.”

Brad glanced up at him with a grin. “What’s it take to make a man like you purr, I wonder?” he wanted to know.

“I haven’t quite decided whether or not you seriously want to find out,” Mack replied.

That grin again, half-hidden by those long, blonde waves. With a flick of his head, Brad shook the hair from his face and stepped around the bike behind Mack. “Can I get on it?” Before Mack could answer, he pressed his face into the leather seat, still warm from the ride, and drew in a deep breath. “It smells like you.”

“What the hell’s that supposed to mean?” Mack asked, turning around. As he stepped away from the motorcycle, Brad swung his leg over and pulled himself into the seat. “Hey, get off my bike.”

Wickedly, Brad dared him, “Come get me off.”

Mack shook his head, bemused. Even out here by themselves, Brad kept up the flirty banter, but the longer he stalled, the more Mack began to suspect that there wasn’t anything to it. Just a young cocktease, that’s all, who got hard on the game but never scored. “You don’t know what you’re messing with, kid,” Mack cautioned. “Show’s over. Get off.”

Brad’s hands froze on the handlebars where he had been pretending to steer the bike, and when he looked at Mack, all playfulness was gone from his eyes. “One,” he said, his tone serious, “don’t call me *kid*. I’m younger than you but not a baby. Yeah, it’s cute when you do it back at Sylvia’s, and

yeah it gets a laugh out of your friends, but between us? Drop it.”

Mack raised an eyebrow, surprised. The kid—*Brad*—had spunk. “Two?” he asked.

“Two,” Brad echoed. His smile returned slowly, starting at his lips and lighting up his eyes. “I know what I’m doing here, Mack. I’m not the one standing off to the side with his arms crossed like a disapproving parent at a keg party. Everything I’ve said, I’m more than ready to back up.” Leaning back in the Electra Glide’s wide seat, Brad ran his hands down his flat stomach to the prominent bulge in the front of his tight shorts. His fingers cupped the obvious erection and squeezed—Mack felt that hand on his own dick, those fingers encircling *him*. “I think it’s *you* who doesn’t want to find out what I’m talking about. I think *you’re* the one who’s scared.”

Mack gave a derisive snort, but couldn’t take his gaze away from those hands and the shiny red package between them. “I ain’t scared of you—”

Brad interrupted. “Then get over here and prove it.”

Mack hesitated. He didn’t want to obey this kid’s command, but watching Brad work at himself through his shorts left Mack’s mouth dry with lust. His hands had clenched into fists without his knowing—the sharp crack of his knuckles startled him and made Brad laugh. Pushing himself into the two-up seat behind him, Brad raised one leg, then the other, until his ankles rested on the handlebars. His fingers hooked into the waistband of his shorts and with slow, graceful movements, he slid the shorts down, exposing smooth skin—a thin hip, the hint of ass, a pale length of thigh. When the shorts reached his knees Brad shifted his legs, and now Mack could see dusky, reddened skin as his balls slipped down between his thighs, the hard cock above them at attention. “Still think I’m just messing around?” Brad asked softly.

Something in Mack snapped. “Off,” he ordered. The tone of his voice made Brad scramble to comply—he tugged the shorts up as he clambered off the bike. His sudden frown and downcast eyes clearly said he thought he had read Mack wrong. Uncrossing his arms, Mack stepped up to the bike, one hand reaching across the seat for Brad’s shorts as the other drifted to the ache at his own crotch. “Who said anything about getting dressed?”

Brad’s smile flashed like the sun after a summer storm. “You could’ve been more specific,” he started, but his words dissolved into a gasp when Mack’s hand slipped into his shorts. Thick fingers found the tender cleft between his buttocks as Brad reached across the bike to fumble with Mack’s belt. When the buckle was undone, the jeans unbuttoned and unzipped, he leaned down to press his face into the bulge of white protruding through the open zipper. He arched his back, placing his ass more firmly into Mack’s hand, and covered the sheathed dick with his mouth. His tongue danced

across the cotton underwear, licking the outline of Mack's cock and balls, dampening the material until it grew transparent. Mack let his eyes close at the wet sensation, the soft lips, the firm tongue, his free hand tangling in the sweaty hair at Brad's nape. His other hand found what he was looking for, and even as he rimmed Brad's tight ass, one finger slipped inside. Brad responded by tugging Mack's underwear down below his balls and taking the exposed length into his hot mouth. He traced the tip of Mack's dick with his tongue, then licked down, his lips encircling the thick shaft.

