

# Parliamentary Desires 4: Democratic Intimacies

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Parliamentary Desires 4:

Democratic Intimacies

The Tale Of One Man's Desire To Get Elected, No Matter What Or Who It Takes

By H.G. Jones

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## CHAPTER 1 – An Affair to Forget

Mike sighed. His comcar had pulled up outside the main entrance of Parliament House, and he had a moment to prepare himself for what the day would bring. The late summer morning breeze blew gusts of hot wind and dust outside. Even at the early hour of 7.45am, the day was already proving to be another scorcher. The last 4 days above 42 degrees Centigrade had already exhausted Mike, but today was shaping up to be even worse. Hot air billowed outside as the driver opened the passenger door. Mike stepped out calmly, before the stiflingly dry air left him gasping for water. Half choking, half gasping, he dashed for the entrance to Parliament House, and for a moment, basked in the cooling force of the air-conditioned breeze that escaped the building as the sliding doors hissed open. He knew he could only revel in the cooling sensation for a moment, before duty called.

“Good morning, Mr Laycock,” said a security officer, as he indicated for Mike to pass through the metal detection screen. “You’ll be busy with the Prime Minister again, today?” he asked with a knowing wink.

“Well Alfred,” replied Mike coolly. “As head of security here, I’m sure you are fully aware that the Prime Minister and I share a fully professional relationship.” He glanced at the head of security, and gave him a look that said don’t you dare breath another word of what you know to anybody.

Alfred, the security officer, took a step back, and said simply, "right, yes sir, as you were." He looked away, avoiding eye contact with Mike, who strode off, and veered in the direction of Prime Minister Christopher Wayne's office. He strutted the corridors, his tight, dark navy pants hugging his pert buttocks tightly, leaving nil to the imagination. His crisp, white shirt, too, was tight on his body, leaving his impressive musculature bulging underneath. His body was his secret weapon of mass negotiation, and he wasn't afraid to show it off. His short, blonde hair gave him an air of innocence, though it was no secret in Parliament House that Mike Laycock was no angel.

He walked briskly up the hallway to the Prime Minister's office, and waltzed through the door, startling the Prime Minister's secretary in the process. "Is he in yet, Deborah?" he snapped impatiently. Mike knew, as the Prime Minister's Chief of Staff, he owned the office, and everybody in it.

"Yes, Mr Laycock, he's in his office. Shall I-"

Mike walked past her before she could finish her sentence. He didn't have time for low-grade staff members, particularly when it came to middle-aged women in cheap polyester suits. He had work to do, and that work did not include Deborah the secretary.

Mike opened the door to the Prime Minister's private office. Christopher Wayne was pacing the room, looking excited and nervous at the same time. His suit jacket was discarded loosely on his desk, and he wore only a simple, light blue shirt and tan pants. Mike immediately recognized it as his favorite attire to wear when 'on the road'. Christopher always said it made him look like one of the people, and if anything, he needed to look like one of the people these days.

"Mike!" he said. "Mike, I'm glad you're here, finally." He stopped pacing the room briefly. "Do you know what day it is today?" he asked.

Mike was confused. "It's Wednesday," he offered.

"No!," exclaimed the Prime Minister. "Well, yes, but no. Today marks 6 months since that vile Poppy Salesman started publishing those leaks made against this party."

Mike immediately recalled the events. How he had compiled a list of scandals that had occurred within the party, how he had handed them over to Poppy Salesman directly immediately following Christopher's swearing in as Prime Minister. The months that followed had been disastrous for the government. They couldn't get through a single media conference without being asked about Cockateelia or claims of bullying. Their popularity had crashed around them, and since the story first broke, had been trailing the Opposition in the polls.

"6 months already, sir," Mike whistled. "And we are still no closer to finding out who leaked those documents to the press."

"You know as well as I that it was that old fuck, Declan Martin," the Prime Minister shot back, an expression of pure rage flashed across his face. "Had to stick his knife in the party right before he fled, like the coward we all know he is." Following the leadership spill that removed Declan Martin from office and elevated Christopher Wayne to Prime Minister, Declan resigned from Parliament and quit the party spectacularly, live on Detritus News. Nobody could have predicted the fallout, in which Declan himself actively campaigned in the byelection against the party's own candidate, and aided an Independent into Parliament instead.

The Prime Minister regained his focus once again, and the rage disappeared from his face, only to be replaced by a mischievous smirk. "But let's forget about that for a moment, shall we?" He

walked towards Mike, slowly and deliberately, and kissed him hard on the mouth. Mike resisted for a moment, out of shock, but knew his way around a negotiation like this. He kissed the Prime Minister back, feeling the scratchings of his stubble on his chin. Mike had been promoted from simple office staffer, whom Christopher Wayne would fuck occasionally, to his full-time paramour. Mike played his new role expertly, as a musician would play a fiddle. This would keep him in the Prime Minister's inner circle, away from speculation, until the day he knew he could strike.

