



Steinwisper

sadō

SADŌ

When ropemaster Toson Uetake is challenged by another rigger, Kenjo Inouye, it is his chauffeur, Ivar, who is put to the test. Inouye will stop at nothing to ensure victory, but for Ivar it is not only a matter of pride, but a deeper emotion that forces him to accept.

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Love is an Open Road

An M/M Romance series

SADŌ

By Steelwhisper

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. All sexually active characters in this book are 18 years of age or older. This book is written in British English.

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Edited by LSG

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Photo Description

A dark-haired man in an intricate karada of jute rope lies spreadeagled on a low table, wrists and ankles tied to chairs positioned at his head and feet. He is naked and a Japanese tea tray, with the accoutrements for sadō, covers his lower chest and abdomen. His head is unsupported and his genitals are exposed to view.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

I'm looking for a story from the sub's POV... focusing on the senses, especially how the rope feels against his skin. Also how being tied up makes him feel... helpless, but safe. He trusts his Dom, and feels pleasure in pleasing him. Another person is watching, but the possessive Dom won't let anyone else touch his boy. Instead, he carries on a long conversation with the other person, all while casually touching the sub, with minimal verbal interaction with him. Impersonal touches, almost absentminded, although the Dom is actually very focused on his boy. Maybe a brush against his balls while ignoring his cock. Or some nonchalant fingering while he discusses other matters with his guests. All gentle, though. And once the guest is gone, I'd love a tender aftercare scene.

Feel free to write as contemporary, historical, fantasy... anything but science fiction please :)

Thank you!

Sincerely,

Sunny

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: pansexual BDSM, kinbaku, bondage, sensation play, sounding, needleplay, CBT, disability, age gap, interracial, CEO, chauffeur, wager, blindness, tea ceremony, RACK, aftercare

Content Warnings: pain play, blood play, a touch of dub-con

Word Count: 5,915

Dedication

This story is dedicated to my lovely golden lady. I'm sure your mum waited for you on the other side...

Acknowledgements

Thank you, Sunny, for this lovely prompt! LSG, without your help as beta and editor and your crunchy chocolate I couldn't have done it. Thank you also so much, M., the fantastic dominant and kinbakushi who was willing to answer all my specialised questions regarding traditional rope art. And last but not least, as always, thank you, my girls, for patiently keeping me company while I was writing this, rather than walking you.

Author's Note

The Japanese tea ceremony, also called the Way of Tea, is the ceremonial preparation and presentation of *matcha*, powdered green tea. In Japanese, it is called *chanoyu* or *sadō*. Only tea masters of a sufficient rank may wear a *jittoku*, a jacket, over the kimono.

A *kinbakushi* or *bakushi* is a bondage rope master or master rigger, a *dorei* is his slave. *Domo arigato* means “thank you very much” and *dozo* means “here, please” or “here it is”. *Konnichiwa* means “good afternoon” and *jomu-san* is “Mr. Director” and a respectful address for a managing director of a Japanese company.

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The rope itched.

Every breath, every twitch moved the rigid jute across his skin. Not enough, yet, to incite pain, though already beyond any measure of comfort. His spreadeagled posture and the need to stay absolutely still did not help. He breathed in and out in measured slowness. He knew he mustn't disturb the utensils on the tray supported on his chest. Uetake had placed them just so and would expect them to be where he had laid them out.

At least the rope cuffs on his wrists and ankles kept him firmly secured, not much slack to them. Soon and quite inevitably, the muscles between his shoulder blades would lock, but until then he relished the anchor the rope provided him with. Further down the hallway he heard shoji doors swish open. They were coming. He pulled a last, deep breath.

“Mr. Sinclair?”

He looked up from the book he was reading. The concierge cupped the telephone receiver and beckoned him.

“Mr. Uetake needs his car. Mrs. Reinhold asks whether you can have it ready in five minutes?”

Ivar nodded, put on his cap and rose in one movement, already halfway across the lobby before the man had finished confirming it to Uetake's secretary. The lift door slid open when he pushed the button. He met the eyes of the concierge a last time, stepped inside and chose the second basement.

Just as there was a management-only penthouse, there also was a management-only underground car park, where he would arrive much quicker than his boss. A glance into the mirror on the wall of the lift car told him he was presentable without a hair out of place. The front windows of the limousine weren't shaded, and he didn't want to give the impression of a cavalier attitude to anyone.

