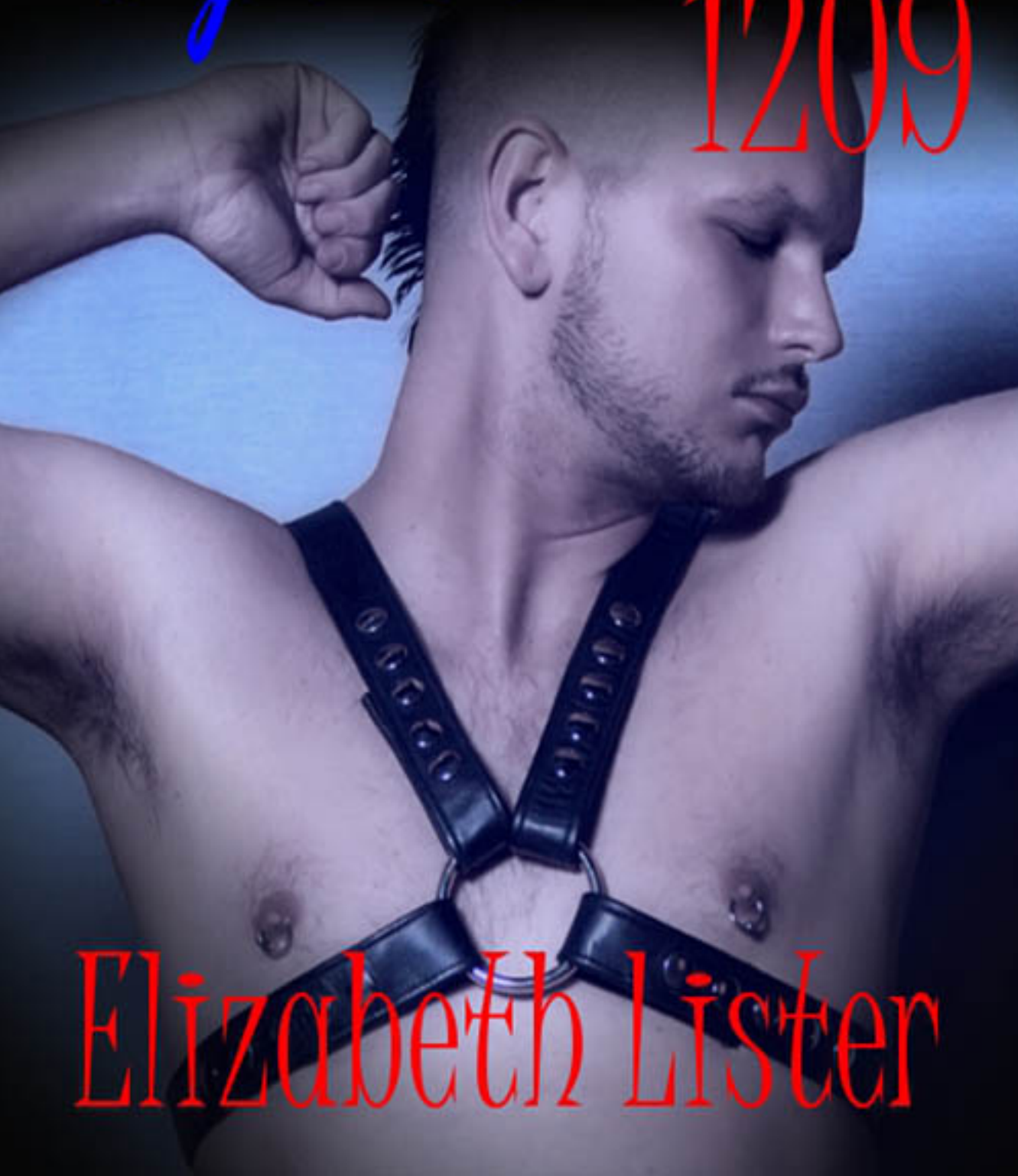


Love Has No Boundaries Goodreads M/M Romance Group

Apartment 1209

Elizabeth Lister



Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

APARTMENT 1209

By Elizabeth Lister

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love Has No Boundaries* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a free gift to you.

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

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 they 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 Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

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

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

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APARTMENT 1209

By Elizabeth Lister

Photo Description

A muscular masked man, naked except for multiple leather harnesses and leather jock, sits clutching his crotch and placing his middle finger seductively on his tongue as he stares challengingly at the camera.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

I am working three jobs to make ends meet, going to college at night and have not had any time for fun. I live one lonely boring life.

My neighbor across the hall has been watching me for some time without my knowledge. He thinks I'm overworked and need some time to relax... with him.

Somehow his version of de-stressing is this:

[PROMPT IMAGE—See photo description]

And calling him Daddy.

Please write my story about how I ended up being his boy.

Thanks! ;P

PS A HEA most definitely!

Sincerely,

SheReadsALot

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: college, BDSM, fetish toys, first time, age gap, soul mates or bonded

Word count: 12,485

APARTMENT 1209

By Elizabeth Lister

1209

The brass numbers stared back at me from the door to his apartment, down the hall from mine. I'd already been inside, about a week ago. He'd helped me out in an awkward situation and we'd shared a coffee.

Only now I knew. I knew who he was and what he did. I'm pretty sure I knew what he wanted with me.

I raised my hand very slowly and knocked three times, trying to quell the panic that began to rise. I wanted this. I wanted this so bad and I wouldn't let fear derail me. Not this time.

One week earlier

Where the hell were my keys?

I groped in my pocket frantically for them, not believing they weren't there. They were always there. I needed them to get into the building, out of this cold night. I checked the other pocket, to no avail. I put down my messenger bag and went through every nook and crevice. Nothing.

What the hell did I do with them?

Standing up slowly, my mind whirled over the possibilities. Maybe I'd dropped them in the parking lot when I'd left this morning. I did a quick sweep of the lot, not seeing anything. They could be anywhere between here and the bus station.

They could have fallen from my pocket at any point during the day—at my morning call centre job, the restaurant this afternoon, or at school, from where

I'd just returned. Did I drop them when I took the dogs out at lunchtime? God only knew.

I heard footsteps behind me.

"Having some trouble?"

I turned to see an attractive older man with a smile that made my eyes widen and cock twitch. I liked his face. He was tall, so I had to look up slightly, which I also found pleasant.

"I can't find my keys," I muttered, blushing with embarrassment. This was so humiliating. What was I, sixteen?

"I've seen you before. In fact, I think you live down the hall from me," he said casually, fishing his own keys from his pocket. He kept his gaze on mine as he reached past me, inserting his key in the door. "Excuse me."

I seemed locked in place. For a moment, we stared at each other as some silent communication passed between us. We recognized each other in more ways than just acknowledging another tenant. In those few seconds, it became obvious that we knew seemingly private things about each other. My gaydar went off like gangbusters and I felt his interest in me as if he'd spoken it. Or perhaps that was wishful thinking? Out of my peripheral vision I saw someone approaching, which ended the moment. I stepped aside.

The older man pushed the door open and beckoned me to follow.

I did, without question. I really wanted to know his name.

"Thank you. I don't know what I did with them," I said lamely. "I can't get into my apartment."

"Well, I can feed you and give you a cup of coffee while you figure out what to do," he said, holding out his hand. "Ryan Holloway. I'm in 1209."

I shook his hand firmly, enjoying the warmth of his skin and feeling... *something*. “Thanks, that would be great.”

We stepped into the elevator.

“You’re in 1203, aren’t you?” he asked.

I nodded. “Yeah.”

“How do you like it?”

I shrugged. “It’s okay. Small. It’s all I can afford right now.”

“Bachelor?”

Huh? What a weird question. “Um... well, I’m single... yeah.”

He laughed. “No, I mean, do you have a bachelor apartment?”

Oh my God. I blushed, feeling like an idiot. “Yeah.”

