

## Chapter 1.

Colonel Larry Grayson was happy to be back on base at Schofield Barracks. After deployments abroad he had finally returned to his hometown of Honolulu and was looking forward to life in the tropics. As part of his role as garrison commander, Col. Grayson was responsible for overseeing support and services to more than 90,000 service members and their families, not to mention the support staff that made up the rest of the population on the base. He knew it would be a complex role but he intended to make as much use of his staff as possible in order to run operations effectively. He was determined that the last leg of his military career would be stress-free and without drama.

Col. Grayson had always been a bachelor. At 64 years old he was happy with the way his life had turned out. He had a successful military career, had travelled extensively, and had largely avoided the entrapments of romantic love.

He was 6'2, 190 lbs, and while he wasn't quite in the same shape he had been when he was younger, he remained athletic, had solid muscle mass, and always performed well in military drills – even though it was no longer a requirement.

He still had the classic military buzz cut, as he had done for his entire career, and a neat close-cropped mustache. He had blue eyes and exuded a strong-jawed, rugged handsomeness. He was known to his colleagues as fair, straight-forward and without a temper. He was someone people were careful not to disobey, and while he might forgive an error, he never forgot. He could be aloof, creating a professional separation that he believed was necessary to be an effective leader. Though it also made it hard for him to make friends and his social life had never been as active as his contemporaries.

It was during his second week at Schofield Barracks that Col. Grayson was assigned his adjutant. This executive assistant position was unique to the command at this particular barracks and while he had been given the opportunity to interview for the position he had left it to his staff to put forward their recommendation. The young man was already waiting in the atrium outside the Colonel's office when he arrived first thing on Monday morning.

“You must be the new adjutant,” Col. Grayson said, as the young man stood to attention and saluted him.

“Yes, sir.”

“At ease,” Col. Grayson replied. “You’re early, which I appreciate. You can always tell a lot about someone by how they keep their appointments.”

The young man followed the Colonel into his office. The Colonel sat down. The young man waited to be directed to one of the chairs in front of his desk.

“Please. Sit,” Col Grayson said. “I haven’t had a lot of time to look at your file,” he continued, as he logged into his computer. This wasn’t completely true, he had scanned his resume. It was impressive. Jason had graduated with honors early from Stanford at age 20, and near the top of his class at Officer Candidate School. He had then achieved the rank of Captain by age 23.

“Jason,” Col. Grayson said, leaning back in his chair. “From what I can see here, you have an impressive record. Can I ask why someone so smart wanted to serve in the military? Surely, with a pedigree education such as yours you could be ascending the corporate ladder faster than most of your friends.”

Captain Jason Singleton was nervous. He hadn’t expected to even interview for the position of adjutant to Colonel Grayson, let alone actually get the position. He had applied for the role because he needed to get away from California and what could be better than Hawaii?

“I’ve always wanted to be in the military. My father was in the marines, my grandfather was in the air force. It’s in the family, sir,” Jason said.

Jason was 5'6, 135 lbs. He was gym fit with a slim muscular build. He had blonde hair and green eyes. He was constantly told he looked much younger than 23, due to his youthful complexion and smooth skin. He still only had to shave twice a week. He hoped his new position in another state would be a fresh start after a bad breakup that had left him bruised. Jason was outgoing and friendly, and though he was sad to be moving away from the large group of friends he had made at Fort Irwin in Barstow, he felt positive about the new opportunity in Honolulu.

“I see,” Col. Grayson said.

Jason couldn't help but appreciate how handsome the Colonel was. He had a particular presence that was electric. His deep blue eyes seemed to penetrate directly into Jason each and every time he asked him a question. He might have been older than his father but somehow that didn't matter, he had an enigmatic energy that intrigued Jason.

Without meaning to he had momentarily lost track of the point the Colonel was trying to make.

“I hope you understand. It's just the way I prefer to operate. I like to see everything that comes through my office.”

“Yes, sir.”

They spent the next thirty minutes running through the duties and responsibilities that he was expected to perform as adjutant to the Colonel.

“Your office is off the atrium outside. Let me show you.”

