



LEARNING TO DANCE

Annette Gisby

Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

LEARNING TO DANCE

By Annette Gisby

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.

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Photo Description

A dark-haired young man stands in the center of a summer street scene. He wears a studded black leather harness and collar, fingerless black gloves, and black chaps that lace down the sides, and holds a green shopping bag. His hair has been gelled into spikes, and the fringe in the back is dyed a streaky blond. Hanging from the back of the harness is a red leather bear wearing a small black leather harness.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

I found him over on CupOPorn.net last October, and I've been wondering about him ever since. I get the feeling that our "bold and brazen" here is actually a front for someone who's a little lost, a little alone, and needs someone to trust. Can you give him a top to protect him? I think he needs one. Also, that bear is incredibly important to him— I don't know why, but I do know he loves it.

Please no cheating or girly bits.

Sincerely,

Sarah

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: performance arts, dance school, first time, age gap, spanking, oral, professor/student, hurt/comfort, edging, light BDSM

Word count: 4,887

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What had seemed sexy and provocative in the middle of a nightclub dance floor seemed sordid and tawdry in the cold light of day. The cloakroom at the club had lost his coat, so Daniel had no choice but to brazen it out and walk back to the school with nothing to conceal his outfit. Even in his head he had a time referring to his attire as *clothes*. Said outfit consisted of a pair of leather chaps, and since all he was wearing underneath was a silky G-string, they left his arse exposed to the gazes of passersby. His bare chest was criss-crossed by studded leather straps, but at least the sunglasses on his face hid his tear-filled eyes.

Ignoring the wolf-whistles and catcalls from some of the onlookers, he put his head down and concentrated on putting one foot in front of the other, trying to forget all about the night's humiliations and just get back to his dorm room before anyone else at the school saw him. He hurried past the shops and businesses that were open so early. London was a city that never slept but he hoped everyone else was still abed and wouldn't see what he was wearing. Thank goodness, it was Sunday and they had no classes today. Daniel didn't think he would be up to dancing again anytime soon, not after the horrible night he'd just had.

He turned down the side street and paused in front of a large, Victorian building, his heartbeat calming somewhat when he saw the gilded sign: *Lawson Academy of Dance and Drama*. Every window still had curtains drawn, so he guessed most of the other residents were still asleep. He'd be able to get back to his dorm and get changed without anyone else being any the wiser.

He took a while getting his key out of the pocket of the lacing at the side of his chaps, the leather so tight his fingers hardly fitted inside. But finally, finally he had the key. He opened the door as quietly as he could, hoping not to wake anyone. Daniel pushed the door aside and entered the hushed hallway, straining his ears for any tell-tale footsteps, but he heard nothing. Daniel removed his sunglasses and tucked them into one of the straps on his chest. He

heaved a sigh of relief and turned to close the door. That was when his world came crashing down around his ears.

“*Daniel?* Daniel, is that you?”

Oh, God. The one instructor Daniel would never want to see him like this.

Daniel turned, his eyes stinging again as he felt all the hurt and humiliation he'd already suffered last night threaten again. He blinked, trying to dispel them before they fell, but it was a futile attempt.

“Professor Casey,” Daniel said, feeling a flush to his cheeks and neck. He'd had a crush on Neil Casey ever since he'd gone to Lawson after secondary school and it had never really gone away. And now, for the man to see him dressed like this; it was almost more than he could bear. His dance instructor was wearing a pair of plaid flannel pyjama bottoms and a plain blue T-shirt, enhancing the icy hue of his eyes, and it was all Daniel could do to tear his eyes away from the enchantment of that gaze. His fair hair was mussed, as if he'd just now got out of bed.

“You've been crying,” Professor Casey said, taking a few steps towards him. “And you're shivering. You must be freezing! Come with me.” He stalked down the hallway towards the teachers' rooms. Daniel followed him, unsure if he was even allowed in a teacher's room, but too overwrought to do anything but obey him. He'd been used to obeying Casey's instructions in his dance classes for almost two years now.

Casey opened one of the wooden doorways and beckoned Daniel inside. Daniel hesitated for a few moments on the threshold, but the thought of anyone else being up and seeing him dressed like this made his decision for him, and he entered Professor Casey's domain. The professor's sitting room was cosier than Daniel would have expected. A Victorian fireplace decorated with flowered tiles took up the middle of one wall, and the two alcoves on either side of the chimney breast were taken up with overflowing bookshelves. There were so many books that some were piled on the hearth and on the chairs, and side tables were dotted throughout the room. Daniel smiled inwardly, feeling more comfortable already that his professor shared the same love of books that Daniel did.