“Mine’s a bit larger. A one bedroom. I like it.” He grinned. “You haven’t told me your name.”

The elevator doors opened as I stuttered an apology. “S-sorry.” *What the fuck is wrong with me?* “I’m Henry Crocket.”

He stopped, offering me his hand again in the middle of the hall. “Well, it’s nice to finally meet you, Henry Crocket.”

I shook his hand again, wondering if it was just an excuse for physical contact. I didn’t care.

“Sure.” I didn’t really know what to say because I didn’t remember ever seeing *him* before.

We walked to 1209 and he keyed the door open. “Come on in. Make yourself at home, Henry.”

His apartment, like mine, was on the small side, but he had decorated and furnished it so that this was hardly an issue. Although the walls remained the

neutral “apartment white”, modern artwork in vibrant hues of blue and yellow hung on the walls, giving the room a sophisticated, cheerful feel.

I toed off my boots and put down my bag, suddenly feeling exhausted after my long day. Thank God I didn’t have to go to the restaurant tonight. If I could just get into my apartment.

“You okay? You look like you’re gonna fall over,” Ryan said, pulling out a chair from his kitchen table. “Have a seat. Want a coffee?”

I nodded. “Please.”

Ryan moved around his apartment with confidence and ease, at home in the small, organized space. “So what’s your story, Henry?”

“Huh?” I asked.

He grinned. “Are you in school? You look about twenty.”

“Good guess.”

“Thanks.”

“And, yeah, I’m taking classes at Algonquin right now.”

He nodded, getting the coffeemaker set up and placing a couple of mugs on the counter. “Studying what?”

“Home care. It’s sort of like nursing.”

“Good for you. There’s a lot of demand for those services nowadays.” He sat down in a nearby chair. “I don’t know if I could do it.”

I shrugged. “It’s not that bad. I’ve always liked helping people.”

He stared at me intently, his grey eyes shining with intelligence and interest. I noticed the laugh lines at their sides, and the seeming softness of his lips. He had nice eyebrows too. “Do you have a student loan or are you working?”

“I’m getting a bit of money from OSAP but not much.”

“Then you’re working.”

“Yep.”

“Sorry to ask so many questions. It’s just nice to be able to talk to you, finally.” He leaned back in his chair, stretching his long legs out before him. “So, what are we gonna do about your keys?”

“I guess I’d better call the Super. I think I put the number in here.” I said, pulling my phone from my back pocket. I found the number for the building’s superintendent.

A gruff voice answered. “Yeah?”

“Mr. Conway? It’s Henry Crocket from 1203.”

“Yes?”

“Um, I seem to have misplaced my keys. I was wondering if you could let me into my apartment?”

“Sure, sure, but I can’t come right now. I’m trying to fix a toilet.”

“Okay. Well, I’m in 1209 right now.”

He chuckled. “Visiting with Mr. Holloway are you? Why am I not surprised?”

“I beg your pardon?” What the hell did he mean by that?

“I’ll be there as soon as I can.”

He hung up, not leaving me any time to ask him about his comment.

I looked at Ryan curiously as I pocketed my phone. “He... doesn’t seem surprised that I’m hanging out with you.”

Ryan grinned. “Well, he’s seen me with good-looking young men before.” He winked.

I was thrown by this response because it meant a number of astonishing things. It meant he was popular with young men (no big surprise there). It meant he was likely gay, as I'd supposed (again, not a big surprise). And it meant he found me good looking (major surprise).

He cleared his throat and got up. "How do you take your coffee, Henry?"

"Um, with a bit of... cream." Our eyes met.

We stared at each other, and I swear my cock went from semi to full hardness in a nanosecond. I gulped, feeling the red flush into my cheeks.

Oh, boy.

"No sugar?" he said with the hint of a smile.

I shook my head slowly from side to side, my eyes still captured. My pulse pounded in my veins. The truth was, I didn't need coffee. I needed to get laid. Badly.

I was, for all intents and purposes, a virgin. Oh, I'd had intercourse with a girl. Stumbling, blind, groping penetration with the expected result. It had left both of us depressed more than anything else. And the entire time I'd been thinking how hot it'd be to come in another guy's hand or on his stomach or, Jesus, have *him* come on or in *me*.

I knew after that experience I'd only ever be physical with guys. But the opportunities hadn't presented themselves. And now, I was too busy to think about anything except work and school, and almost too tired to jack off when I was at home. It was a sad, sad, life.

Ryan came back with our coffees and passed me mine. As we sipped and talked, I wondered at the fact that I felt so comfortable here. Who was this man and why did it feel like he already knew me?

We chatted about inconsequential things while we waited for the superintendent to arrive with a key. It was hard to completely relax in Ryan's presence, but only because I found him so alluring. I almost expected him to make a move on me, and was truly disappointed when he didn't. And I was too chicken to do anything more than stare and stutter and blush. Really, I was pathetic. What man would ever think of me as a suitable object of sexual pursuit? Luckily the coffee perked me up enough to converse on a basic level. I was still pretty tired.

Finally, Mr. Conway showed up with my key. He said I could make one copy of it and bring it back to him by end of day tomorrow.

"I'm sure Mr. Holloway's been keeping you entertained," he said as he looked my savior over with barely concealed contempt.

"Whatever do you mean, Mr. Conway?" Ryan asked, with a look of concern.

"Nothing," the other man mumbled. He glanced at me, then turned and walked away, whispering something under his breath that I couldn't catch.

I looked at Ryan. "That was weird."

He nodded. "He's a strange guy."

"Well, thanks for helping me out, and for the coffee."

"It was great to finally meet you, Henry. Maybe we could go *out* for coffee sometime?"

Was he asking me on a date?

Again, the stuttering: "Well, I... sure, but I don't have a lot of time. I work at a call centre in the morning, walk dogs at lunchtime, and go to school in the afternoon. Usually, I have a shift at Boston Pizza in the evening."

He stared at me. "My, you are a busy fellow. No wonder you're so tired."

As if on cue I had to cover a yawn. “I do want to go out with you, I just don’t know when I can,” I admitted, honestly. After my previous misinterpretation, I thought I’d better check. “You *are* asking me out, right?”

He smiled. “Oh yes. Well, why don’t you contact me when you have a spare hour sometime? You know where I live. If I’m not home, slip a note under the door.”

Why did that sound so dirty?

“Okay.” I said. “Thanks again.”

“Please be more careful with your key, Henry. I’d hate to think of you stuck outside again.”

“It was luck that you came along.”

“Very.”

I turned and walked away, hearing the door close behind me. I knew I wouldn’t fall asleep anytime soon, tired though I was.

I didn’t really have time to think about Ryan’s offer for the next several days. My work and school commitments kept me busy and I never seemed to pass him in the building to even say a quick hello.

On Friday, during my shift bussing tables at Boston Pizza, my co-worker, Frank, noticed I was a little distracted when he caught me forgetting to put out cutlery on my just-wiped tables.

“Henry, what the hell has got you all daydream-y anyway?” he asked. “You finally get a boyfriend?”

I blushed, shaking my head. Frank was gay too, but enjoyed the freedom of one-night stands and getting groped in back rooms more than I did. Hell, I didn’t even have time for *that*.

I guess he could tell from my shamefaced denial that something was up, because he didn't let it go.

“You met someone, though, right?” He regarded me intently as I shrugged. “Someone hot?”

I met his gaze with what must have been an open confession.

“I knew it! Who is he?” he asked, sitting down in the booth I was cleaning.

“Just this guy in my building.”

“Really? That's convenient. What's his name? A fellow student or a working stiff?” He grinned at his pun.

I shrugged again. “He's older. He works, I guess. He said his name was Ryan Holloway.”

Frank stared at me, and I realized quickly it wasn't just shock that I'd actually spoken to a hot guy. His face paled and his mouth dropped open for a moment, then closed.

