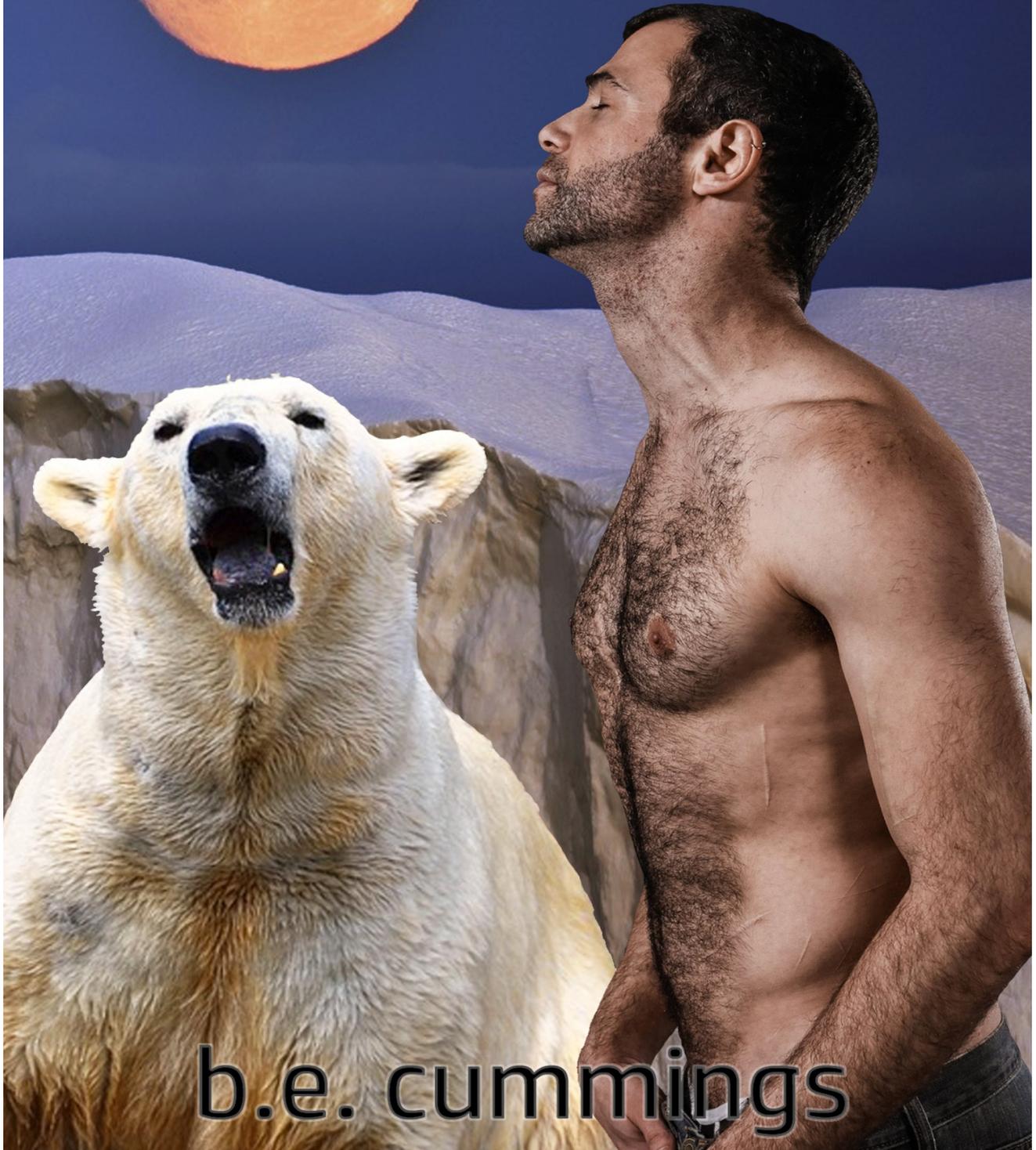


ARCTIC DRILLING

CLIMATE DENIER TAKEN BY THE POLAR BEAR KING

HE CAN'T DENY THE HEAT



b.e. cummings

For K.R.F., whose ideas always bear fruit.
This book would not exist without you.
You kept ursine me forward.
You get to take credit for what has been unleashed.
Gloat freely.

Prologue

In denial about both climate change and his lust for thick hard cock, Jared Johnstone ends up on an expedition which will eventually lay both bare before him. Global warming has awakened an ancient sleeping giant, and the odyssey of chemicals, cock, and control that is about to follow will open minds, mouths, legs, and squeezing holes galore. But as he fucks his way across the arctic with his producer and bedmate, Jared notices changes. From dominant to submissive, from questioning to lustily cock-hungry. From man... to something more useful.

