

A close-up photograph of a person's torso and arms. They are wearing a white t-shirt. Their hands are cuffed behind their back with black wrist restraints. The lighting is bright, casting soft shadows. The text 'THE VIRGIN SUBMISSIVE' is overlaid in a black, outlined, monospace font in the upper center. The name 'Sleepyfur' is in the bottom right corner.

THE
VIRGIN
SUBMISSIVE

Sleepyfur

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Love is an Open Road

An M/M Romance series

THE VIRGIN SUBMISSIVE

By Sleepyfur

Introduction

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

What Is Love is an Open Road?

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 is an Open Road*.

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.

Each year, a dedicated group of Volunteers from the M/M Romance Group work hard behind the scenes to bring these stories to you. Our Editors, Formatters, Proofreaders, and those working on Quality Assurance, spend many long hours over a course of several months so that each Event is a success. As

each and every author also gives freely of their time and talent, it was decided that all edits suggested may be accepted or rejected by the author at any given time. For this reason, some stories will appear to be more tightly edited than others, depending on the choice of the author.

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 VIRGIN SUBMISSIVE

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Photo Description

A young man lies on a bed with his hands bound behind his back with rope while another man perches above him. The bound man's shirt lies open and his expression shows he is nervous and maybe slightly afraid. The man on top looks like the cat who got the cream and is clearly turned on and ready to do sinful things.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

It happened the third day of school. My new roommate turned to me and said, "I want you to kneel for me." He didn't ask, or joke, or explain. He just smiled like he knew exactly what would happen. And I... I obeyed, dropped down to my knees before I even thought about what I was doing. I'd never done anything like that before, for anyone. It didn't seem like such a big deal. It wasn't a big deal—at least it didn't have to be, did it? And maybe it wouldn't have been except I didn't understand why I obeyed.

I didn't understand that saying yes that first time meant that when he asked the next day that I take my shirt off, I wouldn't say no to that either.

Or the next day when he ordered me to lie still while he tied me to the bed...

Thank you,

Lilia

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: college, bondage, virgin, submissive, dominant, BDSM, first kiss, new adult, first time, twink, roommates

Word Count: 15,947

THE VIRGIN SUBMISSIVE

By Sleepyfur

Chapter 1

I couldn't take the wait any longer. Classes were due to start in the morning, and my roommate hadn't shown up yet. I'd arrived earlier that morning trembling with nerves at the thought of meeting him for the first time but thankfully had found our room empty. Since his belongings were already unpacked, I knew he was on campus somewhere, and the longer I waited for him to show up, the more nervous I became.

While I unpacked, I stole a quick look at some of his belongings hoping to find out more about him. A framed photo stood on his dresser. In it, a beautiful woman smiled at the camera while hugging four young boys all with blond curls, blue eyes, and cheeky grins. His desk held a laptop and a long row of books. Most of them were on psychology, but there were also a few fiction titles including my favourite, *The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time*. I didn't really mind who he was; he could be noisy, rude, unhygienic, crazy or all of the above, just as long as he wasn't a bully—especially an attractive bully. If I became hard every time he took his shirt off, it wouldn't be long before he realised what I was. Then the abuse would start, and I would run back home with my tail between my legs. I'd take crazy over that outcome any day. I couldn't let history repeat itself.

My desk clock told me it was nine p.m., but I couldn't fall asleep. I needed to know more about the guy I would be living with for the next year. A quick look in his wardrobe wouldn't hurt, right? It's not like I wouldn't see inside it eventually anyway.

My heart rate increased as I slipped out of bed and crept across the room, listening out for any noise from the hall. I pulled his wardrobe door open and got my first look at my roommate's clothes. Most of the items were black, including the leather pants hung up on the end, but what caught my attention most was the chest on the wardrobe floor. It had a padlock, but the key had been left inside just waiting for me to turn it. I hesitated for a few seconds and, to be honest, I was impressed I lasted that long. I knelt down, turned the key, carefully lifted the lid, and froze. An icy chill ran down my back as I processed what I was seeing. Swallowing down my nausea, I reached into the chest and carefully pulled out the first item. It was a large knife with a curved edge

clearly used for hunting or combat. I laid it to the side and continued with a pair of steel handcuffs, a bundle of rope, a blindfold, and a strange selection of dildos and vibrators. I was starting to freak out at this point because I was going to be sharing a room with the owner of these items, and as a short, skinny pacifist, I had no way of defending myself if my roommate should suddenly decide to try and murder me. I should have closed the chest and gone back to bed, but curiosity got the better of me, and I continued on. I couldn't figure out what the next item was. It looked like a vest made out of leather straps with two spiky clamps near the centre. I was just testing out the bite of them on my finger when I heard the door bang shut behind me.

“Anything in there you like?”

I wish I could say I acted calm and collected, but no. I let out a girly squeal and threw the vest at the intruder, which obviously did nothing except leave me staring at the most beautiful man I had ever seen. He was about six foot two with broad shoulders and well-defined arms. His blond curls fell around his ears, and a chiselled jaw framed deep blue eyes that stared back at me in a way that made me hot all over. He acted first, stretching out a hand, which I flinched at. Hey, he was built and had just caught me snooping in his chest of horrors, which he probably used to torture and murder people. “I’m Nate,” he said when I didn’t move. I finally got it together and grasped his hand, which swallowed mine in a delicious way.

“Alex. I’m really sorry for snooping in your stuff; I was just curious about you though I know that’s no excuse. I swear I won’t tell anyone about what I saw, so please don’t murder me.”

Nate let out a musical laugh and ruffled my hair. “No worries Alex, we are going to be sharing a room, so I would expect you to be curious.” He looked me up and down slowly before settling his eyes back on my face. “Actually I’d like to get to know you better as well. Maybe we can go grab a drink, and I can answer some of your questions.” The offer caught me off guard.

“What, now?” I hadn’t been out past ten o’clock in my life, but college was a time of new experiences.

“Yes, now. Unless it’s your bed time.” He said this as a joke, so I wasn’t going to tell him that he was right. Instead, I quickly got dressed in jeans and a plain tee while Nate watched. It was mostly the fear of being trapped in a tiny room with him that had made me agree, but I couldn’t deny the attraction I felt. The combination of his model looks, powerful presence, and hypnotic voice all made me want to follow him anywhere.

As we left the room, Nate put his hand on the small of my back, guiding me down the hall where he held the door open for me. I knew I was short and kind of skinny, but I was not girly, and I didn't want him treating me like one. He pointed his car out to me, so I rushed forward, covering the door handle with my body in the hopes he would get the message. However, he simply moved me to the side, unlocked the car door, and held it open for me with a grin that seemed to say, "I win". He got in on his side, and I let loose.

"You don't need to open doors for me. I have been doing it myself since I was four years old." Nate looked over at me like I was a petulant child.

"I'm taking care of you."

"Well, please stop."

He turned the key in the ignition. "No."

I gaped at him. Did he seriously just refuse me? By the time we reached the bar, I was fuming. I opened the door before he had even stopped the car and strode inside, taking a seat at the bar. The place was dimly lit and had a cool vibe to it, with pictures of music legends covering the walls, wacky light shades that hung low from the ceiling, and a small stage in the corner. It wasn't too busy, just a few groups of students dotted around and the cute bartender approaching me.

"What can I get you, sweetie?"

I balked at the title but ordered an orange juice and refused to look behind me where I knew Nate was standing and probably looking pissed off. Well, I wasn't interested in making friends anyway. Cute Bartender's face lit up with recognition when he spotted Nate and skipped back over, leaving my orange juice where it was—not in front of me.

"Hi, Nate, I didn't know you were in tonight." He was beaming, and I felt a sudden twist of jealousy but pushed it down immediately. Nate was not mine, and I didn't want him to be. *Yeah, keep telling yourself that. You're just scared that he will hate you like everyone else does.*

"It was kind of last minute; I'm just planning to chill with my new roomie, Alex."

The bartender looked me over with more interest. "Lucky roomie. What can I get you, Nate?"

"I'll just have a coke when you're ready, and I'm paying for whatever Alex wants as well."

“What the hell! I can buy my own damn drink!”

“Can’t you just say thank you?”

“No.” I knew I was being rude, but I was feeling overwhelmed at his attention, and my defences were up. I expected Nate to tell me to go to hell and leave me sitting there, but he just let out that musical laugh again, which was quickly becoming my favourite sound. He tried to ruffle my hair, but I ducked in time and gave him a leer.

“I like you, Alex. You remind me of a Chihuahua. You’re small and yappy but also incredibly cute.”