Director Toson Uetake's dark grey Mercedes was parked less than ten metres from the lift door, in the first slot of the row. A concession to the

company's business partners, and considered far too flamboyant by his boss, but Ivar much preferred it over the standard Japanese cars provided to the others. The Mercedes' solidity was reassuring; he had trained on one and intimately knew its abilities and limits. He keyed it open, checked the interior for anything untoward, and walked around the car to open the boot.

One of the many custom items with which it was equipped was a wide-angle mirror on a long handle that clipped into the lid. The inspection of the underside was as brisk as it was thorough. Some of the other chauffeurs considered him a boring stickler for protocol. He didn't mind. It had been part of his training as much as evasive driving techniques. Behind him the second elevator sprang to life. Ivar closed the boot and with a last glance at the vehicle, moved into precise position two steps in front and a step to the side of the elevator door.

He didn't have to wait for long. The cabin travelled fast, even though the tower had twenty-one floors and it travelled down from the top. He bowed deeply as the door slid open, despite the dark glasses Uetake wore. Somehow he was sure that it was transported to the other man, either in his voice, or maybe by a change of air. He felt quite unable to meet the director with anything but the utmost respect.

"Konnichiwa, jomu-san," he said formally. "The car is ready and at your disposition."

"Thank you, Sinclair-san," Uetake said, just as formal in the choice of his words, though his face was relaxed. He found Ivar's elbow and gripped it without hesitation. His other hand held his briefcase and the folded white stick. Ivar had made the mistake of trying to carry either only once, and he later—when he understood how much Uetake hated to be reminded of his disability—had been chagrined by his clumsiness. Not that Uetake ever would have let on. It had taken overhearing some of the salarymen to understand how extraordinary a blind managing director was in Japan, even for the lesser European branch.

He escorted his boss to the car, opened the door and waited until the man had settled in, before he pushed it shut and got in behind the wheel himself. Uetake had already keyed into the audio system and chosen a subtle Chet Baker album, which told him he was in a good mood and ready to relax.

The whole car had been furnished with haptic enhancers in the back seats and the passenger seat, including Braille script on all buttons. Some of the electronic functions had been added to a voice user interface. Everything so a

blind person need not ask for any assistance other than being chauffeured. And that came with the job designation.

Inside the Mercedes street noise ceased to exist, the engine's purr but a minor background sound. Yet Uetake seemed to know precisely when they had left the company's office building and Ivar had eased the car onto the road.

"You don't need to do this."

A quick glance into the rearview mirror showed him the quiet tone wasn't the result of tiredness. There was visible tension in Uetake's expression, though on the surface he looked perfectly calm. Only someone used to reading minuscule lines—a tightening of the jaw muscles or a deepened line bracketing the mouth—would have seen that in his smooth, narrow face. But Ivar had learned what to pay attention to, in the presence of habitual impassiveness.

Of course, there would be no going back on his word. Not only would it cost Uetake considerable face to call the wager off now, he had face to lose as well, and not just to the other rigger who had challenged them both. He might, possibly, be in for an unpleasant experience, and he much preferred to have only his bakushi touch him. But he wanted to see that arrogance wiped off Inouye's face once and for all. If what it took was some discomfort on his part, then be it so.

"It will be an interesting experience, bakushi-san," he said, and at the next intersection pointed the Mercedes down the road leading to Uetake's house.

He had come to like Düsseldorf more than he thought he would when the whole branch was relocated there. The beer, the carnival, the *gemütlichkeit*, and the large Japanese community which made working for a Japanese corporation that much easier, all part of it.

And of course his then new boss. Toson Uetake. There had been an inordinate amount of gossip in the grapevine about him. A low rumble that had been rather disconcerting, especially as he had been ordered to take a refresher course on chauffeuring for a disabled person and hadn't been allowed to talk to anyone about it.

Ivar had been so convinced that the man was some semi-retired elderly relative of the chairman, foisted onto their distant branch as a mere figurehead, that the polished, elegant man he met at the airport gate had left him speechless. A month into working for him had taught him Uetake was not just capable, intelligent and a workhorse shouldering triple the usual load to be where he

was, Ivar had also started to develop a quite unseemly crush for the older man. Not that there was any question of anything coming of it.