He coughed. “Did you say Ryan Holloway?”

I nodded, confused and a little anxious all of a sudden. I stopped wiping the table and just stared at Frank's startled expression. He emitted an impressed sigh/whistle as he slowly reached into his back pocket and pulled something out. He unfolded the piece of paper and held it up before me. “Does he look like this?”

My mouth went dry as I examined the full-page ad for some downtown establishment named... Holloway's.

Oh, fuck.

It was my sexy neighbor. But he wasn't wearing jeans and a T-shirt in this picture. He wore a leather harness, leather pants and heavy motorcycle boots.

He looked... even hotter. At his big, booted feet kneeled a young man, about my age, with spiky blond hair and a dog collar, his hands resting reverently on Ryan's hips, cheek pressed against the older man's leathered thigh.

"What is that?"

"Is this *him*? Seriously, is this the Ryan Holloway you're talking about?"

"Yes," I stammered.

"Fuck!" he exclaimed, regarding me with sudden respect. "You little shit."

I looked at him, surprised. He'd never called me anything like that before.

He laughed and shook his head. "I'm sorry. I just can't believe your luck." He waved the flyer before me. "Ryan Holloway is the sexiest fucking leather daddy in this city. He owns *this* place," he said, stabbing the flyer with his index finger. "Obviously."

Since I continued to stare at him, dumfounded, he went on. "Holloway's is the hottest BDSM spot in town. There are back rooms there to beat ALL back rooms. And I should know."

I sat down in the booth, feeling panicky rather than lucky at the moment. The image of the Ryan I'd had coffee with last week didn't mesh with this new information. "Maybe it's not the same guy." I said, taking the flyer from Frank and looking at it more closely.

It was definitely him. There could be no mistake.

Frank laughed again. "You had no idea?"

I shook my head.

"How did you meet him?"

I told him about losing my key and how nice Ryan had been, inviting me in for coffee and later, blatantly asking me out.

“Oh. My. God. Half the fags in this city would piss their pants to get a chance like that! You are one lucky guy, Henry.”

“Henry, can you get Table Six for me, please?” Sarah, the manager, interrupted our chat.

“Sure. I’m almost done here,” I said, stuffing the flyer in my pocket.

“Frank, they need you in the kitchen,” she mentioned, not noticing his military salute when she turned her back on us.

Our eyes met and Frank leaned close. “Don’t worry, Ryan’s a pussycat. Even though he eats boys like you for breakfast.” He winked and left me to my task.

I felt my cock harden as my insides turned to jelly.

When I got home that night I stripped off my clothes and sat down on my bed, laying the flyer out beside me. I could hardly believe I’d sat at this man’s kitchen table and had a cup of coffee with him. He looked even hotter in this photo than he had that day. My dick got hard under my own touch quickly as I stroked it and stared at the image on the recycled paper.

I wished *I* was the boy in the photo. I desperately wanted to be that sexy young man at Ryan’s feet, willing to do whatever he desired, wanting to be told what to do and how to do it. God knows I didn’t have enough guts to take any initiative myself. Maybe this was the answer. I was good at doing as I was told, at school and at work. Why would a sexual relationship be any different?

I realized I would be happy to kneel before him, totally naked if he wished. Maybe he’d make me suck his cock until he came down my throat.

I moaned, stroking my dick faster, using some lube from my bedside table to enhance the process.

Maybe he'd tie me to his bed and fuck me proper, the way I'd wished someone had done years ago. I'd say "Yes, Sir" and "No, Sir"—I'd be so good for him.

I breathed harder, pulling so fast now, imagining him tying me up and picturing that warm smile. In my head I heard him say, "Come for me, Henry," as I climaxed, shooting a massive load across my bed.

And here I stood, outside his door—scared shitless but wanting it so bad there was no turning back.

He didn't answer right away, and I wondered if he was home. It was Sunday afternoon, but maybe he was at the bar already? My nervousness began to subside into disappointment when the door opened.

The Ryan I knew stood there, in bare feet, wearing a faded pair of jeans and an American Eagle T-shirt.

"Henry!" he said, warmth spreading over his features as his eyes lit up.

"Hi." I smiled in response but felt the nerves return. "Sorry to bother you."

He laughed. "Are you kidding? Come in, come in," he said, holding the door wide and backing up. "I worried you'd forgotten about me."

I stepped inside his apartment for the second time, looking around to see if I'd missed any hints about his lifestyle. I noticed most of his furniture was made of leather, but it's not like I'd missed handcuffs draped over the sofa or anything.

"No, Sir," I said, then froze. I glanced at him to see if he'd noticed. He looked at me, surprised, as his smile widened.

"Well, I'm glad. Have a seat. No school today, I take it?"

I shook my head, sitting down on his brown leather sofa. My hand, of its own will, reached out to stroke the soft fabric.

“Would you like something to drink? I’ve got beer, wine, Coke.”

“Um, is it regular Coke?”

He nodded. “I don’t believe in artificial sweeteners. I don’t think they’re very healthy.”

“Okay. Well, I’ll have a Coke then.”

He went into the kitchen and returned with an ice-cold can. He popped the top and handed it to me.

“Thanks.” I took a gulp, delighting in the full, sugary taste of it.

“Not that I think pop itself is all that healthy, but those chemical sweeteners are nasty.” He took a swig of the beer he’d gotten for himself, sitting across from me in a black leather pub chair.

I tried to think of something to say. “I guess you like leather.”

Brilliant, just brilliant, Henry.

He tilted his head, his gaze holding mine as he answered. “Yes. You could call me a devotee.”

I felt my cock thicken and swell as our eyes held. I wanted to tell him I knew. I knew who he was, and what he liked to do to boys like me. Maybe I should. Anything was better than obvious statements about his décor.

“I know who you are.”

He seemed surprised, but not worried. “Who told you?”

“A friend of mine. He’s been to your club.”

He nodded. “But you’re here. You’re not scared.” The corner of his mouth lifted, as if to reassure me that there really wasn’t anything to be afraid of.

“I’m terrified.”

“You don’t look it. You look aroused.”

“I’m... both.” Holy shit. Did I just admit I had a hard-on for this guy? Where was this courage coming from?

We looked at each other for a long moment. Then Ryan stood up and moved away.

“Where are you going?”

“I’ll be right back, Henry. I’m just going to get something.”

He was going to get something. What was he getting? A whip? A paddle? My cock hardened while sweat began to accumulate on my palms.

In a few moments, he came back. He tossed something toward me, which I caught by reflex. I looked down at the leather cuffs in my hands. They were beautiful—soft and well made.

“Do you want to play, Henry?”

Do you want to play, Henry?

Why did it seem like I’d been waiting to hear those words from this man for a very long time? Years, even.

I couldn’t speak. My breaths seemed loud in the small space as I nodded twice, looking him in the eyes.

He grinned, the dimple in one cheek making him seem benign and charming. But what did he have planned?

“You’ll have to do better than that. I need your verbal consent to be restrained. Do you give it, Henry?”

I cleared my throat. “Yes, Sir.”

“Then put your hands together in front of you.”

I did, my heart beating wildly. I watched as he fastened the cuffs around my wrists and attached them together.

He looked at me, smiling with utter kindness. “We’ll keep this very basic, Henry. I know you’re inexperienced.”

I felt panic suddenly, remembering just how inexperienced I was. Embarrassed to tell him, I simply nodded.

“Okay. I want you to lie back on the sofa and stretch your arms above your head.”

He told me what to do, just like I’d imagined. He was in total control of this and I loved it. I did as he asked.

He peeled off his T-shirt, revealing the moderately-haired and very muscled chest I’d seen on the brochure. He let the shirt drop to the floor.

“I’m going to take your pants off.”

“Okay,” I said quickly, eagerness and excitement plain in my voice.