Whoa, what! Was this guy serious? Was I being Punk’d? I thought back to the chest and decided that he was just crazy, and maybe I should start being nice to him or he could tie me up while I slept.

Nate led me to a corner booth where it was quiet, and I got busy looking everywhere except at his perfect face.

“So, Alex, tell me about yourself.” He leant back with his hands behind his head, which made his muscles look tasty, and it took me a minute to remember I was supposed to be speaking.

“Not much to tell really.”

He just kept staring at me, waiting, so I decided to just get it over with.

“Fine, you want to hear my sob story? Here it is.” I braced myself for Nate’s friendly attitude to change, but at least I would know straight away whether he was going to be a problem for me or not. “My mother died when I was four. My dad works abroad a lot, so he left the job of raising me to my nanny. I didn’t mind because my best friend Ash was always there for me. Most of the time I stayed at his house where I was treated like part of the family. That was until we were fourteen, and I told him I was gay.” I looked up expecting to see disgust on Nate’s face, but he looked no different, so I carried on. “After that, he told me he didn’t want to be friends anymore. He also told other people, so eventually the whole school knew, and none of the boys would talk to me.”

I blinked back a sudden rise of tears, remembering the sting of the rejection. “On one of my dad’s irregular visits home, I asked him if I could be homeschooled. I showed him all the bruises I had gotten from the bullying, but he told me I had to stand up for myself because no one liked a coward.” I took a moment to get control of myself, and then Nate surprised me by stretching his hand out under the table to clasp mine. I looked up into his eyes, and he gave me a beautiful smile. Despite what I was feeling, I smiled back.

“I wanted my dad to be proud of me, so I stood up to the next guy who picked on me. I ended up in the hospital with a concussion and two broken ribs. My dad had to end his trip early to come and be with me, and he was so angry about it, but he found me a tutor, and I was homeschooled from then on.”

My last confession turned out to be the hardest one. “Since then my tutor’s been the only person I’ve had contact with outside of the house staff, until today.” I felt sick as I waited for Nate to say something, but I met his eyes like I didn’t care what he thought of me. I had expected ridicule or at least irritation that he got stuck with such a pathetic roommate, so I was surprised when he came around and wrapped me in his arms. I was tense at first, not used to people touching me—let alone young, hot guys who I might be crushing on—but I couldn’t hold out and soon relaxed into him, soaking up the warmth and safety his hard body made me feel.

“Don’t think everyone’s like that. You’ve had some bad luck, but you’ll be fine now. I’ll make sure of it.” He pushed me away gently, then went back to his seat. I was amazed at his words. I had been nothing but rude to him since we’d met, but he was being so nice.

“I’m gay too so don’t worry about me judging you.”

I gaped at him.

He continued, “No one ever gave me any trouble for it, but I think that’s because they were all scared of me. No one wanted to get on my bad side, so they all acted fake, telling me what they thought I wanted to hear. I didn’t really have any true friends, and since my mum worked full time, I had to stay home to take care of my younger brothers. I never went out unless it was with them, not even on weekends.”

“You love your family a lot.”

“Yes, they are everything to me. I want to get a good job, so I can support my mum like she has always done for us.” I wanted to ask about his father but didn’t want to risk ruining the mood.

“Do you have a boyfriend?”

He took a slow sip of his drink. “I’m not the boyfriend type.”

“Oh.” I hated myself for being disappointed. *He wouldn’t want you anyway.*

“It’s getting late; we’d better get going.” He offered me his hand, which I happily took, and we made our way out to the car.

We talked about happier topics on the ride back like music, film, and books. I was surprised at how much we had in common like both loving foreign films, especially Korean ones, and when I mentioned that Florence and the Machine was my favourite band, he pulled both albums from his glovebox. I put on *Lungs*, and we both sang along to “You’ve Got the Love”. His voice was deep but silky, and I stopped singing for a while so I could enjoy it. By the time we got back, I was feeling much better about having him for a roommate, even with the chest of horrors in his closet. We didn’t fight about the door situation again, but I still shot him nasty looks every time he waited for me to walk past him.

When we got back to our room, I took my shoes off, tucking them under the bed then sat and waited, hoping to watch Nate undress.

“So have you ever been ice skating?”

“I’ve always wanted to but...” *But I never had anyone to go with* was on the tip of my tongue, but I didn’t want him to think I felt sorry for myself. I had moaned enough about my life already.

Nate finally realised I wasn’t going to finish my sentence and continued. “Well, there’s an ice rink in town which I was planning to check out tomorrow night. You could come with me, and I could give you a lesson.”

“You want me to come?”

“I asked you, right?”

“You don’t have to feel sorry for me, Nate. I don’t need friends; I’m fine on my own.” I stood up with my back to him and stripped out of my clothes. When I turned around, he was right in front of me, and my breath caught as we locked gazes. He placed his hands on my shoulders and stepped into me. My heart beat fast in my chest as I wondered what he was going to do.

“I like you. I want to spend more time with you so stop being difficult and say you’ll come.” His close proximity was fogging up my brain, but my body felt extra sensitive, and I noticed things I hadn’t before—like how he smelt of cinnamon and how enticing his lips were.

“Fine. I’ll go with you.” Nate gave me a smile that made me catch my breath. He began to strip, displaying tight pecs and smooth abs. He was seriously gorgeous, and I had to turn away quickly before he noticed my hardness. I slid into bed and thought about tomorrow. I was still nervous about classes

and being around people again, but now that I had met Nate things didn't seem so bad.

Chapter 2

Despite my fears about being around people again, I got through my first day of college without issues. The professors gave talks on what we could expect to learn throughout the semester while I sat in the back corner, attempting not to be noticed. Since no one bothered me, I considered my strategy a success, however, I wondered how long this peace would last. Especially if anyone found out I was gay. I now realised how stupid I had been to open up to Nate about it yesterday. He could already have told others, making me a target. People might not want to mess with him, but I was sure they wouldn't hesitate to come after me. I would have to make sure Nate knew to keep it a secret. Hopefully, it wasn't too late.

When I got back to the room, I found a shirtless Nate spread out on his bed, one hand resting behind his head while the other held a textbook. My eyes trailed down his body, starting with his broad shoulders and ending at the open fly that displayed black briefs and the outline of the prize inside. My mouth reflexively watered as I eyed the bulge that seemed to be growing under my gaze, and I imagined walking over there and having a taste.

“Are you ready to go?” he asked.

I was having trouble finding my voice, so I just nodded then went back to drooling over him. My eyes remained fixed on his semi as he rose off the bed and stalked towards me.

“Anything down there you like?” The repetition of his first words to me broke my stupor. I jumped back, embarrassed that I had been so obvious. Nate came forward, placing a hand in my hair and gently pulling my head back until my eyes met his. “Do you know what you do to me when you look at me like that?” Nate moved closer, so his mouth was at my ear and his breath tickled my skin. “You make me want you. I would have you on your knees begging for my touch or maybe bent over my desk with your hands tied behind your back. You'd be completely under my control.”

He quickly let go of me as if burned, and if the door hadn't been behind me, I think I would have toppled over. His words had sent chills through me. I was excited by them but also afraid. I hadn't even been kissed before, and the thought of someone getting that close to me made me break out in a cold sweat. But what if that person was Nate? I didn't think I'd ever wanted anything more.

By the time we got into the car, I was practically bouncing with excitement. I knew this wasn't a date, but that didn't change the fact that Nate would be holding onto me the whole time, and I was going to love every second of it.

“Did you enjoy your first day?”

“It was fine, I guess. No one gave me any trouble, and I really like all my professors.” I thought back to my earlier worries and how to approach them. “Nate?”

“What's up?”

“You didn't tell anyone I was gay, did you? Not that you would want to talk about me with anyone, I just wanted to make sure you didn't because I don't want the wrong people to find out.” I held my breath, mostly to shut myself up but also nervous about his answer.

“I haven't told anyone. It's not for me to tell and after what you went through, I assumed you wouldn't want it widely known anyway.”

I let out the breath I'd been holding. “Thank you. I was kind of worried about it.”

Nate's brows furrowed and he took the next turn a bit harder than necessary.

“I don't want you worrying about anything. I told you yesterday, I'm going to take care of you.”

I bit back my usual response that I didn't need or want him to. I was starting to realise it wasn't true, and I was trying not to be bratty.

“Nate. I'm glad you're my roommate.” My eyes squeezed shut. What I said was true, but that didn't make it any less embarrassing to admit. I felt his hand on my thigh and immediately relaxed. I didn't have to be scared of Nate.