Thus it had nearly killed him when, after several months of settling down in the new city, he attended a bondage workshop at a private SM-club up north in Duisburg, and it turned out his new boss was the invited rope master. Watching Uetake, slim and resilient, moving in a ballet of effortless confidence, had been a revelation.

The heavy limousine slipped into the maze of streets called Little Tokyo by the locals, for the Ekō House, the Japanese school and temple and the many residential houses owned by Japanese companies and equipped to satisfy their employees. Uetake's detached bungalow lay at the end of a cul-de-sac, surrounded by high walls and, behind those, a dainty, beautiful garden. He was the only foreigner in that lane, as Ivar had soon learned. He pulled up in front of the garage.

“Whenever you want to stop it, please do so, Ivar-san,” Uetake said again. “It would inconvenience me greatly should Inouye harm you.”

Ivar turned around. Uetake was composed, concentrated already, his hands folded in his lap. And he meant every word of it, too, he realised. It wasn't the typical approach of a rope master towards the discomfort of one of his models, Ivar knew.

Discomfort was par for the course of a rope session, and to be expected. Many bakushis handled their models like so much dead weight. Meat, to some. While it was surely a goal of kinbaku to bring emotions to the surface, such as shame, fear, pain, excitement or pleasure, many rope masters regarded their models more the material they worked with, than someone participating in a relationship of shared trust and respect.

“We both accepted the challenge,” Ivar said and allowed a smile to creep into his voice. “I do need a shower, sir.”

“Then let us prepare.”

The inside of the house was designed and furnished like any house in Japan; part of the amenities which went with having to work abroad for a few years.

This included a spectacular bathroom, bigger than his entire own flat and equipped with a floor-to-ceiling glass wall facing the garden. It was fitted both

in traditional manner, as well as with a western-style walk-in rain and high pressure shower.

Ivar had unclothed himself and was under it, enjoying the cool water sheeting down his body, even before Uetake had stowed his briefcase and jacket in the master bedroom adjacent to the bathroom. He had come to expect and enjoy the shower right before play, if at all possible. Inouye wouldn't arrive before seven, which gave them time enough to prepare everything.

He heard the bedroom door open, and turned, admiring the naked body of Uetake in the shameless way he had grown accustomed to. Not so much that his boss had any taboo about nudity, especially in front of other men, but Ivar was sure he also wasn't aware of his own appreciation.

The topic of sexual orientation had never come up on its own; Uetake hadn't asked, and he saw no reason to offer and possibly destroy the kinbaku relationship they had. Male models working with straight rope masters weren't rare and Ivar had watched Uetake with the occasional female model during workshops. He didn't seem to prefer either gender. Indeed he had come to wonder whether his boss was celibate for some reason. But then he couldn't see himself inquiring about the man's disability either.

That didn't mean he couldn't enjoy the sight of him. For a man nearing fifty there was little showing for it: some silver in the hair, fine lines around his eyes and bracketing carefully etched lips, and a spare, slender body. There also were wide shoulders, muscles clearly accustomed to use, narrow hips and there was no grey in the thick pubic hair framing a dark, slim cock.

"May I help you, bakushi-san?" he asked, and switched off the shower upon the grunted assent. Ivar took the scoop from the bucket Uetake had prepared, and ladled warm water over shoulders, arms and back, working up to the moment the man bent his head to have his hair soaked. He watched Uetake wash and shampoo himself, longing to do that for him, to touch. Instead he poured more water, until the suds had been rinsed off, leaving clean, lightly scented skin.

"Thank you, Ivar-san," Uetake said and rose, wrapping himself in the towel Ivar offered him. "Please wait for me in the tea room. I won't be long."

There was no need to dress again. Despite that, he took one of the guest kimonos, and placed it alongside the coils of rope already waiting near the low table. He had to be able to put on clothes right after the scene. He didn't want

Inouye to get the wrong idea, especially when Uetake was and stayed so carefully distanced. He must have prepared the room already in the morning, Ivar realised. A delicate flower arrangement faced one of the chairs, and a classic scroll was framed by the alcove.

The bet had been the result of too much sake after a workshop the two rope masters had shared. Inouye had kept boasting with such arrogance about his exquisite Japanese model, and how poised and iron-willed she was, even under the most adverse conditions, that Uetake's patience had finally snapped. Ivar chuckled to himself, remembering how his boss had stated in an offhand manner that he could celebrate chanoyu on his own, bound model without a drop spilt and regardless of what he would be subjected to. It had been a bold claim, and Inouye had pounced on it with the glee of a cat snatching a plump bird.

