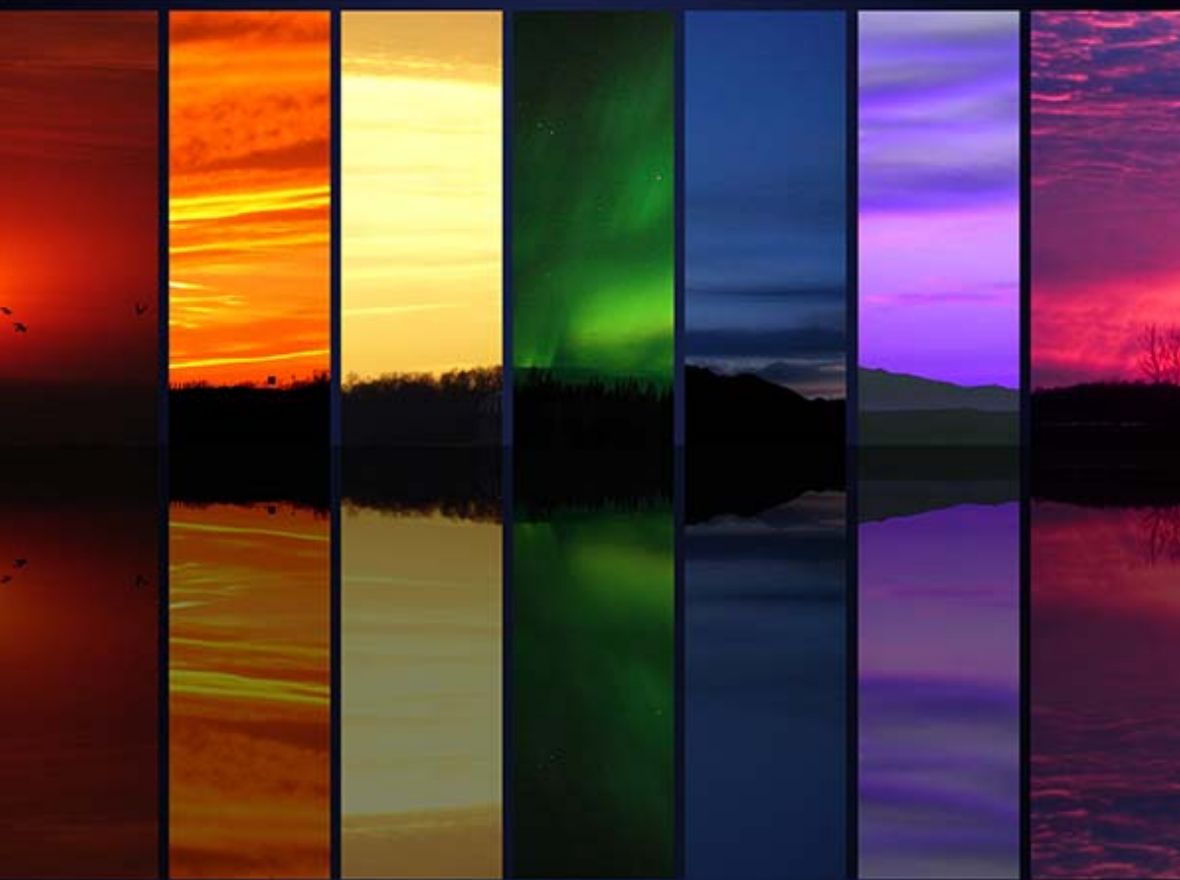


LOVE'S LANDSCAPES



Don't Read in the Closet 2014

THE NOVICE DOM

Clancy Nacht

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Love's Landscapes

An M/M Romance series

THE NOVICE DOM

By Clancy Nacht

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love's Landscapes* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a gift to you.

What Is Love's Landscapes?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what these authors do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love's Landscapes*.

