

LOVE IS AN OPEN ROAD



Don't Read in the Closet 2015

GINGERBREAD DREAMS

Sammy Goode

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Love is an Open Road

An M/M Romance series

GINGERBREAD DREAMS

By Sammy Goode

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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Photo Description

The first photo shows a naked man tying an apron around his waist, his muscled arms outstretched as he stands in his kitchen, ready to begin cooking. The second photo is a display of BDSM themed gingerbread men all decorated in leather jock straps and belts. Some have leather straps crossing over their chests; while others also sport a leather frosting hood on their tiny cookie heads.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

I love baking and trying out new recipes, it relaxes me after a long day at work. My elderly neighbour is very often the happy recipient of my creations because, as she says, she can't bake to save her life. The last time I was at her house she informed me that she had volunteered me and my creations for her church's charity bake sale but I shouldn't worry I wouldn't be alone as she had also volunteered her grandson to be in charge of the thing and anyway it was high time he and I met. I gave in and decided to bake gingerbread men, gingerbread women and horses for the bake sale and, as I had enough dough and time, I made kinky gingerbread men for a friend who's a submissive and was planning a surprise birthday party for his Dom.

I overslept and was running late to deliver my charity gingerbread persons and must have picked up the wrong tin. I only realised my mistake when the cute guy with the wild auburn locks who was running the church bake sale opened the tin, his gasp and the deep blush that crept over his face seconds later were adorable.

And that was the start, tonight I am cooking for him as after a lot of pestering he finally agreed on a date.

Please tell the story of how we got here...

Sincerely,

Kat

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: pastry chef, D/s relationship, light BDSM elements, spanking, humorous, bratty sub

Word Count: 12,055

Dedication

This story would not have been possible were it not for my incredible beta reader and friend, Shaz. She tirelessly combs over my rough drafts and not only cleans them up; she makes them better every time. Thank You for all your hard work, Shaz—I love you dearly, my friend!

GINGERBREAD DREAMS

By Sammy Goode

If anyone had told me months ago I was destined to meet a man who would become the center of my world I am pretty sure I would have laughed and then run in the other direction. The last thing I was looking for was another guy who could potentially screw up my life more than it already was. After a disastrous end to a relationship I thought had a chance at lasting forever, it was a sure bet I was pretty hesitant to trust anyone romantically for the foreseeable future. So imagine my surprise when a simple batch of gingerbread cookies would be the reason for my meeting the man who I thought could only exist in my dreams? Now, here I am, meeting with my best friend to introduce him to the man who was fast proving that dreams really can come true.

The bar area of my favorite restaurant was really quiet for a Friday night. Of course that could have been because I was trying to read Rob's face. He seemed to be memorizing every detail of the picture I had just shown him; correction, the picture he was still perusing with fierce concentration. The glow from my cell phone made his face unnaturally bright so I could pretty much see his eyes widen as he flicked the screenshot from thumbnail to full. I had to admit it was a rather glorious shot even though I had taken it on the down low—all stealthy like. You see, I'm not very good at surreptitious. I was trying for discretion when I snapped the pic but I forgot to silence the darn phone. Of course this prompted an immediate response by Sir which included being told to give him the camera and offer my wrists immediately so they could be tied behind my...

Ahem, not going there right now. Amazing how memories can seem to affect the rather close fitting pants I'm wearing, making them rather unbearably snug. I assure you it is definitely not a good thing to cut off the circulation to my manly bits. Especially since the star of the shot my best friend Rob was currently drooling over liked to cage the old flotsam and jetsam on a regular basis. What? Okay, so I tend to find colorful ways to describe my cock and balls. Trust me when I tell you it makes me even more endearing to a certain Dom I love. Anyway—back to Rob—and the puddle gathering below his hanging tongue.

“Give me that. For God's sake, Rob, you'd think you'd never seen a man's ass before. Surely Simon flashes his at you often enough.”

I grabbed my phone and slid my finger down to click off the image, hesitating for just a second. Damn if Rob didn't have every right to drool. My Sir had the most gorgeous body around. He was so cute in this pic, standing by the kitchen counter just tying on my apron showcasing the glorious backside that was just waiting for my tongue. I looked at the vast array of muscles scattered along his back and shoulders, every inch of him toned and defined and so utterly delectable. I felt no compunction at sharing the photo with Rob. After all, it was just the back of Sir—you couldn't see his face or anything just that deliciously sweet ass... and legs... and arms... and oh God I wanted to eat him up.

You should know I'm kind of a foodie. In other words, I tend to describe most of my life experiences with some type of culinary descriptor, in particular words a person would use to label luscious baked goods. 'Cause that's what I am—a pastry chef and a damn good one, thank you very much.

“In fact, that's how I caught this stud!”

Rob looked at me blankly. Dammit, I'd done it again! See, I have this habit of talking to myself in my head, then, annoyingly, completing said thoughts aloud. It has earned me a spanking more than once, I can tell you. In fact, if Sir had just heard me claiming I had “caught him” I would be ass over teakettle across his lap right now and damn the public venue. Thank God he was running a little late. His delayed arrival had also given me the chance to catch Rob up on everything that had happened since the last time we'd had drinks together, several months ago. But now poor Rob was staring at me, trying to figure out how I had somehow met the man I adore, my Dom, Henry Staddon. The delicious man, whose picture we'd just been salivating over.

“Sorry, Rob. Let me explain what I meant.”

Rob held up his hand and gently took my phone out of my hand, clicking it off at the same time. He slid my gin and tonic toward me and grabbed his own whiskey sour, knocking back a healthy swig. He looked at me with a very stern expression, his finger lifting from his glass to point in my general direction.

“From the beginning this time, Luca—can you manage that? I've been out of the country with Simon for the last five months on a work assignment. The last time I spoke with you other than a hurried ‘I'm fine’ you were not only single but still gun shy about any kind of serious relationship even though it had been almost a year since you'd just broken up with that other slimy asshole. What was his name?”

“Gary.”

I said the name with more than a bit of disgust. Rob immediately nodded his head and cast me a sympathetic look. Suffice it to say, Gary was a Dom wannabe, which, in this case, is code for abusive asshole. The one time he failed to acknowledge my safe word was the last time he ever set eyes on me. Good riddance to bad rubbish as my mother would say. Anyway, he was a distant memory and currently living half way across the country, no doubt making some other sub’s life a living hell. Okay, okay, that was unwarranted. Plus I really hope it’s not true. Gary was just so full of himself—so certain that he and he alone knew how far I could be pushed. The rope burns round my wrists and ankles, which had taken weeks to heal, said otherwise, as did the emotional scarring I’d carried for months after.