“Have a seat.” Casey waved to a worn, brown leather sofa with a colourful rug draped over the back of it, before disappearing into one of the other doors that lined the space. He returned a few moments later holding a pair of jeans and a black T-shirt in his hands. “I know I'm a bit taller than you, but we're

quite a similar build,” he said, tossing the clothes to Daniel. “The bathroom’s through there if you want to change.” Casey indicated a half-open doorway with a nod of his head.

Daniel nodded, grateful that Casey seemed to pick up how uncomfortable Daniel was in his current attire. He went into the bathroom and locked the door before removing all the leather. The black and white tiles made the bathroom floor look like a chessboard, and as well as a large claw-footed tub, in the corner there was also a large walk-in shower that was certainly big enough for two. Glass shelves above the bath and the sink held toiletries and soap, and Daniel couldn’t resist lifting up a bottle of the professor’s aftershave and inhaling the scent. It had a hint of sandalwood and cloves that instantly took Daniel back to his dance classes when Professor Casey stood behind him to correct a stance.

Once he was dressed, Daniel returned to the living room with the leather clothes and sunglasses piled up in his hands. He hovered in the doorway, unsure what to do with them. One thing he knew for sure was that he would never wear those items again.

“Have a seat,” Professor Casey said again, waving to the sofa. Daniel sat down and set the clothes on the seat beside him. “What happened? Why were you crying?”

“I think it was supposed to be a prank,” Daniel said. “They told me it was fancy dress and that everyone would be wearing the same sort of thing as me. Do you know the nightclub *The Cellar*?”

Casey nodded. “I do. But that’s not a BDSM club.”

“I know that *now*,” said Daniel. “It wasn’t even a gay club. I was the only one there dressed like that. Everyone was laughing and jeering, I felt so embarrassed I could die. Then the club lost my coat so I had to walk back here dressed like that. I thought they were supposed to be my friends. They just wanted to humiliate me. I hated every minute of it. I never want to go through anything like that ever again.”

“Daniel, you said they told you it was fancy dress? Does that mean you only wore that outfit because of that? That you aren’t a submissive?”

Daniel blushed. “I—I think I might be. I mean, I don’t know. I’ve never done anything like that. But I hated those sorts of clothes.”

“Did they do anything else? Did they touch you?” Casey demanded, and Daniel was surprised at the anger in his voice.

“No, sir. They never touched me.”

Casey’s eyes glittered, a spark of interest that Daniel was sure he’d seen before, but wasn’t quite sure what to make of it.

“Sir? Do you—I mean—do you like me?”

“You’re one of my better students,” Casey said. “You have such passion when you dance. It’s as though nothing exists outside you and the music. Some of your classmates dance with perfect precision, no mistakes in their steps but it’s like watching a robot dance. Perfect though their routine might be, it doesn’t engage the audience. Not like you do, even when you have a misstep or two.”

“That wasn’t what I meant, sir,” Daniel said.

“I know.” Casey ran his hand through his hair. “Do you know how many times I’ve been tempted to kiss you? To take you in my arms after I’ve seen you dance?”

Daniel took a deep breath, stood up from the sofa and, then, as gracefully as the dancer he was, he sank to his knees in front of Casey’s armchair. “Please, sir. That’s what I want. I want you.”

“You have no idea what you’re asking for.”

“Maybe not,” Daniel agreed. “But I know you’re the one I want to teach me.”

“You look so good on your knees for me,” Casey said, reaching out to pet Daniel’s hair. Daniel hummed in pleasure and arched into the soft touch. “Do you want to be my submissive, Daniel? Would you like that sort of relationship with me?”

“I’d like to try it, sir, if that’s allowed.”

“Of course it is. I’m not about to make you do something you don’t want. Submitting to someone isn’t a weakness, it’s a strength. To show that much trust in someone takes great strength. I’ll be pushing your boundaries, Daniel, but you need to first know what your boundaries are. I know now, for example, not to order you to wear such revealing outfits again, at least not in public. That’s a pity; your arse looked delectable in those chaps.”