“Me too.”

I was smiling for the rest of the drive.

After Nate paid for our entry, we collected our skates from the booth and made our way to the benches. I was just trying to figure out how to tie my skates up when Nate bent down, pulled my laces tight and started tying them for me. I should have shouted at him for treating me like a child again, but I got distracted by the fact that Nate was on his knees in front of me with his head in line with my crotch. As my dick started to get hard, I put a hand out to push him away, but he caught it before it made contact and placed it back on my

thigh. I had no choice but to wait and hope he didn't notice what was happening beneath my coat. When Nate was finished with my laces, he sat down to tie his own while I tried to get rid of my semi with mental images of dead things.

“You ready?”

Opening my eyes, I gave him a nod and let him lead me to the ice.

It was awkward at first, learning how to keep my balance. As soon as my skates touched the ice, I started to slip and slide, but Nate kept a hold on me, making sure I stayed upright. He continued to hold onto me while I practiced; at first by holding my hands while he skated backwards, and then, when I felt more comfortable, he held onto my left hand while my right hovered near the barrier. I almost tripped up twice from paying too much attention to Nate and not enough to my feet, but soon I was gliding along beside him, and it felt so exhilarating. I started to notice Nate watching the more advanced skaters as they sped around performing spins and jumps, and I realised I was holding him back.

“I think I can get round by myself now so you can go ahead of me.”

Nate's forehead wrinkled. “Are you sure you'll be okay by yourself?”

“I really wanna watch you skate at your best. I bet you'll leave those posers over there eating your ice.” I nodded in the direction of the other professionals in the rink and watched as a wicked grin spread across Nate's face.

“I think you're right.” He spun round, skating slowly backwards. “I'll be right back.”

Spinning back around, he took off, building up speed then twisting as he launched himself into the air. I held my breath, not wanting to see him hurt, but he landed with precision and continued to weave round the rink. After watching him for a while, I slowly made my way around, at first staying close to the barrier, but as my confidence grew, my speed increased, and soon I was gliding along smoothly, loving the feel of the ice under my blades and the cool air against my face.

I was so enthralled I made the stupid decision to close my eyes, which meant I didn't notice the girl in front of me fall until it was too late. I realised the moment I saw her that I didn't know how to stop or make sharp turns which left me with two choices: fall backwards and hit ice or fall forwards and land on a little girl. I forced my weight backwards and braced for impact. Hard arms came around me, and I landed not on ice but on a warm body.

“Ouch.”

As I realised I had landed on Nate, and Nate’s ass had landed on ice, I tried to scramble up, forgetting momentarily that I had skates on, so I just ended up falling onto him again. A couple of guys stopped to help us up, and Nate pulled me over to the exit.

“I’m so sorry, Nate. Are you okay?” I knew it was a stupid question because I could see him grimace as he lowered himself onto one of the benches.

“Just a bruised tailbone, nothing to worry about.”

“You should have just let me fall, you idiot! Why do you have to treat me like you do? Do you not think I’m man enough to take a fall?”

Nate watched my rant with a flat expression then he was on his feet stalking towards me, and I knew I had pushed him too far. He had been kind to me, and I had been nothing but rude and ungrateful. Finally, he was going to hit me, and I would go back to being alone. I put my hands up to ward him off, but he just kept coming.

“I’m sorry Na—”

Lips came down on mine, and I froze only for a second before my body took over and my lips opened for him. His tongue found mine, and I let out a moan as they danced together. My hands grabbed at his locks, and he pulled me against him, leaving no space between us. I never wanted the moment to end. He was like the sun, burning up my body and lighting up my world. Too soon it was over. Nate stepped back and instead of the hunger that I knew was written across my face, he looked furious. His lips were pressed into a tight line, and his whole body seemed tensed.

“Let’s get our shoes and head back.” He didn’t wait for me to respond, just led the way and left me wondering what went wrong.

Nate was silent for the car ride back, and that only gave my anger space to grow. I knew I had nothing to be angry about and that I was just using it to mask my hurt, but I’d spent enough of my life feeling hurt and upset over people’s rejection. I wasn’t going to let it get to me anymore.

As he parked the car, I loudly broke the silence.

“Surely kissing me wasn’t that bad? I’m the one who should be sulking right now; you took my first kiss, you bastard!” I went to open my car door, so I could run away like the coward I was, but Nate saw what I was up to and

pressed the interior lock. I was trapped. I refused to look at him, but I could see his reflection in the window. His head leant against the headrest, and his eyes were closed.

“I’m sorry, Alex.” He sounded so tired I wanted to turn around and apologise, but pride stopped me. I saw him turn towards me, and I dropped my gaze. I felt tears in my eyes, so I closed them and tried to get myself together.

“Kissing you was amazing, and I want to kiss you more. I’ve known you one day, but I already feel close to you like I never have to anyone else.”

“So why are you angry?”

“Because I can’t have you. I want you, but I won’t ruin you, and that is guaranteed to happen if you’re with me.”

“What the hell does that mean?”

Nate went rigid and was silent for so long, I assumed he wasn’t going to answer, but after a while he let out a sigh and continued, “That chest isn’t for play, Alex; I don’t do relationships like everyone else. I need to have complete control in and out of bed. I need someone who will obey me in everything, and you need someone normal, especially for your first time.”

“But I don’t want normal. I want you.” I couldn’t believe what I had just let slip. “Let me out.”

“Alex—”

“Let me out!”

The click of the car locks sounded, and I didn’t hesitate. I jumped out and ran up to the dorms. I was so embarrassed. I had only just met Nate, and I was practically begging him to be with me. I undressed as fast as I could then buried myself under the covers of my bed. I listened to Nate come in and undress, wishing I was watching and then cursing myself for still wanting him after the rejection. It went quiet for a while, and I wondered if he was going to say something. Maybe he’d changed his mind and would get into bed with me. As I heard his footsteps getting closer, I didn’t move, but I was sure he could hear my heart beating in my chest. My quilt was peeled back, but I kept my eyes closed and my breathing even. I felt his breath on my head before his lips grazed my temple. The quilt fell back and I silently cried myself to sleep.

Chapter 3

The next morning, I was showered and dressed before Nate even woke up. I had no desire to talk to him after embarrassing myself the night before, so I made my way to the breakfast hall alone, planning to settle into a corner by myself and sulk. While waiting in line to pay for my breakfast and running through all the things I was afraid would happen to me throughout the day, one of those fears came to life with a tap on my shoulder. I did my best to remain calm as I turned around to see a tall, wiry Asian guy wearing a purple cashmere sweater and metallic skin-tight pants. He appeared the opposite of threatening, but his attention alone was enough to make me anxious, and I squelched the urge to run.

“Hi, I’m Rick. We have astronomy together.” He held out a hand, which I grasped automatically.

“Yeah, I remember seeing you. I’m Alex.”

“Nice to meet you, Alex. I’m sorry if I’m wrong, but I saw you reading one of the LGBT support group fliers yesterday and wanted to let you know about a party that’s going on tonight in Mitchell House.” Rick bounced on his heels, clearly excited about the prospect of alcohol and people behaving like idiots. “There will be a lot of LGBT freshmen there, so it’s a good chance to get to know everyone and maybe meet someone special.” He finished with a wink and a smile, which I could not return.

How could I have been stupid enough to get caught already? I had been amazed the college had a support group for LGBT students and had even considered attending a meeting, but quickly trashed the idea, too afraid to reveal myself. I didn’t consider that I could have been watched and what people would think.

Rick seemed to catch my worry and placed a comforting hand on my arm. “I don’t know what’s happened in your past, but I promise you are safe here. Most people don’t care, and those that do would never do anything about it because it would mean expulsion for them. Even name calling is seen as a punishable offence.”

A spark of hope ignited at his words, and he seemed to sense I was starting to break.

“If you still feel weird about coming out, there will be straight guys at the party too, so you could still attend without worrying.” His words had relaxed me a little, but I still didn’t want to take the risk. I hadn’t been to a party in five years, but I was pretty sure they involved socialising, and that scared me almost as much as being outed. I was planning to politely turn him down, but the thought of Nate stopped me. I remembered what he’d said to me the night before about having a “normal” first relationship. Maybe if I were a bit more experienced, he would decide to give us a chance. I knew deep down this was a stupid idea. Even if I were the Bruce Lee of sex, that didn’t change the fact that I was socially awkward with a bad attitude. Still, I couldn’t squash the hope that had begun to form.

“That sounds great; thanks for letting me know.”