There was no question of retracting the wager, even though by now he had his own doubts. Inouye wasn't just a rope artist; he was well-known in the scene for his invasive blood and medical play. He didn't doubt for one moment that Inouye would try, within reason, to unsettle him enough to either disturb the ceremony or red out of the scene. When Uetake had asked him to serve as his rigging model, he had ceased engaging in scenes with other players. Not that this was a condition, it was rather that it did not feel right all of a sudden. That could be a problem now. His last pain play had been months ago. He might be more susceptible to Inouye's wiles than his boss believed. He could only do his very best and hope it would suffice.

“Second thoughts?”

Ivar turned around and barely contained the whistle. He had seen Uetake in kimono before, but never in the full works. This kimono had to be special to the ceremony, he thought. A careful medley of deep green and blue silk instead of the informal cotton kimono Uetake usually wore for roping, and there was a lighter coloured jittoku on top. It took a moment to sink in. No wonder he had suggested a tea ceremony.

“Of course not,” he said, and moved to stand in the free space near the rope. “What did you plan?”

“I was irritated,” Uetake said instead in a quiet voice, and started uncoiling the first roll of rope. “It was impolite to draw attention to your background.” Ivar blinked. That was more by way of an apology than he had expected. The heavy rope hit the tatami mat with a decisive sound. He shivered.

The first slip of rope came upon him with stealth, as always. Uetake loved to demonstrate that the art originated from warfare and could still serve its purpose. His movements were precise, mesmerising in their simplicity and rough enough so that Ivar could feel himself being taken and held.

“A simple karada,” Uetake answered his question at last. “I don’t think I need to give you more discomfort than rope itself. I’m sure Inouye-san will add his own during the ceremony.”

All the while his fingers moved across his body, so tantalising in their deft touch. So impersonal. So strong. Like all good rope masters Uetake handled him with ease, knot by knot spinning his web over skin so sensitive from the shower that Ivar was sure he could feel every fibre.

“I called him this morning, and asked for particulars,” Uetake offered. “As your bakushi I can do that.”

“Thank you,” Ivar said and carefully kept the smile out of his voice. “What did he say?”

Uetake harrumphed, the breath exploding against Ivar’s neck. He could feel the soundless laughter run down his body where they connected, even through the heavy silks of the kimono and vest. He always moved in much closer than other rope artists, his whole body encompassing his models in creation. A creation that, as of necessity, was tactile, not visual. Which was what made Uetake’s art so very different from that of his peers.

“He waffled,” he said. “He promised that he would observe all rules of hygiene, that he wouldn’t exceed levels he had seen you play before, and of course you don’t need to go through with whatever he does.”

Uetake ran the ends of rope between his legs, knuckles barely grazing his testicles, yet a moment later and with a mere flick of his hand, Ivar felt the joining knot press against his taint before the coils separated his butt and met the diamond shapes over his hips.

“He pointed out that you may safeword at any stage. That would obviously also mean I will have lost my bet.”

The harness over his torso was finished and Uetake stepped away to get the next length of rope. As Ivar brought his legs back together, the knot between his thighs pushed up and against his sac, which now was as meticulously displayed as if in a tight jockstrap. Not for the first time he wondered how the rope master could gauge the effects of his bondage so well. Not by touching

him, that much was sure. Uetake avoided all deliberate contact with his genitals, was never coarse or familiar with him.

He closed his eyes, as the new rope was looped into the shoulder piece and from there woven down his arms. Uetake's breath pushed in even measure with his rapidly knotting hands against his neck, so close was he, the cool silk a faint hint against his back. He got the double ends to hold, ends which would fix him to the chairs once he had taken his position on the table.

"I won't," Ivar said, though it grew difficult to stay connected to spoken thought. The embrace of the rope became a relentless prison, as Uetake worked his magic with precision. Each new double coil wrapped around him, each new knot added to the carapace of rope, which looked so fragile, yet was so solid. Solid enough to suspend him even. By the time the last knot was tied on his ankles he was very calm, and all it took Uetake to direct him was the brush of fingers as light as wings on his skin.

The rope master helped him lie down on the table. It was covered with a thin quilt, just thick enough to cushion rope and knots from biting too deeply into his muscles and bones. Uetake eased his limbs into position until his head relaxed comfortably over the rounded edge of the table and his shoulders achieved a natural slant as well, then tied the four points.