Daniel glanced up, his whole body heating at both the words and the smile Casey bestowed upon him. “Thank you, sir,” he said softly, smiling too. Casey shifted on the chair and Daniel noticed the tent in his pyjama bottoms at once. Daniel laid a hand on Casey’s thigh and looked deep into his eyes. “Sir? Would you like me to take care of that for you?” Daniel nodded his head towards Casey’s groin.

“God, yes!” Casey’s hips arched off the chair, and he gripped hold of the armrests so tightly that his knuckles were white.

Daniel couldn’t believe it. He was about to do something he had dreamed of and imagined so often, sucking on Casey’s cock. His mouth watered even before he lowered his lips. His own erection was a throbbing mass of flesh between his legs, and Daniel was determined to make it so good for Casey that Daniel would be allowed to come, too. He wasn’t sure what Casey would do if he performed badly, but he guessed some sort of punishment would be in order. Daniel shuddered with desire as he wondered what form that punishment might take.

Daniel opened the buttons on Casey’s pyjama bottoms and removed his cock. Casey’s cock was thicker than his own, but only slightly longer, and it leaned a little to the left. A drop of precome glistened on the tip and Daniel couldn’t resist bending down for a taste. Casey hissed above him and bucked his hips again. Daniel glanced up at him one last time before he took to his task in earnest.

He closed his mouth around the head of Casey’s cock, licking and sucking, loving the noises Casey was making as he did so. It felt so good to be giving Casey so much pleasure and every moan, every groan, shot a spike of arousal through Daniel’s body.

Oh, God, this was heaven, the musky heady scent, the little gasps and groans coming from Casey. Daniel sucked and licked as though it was a lollipop, but no sweet had ever tasted this good. His heart was thudding in his chest it was a wonder Casey couldn’t hear it. Daniel’s cock ached for a touch, but he restrained himself with difficulty, concentrating on what he was doing to Casey instead.

“Daniel.” Casey guided Daniel’s head away, his voice a hoarse rasp. “You can continue with your hands. I’m going to come soon. You don’t need to swallow.”

Daniel lifted his mouth off Casey's cock to voice his answer. "It's okay. I want to swallow. Please, sir?"

"You're perfect when you beg," Casey said. "If you insist."

Daniel set to with a vengeance, sucking and licking, wanting the man to come, wanting to feel it in his throat, wanting to taste it. Daniel groaned around the cock in his mouth, feeling his own arousal getting stronger at just the idea of swallowing Casey's come. He felt Casey grab his hair, as he stiffened in the chair and suddenly Daniel's mouth and throat were flooded with the taste of Casey's seed. Daniel swallowed like a drowning man taking in water, and the extra stimulus proved too much, the orgasm was ripped from him without his cock ever being touched. Daniel moaned and grabbed Casey's leg as the tremors wracked his body. *Oh, fuck!* He'd ruined Casey's jeans coming like that.

Casey's grip on his hair loosened and Daniel was afraid to even look up.

"Daniel," Casey said sternly. "Do you know what a good submissive should do?"

Daniel let Casey's softening cock slip from his mouth and he finally looked up, part in fear, part in desire.

"Obey his master, sir?"

"That too. But I was thinking of something else. Can you guess what it is?"

Daniel nodded, his heart sinking to somewhere near his feet. "That I shouldn't have come without permission?"

"Indeed."

"I'm sorry, sir. I couldn't help it," Daniel said. "It just happened. I lost control."

"I didn't want to have to punish you today, but you've left me no choice, Daniel. It's up to me to teach you control and I will have it from you. I'm disappointed in you."

"Yes, sir. I understand." Daniel lowered his head, ashamed that he'd come so quickly like some untried teenager and upset that he had disappointed his master when they'd only just started.

"Take off those jeans and get over my lap."

Daniel nodded and stood up to obey his new master. He felt so ashamed at what had happened that he could hardly even look Casey in the eye. It was easier just to keep his head down and look at the floor while he undid the jeans and pulled the sticky fabric away from his groin.

“The G-string too. It’s ruined now anyway.”

Daniel peeled the scrap of black silk away from his cock and shimmied out of it, unsure what to do with the clothes now. “Just set them on the floor for now,” said Casey, as if he’d read his mind, “and then get into position.”

“Yes, sir,” Daniel said, determined to suffer his punishment as stoically as he could. He walked over to Casey’s chair and draped himself over the man’s lap, feeling ungainly and awkward as his legs and arms dangled either side of Casey’s lap.