Cumming at work wasn't enough any more. Just getting off in the bathroom during breaks wasn't enough to stop the urge. He'd always been horny, but now Jared just couldn't handle himself during meetings and trips to drop off pamphlets. The job is low intensity, lots of time to fantasize and for the mind to wander. Porn played out on the screen in front of him: a blonde on her knees being filled and fucked and pretending to love it. He could get off to this, of course. But only by focusing on the thick cock sliding in and out of her, its pulse, its girth. Only by dreaming of how it would feel if he were able to massage it with his hand, his lips.

He inserted himself into the fantasy. Not that much of a stretch - Jared had always been big, and he worked out regularly to try to sublimate his arousal. Muscled arms, flat stomach and a well defined chest. His sharp facial features and full hair would look alright in a porno, he thought. Of course, everyone thought that. He imagined the muscled hunk from the screen holding him, wrestling with him, eventually whimpering and offering up his ass.

At that moment, the cock being frantically worked in his sweaty palm began to pulse and squirt into the prepared towel J had nearby. In this business, he could never admit to this. The cock finally limp and wiped clean, he headed for the shower.

Admit to the hunger, the ache, the obvious rightness and symmetry of pinning down a hot guy, filling them full of his seed, feeling their lips, their hands on him - it was just so natural and right and exactly what he wanted. But, being a representative for a climate think tank on the side he was on... you couldn't be gay. You couldn't be the least bit less than respectable. So he'd keep trying to see it the other way, the same way he asked environmental zealots to "see things from the other side" on climate change.

As he dried off, he admitted that he didn't feel strongly one way or the other. Jared took advantage of the convenient refuge of devil's advocate. If the other side was so right, why would anyone believe him? But they did. It was a pay cheque. So, a little ice melts, right? Surely an ice age would come along and clear it all up, so why worry. J set out for work with these "philosophical" thoughts on his mind

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The King's servants never asked how he had internet access out here. Like so much about him, it was best not to ask. Anyway, there were more interesting questions at play. Precum oozed from the servant's limp dick as he rode his Master's cock. Long blond hair down to his shoulders, a curvaceous form, and a tight ass - the servant rode with abandon. The King reached around him to type on the laptop, somehow using those hands to type.

"This one. And this one. Visit this one as well. As we discussed, the journey will take a few months. You will have to endure."

"Yes, my king... please... please... since I am to be away so long."

"You want release?"

"YES!"

The King grabbed his servant's hips and slammed him deep. The entire massive cock buried inside, curved against the front of his cock sleeve's body, rubbing his prostate. The little blond spurting all over the ice of the table, painting long streams and even spurting a little across the laptop's keyboard. His eyes closed in pure bliss, his whole body shaking, his mission clear.

He would bring back more for the King's court, and they would be changed, prepared, trained by the time they got there...

The King's magnificent cock amplified this message inside his body as every ridge trained his human servant to do as commanded. Though the servant's cock was limp, it was still able to push out spurt after spurt now - drooling down onto his legs and thighs as the shots lost power in the flow of an orgasm that bent his back. The servant imagined the King's cock filling up his entire body and mind, which in a way it was.

He slid off, slowly, limply to the floor, and began to lick up his own cum in a desperate quest for approval.

The King's booming laugh was all the reward the changed and trained young man needed.

He set out for civilization in the morning, catching up with a local sightseeing tour and riding back into the city. He'd be back soon... and they always had skype in the meantime. To let him see what he was missing, witness the Cock, and get his daily worship in.

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## PART 1 - Grin And Bear It

Jared stood in line in the coffee shop, adjusting a stray strand back into his swept-back black hair. The tall man in his business suit tried to admire the woman's curvy backside under her tight skirt as she went in front of him to pay.

"One Travel Coffee jug, ten cups, cream, sugar. That will be \$14.86."

Sliding her purse off her shoulder made the compact woman's full breasts jiggle slightly. Long red hair trailed down her back, neatly pinned up off her shoulders. Jared tried to stir a reaction, any reaction. He always did. Nothing moved between his legs.

"Sorry, machine's down," said the man behind the counter.

"Debit too? Can't you take credit while its offline?" She sounded a bit panicked.

"ATM is in the gas station down the street," shrugged the man helplessly.

"I can't... I'm already late, come on. Can I use e-pay to--"

Looked like the guy was about to ask her to step out of line.

Jared looked on and cleared his throat.

"I've got it, I'll cover you." he chuckled in his rich baritone.

The woman turned and looked up. Up, at the firm jaw and blue eyes of a man over six feet tall.

Jared always paid cash anyway. Wallet open, a twenty, his own coffee order. The server ran off to pour his, and the woman picked up her jug. Clearly she was getting coffee for her workplace.