Restraints and position were comfortable, and the tea room so peaceful that Ivar closed his eyes and relaxed, while he idly listened to Uetake prepare the tray for the tea ceremony, light the brazier and place the heavy iron kettle on its fire.

Ivar was roused from what amounted to self-centred introspection by the deep, resounding stroke of the gong. Inouye was early, as ever the stickler for proper protocol. The two men would be in the entrance hall, and it was not hard to visualise how Uetake ranged the coat and provided fresh tabi to his guest.

The rope itched. Each breath driving home that he was tied, and tied fast. He wasn't in pain, but now that the moment had come, the customary second thoughts he always had were also there. What if Inouye's play was too harsh? He desperately wanted to do his boss and rope master proud. That was the whole reason why he had gone along with this. That and Uetake's delightful brashness.

The shoji doors down the hallway opened and shut, and then they were both in the tea room, like a fresh breeze. Neither man acknowledged him; he was

part of the ceremony now. Not exactly furniture, but also not an independent human being. Ivar forced himself into deep, careful breathing, for the sudden rush of insight into his own altered state left him with a pounding heart and light-headedness. Two powerful masters, so close, challenging each other with him at the centre.

Uetake offered Inouye the chair at his lower end, and thus it began.

The way he was positioned, Ivar couldn't see much of their guest. The silk of another traditional kimono brushed his bound leg as Inouye stepped over it, a hand traced the careful karada and he could hear the appreciative click of Inouye's tongue. But even if he had lifted his head he wouldn't have been able to look past the tray. So he didn't. He watched Uetake instead, as he climbed over his outstretched arm with uncanny ease, then seated himself. The smell of fresh soap and that unmistakable quiet scent of the older man himself enveloped him. The tip of a finger brushed his temple, as if by accident. And right then and there he knew that nothing Inouye could throw at him would make him lose his composure.

"Your dorei looks adorable," Inouye said. "I'm glad you offered him up for this occasion. First time I get to play with a Scotsman. I take it we are clear on procedure?"

"Yes, we're clear, Inouye-san," Uetake said. "A slight correction though, Sinclair-san isn't my dorei."

Was that regret colouring the rope master's tone, Ivar wondered idly while trying to make head or tails of the sounds and snaps assaulting him from the other side of the table. Inouye was preparing his scene, and he couldn't tell what it was going to be. Neither could Uetake, he was sure. All he could do was relax and take it.

"I'm all set," Inouye said.

"Pray, take some sweets, Inouye-san," Uetake said and carefully offered a flat bamboo container on both outstretched hands, bowing once and deep. Stiff silk brushed against the inside of his right thigh, then Inouye smacked his lips in appreciation.

"Thank you. These are beautiful bowls, Uetake-san."

"Just something my great-grandmother brought into the family."

The touch, when it came, was sudden and bold. A cool, strong hand wrapped around his genitals, giving him a light squeeze. Without seeing the

other he couldn't tell for sure, but there was a latex feel to that touch, as if Inouye was wearing a surgical glove. Ivar willed himself to stay relaxed, though if what he thought was true, the next few moments would not be comfortable. He had watched Inouye in the club more than once. At least he was deft and knew what he was doing. Instead he concentrated on the movements Uetake performed, calmly taking them through the ritual.

Inouye pulled and squeezed in a slow massage, rolled his testicles against each other, and pressed the knot into his taint, aiming for and teasing his prostate. Ivar's breath shuddered out of him in a long and uncontrollable groan. He could feel treacherous blood stream into his prick, while the two above him continued their amiable discussion of heirlooms.

Deft fingers rolled down his foreskin, careful not to touch his glans. The fluid with which Inouye washed it, running the soaked swab under and along his crown, pressing against his meatus and frenum, dispelled the last doubts he had had. He involuntarily tightened, when a tiny nozzle pushed into his urethra and released an ample amount of lube cold enough to raise goose bumps all over. Ivar wished he could see what was being done, to have that short moment to steel himself against the intrusion.

It was hard keeping his breathing rhythm even, and just when he felt himself hitch in anticipation, Uetake's left hand brushed back his kimono sleeve in a ceremonial move, tracing it across his front and along his arm. It had to be pure coincidence. Still, that light touch relaxed him the exact moment that Inouye aligned the thick sound and pushed. And kept pushing, while he pulled and straightened Ivar's shaft with the other hand so firmly wrapped around the root.