The Colonel held open the door for Jason. He was struck by how pint-sized the young man was, how slight and compact his body appeared to be. He had a boyish charm to his personality that was hard not to like despite the Colonel’s habit of being slow to warm to someone he had just met. The young man had a smile that was easy-going, as well as an angelic face. Bright and handsome was hardly a pre-requisite to serve in the military but perhaps it didn’t hurt for this role, the Colonel considered. After all, there would be events and civilian interactions that would require a certain degree of presentation and social ability.

They walked into the office that Jason had been assigned. It was significantly smaller than the Colonel’s, though it still had a view of the mountains in the distance.

“The two offices share a bathroom through there,” Col. Grayson said, pointing toward a door.

They walked into the bathroom. It was a large room with a mirror above two wash basins, a shower cubicle, a urinal, and a single stall with a toilet. The Colonel led the way through the door on the other side of the room that connected directly back to his office.

“I know my secretary is going to run through the smaller details but that’s all I can think of for now. The first engagement we have on the schedule this week is—”

“The gala event with the mayor,” Jason said, suddenly aware he had interrupted his commanding officer.

The Colonel frowned. “Yes, that’s right.”

“I’m sorry, sir. I’ve already read the week’s notes. I thought I should get up to speed as soon as possible.”

“Yes, yes,” the Colonel said, surprised at his lack of annoyance at having been interrupted. The young man had such a pleasing way about him – the tone of his voice, the manner in which he paid attention to the Colonel when he was speaking. If he didn’t know better he would say Jason was entranced by him. But surely it was just youthful exuberance, a zeal for doing everything right in a new job.

“You’re on it,” Col. Grayson replied. “It’s Friday so we don’t have a lot of time but the mayor expects a military display and then later a cocktail party with dignitaries. I hope you’ve got a tuxedo?”

Jason swallowed. “No, sorry, sir. I’m afraid I don’t.”

“Well, we’ll have to do something about that. I think we have some in storage on the base.”

“Thank you, sir.”

Col. Grayson saw a flutter of concern on Jason’s face. He found himself smiling at Jason, eager to put him at ease. “Lots to do before then! Let’s get to it.”

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It was Thursday before the tuxedos were delivered by someone in the uniform committee. Jason was in the process of moving the rack of suits into his office, just as the Colonel arrived back from lunch.

“The tuxedos,” Col. Grayson said, eyeing the rack. “It’s important that you get the right fit. Wearing an ill-fitting suit is one of the worst sins a man can make at a cocktail party.”

“I’m afraid I don’t have much experience when it comes to tuxedos,” Jason said.

His first week had gone well so far. He had adapted to the way the Colonel worked, he hadn’t made any major mistakes, and he was surprised by how good it felt to be praised by the Colonel when he successfully completed tasks.

“I’ll help you out. I don’t believe there’s anything in my schedule for another hour, is there?”

“No, sir. Your next meeting isn’t until 2 P.M.”

“Good. Right, let’s move these into the bathroom. There’s plenty of space in there, and more importantly, a full size mirror.”

Jason wheeled the rack of suits into the bathroom. The Colonel closed the door behind them. It was the first time they had been alone together in the bathroom since Monday.

“You start trying them on and I’ll help you with the fit.”

Suddenly Jason was nervous. He was so used to taking orders he hadn’t thought about changing in front of the Colonel until he was taking off his uniform, piece by piece. He stripped down to his underwear, a pair of white briefs. The bathroom was air-conditioned and the slight chill was making his small nipples erect.

“Perhaps this one,” Col. Grayson said, reaching for the first suit on the rack.

The Colonel couldn’t help but notice the young man’s body. His hairless chest, the soft, smooth skin. The prominent nipples were hard not to notice either. But it was the young man’s butt that was impossible to ignore. When he turned away the Colonel was drawn to the small and perfectly shaped ass that filled out the pair of white briefs Jason was wearing. It was a revelation to him that he found it attractive. He could appreciate a man’s body but had never been drawn to it, or had a strong response to one, until now.

The Colonel couldn't help but look at the good-sized bulge that filled out the front pouch of his underwear. Something stirred inside the Colonel. He watched as Jason slipped into the tuxedo. It wasn't a perfect fit but the overall effect of Jason in the tuxedo was striking. He was incredibly handsome. The suit highlighted the curves of his face, his delicate eyelashes, the blond hair that fell forward over one eye. He was a very cute young man, the Colonel thought. Perhaps he reminded him of himself? And yet, the Colonel had matured much earlier. He had filled out and gained muscle quickly as a teenager, and then added more in his twenties. Jason however, remained boy-like, a young man most definitely, but with the youthful essence of someone younger who has yet to let go of a boyish frivolity.