When you’re a submissive like me you put a great deal of trust in the hands of your Dom. Safe words have a purpose. They are in place to protect you when things become too much—too overwhelming or when a sub is pushed too far beyond their comfort zone. Gary seemed to understand until he didn’t. When I ended the relationship, I felt so alone and miserable. Then Henry came along and everything changed.

“Earth to Luca. LUCA!”

The ringing sound of Rob half shouting in my ear made me jump. Ruefully, I gave him an apologetic look. Hey, no judging! I already told you I had a bad habit of living inside my own head. I’m trying hard to break it, honest. I mean there are only so many spankings my tender bubble butt can handle—although this seems to be a point on which Sir and I often differ. Anyway, I decided the best way to derail another lecture from Rob about my propensity for daydreaming was to get right into the story of how I met Mr. Henry Staddon. Gosh, even his name makes me swoon just a little.

“Okay, okay, sorry Rob. Now, what do you want to know?”

Rob stared at me with something akin to murder in his eyes. This obviously meant he had at some point already asked me at least one question about Sir. I picked up my drink and took a healthy gulp, my mind racing to remember what he might have said. I had nothing—except a seriously burning throat because whoever the hell had mixed my drink was pretty damn heavy-handed with the gin! Gulping in some much needed air I decided to play the subbie card and hope to hell my friend didn’t throttle me within an inch of my life.

Did I mention Rob is a Dom? Simon's Dom to be exact? Yeah, that piece of information should explain to you why he was currently giving me a look that said he would be whaling on my ass about now if he were the one in charge of me. I nervously ran my fingers through my hair and gave him that "please Sir, may I have another" look that I hoped was going to work its magic. When Rob visibly relaxed and picked up his whiskey sour I knew I'd been granted a reprieve. God, Doms are such a touchy lot!

"Sorry. It's just that I'm so excited for you to meet Sir, er, Henry. So, how did we meet? Is, *uhm*, is that what you were wondering?"

It was as plain as the puppy dog look on my face Rob was not going to be taken in by my conciliatory demeanor. In other words, he knew bullshit when he saw it! But, being the good friend he is, my lack of attention was overlooked and he waved his drink at me to continue.

"Well, it all started with a batch of gingerbread cookies, *uhm*, make that two batches. One for Aunt Honey's church group and one for Manhole."

Quick side note here—and yes, I promise not to keep interrupting the flow of my story but this is important. Aunt Honey is not actually my aunt, 'cause she's Sir's aunt and that would make us like kissing cousins and that is just gross. Oh and Honey is short for Honoria. Yeah—just who in their right mind would ever give a sweet baby that moniker, right? I mean, come on! Obviously her mother wanted her to be ridiculed all the way through to junior high where blessedly a boy caught sight of the looker that Honey was and shortened her name.

Anyway, Honey is my neighbor. She lives next door and is always doing sweet stuff for me, like inviting me over for breakfast, and lunch, and, well, supper... God, Sir was right, I *am* over there all the time! Anyhoo, I always provide the sweets for our fabulous get-togethers where we talk about recipes, and glitter make up, and whether or not her latest dye job makes her hair look purple. Between you and me, Honey's hair is always that shade but I humor the old girl and tell her it is a very chic shade of lilac. She loves lilacs.

Once she found out I was a pastry chef she asked me if I would mind donating some stuff to her church. That's how I ended up providing baked goods for the annual fall bazaar. Last time I made cupcakes and sweet little fruit tarts but this year she specifically requested gingerbread boys. Apparently they get scads of families coming to the sale and the kiddies loved the ones that Honey's friend Margaret made last year so much, they sold out within two

hours. Sadly Margaret went to the big baker in the sky this past spring so that left an opening in the ginger people Bake-Off.

Now around about the same time, the owner of Manhole—that's a leather bar I like to hang out in. Hey, no judging, Judgy McJudgster! Leather bars are very cool places and since I just happen to own a smoking hot pair of leather chaps I feel right at home there. Plus Manhole isn't some dive club. They have rules for play and lots of beefed up security and by beefed up I mean man candy—oh lordy that guy at the door. His name is Almanzo and he is a bazillion feet tall and has more muscles than should legally be allowed. I once told him he could check out my little house on the prairie and he asked if it was a one or two bedroom.

Did you see what I did there? You know—the Little House On The Prairie books? Almanzo? Laura Ingalls' husband? You're totally lost aren't you? *Sigh*; anyway the guy at the door was all brawn and no brain. Damn! I've done it again! I just went off on a huge tangent. Honestly, I try so hard—but it's like there's this squirrel living in my head who likes to dart from one thing to another. Anyway, what was I talking about? Oh yeah—the cookies.

You see Roy, the owner of Manhole, also tends the bar on Tuesday nights so his normal bartender can have a second day off since the club is closed on Mondays. It just so happened I was making a delivery of some petite cheesecakes and petit fours to a client a few blocks down from there and decided to pop in after for a quick drink. Roy got to talking about an upcoming open house and was wondering about what to serve. Normally clubs like his don't have food but since he also provides a dinner menu for his members he wanted to put out a small spread for potential newbies to get an idea of what fare the kitchen had to offer. I told him I thought it was a great idea. Then I offered to provide something sweet for the spread and voila!—slutty gingerbread men were conceived!

Now, where was I? Not that I got off track again or anything, ahem, nope, not me. Hmmm, let me think...

The telltale clink of melting ice drew my attention and caused me to look to my left, and lo and behold, there sat Rob clenching his now empty glass in hand. Oh dear...

“Should I order some food and a couple more drinks or am I going to need a sleeping bag and several days worth of groceries in order to hear this story?”

I grinned and then felt it slip off my face as I noticed the hand clenching his drink was noticeably white knuckled. Needless to say, I continued the story with renewed concentration.

“Sor—”

“Don’t say it again. Just get to the point for God’s sake!”

Did I mention that Rob is a Dom? Ahem. I sat up straight, determined to get the story out before he became apoplectic. Well, at least no more than he already was.