“You have such a perfect arse,” said Casey, caressing the arse in question. Daniel’s face flamed, no one had ever paid his arse such attention before. “Soft and silken like two ripe peaches. It will be a shame to mark it, but I’m sure you can handle it. Have you ever been spanked before, Daniel?”

“No, sir. Never.”

“So it’ll be a new experience for you then. We all learn something new every day, don’t we? If it really gets too much for you, say ‘red’ and I will stop. I will be more disappointed that you wouldn’t trust me with your word than if you have need of it.”

“Thank you, sir,” replied Daniel, determined to endure the spanking no matter how much it hurt.

“Count after each strike. Are you ready?”

Before Daniel even had a chance to reply, Casey’s hand had left a fiery stripe of agony across his left buttock. Daniel hissed in pain but did manage to remember to call out the number. “O-one! One!” God, it stung like mad, much more than he was expecting. Two and three were delivered in such quick succession that he almost missed calling their number. He wriggled, trying to get away from the pain, but Casey’s hand on the small of his back prevented him from moving.

“Try to move away again and I will give you three extra strokes.”

“Sorry, sir,” said Daniel, stilling his hips with an effort of will.

Casey's hand smacked him right across the middle of his arse. "F-four! Four!" Daniel grimaced through the pain but he didn't move. How many more were there going to be? Casey hadn't said, and Daniel didn't want to risk his wrath by asking.

Again and again the hand came down and by the eighth stroke Daniel was trying to hold back tears, but it was futile. "N-n-nine!" He sobbed out the number and grabbed hold of the chair legs with his hands, anything to distract himself from the pain in his backside. Tears trickled from his eyes to land on the wooden floor with a soft *plop*. Oh, God! When would it end?

By number twelve, not only was Daniel having to cope with the burning sensation on the skin of his arse, he now had an erection that was pressing into Casey's thigh. Daniel tried to concentrate more on the pain rather than the sensation in his cock and balls. He didn't want to come again; he didn't want another punishment like this one.

"Don't you dare come over my pyjamas!" Casey warned him as he raised his hand and brought it down again on the flesh where Daniel's arse met his thighs. The skin was thinner there, and it was more painful than any of the smacks that had gone before.

"Thirteen! Thirteen!" Daniel howled and sobbed in distress, wondering if he would need to use his word after all.

He tensed his whole body as Casey lifted his hand again, waiting for the next blow to fall, but it never did. Instead, Casey's hand gave his arse some soft caresses, almost as if he wanted to soothe away the hurts he'd just inflicted. Daniel sighed and arched into the touch, and as he did so, he noticed that Casey was hard again too.

"You've been such a good boy for me today, Daniel."

Daniel shook his head, a few more tears escaping. "I wasn't good, sir. I got hard when you were punishing me."

"Yes, you did," said Casey. "It happens like that for some people. But you didn't come when I told you not to. Already your control is getting better, isn't it?" Casey lifted Daniel up and settled him sideways on his lap, reminding Daniel how strong Casey was. "I think you deserve a treat for all that."

"I don't deserve it," Daniel said, resting his head on Casey's shoulder. His breathing was still a bit ragged after his crying but he tried to stop sobbing. "I got hard. I shouldn't have got hard."

“I know you were hard,” Casey said. “I could feel your cock, so hard, so eager for my touch. But you didn’t come when I told you not to. And if I say my pet deserves a treat, then he deserves a treat. A good master doesn’t just punish, Daniel. He takes care of his sub too. Right now, I want to take care of you.” Casey slipped his hand underneath Daniel’s T-shirt, caressing Daniel’s abdomen and chest, before pinching his left nipple.

Daniel hissed and bucked his hips, his cock leaking precome down the shaft.

Casey kissed his neck. “Oh, my, you’re so sensitive, aren’t you? I love that in a man. I’m going to touch you now, Daniel. I’m going to touch your cock. You’re going to be writhing in my lap. You’ll be so hard, you’ll want to come, but you won’t. Not until I tell you too, will you?”

“No, sir,” said Daniel, his heart fluttering against the inside of his chest.

“Good boy, that’s what I wanted to hear.”

Daniel bristled a bit at being called a “boy”, he was hardly that, but he guessed Casey used it the same way he used “pet”. Just another term of endearment, and he couldn’t help the smile. He *belonged* to someone now.