“Perhaps this one?” Col. Grayson suggested. His throat was dry, his voice almost hoarse.

“Yes, sir.”

Jason relaxed somewhat as he continued to change in and out of the tuxedos. There was something comforting in the Colonel's attention, though Jason wasn't exactly sure what it was that made it seem less awkward. The Colonel seemed to care enough to help him find the right tuxedo without making him feel foolish for not knowing how to choose a suit in the first place. He felt a strange sense of safety in the Colonel's presence.

The second to last tuxedo Jason tried on was the one that felt right immediately. It was the perfect fit for his frame, accentuating his best assets. The Colonel couldn't help but notice the way the fabric clung to his ass and nicely outlined his package.

“That's it. That's the one. Very smart, Captain.”

Jason began to undress again. The Colonel realized at this point that he should probably leave the bathroom. He watched as Jason undid the button on the front of his trousers, slid down the zipper and then lowered the trousers to the floor. Jason bent to step out of the trousers, the muscles of his ass flexing as he bent over.

The Colonel started to talk about the gala and who would be in attendance, information that Jason already knew. Jason removed his shirt and his hairless chest was revealed once more. The skin was lightly tanned, just enough to show muscular definition but not the deep brown tans that servicemen often achieved after being stationed in Hawaii.

Jason was aware of the Colonel's intent gaze. The mirror they were standing in front of allowed Jason the opportunity to stare at the Colonel himself without seeming obvious. His buzz cut and mustache lent him an intense masculinity that thrilled him. Already there had been moments in which they had worked in close proximity, often side by side in front of the computer. In his presence Jason had

felt a kind of radiant heat, a warmth in which it felt good to bask. But now, in the bathroom, there wasn't a work task that acted as a distraction and he couldn't help but feel overwhelmed. He hadn't felt this flush of attraction since his last boyfriend. There was a sudden rush of blood to his groin. He wouldn't be able to hide an erection if he didn't act soon.

But Col. Grayson was already on his way out the door.

“And tomorrow night – don't forget to pick me up at five. You know where to go?”

The Colonel appeared flustered. They had already been over the details a number of times. Could he be nervous about the gala? Jason wondered. It seemed unlikely. He was the garrison commander after all, these events came with the territory.

“Yes. I won't be late. You can count on me, sir.”

The Colonel turned, his hand on the bathroom door. Jason was still climbing back into his uniform.

“Good,” Col. Grayson said, his eyes drifting down Jason's body to the sliver of bare chest still visible.

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He knocked on the Colonel's door at exactly five minutes to five. The house hadn't been hard to find, it was the largest house on the base, and the most private. It was surrounded by a high wooden fence, well-screened from the neighbors. Collections of papaya and palm trees filled the front yard. Jason looked through the glass-paneled front door. At the end of the hallway the house opened into a large living space with a small swimming pool in the back garden beyond.

"You're early. I should have expected you might be," Col. Grayson said, appearing at the door.

He was almost fully dressed. But not quite. The top three buttons of his shirt were undone. A thatch of black and gray chest hair was visible. Jason had a particular fascination for men with hairy chests, it was the contrast to his own mostly hairless body that made him curious.

The gala was a high-profile event. Local celebrities mixed with state representatives, as well as members of the military, air force and navy. The display went off without a hitch and by ten P.M. the cocktail party was well-underway.

The Colonel drank glasses of free champagne all night. Jason tried in vain to get him to slow down but it was impossible to make himself heard. The Colonel was greatly animated after a few drinks and didn't seem remotely concerned about staying sober. In fact, his slightly inebriated state seemed to endear him even more to the other guests.

“I think perhaps we should head back to base,” Col. Grayson said when it was almost 11 P.M., taking extra care not to slur his words as he spoke. He felt a nice warm glow in his stomach. He reached out and steadied himself by placing his hand on Jason’s shoulder. The crowded bar was blurring around him. He wasn’t sure how much he’d had to drink. But Jason’s angelic face was the only thing he could concentrate on. It was a comforting anchor.