“The cookies were so darn cute, if I do say so myself. I slaved over them for two days, baking dozens of the little buggers and then hand decorating them myself.”

I proudly picked up my phone off the table and opened it to my photo library. After ogling Sir’s ass, again, for a brief moment, I slid the screen to the pic of the sweet little gingerbreads I had baked for Aunt Honey and shoved the screen at Rob’s face with great pride. If his hand waving down the wandering waiter was any indication, Rob was summarily unimpressed with my artistic endeavors. However, when I moved to the next shot he grabbed the phone from my hand and took a serious look. There, in all their sadistic glory, were all my gingerbread Doms resplendent in their tiny leather harnesses and hoods. I had also taken the time to endow the little buggers with, ahem, sizeable packages; in other words, they were hung like horses!

“Dear God, these are magnificent! All the tiny details must have taken you forever. I bet they caused quite the stir at the club.”

I gave Rob a sickly grin and cleared my throat.

“Well yes, you could say they caused a stir, well, more like hysterical outbursts and comments about how I might be on a fast train to hell, but yeah, it was all good in the end.”

Rob shot me a slightly skeptical look and put the phone down. Picking up his just delivered drink he motioned with his hand in a circling manner to indicate I should continue explaining while he fortified himself with more alcohol. I was in a quandary as to how to proceed ’cause you see, the “great cookie debacle” (as I liked to call it) actually happened after I set eyes on the man who now owns my ass and who makes me such a happy subby. Therefore, in the interest of keeping to the story this time, I decided to back up a piece and start again.

“Okay—I’ll get to the naughty cookies in a second. First let me tell you how I met the Dom of my dreams.”

With a dreamy look on my face, I sighed and batted my eyelashes so Rob understood how smitten I was. Unfortunately this only caused a deeper scowl to appear on my friend’s face so I quickly dropped the look and proceeded to dish all about my Sir.

“Well, I’d been slaving half the morning over a batch of those yummy heath bar cookies—you know, the ones you love so much?”

Rob grunted his affirmation, a sure sign he was hoping I would continue talking and end the story sometime this millennium.

“They were gorgeous, Rob, all chewy and sweet and so I decided to grab a few and take them over to Aunt Honey. The poor dear had been sick with the flu for over two weeks but when I delivered her groceries to her she was finally on the mend. A few cookies were just the ticket to cheer her up.”

“You bought her groceries?”

“Of course I did—I mean she could barely get out of bed. She kept telling me her grandson was going to stop by but I hadn’t seen hide nor hair of him so I offered to shop for her. A good thing I did, too. Did you know that poor woman had gone without conditioner for over a week by the time I fetched her groceries? Let me tell you lavender hair gone wild is *not* a pretty look for the elderly. No, sir, not at all.”

Rob started making this noise like someone was strangling him. I interpreted it as a sign I’d better move the story along a bit.

“So there I was in the hall, little plate of cookies in hand, in that cute ‘I have the sweetest buns’ apron Simon got me over my tank top and my cutoffs when, lo and behold, *he* answered Honey’s door. Well I froze—right there on the spot. I was like one of those deer you see in the road late at night, glued in place, staring with those creepy eyes at the oncoming headlights, its whole life flashing...”

“LUCA!”

I jumped about two feet in the air. I’m pretty sure every waiter in the place froze, kinda like that deer I was describing. Rob’s face was a shade of red I had never seen before, and I think I heard him whisper something about killing me slowly, but I’m sure I misunderstood. Nonetheless I decided to move the story along, just in case.

“Uhm, I guess you get the picture. So, with the doorknob still in his hand, there he stood in all his glowering glory, Mr. Henry Staddon. Of course I didn’t know that was his name right then but well, you know—I’m kind of shorthanding everything so you don’t hurt me or anything for taking too long to tell the story like I’m doing right now so let’s just move along shall we?”

Rob made that noise in his throat again and I dived right back in.

“Anyway, he looked at me and then at the cookies and being the brilliant man he is quickly deduced that I was the pastry chef from next door that Honey had told him all about.”

I sighed at the memory. As I sat there with Rob, I was transported back to that moment. Henry was all growly, wondering who was daring to disturb his recovering aunt. He looked so fierce standing there, clenching the door handle in his fist. He was so sexy and I just melted into a tiny pile of subby goo. I was so wrapped up in thought I barely heard the sarcastic comment from my *former* best friend’s mouth.

“And you fell instantly in love, I suppose?”

“I beg your pardon? I will have you know I am not some pushover when it comes to a pretty face. I most certainly did not fall in love right then!”

I sat back and crossed my arms, righteous indignation rolling off me in waves, along with a small amount of victory. I had certainly shown him, I had! Sure I may have, in the past, jumped the gun on the whole falling in love thing, so I had a tendency to wear my heart on my sleeve? Well sue me. But I certainly did not fall “instantly” this time, no, I did not.

“So what’d it take you—all of a week?”

I snorted at the ridiculous idea! A week? Me?

“Try three days, bucko!”

Ha ha! I nearly raised my fist in the air in triumph. Take that, I thought. After all, why waste an entire seven days if you know the man you just met is not only going to be the love of your life, but the Dom to fulfill all your kinky fantasies as well? Uhm, I mean who doesn’t think that way? Anybody? Oh, c’mon people throw me a bone here, for God’s sake! All right, so three days *was* kinda short; but you know how you meet someone and you just know? Everything clicks into place and there’s this immediate sense of, well, feeling like you are finally home. Suddenly you’re safe and warm and the look in his eyes tells you he’s so damn happy that he found you and you wanted to be his.

Listen, I know you're just waiting to mock me and call me a fool, probably just like Rob was about to, but I'm telling you, it felt just like that. I fell... hard, deep and completely. Call it whatever you like but I know what it really is. It's an indefinable second when everything is right with the world and you are looking at the future, all six foot four inches of him.

Of course when I opened my mouth to explain all that to Rob it might have come out a little differently. Oh and for the record, it absolutely is completely cool to call your very serious Dom slash best friend, "bucko." And he certainly wasn't currently making that scary growling sound again. Nope, not good old Rob.