And before Daniel could think of anything else, two hands were upon his cock, stroking him in tandem, and he lost all coherent thought after that. His hips were arching of their own accord, he just couldn’t seem to keep still as Casey brought him to the edge again and again, but wouldn’t let him fall over it. Daniel was so hard it hurt and his balls were aching deep inside.

“Please, sir! Please! Let me come!”

“Not yet, Daniel. Not yet.” And instead Daniel had to put up with Casey’s hands staying still on his cock for what seemed like an eternity, but couldn’t have been more than five minutes. He tried bucking his hips to get some friction, but Casey was holding onto his cock so tightly that it didn’t help much. When Casey seemed to think he’d been punished for his presumption long enough, he fisted Daniel’s cock with expert hands.

Daniel felt he was floating near the ceiling. He’d never been hard this long before without coming, and wondered if you could do yourself some damage that way.

“Pinch your nipples,” Casey said, both of his hands still busy on Daniel’s cock, his voice hoarse.

Daniel obeyed at once. His nipples had always been sensitive and he enjoyed the sensation of having his nipples played with and his cock being stroked at the same time. It was torture. Exquisite, blissful torture.

Casey brought him to the edge a few more times until all Daniel was aware of was his nipples, cock and sac. He wanted to come, he needed to come badly, but he held himself in check until Casey whispered close to his ear. "Come for me, Daniel. Come for me *now*."

The order was all it took. "Ahh! Ahh! Sir! Oh, sir!" Daniel screamed as he came, spurting long ropes of come over Casey's hands. His hips arched upwards, his thighs clenched as he rode the waves of ecstasy, his whole body shuddering with little aftershocks. Daniel hadn't been aware of anything but his own orgasm as it happened but now as he was calming down, he was aware that his arse was wet and sticky.

"Sir?" Daniel asked in surprise.

Casey chuckled and rested his head against Daniel's hair. "Here I am lecturing you on control and I seem to have lost mine somewhere along the way. You're so hot when you come."

"Thank you, sir," said Daniel, turning his head for a kiss. Casey obliged him and they both kissed with equal fervour, as if their passion hadn't already been spent.

Casey pulled away, breathing heavily. "I think we both need a shower. Or a bath." Casey glanced down at their sticky bodies and clothes.

"Together?" Daniel asked tentatively.

"Of course, together. Now I've found you I'm not about to let you go. First though, I have something I want to give you."

Daniel grinned and waggled his eyebrows.

"Not that!" Casey chuckled again, and pushed Daniel off his lap. "Wait here a minute."

Daniel stood awkwardly, dressed in only a T-shirt and socks, come cooling on his groin, and not feeling remotely sexy now. He tugged the hem of the T-shirt down, trying to cover his cock, but the garment wasn't long enough.

"Oh, don't hide it," said Casey when he returned through one of the open doorways. In his hand he held a red leather teddy bear, which looked a bit

worn. The eyes were hanging on by a thread and he looked like he'd lost some stuffing along the way. "I love your cock."

Daniel blushed, wishing he didn't have such a pale complexion.

"This was given to me by my first master," said Casey, handing Daniel the bear. "It's very special to me and I want you to have it."

"Oh, sir. I couldn't, not if it means so much to you."

"It does mean a lot to me, Daniel. But so do you. I want you to have it. I want you to know that even though I can't be there with you in person every minute of the day, this bear will remind you that I will be thinking of you and the next time we can get together."

"I don't know what to say." Daniel blinked rapidly, trying to dispel the tears before they fell.

"Thank you will suffice," said Casey, smiling and holding out the bear.

Daniel took it and nodded. "Thank you, sir. I'll treasure it."

"And Daniel? You belong to me now. I will protect you, so if any of those so-called friends of yours give you any grief like last night, you will let me know. No one hurts my pet and gets away with it, right?"

This time, Daniel couldn't help the tears. No one had ever cared about him so much before and it was a bit overwhelming. Casey marched over to him, and two strides later he had Daniel wrapped up in his embrace.

"Now, how about that bath, eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Daniel, feeling his heart soar.

He was where he had always wanted to be.

Wrapped up in his master's arms.

THE END

Author Bio

Annette Gisby grew up in a very small town in Northern Ireland, which had no bookshops and a very small library. After devouring everything she could get her hands on in the library, she started writing her own stories so that she would always have something to read later. Her M/M writing began with Harry Potter fanfiction, and she has since started writing her own original M/M tales.

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