He chuckled softly as he undid the fly of my jeans and pulled them off while I lifted my butt to help him. He made sure my black boxer briefs stayed on, although I wouldn’t have protested if he’d taken them too.

He threw my jeans aside and looked down at me. I looked down too. The outline of my erect cock could be seen distinctly beneath the cotton of my briefs. There was even a little wet spot where some pre-cum had leaked out. As we watched, the spot got bigger.

“I’m sorry,” I murmured, embarrassed. I hoped he realized it wasn’t piss or anything gross like that.

“Don’t be,” he said simply. He reached out and touched the wet spot, making me gasp as my cock surged. Rubbing it gently, he lifted his finger to his nose and inhaled.

“Oh... fuck.” I whispered, eyes wide.

“Not yet,” he said with a smile as he reached for the waistband of my boxers.

He lifted it, letting the tip of my hard-on peek out. He made a very sexy noise in the back of his throat as he pulled the boxers down, revealing my full, engorged length. “I’m going to take my time with you, Henry.”

Oh, Jesus. But how would I last? I felt like I’d come just from the way he looked at my cock right now, like at a rare delicacy or a treasure.

“I don’t think you get fucked very often, do you, Henry? Although why that is I’m clueless. There should be men lined up at your door.”

I felt like I needed to confess, even though I worried about looking like a kid. I knew the game we played required trust and honesty. “I’ve never actually... been... fucked,” I admitted quietly.

He still held the waistband of my boxers below my straining cock as he admired it. His gaze met mine in surprise. “You’ve only topped?”

“Um.” I shook my head. “I haven’t really... I mean, I haven’t really done anything with a man before.”

He seemed astounded, but not displeased. In fact, his mouth dropped open and his breathing quickened all of a sudden. He covered my cock and stood up, grabbing his beer and taking a long drink.

“What about with girls?”

“Just once. It was awful. I came but... I was thinking about cock when I did.”

He looked at me, smiling in sympathy.

“I’m sorry,” I said again. Why did I feel the need to apologize to him all the time?

“Stop apologizing, Henry. There’s nothing wrong with you.” He took another long drink then put the bottle back down on the side table. He looked at me again, his eyes traveling over my almost naked form slowly.

“You’re not going to stop, are you?” I asked, scared that he would say yes, for whatever reason.

“I don’t think I *could* stop now, even if I thought I should. But I don’t think that.” He sat on the couch again. “I think you need this, Henry.” He slid his fingers under the waistband of my shorts again, this time peeling them all the way down and sliding them off over my naked feet.

“I do. I do need it, Sir,” I panted, so grateful that he still had some respect for me—that he still wanted me, even though I was a loser. I was so desperate for physical contact right now I had no shame. I pumped my cock desperately into the empty air while he watched and didn’t care how it made me look.

Ryan chuckled, running his broad hand through his hair. “Jesus, Henry, you’re not making this easy.”

“Sir?”

“I’m trying to stay calm and take my time. When you look better than a big, fat, juicy steak.”

I made a very unmasculine whimpering noise in my throat. Jesus, would he just get started, dammit? I’d waited for so long and I couldn’t wait anymore.

“Please,” I said. He was killing me.

“Be still,” he said, in a voice so hard-edged that I immediately obeyed. It was so different from his usual relaxed cadence that it shocked me into stillness. “Stop squirming like a worm on a hook, boy.”

“Yes, Sir,” I said quickly. I would do whatever he asked, as long as he would touch me.

“There are some rules.”

“Okay.”

“You need to tell me when you get close to coming.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“If you need me to stop, tell me to stop. If you want me to take the restraints off, tell me to do so.”

“Okay.”

“We’re not at the club, where things are a little more rigid and there are protocols and safewords and such.”

I nodded. He continued.

“You’re in my living room and things are a little more relaxed.”

“I don’t feel very relaxed.”

“You will in about an hour,” he said, reaching out and wrapping his hand around my straining cock. I closed my eyes at the pleasure of having a hand that wasn’t my own on my dick. “If you last that long.”

My head fell back as he stroked my cock with obvious skill.

Finally! A hot, amazingly interesting man was touching my cock. I opened my eyes to see because I could hardly believe it. I closed them again, a smile on my face I couldn’t hide.

I heard Ryan’s laughter. “This would be highly amusing if it wasn’t so hot,” he said, the arousal in his voice giving it a deeper lilt.

But I couldn’t speak. He pumped my dick a few more times, then raised his hand to his mouth and spat in it, returning it to my aching cock. I struggled against the wrist cuffs because I felt I needed to do something with my arms and hands. This frustration added to the excitement and sense of being

controlled. Ryan's saliva made the sensation of his hand on my cock more intense. My mouth opened, a deep groan issuing forth into the relative silence.

Ryan chuckled again. "Jesus, I can't believe I'm the first man to ever touch this gorgeous dick."

I bent one leg and straightened it again, feeling restless, needing to dispel some of the rising tension somehow.

"Be still. Or do you want me to get the ankle cuffs?"

My eyes snapped open as I nodded without hesitation.

"Really?"

"Yes, please."

He stroked me a couple more times, then stopped and stood up. "All right then."

In a few minutes he had me trussed up proper, knees bent, hands still in front of me rather than behind, probably so I didn't feel too helpless. At this point, I didn't care what he did to the rest of me as long as he kept paying attention to my cock.

He knelt down beside the sofa, running his broad hand along my naked hip and thigh, all the way to my foot, which he tickled briefly. I jerked as a surge of pleasure shot right to my balls.

He slipped his hand between my calves and ran it up the inside of my leg, cupping my testicles when he reached them. Then he leaned over me, making my pulse speed up as he whispered, "You are one delectable piece of fresh meat, young man." His tongue traced the shell of my ear and pushed inside it for a hot moment. "May I taste you, Henry?"

I knew what he meant. I nodded frantically, my breaths rapid and loud.

Fuck yes.

He pulled away and in a moment had my cock in his hand again. Soon I felt his tongue on my glans, circling and licking the moisture from the small opening.

I groaned loudly, my hands finding the soft cashmere throw pillow above my head and fisting it. He tongued my dick all over and licked my balls too, taking one and then the other in his mouth gently, causing the most unbelievable sensations to move through me.

By the time he actually swallowed my cock I'd lost all sense of time and space. I could barely remember where I was and how I'd gotten here. All I could think about was that wonderful wetness—that hot vacuum around my dick, those skilled fingers delving into places that had never received such attention.

God knows if I even made it close to the hour he'd mentioned when I heard myself saying, "I'm close, I'm close."

I expected him to take his mouth off me at least, but he only sucked harder. His hands squeezed my hips, keeping me still as he moved his expert mouth on me.

"Oh... oh... FUCK," I yelled as I shot a humongous load down his throat, my entire body pulsing with welcome release. "Fuck... fuck... *Jesus*," I swore as the intense, much-needed orgasm carried on for several moments, while Ryan sucked and milked my dick.

When my muscles finally relaxed I sank like jelly against the soft leather cushions and Ryan let me slide out of his mouth. The air felt cool on my wet dick as a couple of remaining tremors surprised me. I kept my eyes closed, enjoying the languid feeling of post-release.

The sound of a zipper being pulled made me open my eyes finally, to stare at Ryan's big, erect cock. Of course, it would be polite to return the favor.

I opened my mouth, eyes glancing up as he pressed the head of his dick gently against my lips.

“Oh my God, Henry,” he said shakily. “Can you do it? Can you make me come with your mouth? It won’t take long, I promise.”

It was a challenge I was more than happy to accept. I opened my mouth wide, letting him push his cock inside and basically fuck my mouth. After a few moments he grunted and came, squeezing his eyes shut as his semen filled my mouth and dripped down over my chin and cheeks. I didn’t swallow, only because the angle was wrong and we hadn’t talked about his HIV status yet. He knew I was safe, but I couldn’t be sure of him. God knows how many men *he’d* fucked in his lifetime.