He smiled widely. “Great! Do you wanna come sit with me? I’ll give you the details and tell you who to avoid.”

We sat together through breakfast, which should have been awkward except thankfully Rick didn’t stop talking the whole time. When it was time for our first classes, he quickly gave me his number so we could meet up and head to the party together. We said our goodbyes, and I wondered what I had just agreed to.

By the time I got back to the dorm room, I was on the verge of a panic attack. My mind was full of all the ways I could embarrass myself at the party, and I felt like texting Rick to cancel, however, every time I put my fingers on the keys, I thought of the amazing kiss with Nate, and it boosted my courage. As I walked in, I did my best to ignore Nate, who sat at his desk with his laptop, and went straight to my wardrobe to look for something decent to wear. “Where are you going?”

I looked round to find Nate staring at me. He was twirling a pen in between his lips, and I hated that pen for being where I wanted to be.

“There’s a party tonight at Mitchell House. A lot of gay guys are going to be there, so it will be a good opportunity to get some experience.” I didn’t say what experience I was planning to gain, hoping he’d realise and stop me from leaving, but he just turned back to his laptop, and I did my best not to look like a kicked puppy. I finally selected some black skinny jeans and a white sleeveless shirt then went to shower and change. When I was ready, I realised with frustration there was still a couple of hours until I had to meet Rick. I settled on my bed with my physics textbook, making sure to turn the page every

couple of minutes, so it would look like I was reading. In reality, I was trying to come up with conversation starters for tonight and attempting not to watch Nate. He had the sexiest look of concentration on his face. Every ten minutes or so he would stretch out on his chair, causing his shirt to ride up and reveal part of his cheese-grater abs.

At six, I finally stood up and gave a stretch of my own before grabbing my keys and heading for the door. I felt a hand grab my arm and smiled, thinking that Nate was really going to stop me from leaving, so he could give me the experiences I was craving to have with him.

“I want the number of the person you are going with, and when you’re ready to come back, you are going to call me, so I can come and collect you.”

My eyebrows seemed to dance as I processed his words. He could not be serious. I pulled my arm out of his grip and gave him the nastiest look I could muster.

“I don’t need you to walk me back, and I’m not going to give out someone’s number without their permission. Now leave me the fuck alone!” I turned around to storm out, but Nate somehow beat me to the door and stood in front of it, arms crossed.

“Give me the number or you’re not going.” I sputtered, seriously angry now. My first thought was to try and move him, but there was no way my noodle arms were going to shift him. I could pretend to give up then make a run for it when his guard was down, but I had a feeling he was too smart for that. After much deliberation, I gave in.

“Fine, but when I get back—by myself—you have to delete it.”

“Fine.” I gave him the number then went to leave, but he stopped me again with a hand on my shoulder while he called the number. My face burned, and I tried to grab the phone off of him, but he was too tall and put his hand in my hair, pulling firmly enough to keep me down but loosely enough that it wouldn’t hurt unless I struggled.

“Hi, is this Rick? Hi Rick, this is Alex’s roommate, Nate. I can’t make the party tonight, so I wanted to make sure someone is looking after Alex. Thanks, and if there are any problems or you lose sight of him please call me. Okay, thanks Rick. Have a good night.” Nate ended the call, letting my hair go. He stepped aside, settling back behind his desk. I seemed to be frozen to the spot. How dare he humiliate me like that? The tear that fell down my cheek shook

me out of my paralysis, and I walked out the door determined to find a guy and disappear for the night.

Rick seemed to think Nate calling him was “super cute” and asked me if he was hot. “If you like tall, sculpted blonds then I guess he’s hot.”

“Mmm, he sounds yummy. Is he single?”

“No.” I thought of telling Rick about Nate’s non-existent girlfriend back home but decided that was going a little too far. There was no need to worry though because I soon found out that Rick was obsessed with a guy at the party called Adam. Adam was a football player, and you could definitely tell. He fit the bill of tall, dark, and handsome perfectly, and I was glad to see he seemed to like Rick in return. As soon as we stepped through the door, Adam was upon us with vodka and Cokes. He gave Rick a one-armed hug, his hand stroking Rick’s ass a few times before they broke apart, and he turned his attention to me.

“You must be Alex. I’m glad you could make it.” I got a hug too but thankfully, Adam’s hand stayed at my back. I listened to them flirt back and forth for a while but soon felt like too much of a third wheel, so I topped up my vodka and Coke and stood in a corner of the room, watching everyone else having fun. There were around fifty people in the room. Some were dancing to the pounding beat, while others played drinking games that I’d seen in movies but didn’t know the names of. I had thought I would pick someone to flirt with, but now I was actually here, I felt too shy to make the first move, and no one seemed that interested in me. Just when I was planning to give up and walk back to the dorms, I noticed a guy heading in my direction with two cups in hand. He had a plain face, but his broad shoulders and charming smile made up for that. I was seriously surprised when he stopped and offered one of the cups to me. “Hi. I hope I’m not bothering you?”

“I... no.” I took a mouthful of the drink to buy myself time and get my nerves under control. That proved to be a mistake because I choked and had a coughing fit right in front of him.

“Careful, that cocktail is lethal.” He wasn’t kidding.

“What the hell is in that?”

“It’s my own creation. I call it Liquid Morphine.”

“I can see why.”

He offered his hand to me. “I’m Daniel by the way.”

“I’m Alex.” We awkwardly shook hands while I tried to remember any of my conversation starters from earlier, but I was drawing a blank.

“Please don’t tell me you have a boyfriend.” I thought of Nate and took a big gulp of my Liquid Morphine.

“No. I don’t.”

“Wow, who is he?”

“I said I don’t have one.”

“Yeah, but I can tell by the look on your face that you have someone you really want.”

“Well, maybe I want someone to make me forget about that person.” I immediately regretted my statement. I didn’t want to forget Nate, and I definitely didn’t want anyone else. This whole night had been a stupid idea. It didn’t matter that I couldn’t have him as my boyfriend or that he treated me like—kind of like—I was precious. He wanted to be my friend; he enjoyed spending time with me. That was enough. I needed to go back to him.

“Well, if you want I could help you with that.” I came back to the moment, but before I could stop him, he stepped in close, putting his hands on my face and kissing me softly. I expected to feel flushed and turned on like I had yesterday with Nate, but I felt no different. Daniel pushed further into me and started to stroke my dick over my jeans, which made me feel something, but it wasn’t pleasure. I began to feel sick, and my chest felt like it was being crushed under some invisible weight that got heavier with each touch. I had to get out of there, but when I pushed at his chest, he didn’t budge. My breathing hiked up, and I knew I was moments away from a panic attack.

“Daniel, let me go.”

The hazy look in his eyes cleared and was replaced with worry. “Are you okay? Did I do something wrong?” I hated the concern I saw in his eyes.

“You didn’t do anything wrong. It just doesn’t feel right.”

“Oh, okay. Do you want to just sit and talk then?” I couldn’t believe how nice he was being about my rejection, and I wished that kissing him had felt good, but the pain in my chest was growing, and I just wanted to get away.

“Actually I’m gonna head back but maybe some other time.” I was already walking away, and by the time I was out of the building, I was running.

I didn't have a destination in mind, but I ended up on the library steps, hugging my legs to my body while I muffled my sobs with my knees. It was all too much. All the new experiences I'd had in the last couple of days were now hitting me hard, and I needed to hide away somewhere safe from the eyes of the world. Normally my safe place was my bedroom back home, but in the three days I'd known him, somehow Nate had replaced it as my sanctuary. He made me feel safe, he made me feel normal, but strangest of all he made me feel cared for, something I hadn't felt since Ash's rejection. This was why I was sat on these steps and not in my dorm room. If I let myself get close to Nate and at some point he rejected me, I wouldn't recover a second time.

I heard someone coming up the steps and hoped that if I ignored them, they would just carry on, but they stopped right in front of me. An arm came under my legs while another curled around my back, and then I was lifted and placed against a hard chest. I caught my breath, and as I did, I took in the familiar scent of soap and cinnamon. I looked up into blue eyes full of concern and wrapped my arms around him, sobbing into his shoulder.