"I meant to say beautiful friend of course—never bucko, certainly not! No, no, no. Now where was I? Oh yes, at the door. He invited me in and there sat Honey, on the sofa and I can thankfully attest to the fact she had used some conditioner on her hair, thank God! She oohed and ahed over the cookies and explained to her nephew that I was going to make the gingerbread for the bazaar. I smiled and responded in monosyllabic phrases grateful my pants were slightly baggy and my erection was not showing. The drool on my chin was less easy to hide. Then she dropped the bomb that her dear Henry would also be helping at the bazaar, and wasn't it nice that now he would know somebody else and not feel quite so alone. I'm pretty sure I whimpered and felt the zipper on my shorts start to give way from the pressure building against it."

"So, let me get this straight. Your prick was hard, you were practically undressing the guy with your eyes, Honey was oblivious and going on about how you two were going to be great friends and this guy sat there the whole time never saying a word?"

"Correct, and you better be my boy's best friend or the hand you currently have on his thigh is going to require medical attention after I remove it."

And that, ladies and gentleman is how my best friend Rob met my boyfriend.

Before I could say a word, the two of them were nose to nose, standing over me like I was a prime piece of real estate and they were in a bidding war to the death. I felt all flushed and tingly as my best friend and my Sir nearly duked it out in front of my eyes. It was so intense—so dangerous! Gosh, it was so sexy... so testosterone laden and... completely *untrue*!

That's right! While I slowly became invisible to anyone watching, the two of them laughed, clapped each other on the back, and began comparing whipping techniques—okay so sue me—it just felt weird to say cock sizes when I was talking about my best friend. But honestly! Where has chivalry gone? For all Sir knew this guy could have been about to steal my innocence... okay, when you're done laughing I can continue! Sheesh! No respect at all!

Apparently the two of them had actually met before, but just in passing at a convention for Doms. No, I'm not lying. Well, I probably have the lingo a bit wrong. You see, every so often Manhole hosts different events geared toward educating their clientele. Rob met my Sir in passing at an exclusive night, just for Doms, to gather and share some training techniques. Rob watched Henry's exhibition on flogging. Hence, the joking around at my expense. (A little side note here—Sir is very, very, very good at flogging. Oh my, yes. Damn, why did I have to wear my skinny jeans tonight, the boys are just not settling down—Sir has that effect, you know.)

After their initial lovefest over recognizing one another, I was pulled right back into the hot seat with a query from Rob and an arched eyebrow from Sir, which meant I was going to be in trouble unless I straightened up right away. You're wondering how I got all that from an arched eyebrow? Allow me to explain. Sir has three messages he conveys with just a twitch of his brow. First, there is the "indulgent arch" reserved for when I am being particularly cute and skirting that fine line between sass and amusement. Then there is the "enquiring arch" when Sir is not really sure if whatever I just said warrants a spanking. Lastly we have the "you better get on with it or you won't be able to sit on that sweet ass for a week" arch. And that is exactly what was on Sir's face after that traitor Rob informed him I was acting more squirrely than usual. As a result, when Sir gave me that look I was suddenly all kinds of cooperative and ready to continue my story for Rob. Of course before I could even open my mouth, Rob dove in, hoping Sir would be the more efficient storyteller.

"So, Luca was attempting to tell me how you both met. I'm fairly sure he managed to get out something about gingerbread cookies?"

Sir looked at me and smiled. I think my heart kind of melted for a sec. It's always that way when he does that—smile, I mean. God, I love this man. *Shhh*, I know it seems way too soon for that but, trust me, he is a keeper for sure.

He laid his arm around the back of the booth so it rested on my shoulders and I snuggled in. It's true—I am a cuddler! Can't be helped, there's just something so right about being in his arms. It feels so safe and warm. I would

have crawled onto his lap if he'd let me but those times were reserved just for the club or at home, not in a public setting where such behavior might not be so welcomed. Instead, I leaned my head on his chest for a minute and felt his voice rumble as he answered Rob.

“Luca and those damned cookies.”

He chuckled so hard I had to sit up to avoid getting a concussion from his bouncing chest. Rob shot me a glance and then grinned at Sir, obviously anticipating he was finally going to hear about the infamous gingerbreads.

“There must be a good story here—maybe you should tell it since Luca seems to be incapable of doing anything but babbling tonight.”

“Hey, unfair! I *was* telling you! Well, maybe I kept getting a bit off track but still, I was getting to it, uhm eventually.”

Rob laughed and Sir patted me on the shoulder, shaking his head in resigned amusement. I tried to move away, all huffy and disgruntled like but Sir's hand moving to the nape of my neck stopped me. When he ran his fingers through my mop of hair and gently tugged at my curls I leaned against him with a little sigh. He slipped his arm around me, pushing his hand into my hair again.

He loved my curls. I'd like to say that I did too, but after living all of my twenty-seven years with fat blond sausage-like waves that made me look like one of Botticelli's cherubs I was less than enthused with them. I had hazel eyes to boot—I wanted blue, you know. But here I am, stuck with blond curls down to the nape of my neck and greenish-yellow eyes. Plus I'm thin as a reed, barely a hundred and thirty pounds soaking wet and only five foot seven inches. I'm fit though. Working in the local bakery has given me some nice muscles, albeit small ones, on my upper arms. I've been told I'm quite fetching to look at, but that doesn't really matter to me. I may be flighty, well slightly ADHD if we're being totally honest, but I'm not vain. All right, all right maybe just a smidge.

And, yippee, I've done it again. One of them just asked me a question but I was prattling on and missed it and now both of them are staring me down.

“Luca?”

“Yes, Sir?”

“What have we discussed about your bad habit of zoning out?”

“That you know I am trying really hard not to do it and you are not going to punish me tonight when I have just gotten to spend time with my friend who I haven't seen in a long while?”

Rob, the traitor, jumped right in on that one, making it oh-so-clear he was not going to prevent any correction coming my way.

“Whoa, blondie, leave me out of this—you’re the one who can’t stay on track for more than two or three minutes.”

Sir started doing that brow thingy again and I knew I had to come up with something fast or potentially not be able to sit comfortably for the next week due to the paddling I would get later in the evening.

“What I meant to say, Sir, is that I should work hard to stay focused or there would be consequences that will help me remember in the future.”

“That’s much better. Now do I expect you to be perfect and concentrate all the time?”

“No, Sir, but I should try my best?”

Sir leaned in and whispered in my ear while Rob looked on, clearly fascinated with my obedient demeanor. Suffice it to say he had never really seen me in full on submissive mode before. But then, I had never wanted to please another person before as much as I did my Sir.

