



Fighting the Knot (The Giving Place #4)

Author: *Sean Michael*

Category: LGBT+

Description: Can the Giving Place make another perfect match?

A bouncer at a nightclub, Cal is a rough and tumble kind of guy. He's not looking for anything permanent, he just wants a bit of a fight before the sex starts. As a 6'9" stud, he's almost always the one who comes out on top. One night on the job, he's given a business card which turns out to be an invitation to The Giving Place. Having no idea what kind of club it is, Cal is curious enough to check the place out.

Club member Hades is drawn immediately to Cal and makes his claim the moment Cal walks in. He can give Cal the fight the man wants, but as big as Cal is, Hades is much bigger and there's no way Cal is winding up on top. And yet, Cal keeps coming back to see Hades time and again.

Can Hades convince Cal that he is exactly who Cal has been fighting for?

Total Pages (Source): 12

CHAPTER ONE

I stand at the door, watching the club kids standing in line, their colorful outfits a stark contrast to my uniform of black jeans and tight black T-shirt. Besides the difference in our clothing choices, I'm so much bigger than any of them. At six feet nine, I tower over all of them, my muscles bulging intimidatingly beneath my tight clothing. Makes me good at my job as a bouncer.

It also apparently makes me eye candy; more than one of the clubgoers gives me a come-hither look. Guys, gals, a lot of them would love to climb me like a jungle gym, but staff's not allowed to play with the club's patrons, which is fine with me. They're not my type. I'm more into guys who look like me. I like a little fight with my sex. Okay, I lie, I like a lot of fight, and it takes another big guy to give me what I crave. There's not very many men who can push me around and slam me up against a wall.

I let another half dozen patrons in and put the rope back on the pole. There's a trio of guys at the front of the line now, guys not at all like the rest of the clientele. These guys are more like me, tall, muscled, sexy fuckers. I look them up and down, slowly, so they see me checking them out. When my gaze comes back up to their faces, they're all smiling, grinning at me like they know exactly what I'm thinking. I'm pretty sure they do.

I wonder if they're together. It's a fucking hot visual, the three of them fucking, sucking, banging each other hard. Damn. My prick is trying to stand at attention, and I'm glad my jeans are tight enough to keep it mostly at bay. I give them a smile, letting them know I don't mind being caught checking them out. At all. And yeah, we're still not allowed to fuck around with club patrons, but I'm always willing to

make an exception, or two—or three in this case—for guys who fit my type so fucking perfectly.

A group of about eight people wander out of the club, and I'm disappointed. Eight out means eight in, and that'll send my eye candy out of my view. I take the rope off the pole, and make a go-ahead motion, trying not to let my disappointment show.

One of the guys gives me a knowing grin, then puts something into my hand. I slip it into my front right pocket to look at later, hoping it's a phone number. I'd love to finish the night in a clothing-optional wrestling match with one or all of them.

The rest of my night is pretty boring. There are no more big guys in line for the club, and I don't notice when the three I had my eye on leave. Friday nights are busy, but it's Saturday nights that usually have fights to break up, or underagers to keep out. They always beg once I call them on their fake IDs, but much as they think their puppy-dog eyes and pleas will sway me, they will not. I've seen it all and I'm not moved by any of it.

Two a.m. hits and I send the last few stragglers left in the line home. The place is closed and no one else is going in. I head in myself and glance around, making sure there aren't any patrons left to kick out.

"We're copacetic, Cal," Pete tells me. "I'll walk Dunc to the cash drop."

"Good deal." I head to the staff room in the back and clock out before grabbing my leather jacket and ducking out the back door as I slip it on. There's a bit of a nip in the air this time of night, and I'm glad to cover up. I walk home—I'm not that far from the club and it's not like I'm worried about getting jumped or anything. I'm the guy people don't want to meet in a dark alley, which makes it pretty safe for me to wander the streets no matter the time.

As I walk, I lament the fact that I'm headed home on my own, again. It would be easier if I wasn't picky about my partners, but I've found that taking home anyone who isn't strong enough to at least pretend to manhandle me just doesn't work. I might end up getting off, but it's not satisfying, so there doesn't seem to be much of a point.