"I'm sorry." I didn't know what I was apologising for, but when his arms grew tighter around me, I immediately relaxed. He somehow managed to carry me all the way to our room without putting me down, but as soon as we were inside, he placed me on my feet and pushed me up against the door. A hand came up to rest in my hair while the other tilted my chin up, so I had no choice but to meet his eyes. Everything that we felt passed between us in that moment. His lips came down on mine hard as he placed a hand on my ass, pulling me tight against him as if he couldn't bear an inch of separation. My hands fisted his shirt as he started to move against me, providing much-needed friction to my eager length. My head fell back in pleasure, my breaths coming heavy and fast. Nate's mouth made its way to my neck where he kissed, sucked, and licked until I was mad with need. I began to move against him. I could feel his erection rubbing against my own and was struck with the sudden desire to touch it. Dropping my arms, I fumbled with the buttons of his jeans. He broke away with a grunt of frustration and took a deep breath before stroking my cheek and placing a kiss onto my nose.

"Why are we stopping?" The mix of lust and alcohol had my mind muddled, but I knew I wanted to continue touching him.

"It's late, and you've been drinking." His words indicated we were done, but his fingers swiftly undoing the buttons of my shirt said differently.

“I want you to make love to me, Nate.” He slid my shirt off then went to work on my jeans, not giving any physical reaction to my words. When my jeans were off, he led me to my bed. Pulling back the covers, he waited for me to lie down before tucking me in.

“Aren’t we going to have sex?” My dick was still painfully hard which made my tone sharper than I intended.

“Not tonight, Pet, but soon.” He kissed my forehead then knelt beside my bed, softly stroking my hair. “Go to sleep, Pet.” And I did.

Chapter 4

Looking around in confusion, I took in my surroundings. I sat on the ice rink benches while Nate knelt in front of me, except this time he wasn't tying laces. He unzipped my jeans, pulled out my dick, and licked his lips before swallowing me whole. I closed my eyes and let out a long moan as his head bobbed up and down, taking me to the hilt then pulling back to swirl his tongue around the head. My orgasm came upon me fast; I shouted Nate's name as my balls drew up. Everything faded away until I felt the mattress beneath me, but it was too late. I fisted my sheets and jerked my hips as I came fast and hard in my boxers. I floated down from the ceiling back into my body, marvelling at how hard I had cum from a dream, and then the fear set in. What if Nate had heard me? Did I call his name in my sleep?

I opened one eye, afraid of what I might find. Oh, please no. Nate was standing over me with that stupid smirk.

“Good dream?”

Oh, kill me now. I jumped out of bed, grabbed my wash kit, and ran to the showers, hoping Nate would be gone by the time I returned. I couldn't be more embarrassed than I was at that moment, and that was without the memories of last night: crying all over his shoulder as he carried me in his arms, then getting rejected after asking him to “make love to me.” *Make love to me?* Had I turned into Meg Ryan? My skin turned red as I scrubbed harder. How could I face Nate ever again?

I hid out in the bathroom like the coward I was until I was sure Nate had left for breakfast. Alone in our room, I relaxed until I found a written note he'd left on my desk. *Be back here by seven this evening.* No reason why, no nice sentiments, just another order. I remembered him calling me “Pet” the night before, but I wasn't his pet, and I couldn't let him continue to order me around or to treat me like his property anymore. I scrunched up the note, chucked it in the bin, and headed out the door.

After my last class, I headed straight to the library, planning to study until closing at nine. My nerves made it difficult to achieve much; I glanced at the clock every five minutes, growing more anxious the closer it came to seven. It wasn't just the fear of what Nate might do to me—I hadn't forgotten that he kept knives and ropes in his closet—but I was also scared of disappointing him.

I felt a growing need to please him, which made me mad as hell. I had trained myself not to care what people thought of me, not to want their approval or their love, because I would only end up getting hurt. Even so, Nate with his unbreakable calm and his caring nature had broken me down and made me crave things I couldn't have. I watched the clock as it struck seven and started to panic. I was already late. I had made my point but how much of a point would I make? I managed six more minutes before packing up my books and doing my best not to run to the dorms. It was eighteen minutes past seven when I reached our door. I took a breath before walking in and falling onto my bed, doing my best to appear nonchalant. I refused to look over at Nate sitting at his desk, but I could feel his gaze on me, and my cheeks started to burn. I watched out the corner of my eye as he slid off his chair and crossed the room to stand beside my bed. I audibly swallowed, my heart pumping loudly in my chest.

“Did you see my note?” Nate towered over me, arms crossed.

“Yes. Did you need me for something? Tutoring maybe?” I knew I was poking the tiger, but I couldn't seem to help myself.

“So... you know I asked you to be here at seven, but you came in at eighteen minutes past. You wasted eighteen minutes of my time, but worst of all, you didn't do as you were told.”

I gave him my best death glare.

“I'll do whatever I want. You can't boss me around.” I had intended to shout, but it came out in almost a whisper. Nate's eyes narrowed, and I backed up on the bed as far as I could move. I was afraid but also excited. I had a vision of Nate grabbing hold of me, tossing me onto his bed, pushing me down, and kissing me senseless.

My jeans became tighter, and Nate definitely noticed. He gave a wicked smile, and then with a tone that begged no argument, he gave the command that started everything.

“Kneel.”

He clicked his fingers while pointing to the ground, and I didn't even hesitate. I dropped down to my knees right there at his feet and let the rightness of it wash over me. I didn't understand why I obeyed him or why doing so caused my heart to beat faster and my skin to tingle in anticipation. All I knew was that I needed more. His hand came down to caress my cheek. “You are so perfect for me.”

My tears came out of nowhere, and Nate bent down to wipe them away with his thumbs. He pressed his lips lightly against mine before he pulled away and gave me a hard stare. “You are mine. Say it.”

I gazed into the blue depths of his eyes and knew I wanted to be his no matter what. All the walls I had built to protect myself fell away, leaving me open, vulnerable, and finally able to admit all I wanted. All I had wanted, since the moment we met, was Nate.

“I’m yours.” I started to shake uncontrollably. Nate let out an audible breath before circling me.

“You made me wait eighteen minutes so now, I’m going to do the same to you.” He stopped in front of me and resumed his stance. “Take out your cock.”

My head snapped up, sure I had misheard him. “W... what?”

“Take your dick out of your pants.” I didn’t know what to expect but found myself obeying anyway. My hands moved to the buttons on my pants, and I fumbled a couple of times before finally popping them open. I reached into my boxers and pulled out my swollen dick, holding it in my hand firmly. No one had ever seen my dick before, and I wondered if Nate thought it was too small. When I glanced up, I saw only desire. “You are going to hold on to your cock for the next eighteen minutes. You will not move your hand. If you cum before the eighteen minutes are up, you will be punished.”

My lips parted, and I began to pant. I wanted to stand up and take what I needed from him; the fact that I couldn’t made me even more aroused. Nate knelt behind me and slid his hands up my shirt while sucking at the sweet spot on my neck. His thumbs brushed my nipples, making me jerk. “So sensitive to my touch.” He rolled my nipples between his thumb and forefinger before giving them a hard pinch. The sensations travelled down to my cock, causing me to thrust into my hand and a drop of pre-cum to rise to the tip. Nate captured it on his finger before bringing it to his mouth and sucking.

“You taste so good, Alex. I can’t wait to suck your orgasm from you.” An image of Nate with his lips around my cock assaulted me, and I had to tighten the grip on my dick to stop from erupting all over myself. Nate released my body then returned to stand in front of me. He undid his pants and pushed them down, revealing his hard cock to me for the first time. It was beautiful like the rest of him, long and thick with a mushroom tip and prominent veins. My mouth watered as I stared. He began to stroke himself slowly, giving me the

perfect view of the best show on campus. I tensed my whole body, determined not to cum until I was told I could, but I was so close. “You want this don’t you, Pet?”

“Yes.”

“Yes, what?” At first the question confused me, and I had to drag my eyes away from him in order for my brain to work.

“Yes, please?” Nate’s eyes softened, and he gave me a boyish smile that made him look more innocent than he had a right to.

“You must address me as Sir.”

“Yes, Sir.”

He bit his bottom lip as his strokes grew faster, and I knew he was close too. I admired the way his muscles looked as he tensed; he was ready to blow his load. His eyes never left me as he came with a masculine grunt. I ached to touch him.

“Nate. Please?”

He knelt in front of me. “Remove your hand.”

I did as he asked, and he replaced it with his own. Catching my mouth in a brutal kiss, he stroked me to completion. I moaned into his mouth and thrust my hips as I came harder than ever before.

“Good boy.”

I leaned into Nate as I caught my breath, needing something but not knowing what. He lifted me from the floor and sat on his bed with me across his lap, and he held me tightly as I came down from my orgasm.

“Do you want to watch a movie?”

I laughed at the question. My world had just been blown up in more ways than one, yet Nate seemed completely unaffected.