Watching Ryan come was one of the best damn things I’d ever seen.

“That was pretty fucking hot, Henry,” he said, tucking himself up.

“Thank you?” I didn’t know what else to say.

He laughed. I think I was already addicted to that sound.

“So polite. You’re a very good boy.” He unbuckled the leather cuffs and threw them onto the coffee table.

I sighed, basking in this praise. We stared at each other for a long moment.

“I have...” He looked down at his feet, then back up at me. “I mean, I know so much. I’d like to teach you so many things. I think you’d make a great... student.”

“Sure. I mean I want you to teach me stuff.”

“Stuff?” He grinned. “What *are* your interests, Henry?” He raised the cuffs. “Bondage, obviously. What else?”

“I don’t really know.” I admitted. “I’d like to find out.”

Over the next few weeks I visited apartment 1209 whenever I had the chance and Ryan was home. We found mornings or afternoons on weekends worked well, since I didn't have classes and he didn't have to be at the club until eight. During the week we connected most Tuesdays and Thursdays, when my last class ended at two and my restaurant shift didn't start until six.

Ryan's leather sofa became very familiar to me over the course of my first visits. I have to say I was a very enthusiastic and responsive student. Since we covered bondage and blowjobs on Visit One, Visit Two involved more bondage and some light ass play, which I LOVED, especially the leisurely rimming demonstration. On Visits Three through Five, he expanded my knowledge concerning direct prostate stimulation and accompanying hand jobs, using even more intricate bondage techniques. On Visit Six, he simply tied me spread-eagled to his bed to tease me with a dildo and a crop. Visits Seven through Ten involved light percussion with paddles and floggers, whilst Visits Eleven through Thirteen introduced me to the joys of nipple and ball torture.

All this time he refused to fuck me with anything but a gentle toy. He said he wanted to make me ready for him. He didn't want to hurt me and God knows I was well aware of the size of his dick. But I think he just wanted to make me wait. He wanted me to beg for it before he'd give it to me.

I'd already waited a hell of a long time but was having so much fun learning the things Ryan wanted to teach me that I wouldn't have changed anything.

On Visit Fourteen, after Ryan hogtied and edged me to within an inch of my life and finally made me come like a crazed sex banshee all over his new sheets, I asked him when he would take me to Holloway's.

"I don't want to take you there."

My face must have betrayed my disappointment at this answer because he smiled kindly and raised his eyebrows. “Do you know how many men come to my club every weekend just dying to meet someone like you?”

“What makes me so special?” I still struggled with this, although my confidence had grown immensely over the course of my “education”. I still felt awkward and childish in many ways.

He shook his head and just said “Henry” like it was obvious.

“Well, I’m incredibly hot and astoundingly talented at giving head. Or so you’ve said.”

He laughed. “Well, yeah. But you’re also young, still very inexperienced even after everything we’ve done so far and, most of all, intelligent, witty and kind. Those last three traits are the rarest.”

“So, let them meet me,” I said, secretly eager to be the object of so much attention.

He looked at me. He didn’t say anything for a little while, then stood and started to pull on his pants.

“What’s wrong?”

He did up his jeans, watching me carefully. I picked some dried bits of jizz out of the hair on my chest where he’d painted me after getting me off first.

“Y’know, I may seem really confident and self-assured most of the time. But... I’m worried if I take you down there you’ll see someone you like better than me.”

“What?”

He nodded.

I couldn't believe it. "You, Ryan Holloway, are seriously worried I will be distracted from your skillful mastery of my mind and body by some other Dom who attends the club that you *own*? Are you kidding me?"

He nodded. "Could happen."

I shook my head. "Won't."

"How do you know?"

"I just do. Anyway, I want to go with you, as your boy. I want you to show me what it's like playing around in one of those rooms."

He still looked hesitant. "It's like parading a steak around a pack of bloodhounds, Henry."

"You'll protect me."

He rolled his eyes, and relented. "Fine. You free Saturday night?"

"I will be."

"Okay, we'll go. But you will do everything I tell you to do or you might get hurt."

"Okay."

"And you'll need a new outfit."

Did I mention that having a spontaneous affair with a well-known Leather Daddy did wonders for my self-confidence? Unfortunately, it meant that sometimes I became *overconfident* and got myself into scary situations, such as accompanying said Leather Daddy to his BDSM club wearing clothing designed to inflame the desires of lesser pervs than his patrons.

"Don't worry, I won't let anyone near you," Ryan assured me as we parked in the back lot of his Jarvis St. Club in the owner's designated spot.

“I’d appreciate that. Suddenly I do feel like a piece of meat,” I said, noticing several gruff looking men watching me closely as I exited Ryan’s car. “Why did you dress me like this?”

Ryan shrugged, looking me over in my new, extremely tight, red leather pants, Doc Martens, chest harness and not much else. “You said you wanted to blend in.”

Ryan wore a similar outfit to mine, but with black pants, kick-ass steel-toed boots, and a thicker harness, plus his Leatherman’s hat. He looked like a wet dream.

“Hello, boys!” he said, greeting the men gathered outside the back door.

“Ryan. Who’s the sexy boy?”

“This is Henry. He’s mine,” he said in no uncertain terms.

“Hmm, maybe I could borrow him for an hour. When you’re finished with him?” a skinny guy with a thick moustache commented.

Ryan stared at the man, shaking his head quickly. “No. Only me. Make sure everyone knows that, Ricky.”

“Yes, boss,” the hairy, muscular man who stood smoking next to the skinny man, replied, lifting his hat to me. “Hi, Henry.”

“Hi,” I replied, feeling out of my depth. I suddenly yearned for the peace and privacy of Ryan’s apartment.

Ryan took my hand and pulled me into the bar after him.

When my eyes adjusted to the darkness inside the club, I saw Leathermen everywhere. Some stared right at me, leering almost, while others surreptitiously glanced away from their companions and gave me approving once-overs.

I stayed as close to Ryan as possible. He spoke to several people, introducing me and letting them know about his hands-off policy. He asked the man who was tending bar if anyone was using Room One. The man, whom he introduced as Luke, shook his head and handed Ryan a key.

“What’s in Room One?” I asked nervously, as Ryan led me to the back of the bar.

“A few things,” he replied evasively. He led me down a short passage at the back of the bar to a door with a paddle nailed to it. I glanced down the hall to see two other doors, but couldn’t make out the items attached to each one.

Ryan unlocked the door, just as a vibrantly dressed drag queen approached us.

“Ryan, love, where you been?” she said, giving him a big hug and kissing his cheeks.

“Caterina, you’re a sight for sore eyes. You keeping things under control here?”

“You better believe it. And who is this gorgeous creature?”

“This is Henry. He’s the one I was telling you about.”

Caterina gasped with over-the-top astonishment. “Oh, Ryan. The virgin?”

Ryan coughed. “Well.”

I glared at him. “Thanks. Did you tell everyone?”

“Honey, we were all virgins once,” Caterina said, glancing with derision at Ryan. “Some of us longer ago than others.”

The laughter came bubbling out of me, the result of my nervousness.

“Oh, you *are* cute!” she exclaimed. “Tell you what, when he finally fucks you, you come back and tell Caterina how you liked it. I love to hear all that good stuff. Plus, I can give you some pointers on some great techniques.”

“Okay.”

“Honey, you’re gonna love it. I don’t know why he’s making you wait for it.” She glanced at Ryan, this time admiringly. “Oh, wait a minute. Yes I do. Cause once you get it, you ain’t gonna give him any peace. Poor man’ll be worn out in a week.”

“That’s highly unlikely,” Ryan muttered.

Caterina laughed. “Well, you boys have fun in there.” She walked off in her huge polka dot pumps, swishing her hips with exaggeration.