No matter if you are a long-time devotee to M/M Romance, just new to the genre or fall somewhere in between, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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THE NOVICE DOM

By Clancy Nacht

Photo Description

Back of man on his knees holding his ankles

Story Letter

Dear Author,

This is Reuben but most people call him Ruby. He's my first real sub. I've been a sexually dominant guy my whole life (I'm only 26) but a friend introduced me to the leather/BDSM scene just a couple months ago and it was like coming home. I've had the privilege of training with a respected and experienced Dom I met at one of the local munches and he set me up with Ruby as soon as he thought I was ready to fly solo. Tonight is our first scene together. Ruby is a relatively new sub, but he's still more experienced than I am. I've been standing here entirely too long just admiring how damn beautiful he is. My hands are shaking and my breathing is too fast. I can't let him see any of that because no one trust a nervous Dom. Everyone has to start somewhere and I'm starting right now.

Please—no humiliation, no extreme BDSM (ie blood, urine, scat, etc.) and must have a happy ending.

Sincerely,

JM

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: BDSM, sex swing, rimming, HFN, flogging, new Dom

Word Count: 3,163

THE NOVICE DOM

By Clancy Nacht

Kneeling before me in the middle of my playroom is Reuben, Ruby as I'm told to call him.

I take in his medium-length brown hair, the milky whiteness of his skin. I flex my fingers, eager to touch, but I want to soak in this delicious moment. There will never be another first. I will never again feel this apprehension in the same way.

Though he is the one naked, on his knees in cuffs, he has an advantage over me. He has done this before. Me, I have done none of this. Not in this way, anyway. I've watched; I've been told. It's all there in my head.

But even before I met a Dom at a munch, I always felt the need to be in charge sexually. That part comes naturally. To make it official, to take it to a fantasy level, that's what I want to do, and I'm afraid—what if I don't have it in me?

Anyone can just walk into a room and beat on a guy until his dick is hard enough to stick it in. For me, I want an experience. For him, I want Ruby to feel the fantasy, to elevate it; I want him to know how treasured he is. I want to take him completely; I want to own him, at least for this time that we have together now.

The pressure is getting to me. I take a steadying sip of wine. The deep red slides around in my mouth as I work up my nerve to do what I want to him, what he wants me to. Another sip. It's enough to take the edge off my daily identity, the person too afraid to put himself on the line, to be vulnerable in the way that I need to be.

I circle my finger around his soft, pink nipple like I wanted to from the first moment I laid eyes on him. Justin was the main Dom that I spoke to. He had several submissives. He told me that I was lucky, that the entire area was full of submissives. This is the one he brought to me when he felt I was ready.

With the wine drained and glass cast aside, I pinch that soft bud. He trembles, head up, lips together, eyes closed. I move behind him; his shoulders

press against my thigh. The back of his head brushes against my naked cock, hairs tickling it.

I bend over, tracing down his chest. My fingers stop at his nipples again since he is so sensitive. A good squeeze gets him to jump. Rolling makes him moan. Then I pinch again, and he arches his back. He is so responsive, like a sports car.

He turns his head to the side like he wants to feel his prize. I rub my cock against his lips. He tongues it, presses kisses to the side, and whispers that it's beautiful. The compliment pleases me, and I grab him by his hair to turn him so he can suck me.

Ruby has to shuffle around on his knees so that he can face me. His arms move restlessly like he wants to hold my cock, but he does not have my approval for that, so he bobs his mouth over it, sucking and slurping. Those luscious lips part to allow me in, stretch around me, so beautiful. His cheeks hollow as I draw back, hair still in my hand, forcing him to take what I give him, but he is in heaven. His eyes flutter closed, and he relaxes his throat.

He is such a good boy, loves being used this way.

In fact, he is such a good boy, I have more that I want to do with him.

Deeper into the room I have a swing. It's blue, with silver chains that attach to a bland beige ceiling. I tried to make up for the industrial look with sumptuous silks and pillows that cover the hardwood floor. His eyes light up like it pleases him, and though my pulse is racing, I feel steadier knowing that this is what he wants.