Ivar blushed, his face, neck and chest heating up with it, as he scrambled to hold onto the shreds of his bladder control. What if Inouye made him urinate? There was no way to live down such a humiliation. His hands wrapped around the ropes attaching him to the chair. It was all he could do not to pull, and disturb the ceremony. Instead he grasped the rough rope so hard he felt every twist imprint itself on his palm.

The rod went in and in as if there was no end to it, the sensation a mesh of pain and transgression travelling to his belly and pooling in his stomach. He exhaled in a long sigh. Then the tip hit the sphincter of his prostate, forcing a jump from his thigh muscles and another moan. He was sure Inouye must be pleased.

“Dozo, Inouye-san,” Uetake said and offered the tea.

“Domo arigato. Perfectly timed, Uetake-san.”

Inouye let go of his cock to take the bowl in the prescribed ritual movements, leaving it to swing free, heavy steel rod at its core. Each bounce ran the tip of the thick sound across that spot, causing his muscles to jump and teasing him. Milking him, he suddenly realised. Ivar closed his eyes and tried to concentrate on staving off his impending ejaculation. Slender fingers and then the whole hand gentled down his throat and neck, the pad of a thumb warm across his lips. Staying there, while he found his composure again.

Inouye returned the cup to Uetake, who bowed respectfully. Ivar could hear the man snap off the first set of gloves before he laid hands on him again. Holding up his shaft with one hand, until the sound firmly settled back against the entrance to his prostate, Inouye brushed on another layer of antiseptic. That was all the warning Ivar got, because the next sensation was the pain of the needle forced through the rim of his glans. The sharpness of it lanced through him with alarming velocity, raising a sheen of sweat.

He was unable to follow how many needles pierced him, ten or twelve. All he felt was the banshee scream between his legs, which he rode with deep shuddering breaths, willing himself to soak in it. And then, almost as an afterthought, Inouye took hold of the sound and gently, oh so gently, fucked him with it. Penetrated his prostate with quiet, relentless insistence, swirling, withdrawing, again and again.

He didn't stand a chance. With what was half-sob half-groan, his orgasm was wrested from him. He could keep his arms and torso still, but his legs bucked and trembled, as his ejaculate inflated his cock even further and slowly, painfully welled up along the steel rod. And not a tinkle from the porcelain to be heard.

The whole world turned into a haze.

Cool water on his skin, strong hands easily manipulating him, a soft flannel and sleek linen underneath his naked body. He opened his eyes and found himself in Uetake's own bedroom. The man must have carried him there, because he didn't remember making it on his own. The ropes lay in a heap of coils on the floor beside him. He raised his head.

“Inouye?”

“Gone again, tail between his legs,” Uetake answered, all the while washing him down with the moist flannel. Ivar closed his eyes again, and enjoyed.

“Did I—?”

A soft chuckle, enough to look up again and see the amusement on Uetake’s face for himself.

“No, you didn’t,” Uetake said, and laughed. “Inouye owes me a new tatami, though.”

There was undeniable amusement in his voice. Maybe that was what gave him the nerve to ask, or maybe it was the lassitude induced by a taxing scene.

“When he called me your dorei—” he began, carefully watching for a negative reaction.

“I would be honoured, Ivar-san,” Uetake said. “I would be very honoured.”

He dropped the cloth into the bucket and sat down closer to Ivar. When he turned his face towards him, there was a lopsided smile tugging at his lips.

“Would you like to drink some sake while I read an old erotic story to you, Ivar-san?”

The End

Author Bio

My stories are romantic, fantastic, futuristic, queer, weird, sadistic. Most will not only contain a sexual journey, and be a love story, but also have a solid secondary plot. Please note that I write QUILTBAG fiction and dark erotic fiction rather than mainstream romance. I don't do bittersweet endings, I like HFNs instead.

What to tell you about my person? I'm genderqueer, green-eyed with dark hair, unmarried, bisexual and kinky in just about any direction you can imagine, and some you wouldn't even think of. I've been in the BDSM lifestyle since before I was officially old enough. I have more than a working expertise regarding whips and other percussion instruments and love to spend my time outdoors gardening or with my dogs.

Contact & Media Info

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