Ryan rolled his eyes and led me into the dark room. He flicked a switch, igniting lamps around the walls of the small room that gave it a soft yellow glow. He shut the door behind us and locked it.

I looked around, my eyes flicking from one thing to the next. There were only three pieces of equipment in this room—a bench with a padded top and shackles on its four legs (it didn’t take much imagination to figure that one out); a mesh swing/sling hanging from the ceiling, and a wooden X against the side wall with bindings at all four stations.

“Well? Does it live up to your expectations?”

“I guess so. I don’t know.” To be honest, I’d expected something a little more frightening.

Ryan laughed. “You keep surprising me, Henry. One minute you’re a quivering, blushing violet. The next you’re a saucy little cunt.”

“I’m sorry, Sir. I don’t mean to be saucy.”

“This is the most basic of the three back rooms. The others have more... ah... specific items.”

“Like what?” I asked, very curious.

“Well, one’s set up for suspension and electro. Room Three is a bit more industrial for intense scene play. There are... hoses and... some medical equipment.” He said this as if he worried he’d scare me. On the contrary, I felt my cock surge at the thought.

“Jesus.”

He shrugged. “I wanted this club to be a playground of sorts.”

“Uh huh.”

“I thought we’d start with the basics.”

“Okay,” I said quietly, still thinking about the other rooms.

“Strip.”

“What?”

“You heard me. Now. But leave the harness on.”

Our eyes met and my cock throbbed.

I bent to take off my boots, glancing between my legs while I untied the laces to see him looking at my ass while he palmed the bulge in his pants. He winked when he caught me looking. “Hurry up, Henry.”

“Yes, Sir.”

I got the boots and socks off as fast as I could, then pulled down the leather pants—with some difficulty as they were so tight. In a few moments I stood essentially naked before him, my cock jutting out in front of me.

“Jesus, Henry, that prick is gonna be the death of me,” he said, staring at the object in question.

I looked down at my dick, which didn’t seem all that spectacular. Ryan had said it was pretty nice, which I appreciated. I figured he’d seen his share of penises.

“I still don’t understand what’s so special about it,” I murmured, blushing with pleasure at his praise nonetheless.

He reached out and examined it with his fingers, as though it were a strange type of rare animal. It responded to his touch, swelling even more and standing straighter.

“Well, I’ve taught it everything it knows. I like that.” He winked. “Now get over to that wooden cross, boy.”

“Yes, Sir,” I said, my breath quickening with excitement. How would he arrange me? What would he do to me? I knew he probably wouldn’t fuck me here, at the club. He’d said as much. But the possibilities were still pretty endless.

He positioned me facing the wooden beams and fastened my ankles and wrists to the contraption. “It’s called a St. Andrew’s Cross. St. Andrew was murdered on a cross just like this.”

“That’s encouraging,” I said sardonically.

“It’s a pretty common piece of BDSM equipment. Very versatile and efficient for multiple bondage positions.”

“Are you going to flog me?” I asked breathlessly.

He laughed. “Would you like that?”

“Yeah.”

“Quiet. I know you love to be flogged, Henry. You’ve made that pretty obvious, ever since I did it the first time.”

I blushed. “I know. Sorry.”

He referred to the very first time he’d used a flogger on me. I think it was Visit Seven? I had them all written down in my journal at home. He’d plugged

me for the first time, a tantalizing procedure in and of itself, and proceeded to flog me. I came in a matter of minutes, much to the surprise of us both.

Ryan backed up to look me over, palming his bulge again and emitting a quiet moan. “Seeing you on that cross is making me so damn horny. It’ll be hard to keep from tapping that ass.”

I writhed impatiently, wanting nothing more than to have it tapped, and soon. The weeks of teasing were taking their toll. Yes, he’d fucked me with toys and made me come in a myriad of ways, but I wanted his dick inside me now, not a rubber facsimile. He’d turned me into a horny little slut and I wanted it bad.

He moaned again, and I heard him drop to his knees. Suddenly his large hands were on my buttocks, his thumbs digging in and spreading me. I gasped in surprise, not expecting it. I felt his hot tongue slide over me and poke me hungrily.

I groaned as he spread me wider. My legs stiffened as he played me with his tongue, my arms reflexively fighting their confines. Metal rattled against wood as I struggled and gasped.

The first time he’d done this to me I couldn’t believe how good it felt and how deliciously perverted it seemed. To have this sexy, motherfucking hunk of a man tonguing my ass was a revelation. He seemed to enjoy it too. Later he told me it was one of his favorite things to do.

I felt his excitement as he breathed heavily and ate at me fervently. I couldn’t get away from this torment—I didn’t really want to—but it became almost too much, making my cock hard and wet from the excitement. His stubble scraped my sensitive skin, providing a rough counterpoint to his smooth, insistent tongue.

“Dammit... you have to fuck me Ryan. I don’t know how much more of this I can take.” I panted.

He didn't say anything. Soon I felt his index finger push deep into me.

“Oh... fuck.”

For some reason that long, thick finger sliding up my ass felt better than anything. Always.

He laughed. “You like that, huh?”

I moaned as he swiveled it inside me and added a second finger. I grunted as both fingers sank deep and pressed against my prostate. He'd made me come hands free this way a few days ago. After fingering me like this for almost an hour, taking his time—bringing me close, then backing off—until I'd begged him to get me off. His expert touch had done so in a matter of seconds after that plea, with nothing on my dick but cold air and two sets of eyes. Seeing it shoot and convulse on its own was something I'd never forget.

We did more conventional things as well, like finally going out for that coffee and also to a movie together, which proved we could get along well in non-sexual situations. Ryan was funny, charming and kind. It turned out he had room in his personality for both that guy and the intimidating Leather Daddy I was getting to know and liking just as much.

I whimpered in protest as he withdrew his fingers but hoped he would get the flogger now. I was ready.

When I felt cold metal at my anus I realized he wanted to plug me first. Trembling in anticipation as the hard steel pressed against me, I tried to relax as he pushed it gently inside, until the narrow base and flange nestled comfortably between my butt cheeks.

“Thank you, Sir.” If I couldn't have his cock inside me, I'd settle for this.

He flicked the base of the plug hard with his finger, making me groan as the vibration reverberated through me.

“Good boy.” He slapped my ass a few times with his hand and backed off.

“I changed my mind,” he said after a moment.

Oh oh.

“Sir?”

“This visit to the club is all about new experiences. I don’t want to go back to an old standard with you.”

Old standard? Had we gotten that far already? Everything still seemed so new.

“You may not be ready for those other rooms yet, but I’d like to try a paddle on you.”

I felt my pulse quicken as my body tensed. A paddle. How would that feel? Different from the flogger and crop no doubt, but would I like it? Only one way to find out.

“Yes, Sir,” I said bravely.

Suddenly I felt his body close behind me as he pressed his leather-covered cock against my buttocks and leaned in close to my ear. “Don’t worry. You’ll love it,” he whispered.

I gulped. “Yes, Sir.”

He reached around to grasp my cock with his hand, testing its hardness as he pumped teasingly against me.

“When will you fuck me Sir?” I asked. “I want you to fuck me.”

“I know. Soon. But not yet.”

Dammit.

He moved away, leaving my body zinging from the close contact. I felt pre-cum pool at the top of my dick and slide down over the glans to hover there—waiting, it seemed, just like me. I rattled my wrist restraints again and

rubbed my cock against the polished wood of the cross. It felt good but provided little relief.

Suddenly, something cold pressed against my behind.

Ryan rubbed the flat of the rectangular paddle over my sensitive butt cheeks. It felt like rubber.

He gave me a trial swat.

I gasped as it made contact. I'd learned I was tougher than I looked—tougher than I actually felt most days. I could take stuff that I'd never imagined I could tolerate. I'd learned that I liked a bit of pain—craved it, in fact. I told Ryan I felt like a freak. He said if that made me feel like a freak I was in pretty good company.