Christopher worked his way around to Mike's neck, kissing him passionately, and working him over until he could feel Mike's erecting cock bulge within his pants. Mike felt no particular desire for the man they called 'Prime Minister', but he knew he would do whatever, or whoever, it took, to get the job done. He allowed himself to drift off into a dream world, as Christopher Wayne pushed him by the pelvis onto his desk, leaving Mike's buttocks leaning against the wooden ledge. Christopher released his buccal grip on Mike's mouth, and proceeded southwards, towards his netherregions. With a fumble, he undid the clasp of Mike's belt and undid the front of his pants, allowing his perfect, 10 inch cock to fly free. As he gaped his mouth open, readying himself to orally pleasure Mike above him, Mike immediately began to fantasise about his former lover, Chuck Armstrong, an American who fucked and loved Mike insatiably. Though Mike hadn't heard from him in nearly 6 months, he still longed for him, waiting for the day when he would come back, and fill Mike's ass with champagne once again. Instead, he had the next best thing – his imagination, which he put to good use while the Prime Minister fornicated him.

Mike could feel Christopher's tongue clumsily massaging his saliva into his knob, but remained determined to convince himself it was Chuck. Unfortunately for Mike, Christopher's techniques were not up to the standard he had become accustomed to with Chuck, and he was forced to resign himself to a lackluster affair. Still, Mike could make it worth his while, but that required some effort on his part. Christopher continued to relish himself on Mike's impressive cock, oblivious to Mike's fantasies about another man. Mike allowed a small spurt of pre-cum from his shaft, signaling to Christopher that he was ready for more. He released Mike's cock once more, with a smack of his lips.

"You know, Mike," he said. Kneeling on the floor before him, "I've never tasted anything as sweet as your youthful emissions." He looked deep into Mike's eyes, before yanking at Mike's pants, lowering them and tossing them aside, and exposing his legs completely from ankles to buttocks. Christopher stood up again, and allowed his own pants to fall away delicately. He leaned in and kissed Mike hard, again, pressing his cock into Mike's cock, so they stood upwards together, like twin towers, ready to destroy one another. He leaned in, and whispered into Mike's ear. "Tell me your darkest fantasy Mike! Tell me, and I'll do it for you – I'll do anything."

Mike was taken aback. The Prime Minister had never spoken to him like this before. He thought for a few moments, flipping through his mental catalogue of ideas, before finding one he knew Christopher would enjoy as well.

"I want you to take the bottle of Chardonnay in your bar fridge," he whispered back, "pour it over my body and asshole, and lick it off again." Mike could tell by the twitch of the Prime Minister's cock on his body that he enjoyed this idea as well.

"Anything for you, Mike," replied Christopher. "All I ask from you, in return, is your unwavering loyalty to me, your Head of State."

Even Mike knew that the Queen was the Head of State, but also knew that Christopher wasn't well versed in the Australian Constitution, which was evidenced from his, and his Government's many visits to the High Court. He wasn't prepared to correct Christopher, however, and felt inclined to let him believe his own fantasies and delusions of grandeur. Instead, without saying another word,

Mike unbuttoned his shirt, and cast it aside, allowing Christopher a full view of his muscled chest and abdomen, a result of his hard work and dedication in the gym 5 days a week. Mike could see in Christopher's eye, he wanted to lick chilled Chardonnay off every square inch of Mike's smooth, tanned skin.

"I'll be waiting," said Mike seductively, as he lay down on Christopher's desk, his cock raised in the air like a flagpole. He heard Christopher shuffling inside his bar fridge, and the sound of clanging glass only heightened his anticipation.

Without warning, Christopher rose from behind his desk again, a green bottle in his hand. "A 2006," he said, SEDUCTIVELY. "A gift from the Victorian Governor, I believe. He'll be furious if he found out what I was about to do with it." Christopher grinned, enjoying himself. He unscrewed the cap, and delicately poured a small amount onto Mike's chest. Mike flinched at the coldness of the wine, but allowed it to run down the valley between his abs, and pool in his navel.

"Is this what you wanted?" asked the Prime Minister earnestly, as he leaned over Mike, and licked the trail of chardonnay all the way down his abdomen, before slurping at the pool in his navel and reaching further with his mouth, to suck at Mike's cock once again.

Mike moaned slightly. "Yes, Prime Minister," he said, with a small gasp. "Yes, sir, that's perfect."

Christopher poured some more of the Victorian chardonnay onto Mike's hairless and perfectly chiseled body, before leaning over and licking it off again. He walked around the desk, and when in prime position, thrust his cock towards Mike's mouth, in an unmistakable request that he devour it while Christopher continued to slurp wine off Mike's body.

Mike felt as though he were about to go into overdrive, as the Prime Minister's cock reached for the back of his throat, and more chardonnay splashed over his chest. He was passive, as he usually was with Christopher Wayne, allowing him to thrust at his mouth, using him as a hole, and as a wineglass, for his own gain. He moaned a little, turning both himself and the Prime Minister on more and more, until Christopher pulled back and withdrew his cock from Mike's mouth. "Roll over," he commanded.