Ruby crawls to the pillows and blankets and then lays in the swing. I strap him in with Velcro, easy to get him out of should he need a break. When I am more at ease, I want to try hemp rope or different types of fastenings, but the Velcro suits me for now. The set-up is a semi-suspension, and I hope that it is as much his fantasy as it is mine. If it isn't, I will have to find a way to make it enjoyable for him.

The way that he pulls against his bindings, lightly, more like he wants to make sure that they won't give, than trying to escape, I don't think I'll have to try very hard.

Once he is settled, I take a dull flogger from my rack of toys. I hit him lightly, starting on his legs, long, soft booms with a flogger that is more fabric than stick. A couple of thuds to the thighs, then I drag the trails of silk over his

body. He moans, but at times he looks like he is suppressing a giggle, leading me to believe that the touches are too light and just tickling.

I switch to my lightweight cat tool.

Ruby's body is amazing: all sinew and long, lean muscle. Alabaster skin with just a bit of freckling. What I noticed as I inventoried his body earlier is that he is free of marks. While he claims to love a hard beating, his skin is soft and unmarred. What he asked me for ran contrary to what he must have had in the past. Or maybe my idea of a hard beating is misaligned with his.

I hesitate.

Then I roll the tails in a circular pattern like a fan. The ragged edges redden his skin, some scraping, some slapping. I am careful to make his whole body flush, not just the fairly simple and safe places around his shoulders that I was keeping to. I get him in a few sensitive areas, like his sides and between his legs.

Like this, he is vulnerable: on his back, legs open, arms up, ass out at the edge of the swing, everything exposed and mine for the taking.

Time for the long, leather-tipped crop. I trace the edges up and down his inner thigh. I tease his balls with the soft loop and then slide it up his torso. There I have more fun, spanking his nipples, listening to his moans and the sound of the swing's chains as he writhes.

God, he is so beautiful.

While he enjoys being the center of attention, he is waiting on me. He is hoping, praying for me to take what I need from him. But I am happy watching him enjoy what I do to him.

Ruby handles the swats on his nipples with gasps and moans, so I increase the flick of my wrist to make crisscrosses over his chest. Satisfying pink stripes grow from the shock of the white as he squirms, tantalized by the sensations.

Dragging the crop down his abs and lower, I pat his balls very lightly then slide the stick along his shaft. Then I move outward to less sensitive parts. Snapping my wrist, I leave a welt on his inner thigh that should sting for a while, an incentive for him to keep his legs open for me.

Sliding the crop along his inner thigh, I soothe the area with the leather tip.

I set the crop aside and then settle between his legs. By now, his skin is flushed, his cock hard. Drops of precum ooze to his abs.

Tempting. But first, I need to eat his ass.

Ruby is a cute play on Reuben, I suppose, but now I think of this tiny ruby starfruit, clenched, and then opening as he feels my breath on it. I don't even have to tell him to open for me, which means that he's ready.

With one hand, I hold up his balls so that I can get in to his ass, so I can taste it. There's no hair, just a beautiful fresh bud, warmth, human, soap. He's prepared and that's good.

I dip my tongue inside of him. His opening closes around me as he moans. My finger slides in with my tongue as my thumb rubs his perineum, pressing, milking him. This close, I feel his cock rocking as I touch him deep inside. A second finger invades him while I flick my tongue around the opening.

He's squirming, begging for more. "Maddox. Maddox, please. I need more. More."

I kiss under his balls, keeping them out of the way, and both of my hands go after his hole. He wants to be stretched, wants to feel himself opening. Then I know he'll want it filled, and I want to fill it for him.

Two fingers on each side of his hole massage him, then pull, stretching him, not very wide, at first. The wrinkled skin gives to my touches until it goes white, then red. I massage the bottom of his hole with my thumbs, letting the skin flush, fill, to repair itself, to allow for that stretch that makes Ruby moan. His toes curl and flex in the swing. His heels try to gain purchase. He wants to pull his legs together, to wrap them around me, but he is restricted.

I roll my tongue inside the hole that my fingers have opened. I kiss the stretched skin, feel how hot it is. I gather lubricant, smear it over my fingers, and slide it all over the skin, around and inside. I can get six fingers in him and all he begs for is more.