He hit me with the rubber paddle again. It burned and stung.

“What do you think?”

“It stings.”

“Good.”

“I like it.”

“I figured.”

I grinned, then cried out with the next one. “Ow.”

“Boy, that's nothing. I'm being gentle right now.”

“I know.”

“I'm warming you up.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“You're very welcome, Henry.”

He continued to swat my ass with the paddle while I hung onto my restraints for dear life, trying not to sound like a baby. I made lots of noise

though because I knew that turned Ryan on more than anything else. But I made sure they were masculine grunts, groans and curses, rather than whimpers and girly cries. At least I tried. Maybe they got kind of girly toward the end...

By the time he'd finished with me, or at least, finished with the paddle, I'm sure my ass glowed bright red. I sweated on that cross from the effort of withstanding that amount of pain, but I'd done it. I felt proud and satisfied and tougher than tough. It felt good to please Ryan. He had some kind of extreme faith in my ability to triumph over adversity and I didn't want to disappoint him. He was like a trainer of sorts, but instead of yelling at me to finish my reps, he tested my strength and endurance by paddling my ass. Different strokes for different folks, I guess.

I heard Ryan panting from the exertion and excitement. He'd been very forthright with me about the fact that he got off on this sort of thing and held no shame or guilt because of it. He only did it to willing partners, so what was there to feel guilty about? He said that pain and pleasure were all part of the human experience, and sometimes it was difficult to delineate one from the other.

Sometimes, sitting in class or working at my call centre job, I thought about the things I let Ryan do to me and wondered if I were entirely normal. It only lasted for a moment, at which point I decided I didn't give a rat's ass if I was normal or the biggest freak on the planet. I loved what Ryan and I did together in the privacy of Apartment 1209 and now in the back room of his BDSM club. I'd never felt more satisfied and alive. I found that, although I had less time to study, when I *did* sit down to look at my notes, I could do so with undivided attention, not distracted by free-floating sexual tension. Ryan took care of all my sexual tension. He teased it, spanked it, and pulled it out of me in long sessions that left me so sated I wondered how I'd survived for so

long on my own hand jobs. I slept so deeply at night now I couldn't remember my dreams.

"I'm going to turn you around," he said, as I felt his hands at my wrist restraints. I let my arms fall as he worked on my ankle bindings, feeling the stretch and pull of sore muscles. I hoped he would give me one of his amazing all-over body massages once we got back to his apartment. He always took care of me and made sure that our games never caused any undue discomfort, although I had to admit that having a sensitive ass for a few days after a good flogging or work-over with the riding crop could be a thrilling little secret.

Ryan turned me around and refastened my wrists and ankles. He pinched my nipples and took my chin in his hand, forcing me to look at him.

"How are you enjoying this so far, my sweet, young thing?"

"Can't you tell?" I said, glancing down at my leaking, erect cock.

He looked at it too, and chuckled. "So pretty."

"It's crying because you won't fuck me."

He stared at me for a long time while I gazed back with raw passion and need.

"Do you know why I've waited so long?" he asked finally.

"To get me ready?"

He smiled. "Henry, you've been ready for a long, long time," he said, sliding his rough hand down my chest, over my belly, until it wrapped around my jutting cock.

I gasped. "Then... why?"

He kissed my cheek gently before he continued. "I was always one of those kids who'd save my chocolate bar for three months because I wanted to look

forward to eating it. If I'd eaten it right away, like the other kids, it wouldn't have given me so much pleasure."

I groaned as he stroked my cock back and forth with his hand.

Fuck. Me.

"It's also been wonderful making you wait for something you want so very badly. That's the sadist in me, I guess."

"Do you... do you do this to all your boys?" I asked.

He pulled back and looked at me again as if surprised at that question. "I've never waited so long to fuck anybody."

We stared at each other, his hand continuing to move lazily on my dick until I had to close my eyes.

"Ryan... I need you to fuck me now," I breathed, trying to control the way my chest rose and fell. "Please."

He made a sound in the back of his throat as his hand squeezed harder suddenly, then released me. "Not here."

He fell to his knees and took my cock in his mouth.

"Fuck!" I exclaimed as I looked down at the top of his head, and at my cock going in and out of his gorgeous mouth. "Sir... wait."

Then I couldn't make any more words. My head fell back as I gave myself up to the wetness and suction. I could tell he wanted me to come because he rocked the steel plug roughly as he sucked me.

My body stiffened as the orgasm coiled in my balls. I couldn't even warn him it happened so fast. I came with a deep groan, my wrists pulling at the leather cuffs, muscles contracting and releasing as I let go.

As the intense pleasure slowly subsided I looked down, watching him swallow my release eagerly, making his own noises of pleasure.

When he finished, he stood up and embraced my bound form, kissing me deeply as he pushed his muscled body against me. I felt the hard steel of his dick under his leather pants.

“I’m taking you home now,” he said gently. “So I can fuck you properly. Don’t say anything. Just nod if that’s okay with you.”

I nodded, but couldn’t help smiling.

Thank the freaking Lord. His chocolate bar was in danger of melting all over the goddamn floor at the moment.

He grinned. “I’m leaving the plug in and I don’t want a word out of you until I say you can speak, *capisce?*”

I nodded. Fuck, I loved his games.

He took me down from the cross and dressed me, tying my boots as if I were four years old. Watching him do that was pretty fucking hot.

Then he escorted me out of his club, past the curious eyes of so many men, out the back door and into his car.

He got into the driver’s seat and started the old Toyota, then put the radio on the hard rock station, loud. He glanced at me and when our eyes met I felt the burning of his need. I thought I might combust when he touched me. My cock was already swelling again, the hard steel in my anus a tease for what would come.

“Stand by the sofa, hands behind your back,” he said as soon as he keyed us into Apartment 1209.

I did, watching Ryan move about the space. He was so fucking sexy—the way he walked, the way he looked in those leather pants and boots. Shit, I could watch him for hours.

He took care of a few ordinary things, like starting the dishwasher and putting on some coffee for later. No doubt to delay my satisfaction. He totally ignored me and finally disappeared into the bedroom.

My excited breaths came quicker as I waited, wondering.

Would he fuck me here on the leather sofa, or in the bedroom? Would he put me on all fours or have me on my back? I was so grateful not to have to make any of these decisions. I felt so privileged to be the vessel for this man's lust it was a little insane. I glanced down to see the outline of my hard-on in the red leather pants. I think Ryan appreciated the fact that, at my age, the turnaround time was almost non-existent. Like my dick was aware of everything it had missed for so many years and refused to lose any opportunities.

I closed my eyes, remembering his mouth on it just a short time ago. I'd never been sucked off by a woman and I recoiled from the idea of softness or tentativeness in that situation. I craved a man's mouth on my dick, my balls and ass. To be eaten by another man felt primal and wild. A woman's mouth would never satisfy me. I knew this for a fact.

"Henry. Take off your boots, socks and pants and come here," he called from the bedroom.

Bedroom it is, then.

I hastily undressed, so eager to relinquish my clothes I ended up tripping and falling onto my naked ass, which still smarted from the paddling.

Ryan popped his head out the bedroom door. "Don't hurt yourself, Henry."

"No, Sir." How embarrassing.

I finally got the pants off and walked quickly over to him. “I’m ready now, Sir.”

His hand slid behind my head and pulled my face toward his. He kissed me passionately and deeply for several intense moments.

“I know,” he said when he finally pulled away. “So am I. I have a question for you though.”

“Yeah?”

His hand gently stroked the side of my face. “Do you want a vanilla fucking or a kinky fucking for your first time? I’ll do either one.”

I thought about it for a minute. I looked around him into the bedroom and saw something on his dresser that intrigued me. “Looks like you’ve already prepared for a kinky fucking.”