“And do you remember the punishment for not trying your best, boy?”

I shook my head no as his steely voice quietly filled my ear. To say that I was now so aroused my cock actually twitched at Sir’s demanding tone of voice was an understatement. He was so close I felt his lips brush my earlobe as he reminded me how he would correct my laziness.

“The cock cage is on the dresser at home. If you manage to tell your friend the story without any further delay then it will remain there. However, if you start to drift again as it seems you’ve been doing then you will be wearing it by the end of this evening and it will remain in place for the next five days. Understood?”

Five days... oh God. That meant nearly a week of Sir caging my dick and then teasing me to within an inch of my life. Not to mention the possibility that during my punishment I might screw up again and get a spanking or two. Okay, so maybe that wouldn’t be quite so bad, but then not to be able to come at the end? The whole idea made me shudder, which, in turn, made Sir tighten his arm around me. For a brief second, I settled into his strength.

But wait a minute—was that a smirk I saw on his face? I did a quick side-glance and noted his smug expression. That look all but confirmed he’d already

decided I was going to be under lock and key before the night was over. On top of that, he eased away from me and was looking over the menu with my former best friend, Rob the traitor face!

Well, I certainly was not going to let this one go without a fight, no, sirree, I was not. I'd show Sir who could be obedient! The gauntlet had been thrown, and despite the fact that my cock was half hard and threatening to claw its way out of my pants yet again, I would be victorious! I was hell bound to get this story told, right after I surreptitiously palmed my cock and told it to behave, of course.

“Ha HA!”

Yes, I may have given a premature shout of victory with an “I told you so ha ha” just as Sir and Rob were ordering some appetizers and more drinks. Sir glanced my way, flashing those baby blues at me and arching his damn brow, which had the effect of momentarily freezing time, and causing me to salivate just a tiny bit. Holy schmolies the man is gorgeous. Oh you think not, do you? Well, let me describe him to you and then we'll see if you still have that holier-than-thou attitude. I believe I already mentioned he is six foot four of hard muscle. His skin has a natural olive tone to it that turns deliciously bronzed in the summer. He has auburn hair that he wears short with a side part that drapes over his left eye. Since it was evening, his lean face was sporting just the right amount of stubble. Then there is that broad chest that tapers down to a stunning ass and rock hard thighs.

Got the picture? Okay, okay, no drooling.

Sir was still glancing over at me, all the while giving his drink order to the waiter who, I swear, wanted to crawl in between us to make sure he got the order correct.

Well, I think not, bucko!

I can call that pervy waiter bucko because if “Oh Please, Mister Allow Me To Fetch Your Drink Along With A Side Order Of My Pert Ass” wasn't a closet submissive then I wasn't a card carrying gay boy. And I am. Gay. Not card carrying, 'cause, well, that's just an expression. I mean we really don't go around with ID cards that say, “I'm a big homo” or anything. Ahem, anyhoo, back to the story.

“I'm sorry. I seem to have something in my throat hence that outburst back there that startled everyone including Mr. Handsy McWaiter there. Uhm yes, okay, back to the story. Well, after meeting Sir, er, I mean Henry...”

Dammit! I wasn't supposed to call him Sir in public—not out loud anyway. I saw Sir glance at Rob with a smile and lean in to clear up any confusion over his title.

“Luca and I have agreed to use our first names in public. I'm afraid I confused the situation when I called him ‘my boy’ in front of you, Rob. Luca, I'm sorry if that threw you off track. I realize you may have been referring to me as Sir before I got here, but let's both try to stick with Henry and Luca for now, okay?”

He sounded so serious. Rob nodded at him like it was common everyday conversation to talk about how I should be addressing Sir. Must be a Dom thing—like a pissing contest—wanting to show Rob how he was still in control despite the awkward name thing. All I know is it was fucking hot. God I had to get a grip or I was going to climb Sir like a tree right there in the restaurant. I cleared my throat, tried to ignore my cock practically purring at the sound of Sir's voice and continued on with the story.

“After that initial meeting at Aunt Honey's door, we didn't see each other until a week later at the bazaar. I'd been in the kitchen for two days solid making both batches of gingerbread and then boxing them up, because they were all due to be delivered on Saturday. I was really happy with how they'd turned out. I had everything under control until the doorbell rang.”

I looked at Sir and promptly blushed sixteen shades of red. He and I both knew exactly what had happened after he showed up to help me deliver the cookies. It was a total surprise him showing up like that, and when he closed my door behind him and stood in my foyer looking at me with those damn ocean blue eyes I dropped to my knees like a stone and bowed my head.

I know, I know—it was taking a real risk. I mean he'd never, in the brief time I saw him at Aunt Honey's, even so much as breathed a word about being a Dom, but let me tell you, I knew, somehow I just knew and I wanted him. God, I'd never felt such an immediate connection to anyone before in my life. I needed him to see how I could be, how I wanted to submit to him and if I was wrong, well then, I'd somehow get beyond the horrendous embarrassment my obvious display might cause and move on. Sure, he might think I was a lunatic or something, but I just had to take the chance. After all, he might want me just as much as I did him.

I knelt there, waiting. He didn't say anything right away. He took his time just watching me—so much time I started to get nervous. Finally, after what seemed to be hours, he finally spoke.

“Stop fidgeting, please. I take it from your rather dramatic collapse that you want to discuss something with me?”

I nodded my head and glanced up to the approximate vicinity of his chin.

“While I do like the look of you on your knees, Luca, I think the conversation we should have is best done eye to eye and sitting somewhere comfortably. It’s just a little past 8:30 and the gingerbread for my Grandmother doesn’t need to arrive until 11. Is there any reason why we can’t have this discussion now?”

I rapidly calculated the time it would take to deliver the boxes. I definitely didn’t need to leave for at least an hour or more to make both deliveries on time. I tried to respond with that information and managed a small squeak. Not my finest moment, but holy hell the fact that he was going to even talk with me was making me quiver all over.

“I’ll take that strange sound as a no. Get up please, and come sit with me. We need to talk.”

And we did, talk that is. Well, we ended up doing some other stuff but we definitely spoke to each other first. He told me he hadn’t had a submissive for over six months, and while he would consider the idea of us entering into an arrangement, he was actually looking for something more than just an occasional scene. I assured him I was as well. Then I found myself telling him all about Gary and how hard it was for me to consider trusting another Dom for such a long time after.