Jason helped Col. Grayson back to the car and they drove back to his house. The barracks were quiet. He carefully nosed the car up the driveway and out of sight of prying eyes. The last thing the base needed was evidence of a drunk garrison commander.

“Come on, that’s it sir,” Jason said, helping the Colonel out of the car. He wrapped his arm around him and tried to help him up out of the seat. “You’ll have to help me. You’re much bigger than me, sir. One, two, three...”

The Colonel was still able to walk, but he was unsteady on his feet. Jason helped him inside and closed the door.

“Let’s get you to bed,” Jason said. He wasn’t sure if that’s what the Colonel wanted but he knew he should take control. Every few moments the Colonel uttered something and then grinned. His eyes kept closing. His teeth were perfectly white. It was bewildering for Jason to be so close to him, to be so inside his personal space.

Jason managed to help him upstairs without too much difficulty. He sat the Colonel on the edge of the bed and then started to help take his shoes off.

“I can do that...” But it was clear that the Colonel could not in fact untie his shoes, and he fell backwards on the bed. “It’s good to be in your own bed, don’t you think Captain?”

“Yes, sir.”

Jason untied his shoes and pulled them off. Next he slid the Colonel’s long black dress socks off. His feet were long and white, they were warm to the touch.

“You’ll have to help me with my trousers. Damn it! I didn’t mean to get drunk and now what will you think of me? You can’t say anything about this to anyone on the base.”

“You don’t have to worry, sir. I won’t mention it to anyone.”

The Colonel wriggled back as Jason helped pull his trousers down and then off. Underneath he wore a pair of large cotton boxer shorts. His legs were hairy, the muscles defined but with a thickness to them that made Jason’s heart beat a little faster. He couldn’t quite believe he was undressing the Colonel.

Col. Grayson tried to undo the buttons of his shirt but couldn’t. Jason helped, rolling him up to sitting, and unbuttoning his shirt. Jason’s heart skipped another beat. Col. Grayson had an impressive chest. He had well-defined pectoral muscles covered with thick black and gray chest hair. His nipples were large. The

hair continued down his stomach and toward his groin. His arms were impressive too, thick bicep muscles that bulged even in their relaxed state.

Jason pulled back the covers. The Colonel was half-awake, muttering about the gala, the mayor, and the other guests.

“Ahh, thanks Captain Singleton. Time for me to retire for the night I think.”

Jason helped him to the side of the bed. But without warning the Colonel got to his feet and pulled his cotton boxer shorts to the floor and kicked them away.

With a sigh he sat back down and then flopped back on the bed.

The Colonel was now completely naked. The sight of his cock was a shock to Jason. It was large, probably about six inches flaccid. He was circumcised, with a set of good-sized balls. His cock and balls were surrounded by a mass of black and gray pubic hair. The Colonel was still muttering, his words growing less intelligible as he drifted toward sleep. Jason couldn't stop looking. He was beautiful, and he had an enormous cock. Already Jason could feel himself growing hard. He switched on the bedside lamp and then retreated to the bathroom.

With the door to the bathroom almost closed he still had a good view of the naked Colonel. He reached down and massaged his crotch, then without thinking he unzipped his pants and pulled out his already erect cock. Jason's circumcised dick was about 5.5 inches long, slim and perfectly formed. He fished out his balls. The area around his cock and balls was almost completely smooth.

He started to glide his hand softly up and down the length of his shaft, all the while his eyes remained fixed on the naked body of the Colonel, his large cock and balls clearly on display. He knew he should stop, that jacking off in the bathroom of the garrison commander was a bad idea, and yet he couldn't. The sensation of slowly stroking his hard young cock while drinking in the view of his much older commanding officer lying naked on the bed was too much. He could feel the approaching orgasm. His balls tightened as he stroked his hand back and forth over the head of his cock.

When he came the orgasm was intense. He shot spurt after spurt of hot cum onto the bathroom door, milking every last drop out of his still rock hard cock. He was still light-headed from the orgasm minutes later when he started cleaning up the evidence of his load. He turned out the light and left the Colonel to sleep.

By the time Jason got back to his quarters, he was hard again. The image of the Colonel's large cock, the beautiful cock head, the hairy balls, all of it exploded into his mind again. He jacked off in the shower. He went slower this time, savoring each and every moment as he stroked himself to another orgasm with the still-fresh images of the naked Colonel playing over and over again in his mind.