“Sure.” I stood and changed into my joggers while Nate chose a DVD. After deliberating, I chose to sit on my own bed, unsure if Nate wanted some space, but he simply dragged me back over to his bed where I cuddled into him. He had chosen some eighties horror movie, but I didn’t pay it any attention; I just enjoyed being held and digested what had just happened. My mood fell fast as I realised why giving Nate what he’d wanted was so terrible a thing to do. It may have felt good, but I quickly decided it couldn’t happen again.

Nate tensed beside me, sensing what was happening in my head. The hand that rested on my hip held tight as if scared I would move away.

“Please tell me you’re okay.”

I was sure I would never be okay again.

“You don’t know what you’ve done.” I thought of how to explain my feelings to him. “I have always been a weak person. Coming to college wasn’t just about getting a degree; it was about becoming strong and learning how to be independent. I can’t do that and also give you what you want.”

Nate’s thumb rubbed circles around my hip as he digested my words.

“You’re not weak, Alex. You’re more sensitive than the average person, but that also means you’re more loving and more honest.”

“How is being sensitive not a weakness? I became so afraid of people that I hid away in my house for three years.” Nate let out a sigh, and I hoped he’d finally understood.

“What do you plan to do after you leave college?” He’s bringing this up now?

“I want to become a paramedic.”

“Why?”

“Because I want to help save lives.”

“See, you have a big heart, and the bigger the heart the more it’s vulnerable to attack. The more pain it experiences, the more fear it can hold onto. But to the people you save, do you think it will be seen as a weakness?”

“No.” What Nate said made sense, but I could see a big flaw. “What do you plan to do after college?”

“I want to be a child psychologist.”

“That’s because you want to save people too right, so how come you’re not afraid?”

“What makes you think I’m not?” I raised an eyebrow. I couldn’t imagine Nate ever losing his cool. “When my dad left it destroyed me. I wanted to cry and sulk and rage, but I had a pregnant, heartbroken mother and three confused younger brothers who all needed me. I learnt to internalise my emotions, but that doesn’t mean I don’t feel them.” I thought about the photo on his dresser, and how happy they’d all seemed.

“I would like to meet your family.”

“You will. I swear to you, Alex. All I want to do is take care of you and bring you pleasure like you’ve never imagined. All you have to do is let me. I know it’s hard to trust anyone after what happened to you. You push people away because you’re scared of getting hurt again, but deep down all you want is to be loved, to have someone accept you. You want a home. I can be your home, Alex. I want to be, but in return you have to give yourself to me completely. I can’t accept anything less.”

I couldn’t respond. I needed time to figure things out, and Nate must have known that because he also stayed silent. After the movie, I was ready to pass out. Nate undressed me first then himself, leaving us in our boxers, then pulled me back into his bed where I spent a restful night’s sleep in his arms.

Chapter 5

As soon as I woke, I knew it was going to be the best day of my life. I snuggled in tighter to a hard chest, and then, seeing a dusky nipple, I gave it a tentative lick.

“You’re asking for a spanking.”

I gave a girly giggle followed by a squeal as Nate flipped me onto my back. Knees held down my arms as he tickled me without mercy, causing me to burst into laughter.

“Nate... stop.” I thrashed about, trying to get some relief, but it was clear that I could do nothing against Nate’s strength, unless...

“Nate, I really need to pee.” After a toe-curling kiss, he moved off me and stretched out wide, leaving him open for attack. I pounced, throwing my whole body weight into him then biting down hard on his nipple.

“Fuck!”

I didn’t waste a second before running at top speed to the door and down the hall to the bathrooms. Nate’s heavy footsteps grew closer, and I had to fight the urge to scream. I reached a bathroom and locked the door just as Nate hit it. I was safe for now, but I’d forgotten in my need for safety that I would have to leave the same way I’d come. I needed a plan, but Nate dragging his nails down the door was as distracting as it was terrifying. Eventually, I realised I had no choice but to apologise and hope for the best.

“Nate?” No answer. “I’m really sorry I bit you.” He couldn’t see the crossed fingers at my side. “I’m coming out.” I turned the knob. Blood pounded in my ears. The sight of him standing in his boxers, arms crossed and smirk in place, made my heart melt. One moment I was walking and the next he hoisted me into the air and placed me over his shoulder. ‘

“Nate, I’m sorry, please!” I begged all the way down the hall and all the way back up after Nate had grabbed our wash kits.

The communal showers consisted of a row of ten stalls with curtain doors. Opposite stood a counter with five sinks and a mirrored wall. The boys we passed gave us curious looks, and a few looked worried for me, but nobody said anything, even when Nate took us into the furthest stall and shut the curtain.

“Kneel.”

I shot straight down, not wanting to annoy him further. His boxers fell to the floor, and he began to wash himself. I had a suspicion that he put on a show for me, especially when he soaped up his dick. I began to slowly stroke my own.

“No.”

I stopped stroking and gave him a look of desperation as I realised what he was doing.

“Stand up, Pet. Let me wash you.” I did as he asked, resting against him as he massaged my body top to bottom, drawing light moans from me and making my legs tremble.

“Nate, please.” I sobbed because I knew it was useless. This was my punishment. He had touched me everywhere except the place I needed it most. We dried off, and I endured an embarrassing walk back to the room in my tented towel. As soon as our door shut, I threw down my towel and stomped around the room while getting dressed. I refused to look at Nate who I was sure found my frustration amusing. Finally ready to leave, I made my way to the door, but a throat clearing behind me made me pause. I turned and stood, arms crossed, waiting for whatever he had to say.

“Don’t I get a goodbye kiss?”

I did my best not to smile, but it was no use. I practically leapt into his arms and kissed him with all I had. He froze, at first probably having expected the finger and a door in his face, but I wanted to win the battle. I also just wanted to kiss him. I distracted him by licking his lips as my hands stroked his chest, looking for their targets.

“Don’t you dare.” I froze, thinking. I knew I shouldn’t, but I’d always needed to have the last word. I pinched. He threw me to the floor. I arrived to class ten minutes late and finally satisfied.

As I went through my day, I noticed I held my head higher, walked slower, and even smiled at people. I felt happy for the first time in years, but as I walked back to the dorms, I knew Nate and I had to have a serious talk. I did want him despite his need to dominate, and if I was honest maybe slightly because of it, but I felt ashamed of going to my knees for him. No matter how great a guy is, you should never give up your will for them or kneel for them like some servant. Logically I knew this, however I couldn’t deny how it turned me on to be on my knees for Nate, and how good it felt to know that I had pleased him. Still, I couldn’t continue with that kind of behaviour. I would have

to let him know that I wouldn't blindly do whatever he told me, and hopefully, he liked me enough to accept that. I reached our building, and my stomach started to flutter. Did he plan to make love to me tonight? Was I even ready for that yet? Something deep down inside of me called out the answer.

Seeing Nate was still in class, I took a shower, making sure to get extra clean. I spent more time than usual styling my dark waves and used up half a can of deodorant. When I came back to find him still out, I was disappointed and seriously horny but didn't want to cum without Nate. I decided to distract myself with reading, but when I lost count of how many times I'd read the same passage, I gave up and decided to research gay sex just in case. I had watched porn before, but I wanted written instructions on the best ways to please Nate.

The hours ticked by and with each one my paranoia created a new explanation for his absence. Seven, he's out with friends and didn't invite me because he's embarrassed of me. Eight, he's met someone else. Nine, he's fucking someone else. Ten, what if he's hurt or dead?

Nate walked through the door at eleven thirty. I ran into his chest and wrapped my arms around him tight. He let out a soft laugh, wrapping me up in a tight embrace and rested his chin on my head. "Did you miss me, Pet?"

I took a minute to drink in how great his arms felt before I backed up and began to rant. "Where have you been and don't bother lying, I knew you had to be a bastard just like the rest of them how dare y—" My words were cut off as Nate filled my mouth with his tongue, and I resisted for only a second before giving into it, wrapping my arms around his neck to hold him there. His hands came under my ass, and my legs wrapped around him as he lifted me. Our hard lengths came into contact, making me moan in pleasure.

"I had a paper I needed to write, and I knew I wouldn't be able to get anything done with my sexy pet around, so I went to work with some classmates." I reddened. "Were you jealous thinking about me with someone else?"

"No." *Liar.* "I was worried something might have happened to you."

"Why didn't you just call me?"

I turned away quickly but he saw right through me.

"You forgot you could, didn't you?" He smothered his laugh with a cough.

"Maybe I didn't want to interrupt you while you were with another guy."