Thinking of guys I'd like to get it on with reminds me of the trio in line at the club tonight, and that reminds me of the card they passed to me. I dig into my front pocket and pull it out, turning it in my hand.

It's a simple white card, the writing blood red, and it reads, An invitation to the Giving Place . Below that is an address. And that's it. No date, no time, no indication what this Giving Place might be.

I could head over there now. I'm not that tired and it's entirely possible the trio will be there tonight. Maybe it was their destination after the night club. But maybe not and if I'm going to make the effort to go somewhere after work, I want it to be worth it. Maybe it's just some club they shill for and they'll never be there. I have no idea. This card is giving me nothing but the name and address.

I shove it back into my pocket and keep heading home. I have beer in the fridge, oreos in the cupboard, and tomorrow is leg day. That's good enough for me.

CHAPTER TWO

It's over a week before I remember the card I was given. Okay, I'm lying. I've been thinking about it a lot, especially as day after day passes without me getting laid. But I finally have a couple days off. Granted, it's a Monday and a Tuesday, which are not great clubbing nights—which is why I have them off—but I'm really not interested in going to this place after work. I'm not that desperate to get laid yet.

I've got a routine that works for me. I work from eight 'til two a.m., relax for an hour or two, sleep, get up and go to the gym, then go home, shower, and get ready for work. If I'm that desperate for sex, I can usually hook up in the changing rooms at the gym. I haven't been that desperate yet.

So here I am on a Monday afternoon, turning the card over and over in my hand. Blank on the back, blood red writing on the front. Just a name and address. The Giving Place. It's a mystery. Night club? Private club? The latter is most likely, given I need an invitation to get in. At least I assume that's what the card means. Hell, it looks like it's on the thirteenth floor so I'm guessing it's not something you're going to notice from the street.

But what kind of a club? I'm thinking because the stud who gave it to me did so after I was caught checking him out pretty hard that it's a place where I'll find more guys like him and where they'd be amenable to sex. But that is just a guess. For all I know, it's a place where they knock you out and harvest your organs. Maybe the giving in the title is giving to other people after they've taken from you.

The truth is, I just don't know what to expect, and I have to admit that's a part of the

draw. It's fucking intriguing.

I have tomorrow off, so if I wind up staying late, getting drunk, or ripped apart, whether from fucking or fighting, I have all day tomorrow and a good chunk of Wednesday to recover before I have to go to work. So I'm going to do it. I'm going to go and find out exactly what this Giving Place is.

I check my watch. Not even five o'clock yet. Will it even be open if I head over there now? And what about dinner? I'm going to be hungry in an hour, starving in two. Maybe they serve meals or bar snacks there. Again, I guess it depends on what fucking type of place it is, and I just don't know.

As I get ready, pouring myself into my tightest black jeans and putting on a harness covered by a shiny, sheer T-shirt, I take a second to question the sanity of going to this place that I haven't a clue about. But only a second. I can take care of myself. And if I'm lucky, I'm going to get what I need there.

I smooth my short hair down with my hands, rolling my eyes at the cowlick over my forehead that refuses to behave, even if I get product involved. Then I check myself out, turning a bit to make sure my ass still looks good in the jeans. It does. I'm a fucking stud, and I know it. Not in a cocky arrogant way, but I am six nine and I fucking take care of myself.

I tell myself if I'm going to do this, I need to stop stalling and just do it. So I head out, looking up the address on my phone. There's a bus I can catch a couple blocks over that goes right by the place so I head for the stop. That way I won't have to shoehorn my way into the back of an Uber. My timing is good and I only have to wait a couple minutes for the bus to trundle up to the stop, and I pile on with everyone else headed this way. I grab hold of the pole above my head and keep an eye out for my stop.

It isn't long at all before I'm off the bus and standing in front of a skyscraper. I look up and up, the place over twenty floors for sure. And I was right about the Giving Place not being visible from the street—it isn't even listed on the board in the lobby. Lots of what looks like lawyers and accountants and shit, but no Giving Place. None of the places listed are on the thirteenth floor either, and as I wait for the elevator, it suddenly occurs to me that maybe I'm being punked. Maybe this was just a practical joke. It's not like most buildings even list a thirteenth floor due to superstition. I guess I'll find out when I get in the elevator.