Mike did as he was told, rolling onto his stomach, pressing chardonnay and saliva into the polish on the Prime Minister's mahogany desk. He waited for a moment, in anticipation, before the familiar sensation of chardonnay being poured from a height splashed him at the top of his butt crack, and a runnel of pale liquid ran down, soaking his asshole, and collecting on his scrotum. Christopher Wayne, not wanting to waste a single drop of the precious wine, leaned in, and with his large, moist tongue, licked upwards from Mike's hairless ballsack, all the way up, over his anus, and to the point where he had poured the wine on. This exercise was repeated several times, until Christopher eventually stated licking Mike's succulent asshole, pouring the wine directly into his mouth, until it was all gone. As the last droplet hit his lips, Christopher stood up, and without warning, thrust his cock at Mike's asshole. Mike groaned slightly, but was happy to feel something other than wine, tongue and bristles all over his rear end. He moaned a little, sexually, indicating that he enjoyed the feeling of Christopher's cock in his ass.

But for Mike, he still played the fantasy of Chuck Armstrong in his head. He recalled the way Chuck's abs felt pressed into his back, holding him down as he fucked him mercilessly. Christopher Wayne did not possess the same sexual ability of Chuck Armstrong, although he was more skilled than many other men of his age. He fucked Mike like the subordinate he was, an employee, and today Mike's job was to be his personal sex toy. He slid his cock in and out of Mike's hole, going deeper and deeper, until Mike could feel the Prime Minister slamming his hips into his ass cheeks.

Drunk on wine and passion, the Prime Minister let out a primal war-cry, declaring war on Mike's internal organs. Mike could feel his orgasm rising, tingling all the way from his anus to his prostate and beyond.

"Uhhhh," gasped the Prime Minister above him, in a pre-orgasmic state. "Mike, I have something to tell you!" he gasped, as he shuddered with waves of orgasm flowing through his body, releasing the contents of his vas deferens into Mike's rectum. Without warning, Mike, too, climaxed, spraying his semen on the front of the Prime Minister's desk. He gasped for air for a few moments, as the last droplets of cum dripped from the tip of his penis onto the carpet below. He felt the sweat from the Prime Minister's body drip slowly down onto him, baptizing him.

The Prime Minister withdrew his diminishing erection from inside Mike's body. "I have something to tell you, Mike," he repeated. Mike sat up on the edge of the desk, patiently awaiting what Christopher had to say to him.

Christopher Wayne's face was flushed red with passion and fire, and an expression of excitement spread across his face. "Mike," he said, smiling, "today I will announce a Federal Election, and I want you to help me run my campaign." He waited patiently for Mike's response.

Mike had been waiting for this moment for the last 6 months. It was his time to strike. "Sir, that's a very kind offer, but..." Mike paused for dramatic effect. He could see Christopher's smile wane. "But I have decided to nominate myself as an Independent candidate."

The Prime Minister, still naked, flushed with rage. Mike could see the veins in his forehead threatening to burst and his blood pressure rose. His face flushed red, then violet. "You WHAT?" he screamed at Mike. "You are a TRAITOR! Get out of my office, I never want to see you in here again!" he screamed, before picking up a wooden chair, and throwing it at the fireplace, splintering it into a hundred pieces.

Mike gathered his clothes quickly, and ran for the door, still fully naked. He closed the door behind him, and heard the sounds of smashing glass coming from the other side. He noticed the Prime Minister's secretary, Deborah, was looking shocked at the sight of Mike's naked body, as well as the Prime Minister throwing a fit of rage within his office. "I wouldn't worry too much about him today, Deborah. He is in one of his moods again." And with that, Mike strode out into the halls of Parliament House, stark naked, ready to begin the next chapter of his life, as a candidate for the seat of Fairdinkum, which also happened to be the seat Christopher Wayne had held onto for almost 20 years.

## CHAPTER 2 – An Affair Remembered

Mike was fully dressed once more by the time he was home in his humble, Canberra apartment. He still found it hard to believe he had just, only half an hour ago, quit his job with the Prime Minister, with the intention of ousting him from his seat at the election. It was a task Mike knew would take all of his negotiating abilities and sexual skills to achieve, but he was certain, if anybody could do it, it was him. This had been a moment several months in the planning, and Mike had already been discretely laying the foundations that could see him rise from a simple political staffer, to a fully-fledged member and representative in the Parliament. But as skilled as he was in the art of deal-making, Mike needed to refresh his memory, and recall what he was up against in the battle for Fairdinkum.

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The political world is left reeling after Mike Laycock hands damaging information over to Poppy Salesman, a revered journalist, known for ending the careers of several politicians. The fallout of Mike's actions continues for several months, until Prime Minister Christopher Wayne calls an election. Sensing opportunity, Mike decides to run as a candidate in the very same electorate held by Mr Wayne. It will be a challenge that requires the use of Mike's brain, body, and penis, to achieve his goal.

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