He dropped me and walked to his closet. “If we are going to do this, you need to know that you can trust me completely.” Nate reached into the chest, and I wondered if I was ready for whatever he had planned. My whole body unclenched when I saw the blindfold in his hands. He turned me around then gently but firmly tied it across my eyes, blacking out my vision and leaving me immediately unsettled.

“Nate?”

“Turn around.” I turned, already having no idea where I stood. “Walk forward three steps.” I hesitantly took the steps, trusting Nate not to let me get hurt. “Turn left... Now come to me.”

I took a last step forward, reaching out my arms and letting out a shaky laugh as I connected with him. “Take off your shirt.” His commanding tone should have been a reminder of my ultimatum, but once again, I couldn’t resist him. I obeyed, almost ripping buttons off in my haste to get things started. “Good, now come sit on the bed.” I heard Nate rise and the rustle of a bag. My heartbeat quickened, but I knew I could trust Nate, so I patiently waited. “Open your mouth.” I did so and relaxed when I tasted the sweet pineapple. I took a bite, making juice run down my chin and onto my chest. His tongue followed the trail back up to my lips as I swallowed. “Is that good?”

“Yes, Sir.” I heard more rustling.

“Open.” I tasted cream then the sweetness of strawberry. Nate kept feeding me bites of fruit including grapes, melon, and berries. We shared slow kisses in between bites that felt more romantic and intimate than the ones we’d shared before. I couldn’t believe something as simple as eating could be so erotic. Each bite tasted sweeter than the last until I started to moan at every taste and sucked the juice from Nate’s fingers before they drew back. “Lay down, Pet. It’s my turn to feast.”

I lay on my back, enjoying the slide of the soft sheets against my skin. Something cold ran down my chest followed by a hot tongue. My back arched, and my cock begged for release.

“You have never felt a mouth on you, have you, Pet?”

“No.”

“No, what?”

“No, Sir.”

“That’s better. Would you like to feel a mouth on you now, Pet?” *More than anything.*

“Yes, Sir.”

“Where would you like to feel my mouth?”

“On... on my cock.”

“Mmm, well that’s a good start. Come here, Pet.” He dripped something onto my eager shaft before his mouth swallowed me whole.

“Ah.” I cried out at the shocking pleasure of it. My hands came down to grab his hair while he bobbed up and down, bringing me closer to orgasm with each lick and suck.

“I’m going to cum.”

Nate stopped, removed the blindfold, and looked up at me. “You don’t cum until I tell you to. Now, would you like to suck my cock?”

I nodded, eager to taste him, learn him, and pleasure him as best as I could. He stood and stripped out of his clothes, giving me a view of the most perfect body I had ever seen. I wondered how I had gotten so lucky, I must be dreaming. There was no way a guy like this could want me. I became shy all of a sudden and tried to cover myself up, but he pulled my arms away. “What are you doing, Pet?”

“Why would you want me when you look like that, and I look like this?” I gestured to my slim, pale body and tried to pull away, but he held tight.

“Look at me, Alex.” The use of my name shocked me into obeying. “I think you are perfect. No one has ever turned me on as much as you.” He dragged my hand down and placed it on his hard shaft. I gripped it and heard him gasp as I slowly started to pump, marvelling in the feel of another man’s cock for the first time. I dragged my eyes away to look into Nate’s, and I couldn’t doubt how much he wanted me. I pushed forward and tentatively brought my lips to his. His hands let go of my arms and landed on my hips. I licked his bottom lip then gave it a teasing nip. He hissed. His fingertips dug into me, and before I could protest, he flipped me so my face was perched over his leaking cock while my legs were spread above his head, giving him access to all my most private places. I immediately swallowed Nate’s cock, pushing down to the hilt then choking and pulling back. “Easy, Pet. You don’t have to take it all, at least not yet.”

Recovering from my embarrassment, I started again, this time just taking in the head and licking back and forth over the slit, enjoying the strong taste. I started to bob, slowly learning my limits.

“That’s it, good boy.”

My heart leapt at the praise, and I started to bob faster. A tongue on my hole brought my head up. “What are you doing?” It felt so good I started to rock myself back and forth onto Nate’s tongue.

Thwack!

“Stay still.” Nate waited until my mouth was back around his cock before slowly pushing a finger into me. I moaned over his cock, doing my best to hold still. Nate placed another finger into me and used them to press on something that sent a wave of pleasure all the way up my spine.

“Ah, Nate, please!” He continued to move his fingers in and out, hitting that sweet spot every time while I furiously sucked him faster. Finally, he grabbed my cock and began to pump. Seconds later I was cumming, shooting ropes of seed between us. I never stopped sucking him, though, and it wasn’t long before he was shooting down my throat as I swallowed every drop. Nate pulled me onto his chest, and we lay there in each other’s embrace, breathing heavily. When we’d caught our breath, Nate grabbed a towel to clean our bodies of cum, then grabbed us each a bottle of water.

“Thank you.” I greedily gulped it down.

“Did you enjoy that?” I couldn’t believe he had to ask. I had never felt so good in all my life, physically or emotionally.

“I have never enjoyed anything as much as I enjoy being with you.”

Nate’s eyebrows shot up, and I wondered if I had said too much. Bowing my head to hide my blush, I quickly made my way over to my bed but was pulled back into strong arms and kissed all over neck and face. I let out a giggle and wrapped my legs around Nate as he lifted me into the air and walked us back to his bed where he sat me on his lap and stroked our cocks together in his firm grip. We came together minutes later, not once looking away from each other’s gaze.

“Nate, tomorrow I want you inside of me.”

“We’ll see.” He pulled me down and we fell asleep in a tangle of limbs.

Chapter 6

Something hard dug into my back, strong arms hugged my waist, and light snores ruffled my hair. I smiled wider than ever before and took a minute to enjoy simply being happy. I didn't understand why Nate had chosen to be with me, but I would do everything I could to make sure he didn't change his mind. I crept down under the covers and took his dick in my hand. I brought my mouth down, slowly licking it from balls to tip then swirling my tongue around the head. A masculine grunt came from above me. Hands came down and grabbed my hair, controlling the speed and depth at which I swallowed him. Nate drove me insane as he took complete control, using me like a sex toy and making hard, masculine grunts and groans. I started to stroke myself in time with his thrusts, wanting to orgasm with him. Finally Nate pushed my head right to the base of his cock, causing me to gag as he shot down my throat. That feeling of no escape took me over the edge and I shot long bursts of seed into my hand. Nate let my head go, and I tried to take in air while choking on spit and cum. He sat up beside me, stretching widely, and then he took me in his arms, kissing the breath back out of me. "Morning, Pet."

"Morning, Sir." I knew I had a goofy grin on my face, but I couldn't help it. I was falling for this man fast and hard.

Showered and dressed, we walked over to the main building hand in hand. I'd expected to receive a few weird looks, but if anyone had a problem with two guys holding hands, they didn't show it. Of course that could have been because no one would want to mess with Nate. Even if he hadn't been physically strong, he had an aura of danger, which made him even sexier to me. When it was time for us to part, he gave me a long, languorous kiss, and we agreed to meet back at the dorm at six. I skipped to each of my classes that day and even put my hand up to offer answers to questions, which only a few days before I had been too scared to do. I felt like a brand new person and hoped Nate wanted to go all the way tonight. My American Lit teacher had other plans for me, though, as she was making us write an essay on *The Grapes of Wrath* due the next day. It turned out Nate's teachers hadn't been any more kind to him, so we spent most of the night working at our desks, not even speaking. Nate finished before me and went off to take a shower. By the time he came back, I'd also finished, so he ordered me to the showers next. I rushed to obey. It was just past ten thirty; there was still time.

When I re-entered the room, it took me a minute to digest what I was seeing. Firstly, the room was lit with candles, giving the space a sultry glow. The two beds that normally sat against opposite walls had been pushed together. By their side sat Nate's chest, and resting naked on the bed stroking his semi-erect cock was Nate. He looked more like a Greek god than ever. I shut the door but couldn't seem to get my feet to move forward.

"Kneel."

I happily dropped to the floor, keeping my face down. I couldn't believe how perfect this all was. My tears started to fall, but I made no sound.

Nate walked to me. "Look at me."

I did as he asked, embarrassed by my emotion.

"I hope those are happy tears."

"They are."

He stroked my hair. "Do you trust me?"

"Yes." My voice shook.

"Then lie on the bed for me, Pet."

I dropped my towel and lay in the centre of the bed, heart pounding. Nate picked up two identical pieces of rope. "Hold still."

