

I've been a private for 12 years now and I have gotten my share of troubles. Right now, I was just investigating on some rhino dude whose wife suspecting him of cheating. I had taken this case with quasi-glee. I needed the money and that would change me from all chases and gunfights I got involved in these last months. It would also keep Smirnov off my ass. And the lawyers off his. A simple, relaxing case. Sounded like a vacation.

Being the pro I am, I managed to get inside the motel room the rhino was renting the next day and began searching it... and as I suspected, there was nothing. That's when the lock decided to announce someone's arrival. Without many options, I quickly hode myself in the closet.

-That was so avoid... I started.

My trail of thought was cut short when I saw who entered the room. A muscular beefy rhino that would put Russel Crow to a shame... that was also my client's husband... If my husband was this dreamy, I'd be worried too...

I watched as he started to undress himself until he only had his pants on and then threw himself on the squeaky bed. And then he sighed. The loud sigh of boss-bashing-cravings days.

Maybe he's just getting himself some time away from an ass-tight jealous control freak bitch that happens to be his wife.

He stayed lying down for at least thirty minutes before he decided to watch the TV. And zapped until he found a light-bondage gay porn movie. Sounds of flesh and fur slappings along with some bulls and horses moans filled the room. The sound of a zipper soon followed and what emerged made me lick my lips.

Sad I couldn't join, I comforted myself thinking that now I could have something to show his wife... at least a month later. Being paid by the day kicks ass!

The hardest part wasn't getting the right angle, cheap motels' architects seem to have placed all the closets to make it easy for us, but focusing on actually shooting the pics.

-Damn... I thought. Those married guys... with their powerful chest, their love handles and... their long hard dripping...

I shook my head, trying to keep my focus. I had enough pics for my client but a guy like that... I started shooting some more pics for « personnal use ». And the more I shot, the bigger the stain on my pants grew.

Suddenly the Rhino yelled angrily. The free-viewing video had stopped. I froze as he turned around and randomly threw a pillow at the closet door. The door opened and revealed poor me with a huge stain and a camera in my hands.

Time always seems to stop in times like those... and you always feel real stupid.

Since that when 1m90 tall guys give orders, 1m70 tall guys obey, that's what I did. I came close to him and gave him my camera.

I watched frozen as he smashed my camera with one hand and threw the remains toward a corner of the room. Thinking he was about to do the same to me, I closed my eyes and braced for impact.

He grabbed and squeezed my crotch so hard I squealed like a chorus boy at his first rape. I don't remember how long we stayed like that but when he finally let me go, he pushed me down and ordered me to look up. Two things then hit me. The first one being that a long leaky object was resting on my forehead and the second being that my nose suddenly seemed to be able to separate manly attributes better than Moses could separate the red sea...

I suddenly woke up. Something was wrong... the bed was wet. I tried to move but my arms were bonded to the bed. A snore coming from my right startled me. The rhino was beside me, sleeping deeply on his back, his powerful muscular chest going slowly up and down. I tried to speak but my throat was as dry as paper sand.

I then tried to move again and clenched my butt in the process. It felt sore and seemed unable to close, letting the gentle breeze of the room caress it. With a few efforts, I managed to raise myself and stand my back against the bed head. I then realized that all that had drenched the bed had leaked from my butt...

After undoing my bonds, I tiptoed myself toward the remains of my camera and grabbed the intact memory card from them. I exited the room, got dressed in the lift and ran to my office, leaving a thick trail behind me.

-Wait 'till your wife sees these...