He listened—his eyes glued on mine the entire time. Sometimes he would reach out and stroke the back of my hand where it rested on the sofa next to his leg. When I got to the part where Gary ignored my safe word, he actually cursed and then just as quickly dragged me into a hug and held onto me. I broke down a little then. It was such a relief to share that with him.

You know, I think that was the exact moment I fell in love with him. He was so kind, and before I knew it I was kissing him and holding onto him and begging him to kiss me in return. Next thing I realized my apron was on the floor along with my shorts. Yes, yes I know it was late October but you try cooking in a hot kitchen in long sleeves and jeans. Anyway, before I could say, “whip the egg whites,” I was naked and in Henry’s lap. He kept kissing me and telling me we weren’t ready for this yet. I was in total agreement even as his fist wrapped around my leaking cock and stroked it ever so slowly.

Before I could tell him how I agreed this was a bad idea, he was sucking a mark up on my chest and I was spurting into his hand and all over his nice slacks. He kept murmuring how lovely I was. I swear to God, by the time I had unzipped him and had his fat cock in my mouth, I was his submissive, hook, line and sinker. No, we didn't do anything else that day, both of us knew it was way too soon; but that's how it all began, and now three months later here we were.

And, great, now both Sir and Rob are looking at me again! I just knew I was blushing like crazy, I mean how the hell am I supposed to tell that little piece of the story to Rob?

"Rob, Luca and I had a long... talk the day he was to deliver the gingerbread. I didn't know he had two deliveries to make that day and that our conversation would leave him just a bit... rattled."

Damn if Rob didn't smirk and give me a superior look. He knew exactly what had me rattled, and was letting me know he did, but I could care less. I was looking at Sir; he was smiling at me as he took my hand and gave it a squeeze. I looked back at Rob, giving him a classic "Sir eyebrow" and daring him to comment. He had the good grace, and sense, I might add, to clear his throat and allow me to move on with the story. Which I did—reluctantly—'cause the part coming up next was a doozy, trust me.

So, back to that morning—the one where I became all, "hey, I'm a sub and won't you please be my dominant, almost perfect stranger who gives me a near constant boner?" Remember how I said I had two deliveries to make that day? And how I had them all ready to go? Yeah—that is where the problems all started.

"So let me get this straight. You had two batches of gingerbread—the ones you showed me on the phone, right?"

I nodded at Rob until I felt like one of those bobbleheads you keep on your dashboard.

"And right before Henry arrived, you boxed them all up, correct?"

Again, bobblehead Luca...

"So what's the big deal? What am I missing here? Did you deliver them late or something?"

Sir grunted, then quickly raised his glass to his lips. He was trying to stifle a laugh—the traitor! The least he could’ve done was tell the rest of the story while I pretended not to listen. I mean we were not talking about one of my finer moments here. But no, the coward hid behind his glass and wouldn’t meet my eyes. So I did what I do best. I squared my shoulders and plunged ahead, blurting the whole thing out.

“Yes and because I had been interrupted by a certain person, I never marked the boxes.”

I shot an evil look at my Dom who was currently choking on his drink while trying to suppress his laughter. I still contend to this day that an earth shattering orgasm in the midst of delivery day guaranteed my brain was too rattled to keep everything straight.

Rob cocked his head to one side, considering what I had just revealed. I watched as the gears slowly clicked into place and the look of confusion morphed into one of incredulity.

“Oh my God! You didn’t?”

I nodded, my face now threatening to burst into flame at the awful memory of just how badly I had screwed up that day.

“I did.”

Sir took that moment to finally come to my rescue—if you can call revealing my utter humiliation rescuing.

“Yes, it was quite the sight when my sainted Aunt opened her box only to see well hung BDSM gingerbread boys fully decked out in leather. Some of them were even wearing hoods, as I recall.”

I would *like* to tell you that Rob looked at me sympathetically and made some quiet soothing noises to indicate his support. Yeah, right, think again. In reality his laughter ricocheted off every wall, and even made the drunk in the corner wake up.

Unfortunately Sir was telling the unvarnished, if not painfully embarrassing truth. Allow me to take you back to that morning and what had just occurred. After that mind-blowing interlude with Sir, we cleaned up and I got dressed. After cleaning his slacks as best he could to remove the, uhm, evidence (read, rapidly drying cum stains), Sir helped me grab all the boxes and we hustled it out the door.

It really never dawned on me that in all the, ahem, activity that morning I would be so flustered and scattered I'd actually mix up the boxes about to be delivered. Now I know what you're going to say. Why didn't I just double-check to make sure I was dropping off the right boxes? Well first off, I had taped them shut, and secondly, I could have sworn I'd put the slutty gingers on the right hand side of my table. Hence, when I stacked them I made sure those were on the bottom since the first stop would be Aunt Honey's church and the second, the club. So, uhm, apparently I get my left and right mixed up. Oh please! If you'd just had sex with a gorgeous Dom I would venture to say you might be a bit off your game as well!

And while we're on the subject, I feel like I should explain just a little about that "dropping to my knees" business. Yeah, so it was a bit over the top and honestly, who would do crazy spontaneous shit like that in real life anyway? Well, me, I'm that guy. Yup. Sadly I do stuff like that all the time, and sure, it gets me in trouble sometimes let me tell ya. But this time? This time it turned out more than okay because it brought Henry Staddon into my life and that made all of the risk worthwhile.

I glanced over at Rob and Sir, and watched them laugh as they chatted like old friends. It made me feel good to see my best friend and the man who was so much more than just my boyfriend getting along. I listened as Sir explained how we managed to hustle the gingerbread back to the car and get the correct boxes inside before anyone but Honey was the wiser. By the way, the gingerbread cookies were a massive hit on both fronts or so I was told by Sir who remained behind to make sure the whole event ran smoothly.

Aunt Honey had roped him into being the head honcho at the church bazaar. Don't worry, she didn't have to twist his arm or anything, he would do just about anything for her. He's like that, you know. After being with someone a few months, you get to know them—especially if they're the kind of man who has a strict policy about honesty in all things—particularly in his close relationships. Henry Staddon just about worships the ground his aunt walks on. He is fiercely protective of her and, well, of me as well. He cares very deeply for both of us and it shows. Little things, like being the guy who has to watch over a church bazaar to make sure those little old ladies have a good time, aren't a big deal for him. It's just another way to show he cares about her.