"Thanks, uhm..." She seemed to want to say something, so Jared stepped out of line to wait on the cup and made eye contact. Difficult, she was just over five feet. He called up an image of her bouncing on his cock from a standing position, and his cock gave a feeble pulse. Not today.

She seemed to be scribbling something on a note from her purse. "So, maybe give me a call some time? So I can pay you back."

Phone number. Ah.

“Don’t you have to get to the office?”

She seemed a little put out. Jared pocketed the number when the woman turned her back. *Rude of me*, he thought to himself, but it would save her disappointment in the long run. Out the door, sipping hot coffee and swallowing to clear his head.

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Liberty Projects, said the plaque above the door, the entry in the directory, the office on paper and on the web. Really it was some part of a larger shell organization designed to obfuscate which party’s political money kept him operational. People came in for meetings, he went out and talked at local groups, dropped off pamphlets. It was a living.

Into the office, past Janine, who already had her coffee.

“Morning, Jay.” She called without looking up from the computer.

“Morning, Jay.” Jared answered, their daily ritual.

Office door mostly shut, onto his computer to answer emails and forward things on. The partial erection from earlier was already gone, alas. It would be back, under less comforting circumstances.

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A knock a few hours later, and his weekly temptation arrived.

“Sign here,” said the man in the brown delivery uniform.

Jared dutifully scribbled his signature as the big manilla envelope was set down.

“And here.” the driver added.

Scratch, scratch. When returning the pen, Jared dropped it - quite intentionally, though he would never admit it - and it rolled off his desk. The driver followed it across the floor, turning around... bending over. Showing off the tight curve of the short shorts around a muscular butt with just enough cushion to make Jared imagine how it would feel to touch. To grip, spread, thrust, the shiver elicited a grunt he passed off as a cough.

No one must ever know. In his industry, you couldn't have those kinds of thoughts, those kinds of feelings...

This thought only emphasized to Jared how his throbbing member would be standing straight up if not for the tight suit pants holding it down. Dripping pressure, an urge to empty suddenly too-full too-tight balls.

Jared cleared up his dreamy expression before the driver turned around to wave goodbye.

He got little enough titillation in this office, and no one could begrudge the occasional glance at a muscular butt. That's just objectively attractive, right? He told himself that.

Jared's chair wheeled just a little closer to the desk, concealing what was happening below. Throb. Throb. It wanted attention. The rigid shaft between Jared's legs was submitting insistent demands. Wired to his brain, sending little insistent chemical jolts, reminding him that the orgasmic plateau most men train themselves to crave since adolescence was only a few dozen strokes and the right image away.

"Sorry about that," said Jared as the driver rose and pocketed his pen, preparing to leave the office.

A nod, the package set aside on the desk. Jared loved to watch that man leave. Especially since his secretary wouldn't tease him about a /man/ visiting, but she told him to ask out women who came into the office all the time. Jared thought of the number in his pocket.

No one could ever know.

An uncomfortable tent in his suit pants made Jared consider the options.

He always settled on the same one, though.

Up and out the door.

"Taking my break, Janine. I have my phone."

"No problem," she replied as always. She seemed distracted but he'd never seen her drop a call and any time he peeked over her shoulder he'd found a neat and orderly work-related matter in front of her. Maybe she was just fast at switching windows. No time to think about that. The tent in the front of Jared's pants was a major hazard to his dignity, and it wasn't going away until he had squeezed certain thoughts and substances from himself.

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He took the elevator up a floor to a mostly disused section where tying up the employee bathroom for half an hour would be no issue. Jared tended to eat a late lunch and a later supper, so there was no need for a snack now. He could handle his darker urges instead. But... his phone buzzed before he could get around to the real reason he always took his break in the staff washroom. A buzz on his phone. 'someone in your office -J' it said. Though he considered finishing up his shameful break time activities and leaving them waiting, this was rare enough it was worth seeing. Jared visited others, they seldom came here without invitation.

It could be important, one of the higher-ups who kept this place in business and kept Jared on his constant lobbying and information dissemination mission. Better to be quick and take his "break" this afternoon. Or not at all. He was going to get caught with his pants down one of these days.

Indeed there was someone waiting in his office when he returned minutes later. A young man, blond, a few years younger than Jared himself. But he was in just as fine a suit, a serene expression on his face. He stood quickly when the office's owner came in, and offered his hand. "Terry Rolls, nice to meet you."

"Jared Johnstone, how can I help you?"

"By helping me to make you a star."

Jared took his seat and spread his hands, inviting some explanation that actually explained anything.

"I'm working on a documentary film, I already cleared it all with your superiors, you'll get an email, but its a volunteer project - no real pay in it."