He gazes down at me, eyes almost closed, but he shifts his hips as I sit up. He wants my cock so much that I think, if he wasn't restrained, he would jump on me. His stomach's a sticky mess from the milking.

His face is red, sweaty. He begs. "Maddox. Please."

I want him here in this low sling. I grab a condom and unroll it over my cock. Sure, we've been tested, but I promised myself that I'd always be safe. Plus, the condoms seem to make me last longer, and, as hot as Ruby is, I am going to need all the help I can get.

Removing the Velcro restraints from his legs, I let him wrap them around me. It creates an odd situation for him, because I am on my knees and he is still hanging by his arms. He is forced to come to me if he wants it as much as I think he does. I am barely out of reach, holding my cock up, waiting.

Ruby whimpers and it's a beautiful thing. It will cause some stress on his arms, but I am not going to make him do this long.

Wrapping his long legs around my strong torso, he is just close enough to get the tip of me inside of him without dislocating a shoulder.

I remain where I am, letting him stress and strain, getting fucked shallowly. Ruby's face is a portrait of frustration as he tries, to no avail, to force me to take him deeper. Oh if only there was someone to hear the whimpers and cries of desperation for my dick.

But I have to worry about the damage he might do to his joints, so I relent and move a few inches closer. Sure, he still has to strain to get to me, but fucking is easier now. I grab his hips, shift mine until I can hear him gasp and groan as I feed it to him.

By now, he is full of energy and need. He bounces hard, grinding. I let him drive, busying my hands instead with wrapping his cock. It is so purple and swollen, needy. My thighs pump, driving into him. He stares down at my hand around his cock then gazes into my eyes, like he knows that, right now, I have him. He is mine, completely. We kiss, just once.

His euphoria is contagious. His flushed face glitters in the low light as he throws his head back. Sweat dribbles down his pale chest, marked with red welts from the crop. They will be gone by morning, but what we are sharing is something we'll never forget.

His mouth opens wide as he shudders in perfect release. His cum is hot between us. The first few splatters land on my chest, but the rest dribbles onto Ruby's.

I grab Ruby by the back of the neck for another kiss. I move closer, relieving his arms. Holding his hips, I pump fiercely into him, gazing deeply into his eyes. This is us; this is special. I am not just some guy who likes to torture people, and he isn't just some guy who likes to be abused. We are this together. This is what we both need. We are weird puzzle pieces that never fit anyone, but this, us, right now. This fits.

The tension in my body comes from everywhere and nowhere at once, building up through my legs, down my arms, finding its center in my cock. It is deep, balls drawing up, body tense, and then the inevitable explosion of release.

It always feels like I black out for a while. I don't know where I am for that full, solid half-minute after I start to come and before I realize that my body has released its all.

Then I'm left a sweaty mess on top of Ruby in the swing, fuzzy about what I need to do next.

There aren't arms around me.

I look up, and Ruby looks similarly content but is pulling at his arm restraints because he wants to hold me.

All I can do is laugh as I pull away the Velcro.

The sling isn't built for two, so we sit on the floor on the silks and pillows. I don't want to say anything about myself. I would blurt out that he was my first, if he didn't already know. The last thing I can handle in this moment is a critique.

Ruby settles on the pillows and reaches for me. "Can we do this again? Soon?"

I smile as I wrap around him, feeling possessive in a way I never have before. I massage his shoulder, checking that he isn't sore. "Tomorrow good for you?"

Ruby closes his eyes, content at being cared for. "It's perfect."

The End

Author Bio

Award-winning, bestselling m/m author Clancy Nacht squeezes in writing amongst her web development day job, her husband, and her three feral rescue cats. Living in Austin, she indulges her love of indie music, photography, and constant influx of new faces a college town provides.

With a major in Journalism, she has written for newspapers and magazines but did not delve into professional writing until 2009. Since then she has been published by Loose Id and Dreamspinner Press.

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