No, it didn't take much for me to fall for this guy, not much at all. Underneath that growly exterior is a real pussycat who tends to wear his heart on his sleeve. That's the main reason he was so reluctant to start something

casual with me, he needed more—wanted more and he got just that with me. And, me, what did I end up with at the end of the day? I got an incredibly thoughtful and loving Sir who is my partner in all ways.

Anyway, enough of that. Rob was still laughing and wiping the tears from his eyes. Sir, on the other hand, was watching me. He can read me like a book and knew I was in that misty-eyed, near-hero-worship place where I wanted nothing more than to sit on the floor at his feet and be with him, all quiet and content.

The rest of the night went smoothly, we had a great time, especially when Simon showed up to join the party. It was really great to see three of the most important people in my life hit it off and enjoy each other's company. So there you have it. How I met my Sir or the day I made Aunt Honey nearly swoon.

So that's all there is to tell, really. What? You don't like that ending? I think it's a good place to stop. Oh, you don't, do you? Well mind sharing as to why? You want to know about the other picture on my phone? Which one? *Ooooh*, that one. You're wondering how Sir came to be wearing my apron and uhm, nothing else? Surely you don't want to hear about all that? You do? Well, why didn't you ask? All right, I know the sassy-sub bit is probably getting annoying now. Sorry! Let me fill you in on how our relationship nearly *didn't* develop into what we currently have.

If this were a fairy tale or some cocked up romance, then of course Sir and I would have begun a relationship immediately with lots of wild monkey sex and kink right after that crazy delivery day. Unfortunately, Henry Staddon is a very practical man, and by practical, I mean stubborn and elusive. You see, I was ready to rush into a D/s set up right away and let the chips fall where they may on anything else happening—like becoming boyfriends. As usual, Sir had other ideas. Slow and steady is what he wanted. Me? I wanted to jump his bones, immediately.

Phone Call #1

“Hi, Henry? It's me, Luca. Uh, you know Luca, your Aunt Honey's neighbor. The one with the cookies? Oh funny—you were joking about not knowing me. I get it now. Yeah, ha ha. (Cue awkward pause and me giggling like a hyena) Uhm listen, I was wondering if you wanted to meet for a drink? Maybe tomorrow night? Oh, you're busy? Yeah, yeah, I understand.

How's the following night? Gosh, you've got something then as well? I guess the weekend is booked too? Right, well, okay then. It was nice talking to you again. Uhm, bye.

Strike one. A lesser man may have thrown in the towel at that point and given up. I mean it certainly seemed he was pretty uninterested. I, however, was no lesser man. I was determined... and desperate.

One week later... Phone Call #2

Hey there Henry, it's Luca! Yay, you remembered me. That's great, really. What? Why am I calling? Well you were so busy and all last week, I was wondering if you had some free time in the next few days? Oh you're going out of town? Tomorrow? Well what about tonight? We could go grab a drink and... Packing? Red eye flight? Sure, yeah, you probably need to get moving then. Hello? Henry?

As you can see I was batting a thousand in the rejection department. To be frank I was starting to feel a little stupid about throwing myself at him. Plus I was starting to doubt he was being truthful when he'd told me all that shit about me being so lovely and crap. I mean maybe he just says that stuff after having a naked guy shoot his load just minutes into their meeting for the second time. God I was so naïve and desperate—did I mention how incredibly desperate I was to see him again? So, of course, I did what any red-blooded male would do—that's right, I called again and this time I groveled.

One week later... Phone Call #3

Listen Henry, I like you, I know, I know we hardly know one another, well not much beyond the biblical sense, uhm if you know what I mean, er, uh anyway, I'm just going to spit this out. I want to date you. There, I said it. Just give me a try, one night. I promise you won't regret it and I'll even keep all my clothes on and everything. I mean it will be a proper evening out. Oh hell, who am I kidding? I wouldn't know a proper night out if it bit me in the ass. God, I am really screwing this up, aren't I? Never mind. Look, I know I must seem like such a fuck-up to you but I'd really like a second chance. Which, I'm betting after this little rambling call is not going to happen so, hey, it was nice meeting you and I promise I won't bother you any—wait, what? You do? You will? You honestly want too? A

real date? With me? You do know who you are talking to, right? Oh God, yes, yes, I'll shut up now. What did I have in mind? Well, I was planning on asking you here—to my place. Six o'clock, tomorrow night? Why yes, Sir, that would be great. Okay... uh... bye.

Hallelujah! Operation make Henry Staddon my Dom was underway! Now, besides baking for a living I can cook a mean dinner as well. The first date had to be perfect in my mind, and the menu planning was detailed and a bit nerve-racking if I have to be honest. I made a Beef Stroganoff that was to die for, with mixed veg and a salad on the side. For dessert I whipped up a chocolate mousse so light I swear you could hear a heavenly chorus in the background as I served it. After the meal we sat with coffee and talked, and by talked I mean we conversed. Sheesh, get your mind out of the gutter!

One date followed another and before I knew it, a few weeks had passed. Even though we had talked at length about sex and the lifestyle we both hoped to move into, Henry hadn't done much beyond kiss me and hold my hand. Which, I can tell you, did not sit well with the manly bits at all. Essentially I was horny as hell and in need of a spanking—the fun kind where I get to come at the end. I thought to myself, taking the proverbial bull by the horns worked out once, I mean it got me heaps of dates so why not step out boldly again. What did I have to lose? By now Henry was obviously smitten with my adorable personality and smoking hot body, so why not throw caution to the wind and go for the win? And by win, I mean sex—lots and lots of sex with maybe some light bondage thrown in just for fun.

I had it all planned for the next evening. After a thorough shower and a bit of manscaping I was all set. Henry was due to arrive to take me out for dinner. Little did he know that I was going to be naked and kneeling at the door, waiting. I left the door unlocked and paced back and forth until I heard the elevator ding quietly in the hall. We get very little traffic on the third floor of my building and I knew it had to be him arriving for our date. I got into position, head bowed, wrists crossed at the small of my back and waited.