He blushed. Mr. Leather Daddy blushed. “Well, I... old habits die hard. But I suddenly thought maybe you’d prefer something softer... for the first time.”

I shrugged. If the past few weeks had taught me anything, it was that I had not a clue about what my body needed or even wanted. Ryan, however, seemed to have a sixth sense about me. I was willing to put myself in his hands.

“Do whatever you want, Sir.”

“Call me Ryan,” he said softly.

“Do whatever you want, Ryan. I trust you.”

He kissed me again, gently. When he pulled away, his eyes seemed to look into my soul. “You’re so strong, Henry.”

I couldn’t help smiling and looking at him strangely. “How can I be strong when I let you dominate me all the time?”

“There are many kinds of strengths, Henry. Now get onto my bed. On all fours and spread your legs.”

“Yes, Sir. Can I call you that again?”

“Of course, pretty boy.”

“Can I call you Daddy?”

There was a moment of silence.

“Not if you don’t want me to come before I’m even inside you,” he finally said in a strained voice.

Interesting.

“Now be quiet and do as you’re told. No talking unless it’s important. Tell me if anything hurts or feels bad, of course. Other than that, silence.”

I nodded, getting into position. He’d taken the comforter and blankets off the bed, so I kneeled on the clean blue sheets and waited.

He took something off the dresser and approached me. “This will keep your knees spread for me.”

He attached the spreader bar to just below my knees with leather cuffs that he buckled tight. “I’d normally buckle your wrists behind your back but for a first fucking I don’t want to do that.”

“But can we do it another time?”

Again, he chuckled. “Yes, Henry.” He gave my ass a swat. “I told you to be quiet.”

“Sorry, Sir.”

I quieted, focusing on the sensations I felt as Ryan prepared me. He took his time and I wondered how he could stand it. The man was a bastion of control. Finally, I heard the rustling of clothes and turned my head. I couldn’t

help groaning when he pushed his leather pants down and his huge cock bounced free.

He got up onto the bed, kneeling so that his cock was level with my mouth. “Open.”

I opened my mouth eagerly, taking his beautiful, thick prick inside it. He gasped, pumping gently. I did the best I could, letting saliva drip from my lips and taking him an inch or so down my throat before gagging. The noises he made as I did so sent waves of pleasure through me. I loved doing this for him.

“Oh, fuck, Henry... you are so... fucking... hot.”

I renewed my efforts, giving him a willing wet mouth and throat to fuck before he got to the other place, still filled with steel and expectations. He played with my short hair, threading his fingers through it, grabbing it to guide me, and stroking it affectionately.

“Enough,” he said finally, pulling out and moving off the bed.

I heard him go around behind me and felt his fingers on the base of the metal plug, which had become so comfortable and necessary.

“Go down on your chest, Henry. Flatten your arms out in front of you.”

I did as he asked, stretching out like a lazy cat as he pulled on the base of the plug. The feeling, as always, made me shudder and moan as my hole stretched open to allow the slick steel to slide out.

“Boy, you look so fucking hot back here,” he whispered.

His hand reached under me to cup my balls and then move along the length of my arching cock. My ass felt empty and abandoned, but soon the fingers of his other hand were there, pushing inside me, deep and insistent.

“So warm... you *are* ready for me, aren't you?”

I moaned, pushing back on his fingers and pressing my face against the smooth, clean-smelling sheets. I felt so vulnerable with the bar between my knees, but it made things even more exciting.

He fingered me for a long time, manipulating my prostrate until I begged him with whimpers and grunts, if not actual words. But soon I couldn't bear to be silent.

“Ryan, I... I want to talk.”

“Why?”

“Because you need... to know how... desperate I am.”

“Believe me, I can tell,” he said, making me squirm and gasp.

“Then fuck me dammit! Jesus Christ why won't you... just fucking ram me?”

Ryan laughed. “You sweet virgin slut,” he said, with obvious affection. He grabbed my thighs and pulled my bound knees to the edge of the mattress. “You want it? You want it now?”

“Yes!” I moaned.

I felt the tip of his prick press against my hole. He groaned as the head pushed easily into my eager ass, followed quickly by the entire substantial length of his cock. I groaned and grabbed the sheets in my fists, grimacing in pleasure and surprise as he drove deep and stayed deep. I felt his belly and balls against me.

“How does that feel?” he asked, voice shaking.

“Oh... fuck... fuck.” Finally, I had another man's dick inside me. Ryan's dick. It felt as good as I'd imagined.

“That's what I thought. I'm going to fuck you now, Henry. Tell me if it's too hard or fast and I'll slow down.”

“Yes... Sir.” The pitch of my voice had changed, becoming high and emotional. If I’d felt vulnerable before, now that I had his dick to the hilt in me, there was nothing to do but take it. I felt pierced and thrillingly invaded. My mouth lay open and slack against the sheets, breaths coming in pants, eyes wide open with expectation.

He began to fuck me, slow and deep. He’d pull almost all the way out and slowly push back in, each time eliciting a primal grunt from me. It felt incredible.

For a while I lost myself in the feel of him sliding in and out, in and out. It felt just like I’d always imagined, only better. But I wanted more. I listened to him pant and make the smallest noises of pleasure, but I wanted to hear him yell. I wanted to hear him groan and lose himself in me, so I said what I knew would do it.

“Oh... fuck, Daddy, you feel sooooo goooooood.”

He froze. Then his hands gripped my hips painfully. “Don’t... I won’t last... stop,” he begged.

“I want you to come, Daddy. I want you to shoot your load in me.”

“Henry!” he cried out. He moved quicker, harder and rougher, fucking me in earnest now, not concerned about the newness of the experience for me as he chased his own orgasm.

That was what I wanted—his pleasure, his uncontrolled need and desire. I grinned against the sheets as he fucked me hard.

“Oh, fuck yes... fuck yes... fuck yes.” he groaned through gritted teeth.

He rammed me deep—once, twice—then stilled as he cried out. His dick erupted, thighs quaking. I could feel him, all of him, through his cock.

“Henry, you fucking sneaky little cunt,” he swore as he finished inside me. “You beautiful, crazy, insatiable boy.”

I gasped and moved my ass over his softening dick, enjoying it before it finally shrank out of me.

“You... are the best... Daddy ever,” I said, still hard and aching to come, but loving the fact that I’d beaten him at his own game.

He raised one eyebrow, wiping the sweat from his forehead. “You are a dirty, dirty boy. I’m glad I’ve been able to bring that out of you. Now there’s something else I want to bring out of you.”

He squeezed some lube into his hand and reached beneath me. He stroked my aching dick with his practiced hand and ate my ass until I came, groaning and cursing, on the blue sheets. Then he unbuckled the spreader bar and gathered me into his arms.

“So. How *did* you go so long without getting that ass fucked by someone else?”

I shrugged. “Didn’t have the nerve to approach anyone, I guess.”

“Good thing you lost your key.”

I nodded, grinning. “Fate.”

His eyes crinkled at the corners as he smiled. “Actually—” He reached out and pulled open the drawer of his bedside table, soon placing something cold and small in my hand.

I stared down at the worn, brown key for a moment then glanced up at him. “You had it all along.” I couldn’t hide my surprise.

“I saw you drop it in the lobby.” He looked almost bashful, as if ashamed of his deception.

I gulped, all at once feeling the depth of his need for me. “You... kept it safe.”

“Yes.”

“Thank you, Sir.” I said, gazing into his grey eyes.

“You’re welcome, Henry.”

THE END

Author Bio

Elizabeth Lister lives in Ottawa, Ontario, Canada with her husband and two children. She has been writing M/M erotic romance since 2011. Her novel, Beyond the Edge, a M/M BDSM erotic romance, received an Honorable Mention from the National Leather Association – International in 2012 for excellence in literary works in SM/Leather/Fetish writing.

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