I experienced a sudden burst of fear. This was different than anything we had done before. I would be completely at his mercy, completely powerless. Taking deep breaths, I held still while Nate grabbed each of my wrists and tied them to the bed frame. He left me with about thirty centimetres of pull, but that wasn't enough for me to do anything. I stared up at my captor, and the most wonderful sense of calm washed over me. I could do nothing but allow things to happen, and it left me in a strange state of bliss.

"You like being bound for my pleasure?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You're not afraid of what I might do to you like this?"

"No, Sir, I trust you completely."

Nate stripped out of his clothes then straddled my hips. "Then let's get started." Nate dug his fingertips into my armpits, making me yell.

"No!"

He stopped and fell on to his side laughing. “Just kidding.”

I held myself back from kicking him. “You fuckhead, let me out of this right now!”

Nate smirked and grabbed my chin, forcing me to face him.

“No. You are mine forever. When you are not tied to my bed, you’re tied to me. If we do this, I’m never letting you go.”

I swallowed. With a rise of courage, I attempted to look scary. “Same here.”

His eyebrows rose, and I gave him my own smirk. The air bristled with tension, sexual and competitive. He reached into the chest and fittingly pulled out his knife.

“Don’t move.” My body tensed but my mind stayed calm. I knew Nate would rather die than hurt me. The tip of the knife made my skin tingle everywhere it touched. He trailed it down over my face, my neck, and my chest. When it reached my abdomen, my dick drew up to meet it. I needed release. “Nate, I need you to touch me.” The knife lightly grazed the underside of my cock, and I bit down on my lip, trying not to move my hips. Nate grazed the blade above my balls then pretended to fumble it, making me draw breath. That time I did kick him, but he was too busy laughing to react.

“You’re really not scared of me.” He’d finally stopped laughing and now looked more serious than usual.

“Of course not.”

“I’m glad.”

I was confused. “Isn’t that the point of this?”

“If that had scared you, it would have shown you still don’t trust me completely. If that was the case, I wouldn’t do what I’m about to.” I didn’t have time to ask what he was about to do before I was turned onto my stomach, causing my wrists to cross and the restraints to tighten. “Just relax, baby. Let me take care of you.” My heart skipped at the new endearment. I heard a bottle cap and hands rubbing together. A warm and spicy scent filled the air. His hands came down on my shoulders and started to rub, working the muscles and making me feel amazing. I relaxed into the bed as Nate massaged every part of me, finishing with my ass. He circled my puckered hole a few times before forcing me onto my knees and entering me with a lubed finger. It felt alien at first, but when he included the second finger and started to massage my gland, I

cried out, rocking back onto him. “It really is as good as they say.” Nate stopped, and I mentally slapped myself.

“Who says?” *Shit!*

“Um... the Internet people.”

“Porn stars?” I could hear the amusement in Nate’s voice.

“No, just, people who write about gay sex.” He started to give my cock slow strokes.

“And when were you reading about gay sex?” He squeezed.

“Ah! Yesterday while I was waiting for you.” I was already embarrassed; I might as well go for gold. “I wanted to be good for you when we did stuff.” I buried my face in the pillow. He took his fingers away and replaced them with something cold. “What is that?”

“It’s a butt plug. It’s going to keep stretching you while I work on your front.” My cock gave a small jump at this, and I turned over, ready for him, all embarrassment forgotten in the promise of release. “My little pet is eager.”

“Please, Nate, I need to cum.”

“Not yet.”

I whined. He squeezed some more oil into his palms then straddled my hips. His hands massaged my chest, rubbing circles around my nipples and driving me wild.

“It will always be good with you, Pet. Do you know why?” I shook my head no, too turned on to form words. Nate’s expression softened, making him look almost vulnerable. “Because I love you.”

Shock. Denial. Hope. Then happy tears. “You bastard.”

He licked my tears away before diving into my mouth. We kissed for a long time and when he pulled away, I knew. *Say it.* Nate rubbed his oiled hands over my chest, arms, and thighs until I was mindless with need. He pumped my leaking cock, and I rocked into his fist, but his hand pulled away every time I came close to release. After what seemed like hours of blissful torture, he moved down to the bottom of the bed and lifted my calves onto his shoulders. “Are you sure, Alex?”

“I want you inside of me more than I’ve wanted anything.”

“Good, because I’m aching to be inside you.” I watched in awe as he slid a condom onto his bright-red cock, lubed it up, and removed the butt plug. He lined himself up with my hole then pushed in, watching my face for discomfort, but I was too high to feel pain. Nate sank to the hilt and we both gasped. Nothing would ever compare to this feeling. His head fell back, his hands tightening on my hips.

“Fuck, you feel good.” He looked down at me, grinning wide. “I almost came.”

Despite the situation, I started to laugh. He put a hand over my mouth, which only made me laugh harder. He pulled back then thrust into me hard. I stopped laughing and started to cry out.

“You feel so good.” His lips grazed my neck and jawline as he moved inside of me. I wanted to touch my cock, but I wanted to touch him even more. The fact that I couldn’t was making me crazy. He changed the angle of his strokes until he hit my gland.

“Nate!”

Looking satisfied, he began to pound into me, hitting it with each thrust and turning me into a whimpering mess. “Shall I touch your cock, Pet?”

“Please, I can’t take it.”

“You can beg better than that.”

“Please, Nate, I beg you. I’ll do anything, just please make me cum.” He reached between us and with a few violent tugs, I erupted cumming all over the two of us. A drop hit my chin, and he licked it up.

“You look beautiful when you cum.” I couldn’t answer. My whole body had become limp, but I had to tell him. I couldn’t wait any longer. His thrusts became aggressive as he neared his end.

“Nate!” The desperation of my cry brought his eyes to mine. “I love you too.” His hips pistoned and his eyes screwed shut. He let out a loud roar as his cock pulsed inside of me. Nate cumming coming was the most beautiful sight I’d ever seen. He collapsed on top of me, resting his head under my chin. Our heavy breaths echoed each other’s as we recovered.

“Nate, untie me.”

He raised his arms but his head remained on my chest. My arms freed, I wrapped them around him and stroked his hair. “That was magic.”

“Yes, it was.”

We stayed awake for hours talking, kissing, caressing. We spoke about our hopes and fears, opened up about our pasts, and made decisions about our future together. I still had my issues with Nate’s dominance, but we both agreed to compromise and to make our own rules. I knew no matter what our relationship might look like, it would be the kind that lasts. A week ago I had left my childhood house, and in Nate, I had found a home.

Epilogue

Nate

“Alex!”

“Alex!”

“Help us decorate the tree!”

I watched my lover get dragged away by my four younger brothers. The last thing I’d expected to bring home from college was a boyfriend, especially one who was an emotional, smart-mouthed brat who I was already madly in love with. To say the past three months had been all love, hearts, and rainbows would be a lie. We had both come into the relationship wanting different things, but what we wanted most was each other, so we made it work. My mother had been the happiest to meet Alex and had already adopted him as her own. She had always worried that I didn’t socialise enough back in school. The truth had been there was no one I wanted to socialise with. Not until I discovered BDSM porn. Then I was all too happy to spend my Saturday nights meeting up with subs from chat rooms and experimenting. I had always treated the subs with the best care; however, they had all known it was just sex. I hadn’t believed in anything more back then.

I crept past the living room door, checking to see that my brothers had Alex thoroughly distracted, and headed into my old room, which we were currently sharing. I opened my suitcase and pulled out the black box wrapped in tissue paper and ribbon. I placed it under Alex’s pillow, ready for when we went to bed. He believed all our presents for each other were already under the tree, but this one was special. I had wanted to make a romantic gesture, to give him something he could hold in his hands but that also communicated my feelings for him. At first all my ideas had been cliché or over the top, but I managed to create something that would make him understand perfectly—after it pissed him off, that is. Because nothing made me happier than to see my pet get riled up and rant at me. I had already imagined it. He would rip open the parcel, and when he saw the black leather collar, his excitement would turn to fury. “We’ve already discussed this. I love being submissive to you in the bedroom, but I refuse to be collared. And if that’s what you want then you can leave this bed.”

I would let him carry on for a while then I would ask him to read the tag. The tag reads “Nathaniel Moore’s Heart, Property of Alex Landon”.

The End

Author Bio

Sleepyfur lives in Bristol, England where she works as a personal assistant. When she isn't curled up with her cats and a good book, she's normally just curled up with a good book. She fell in love with M/M romance in 2014 and hasn't looked back since.

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