When Henry opened the door, I expected some reaction. Nothing dramatic 'cause that is just not Henry's style at all. Maybe he'd give a little gasp? Perhaps a "hey there, looking good" comment? A "looking for something on the floor, Luca?" Basically I expected anything but total silence... one that went on and on and on. When the first trickle of sweat ran down my back I suddenly realized that, just maybe, this had not been one of my more brilliant

ideas. Then something wonderful happened. Henry touched my head and finally spoke.

“Are you sure this is what you want? You need to be sure because this display can only lead to one thing, boy.”

If my heart hadn't already been in my throat, Henry casually referring to me as his “boy” would have sent it straight there. I am pretty sure I was trembling all over. I know I had to clear my throat twice before I was able to answer him.

“Yes, Sir, I'm sure.”

Henry moved around to stand behind me, his fingers never losing contact with my head. When he got in that position, I felt them leave my hair and trail down my neck to the top of my spine. I shivered and he continued.

“Safe word?”

“Gingerbread, Sir.”

I swear I could almost feel the smile I was so certain had just appeared on his face. Like me, I was sure he was remembering that day, the one where I had first tried to give him my submission. Foolhardy though that may have been it was the beginning of all we had become—all that now led to this moment. I waited, frozen in place; the only question that remained was would Henry accept my offer?

“Stand up, boy.”

I somehow managed to get to my feet, despite the fact that I was nearly passing out due to holding my breath in sheer terror that he might reject me. I felt him step in even closer, his crotch pressing against my ass. Those fingers were moving again, this time sweeping down my back to the hollow in the small of my back. I wiggled my ass, pressing back into him, needy and aggressive. I wanted him to move, to grab my hips and grind into me. This slow teasing was driving me crazy. I needed to be shown he wanted me as badly as I wanted him.

He paused and I felt him take a step back. Shit! Now I'd done it—when was I going to learn not to be so pushy? Just as I was silently berating myself and thinking I'd totally blown it, I felt the tap of a warm palm against my left asscheek. It wasn't an angry or impatient slap, it was more a gentle reminder of who was in charge. I jumped just a little and then moaned ever so softly.

“Stay still, boy. I'll tell you when you can move.”

“Ye-ess, Sir.”

He placed one hand on my shoulder while the other smoothed away the slight sting from the spank on my ass. Just as I was about to push back into his hand, disobeying his direct order once again, I felt him back away and move toward my sofa. As he sat down, he motioned for me to come closer till I was standing directly in front of him.

“Tell me what you want, Luca.”

For just a second I wasn't sure of what to say. I knew I wanted him—his touch—and yes, his cock. I was so eager to please him, to show him I could be his “boy.” But to be honest, at that very moment, I wanted nothing more than to feel his hand on my ass again. I craved that sting, that flare of pain that, if administered just right would make me fly.

I stood with my head bowed; my feet spread slightly and moved to rest my hands behind my back. I knew exactly what I wanted.

“Your boy wants whatever you choose for him to have, Sir.”

My eyes fluttered closed and I held my breath. I felt his hand caress my thigh and I bit back another moan.

“You liked that little tap I gave you just a moment ago, didn't you?”

I nodded my head but kept my head down and my eyes closed.

“Look at me, Luca.”

I obeyed, glancing at his face directly, per his request.

“I'm going to give you not only what you want but what I know you need. Lie across my lap and rest your head on your hands.”

I moved into the position he wanted, using my hands like a pillow to prop me up. My cock was so hard it was nearly dripping precum on his lap. When he shifted his knees slightly apart to distribute my weight more evenly, I felt it slide down between his thighs and just that fast he closed his legs again trapping my needy dick. This time I moaned out loud and I heard him chuckle. Then his hand was back, brushing across my ass, kneading the soft flesh between his fingers. With barely enough time to register his touch, my body jumped when he began to pepper my backside with short, quick slaps that made my ass clench from the tiny flairs of pain. Before I knew it, I was desperately trying not to grind my cock between his thighs.

“You love this, don’t you boy? You love my hand on your ass. You want it so much that I bet you could come just from my spanking, couldn’t you?”

I tried to answer, I really did, but all I could feel was his hand on my body and the pain morphing into such pleasure and my cock so fucking hard and needy that all I could do was whimper and shake my head and pray to God that he was going to give me permission to come before I embarrassed myself all over that fucking sofa.

As quickly as the spanking had begun, it stopped and I held my breath thinking I had somehow done something wrong. He gently pushed at me, releasing me from his lap and helping me slide onto all fours on the floor. Just as I was about to ask what I had done to displease him, I heard the whisper of his zipper and the sound of him spitting into his hand.

“I’m going to make you mine now, going to come all over that fine ass of yours and make certain you know who your new Sir is and how much he wants what you are offering.”

I honestly thought I was going to shoot my load right there and then. Jesus, that gravelly voice and the noise that his spit-soaked hand made sliding up and down his cock just about sent me over the edge. I heard his hand slapping against his flesh, faster and faster. My knees were trembling and the need to touch myself was overwhelming. Just as I shifted to reach under and grab hold of myself, I heard him move above me on the sofa.

When his warm, wet cum hit my back, I cried out and felt my cock jerk. Unable to stop my orgasm, spurt after spurt shot onto the floor beneath me as my body convulsed in time.

I felt my legs give way and right before I landed in my own cum, I felt Sir reach down to gather me in his arms.

“I have you, boy... breathe now, I have you.”

I realized I was crying. Big, ugly gulping sobs. It wasn’t because I was hurt or upset but because it felt so good, *he* felt so good. I had missed this so much, having a Dom in my life, someone I could trust and who would care for me. It felt so right. Henry made it feel just like coming home.

So, was that a better ending? Yeah, I think so too. Sorry, I got so caught up there. I never answered your question, did I? The one about the picture of Sir in

my apron? Well you see, I cook for Sir nearly every night now, and when we hit our three month anniversary he decided to surprise me by cooking breakfast in bed for the two of us. But I caught him and managed to snap that picture before he could stop me.

What happened when he realized I'd taken it? Well, let's just say that it's really hard to eat scrambled eggs with your hands tied behind your back.

The End

Author Bio

Dividing her time between teaching music and writing, Sammy enjoys connecting with her friends and making new ones on Facebook and various other social media. She is the owner of one very fat cat, Bennett, and happily resides with the boy she has loved for over 30 years. Yes, she was a child bride. Ahem.

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