Mack allowed himself a few slow thrusts, savoring the warm wetness that worked at him, but he wanted something more for putting up with this kid's antics for so long—he deserved more. Hadn't Brad said he was ready to back up his talk with action? And back up he would ... Mack pulled his hand free from Brad's shorts. Large dark eyes glanced up at him through a shock of blonde bangs and Mack's cock slipped from between perfect red lips, saliva glistening on the hard flesh. "Lower right fairing," Mack told him. At Brad's confused look, he pointed and explained, "A box of condoms, inside? Unless you've changed your mind ..."

Before he could finish, Brad was squatting in the grass, tearing into the compartment hidden inside the fairing. Mack took a moment to adjust his jeans a bit lower on his hips before he straddled the motorcycle and lowered himself into the leather seat. He scooted down to get comfortable, feet planted firmly on the ground and dick in hand, fist pumping in a languid rhythm as he watched Brad hunt through the fairing. Finally Brad stood up. "Here," he said, handing Mack a coin-shaped wrapper. When he bent again to pull off his shorts, his erection poked at his navel. "You want me to do it? I can roll it on with my teeth."

As promising as that sounded, Mack shook his head. He opened the wrapper and rolled the lubricated condom on in a quick, efficient manner that only came with years of practice. "Take off your shoes," he warned before Brad could climb onto the bike. "I don't want you scruffing up the paint."

"I've never done it on a chopper before," Brad admitted as he kicked off his sneakers.

Mack patted his lower belly to show Brad where he wanted him to sit. "You couldn't do it on that Streetbike of yours," he pointed out. "It'd topple over and dump you on the ground. Come on, climb up here already."

Brad turned and, holding onto the handlebars to steady himself, climbed back onto the bike in front of Mack. For a moment he hovered above the instrument panel, unsure, until Mack grabbed his round buttocks and spread them wide. Brad's feet left the ground as he sat into Mack's hands, one thumb rimming his asshole while the other reached between his legs to

smooth the soft skin behind his balls. “Easy, kid,” Mack murmured when Brad sank into the touch, then corrected, “*Brad*. Sit back on me, like that.” The tip of his dick kissed the cleft between Brad’s buttocks, slid down to where Mack’s thumb worked trembling flesh, then eased inside. With a low moan, Mack hugged Brad to him, driving deep into the tight ass. Brad lay back against Mack’s chest, his head on Mack’s shoulder, that blonde hair as tangled and sweaty as Mack had imagined it would be. Wrapping his arms around Brad, Mack took the kid’s swollen member and began stroking it, squeezing, tugging at the spongy tip already weeping cum. Nuzzling aside a stray curl, Mack nosed the musky skin behind Brad’s ear, then nipped at the earlobe. In his arms, Brad trembled with delight. He clenched the saddlebag trim rails on either side of the bike as the two of them moved together towards a shuddering orgasm.

THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON Mack was at Sylvia’s again. He stayed on his Electra Glide and tried to convince himself that he wasn’t on the lookout for the yellow Kawasaki. What happened the day before was a one time tryst, the release of tensions that had been building between himself and Brad for a while now, nothing more. Nothing serious. He remembered them both on his bike—Brad draped over him as Mack moved inside that sweet ass of his, hard thrusts that exhausted them both, tender kisses like an afterthought once the deed was done. Maybe Brad *wouldn’t* be back. At least it had been fun for the moment. They both got what he wanted—Mack would probably never see the kid again. Just as well.

When a motorcycle buzzed into the lot, his heart leaped into his throat, but it was only Stan on his Deuce. “Where’d you guys run off to yesterday?” he asked as he drew to a stop beside Mack. Unstrapping his helmet, he ran a hand over his balding scalp and laughed. “So what happened when you caught the kid? Don’t tell me you fucked him up so bad, he never wants to show his face around here again.”

With a shrug, Mack said, “I laid into him some. Let’s just say he knows now that there’s no better ride than a Harley.”

Stan’s laugh cut off as a thin, high drone, like that of a persistent insect, drifted towards them over the sounds of traffic. “Well, dammit the hell,” he muttered softly. “Would you look at that?” Mack glanced up as the yellow Streetbike skirted the edge of the road. It zipped around a car in the turning lane, cutting it off to make the green arrow and earning an angry honk from the driver’s horn. The whine of the engine grew louder as the bike flew into Sylvia’s lot to stop mere inches from Mack’s.

Brad pulled off his helmet and shook clean, blonde hair out of his face.

With a breathless grin, he winked at Mack. “Hey there, Daddy. I didn’t wear you out yesterday, did I? You ready for another run?”

In disgust, Stan said, “That bike of yours is no match for a Harley. Didn’t you find that out already?”

Without taking his eyes off Mack, Brad replied, “I’m a slow learner. Teach me again.”

Mack turned the key in his ignition and grinned as his bike roared to life.