Jared looked at the man across the desk from him. Long blonde hair pulled back into a ponytail, a rounded face, a slight curve to his hips but no obvious sign of belly fat. Full lips, unusually full, long eyelashes too. Jared gulped and asked: "Do you have a business card?" while trying to hide his real feelings - a building lust only partly inspired by the fact he had failed to make it to the bathroom and jerk off. Relieving sexual tension helped keep him on task. Right now he was anything but.

"What kind of film?"

"Proof that the talk about arctic sea ice melt and so-called "endangered" animals is just silly, or else liberal propaganda."

Jared perked up, that would look good on his resume when it came time to talk about pay rises or a run on the talk show circuit. He had the hair, he had the eyes, he had the authoritative voice.

“Do tell,” he said.

“We go on-site to polar bear viewing spots, show thousands of them teeming on firm sea ice and have you talk about the flaws in the anthropogenic global warming hypothesis.”

“Do you have a business card?” asked Jared.

“No problem, sir.”

Jared inspected the card for a moment, but something drew his eye back.

“Beornson Environmental Anthropogenics Research,” Jared said. “Not a very American name.”

Some cologne came across with the card, Jared breathed deeply, almost involuntarily. It was earthy and beautiful and complex.

“That’s the point,” said Terry with apparent happiness. “People think nordic-sounding names are more neutral, and better experts on climate science. We deliberately snap up any nordic scientists who are on the right side of the truth. Easy to make people see them as the opposition at first, and then as irrefutable proof because even “their own people” are against them. Name takes it a step further.”

Jared wasn’t really paying attention. When Terry was speaking enthusiastically, his excitement extended to other places. The scent was continuing to turn Jared’s thoughts in a particular direction.

“Mr. Johnstone?” A beat. “Oh.”

The “consultant” blushed when he spotted where Jared was looking, and crossed his legs to hide the swelling package.

It wasn’t like Jared did much right now. There was no particular legislative effort to drum up support for or against. Pamphlets for local information sessions and to place around colleges on billboards were handled. He was superfluous for at least the next few weeks and anything he had to do could be done remotely. Still, he was wary of accepting without a lot more information. Maybe some dinners. Maybe some dates...

“Of course I need a yes in the next few days, we’re replacing a member of the team who got sick. Not that you weren’t our first choice, but you were busy back when we were first casting.” Terry said some things, Jared mostly ignored them in favor of his tempting inner visions of this man kneeling under him. There was something curvy and tempting about Terry. He seemed to bridge the gap and awaken what Jared “should” be feeling alongside what he shouldn’t. The producer rose and waved on his way out. Jared closely watched his departing back...side. The cologne lingered. The hardness with it.

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After watching Terry all the way to the elevator, Jared decided he could not put off his daily shame until after work. He would have to get off right now. It was just so pressing that he climax. Pressing against the crotch of his suit pants, to be precise.

The bathroom walls were clean of graffiti. This was a closed building and there were security cameras in the hall. It was more like a pleasant washroom in someone’s house than a public bathroom. It was comfortable. It was private and reasonably soundproof even against the passionate groans Jared sometimes could not contain. It was a comforting place as well, for the daily ritual. Shoes off first, on sock feet on the tiled floor. Suit pants off, folded and placed on a clean hook behind the door. Jared tentatively eased his hard length out of his boxers through the flap in the front. It stood out, drooling precum.

Rigid, uncircumcised, eight inches long, throbbing in his hand. The veins were standing out. He was hard and excited enough to feel his own heartbeat in the muscle under the shaft. The curvy producer had really set something loose inside Jared’s repressed mind. A wild hot passion, hiding in him, now illuminated and set free. Unthinking, Jared’s hips pumped in the air making his dick jump and sway. He struggled, trying to keep his hands by his sides, debating putting his clothes back on and going to work unsatisfied. The tall man tried to gain control over himself... and just ended up being controlled by his hard dick and tensed pulsing balls. He wanted, needed to relieve the tension... it always got to be too much to stand. Such a strong libido, and no one to share it with. Jared often lamented that. The loud groaning kind of lament, on his knees, moaning out the names of men he imagined would feel so good wrapped around his cock with their shafts pulsing uselessly below, swinging untouched, teasing and riling them up.

It felt wrong to begin with an image of Terry, even though he had committed the man’s shape to memory. That would be surrendering, losing, giving in. He started with the usual instead.

The delivery man arriving, saying something about his package, something about special deliveries. The lines didn’t matter. The uniform shirt coming off, showing muscles. The

delivery man turning around, presenting his ass. Jared lubing up his cock, slipping it in. He made a ring with his thumb and forefinger, working his own cock with the imagined varying tightness of...

END OF SAMPLE.

To see our "hero" taken, conditioned, trained, and eventually abducted by servants of anthropomorphic environmentally conscious polar bears, pick up the full version – available on Amazon and Smashwords.

-B.E. Cummings