I'm half holding my breath by the time the car stops at the lobby and the doors slide open. A half dozen people come out, all of them focused on getting out and heading home for the day. I'm the only one who gets on. I look at the panel and I'll be damned if there isn't a thirteenth floor listed right there between the twelve and the fourteen. I press the button and the doors slide closed silently.

The whole trip is quiet, no elevator music and no mechanical noises either. Even the upward movement is practically unnoticeable. I don't even realize that the elevator has stopped when suddenly the doors slide open.

I step out into a classy-as-fuck lobby. The whole place is black marble with gold accents. Damn, maybe my clubbing clothing is not appropriate after all. This place screams luxury. There's a big desk across the lobby, next to a pair of huge double doors that are closed.

The guy behind the desk gives me a smile. "Hi there, can I help you?"

"I hope so." I don't know if there's like a secret password or anything so I just dig the card out of my pocket and hand it over. Either the guy knows what it means or he doesn't and I'm ready for either to be true. Although I do have to admit, at this point if I don't get to go in and at least see what kind of a place this is, I'm going to be disappointed.

His smile widens and he says, “Welcome to the Giving Place. You can go in through those doors and follow the hall down to the main room. Enjoy your time at the Giving Place.”

He presses a button and there’s a click coming from the doors. I’m guessing he’s just unlocked them.

I return his smile, not showing any of the nerves that are buzzing at the back of my head now that I’m here, still not knowing what the fuck I’m about to walk into. It’s exciting as fuck. “Thanks.”

I grab the handle of the right-side door and pull it open.

It’s kind of anticlimactic. I know the guy at the desk said there was a hall I was supposed to follow to get down to the main room, but damn, I was hoping for some hint to what this place was. It appears I’m going to remain curious for a little longer.

The hall is fairly long, and there are doors on either side of it with no indication what’s going on in them. So I’ve still got nothing. I really hope the punch line to all this is worth it.

I can hear the main room before I see it. Voices, most fairly low, soft, a few others louder. And moans. There’s definitely moans and they’re unmistakably moans of pleasure. Fucking A. Sounds like I am going to be getting my rocks off after all. And if the guys are big like my three friends from the line at the nightclub, I’ll be getting them off in my favorite manner.

The hallway opens up into a large room. The lighting is low, but not so low I can’t make most of the place out. There are a bunch of circular couches, most of them occupied with at least a couple of people, many with more than that. The first thing that really stands out is the number of people making out. As in lots and as in right

there in the middle of everyone else with clearly no worries about fucking in public.

The second thing that stands out is that while all the guys are at least around my size, a good half of them are... fucking ginormous. I'm talking guys that make me feel small. Seven, eight feet easily and huge. Biceps the fucking size of my torso. And the bulges at their crotches promise that their cocks are in proportion with the rest of them.

Fuck me raw, I do believe I am right where I want to be. I look around to see if the guy from the trio who gave me the business card invite is here because I do believe I owe him a thanks. This is when I realize that all but the most into-the-lovemaking dudes are pretty much all staring at me.

I throw them a grin. I might not be the biggest guy in the room, for once, but I refuse to be intimidated. "Hey. Nice place you've got here." Because it so is.

"Hi! You made it!" A guy pops up from one of the couches and comes over. And I realize it's the guy who gave me the card. And I can be forgiven for it taking a moment or two to realize because he is not wearing club clothes. Nope, not at all. Though he is dressed to play. His leather pants are skintight, and there is no mistaking that his cock has a piercing given how on display it is in those pants. Nipple clamps with jewels dangling from them are all that he wears above the waist, and he is stacked to the ceiling, but he's still smaller than the big guy that joins him in front of me.

"I did. Thanks for the card." I'm staring at his companion, which is probably rude as fuck, but damn...

The guy grins at me, eyes twinkling, and holds out his hand. "Steve. And this is Kalos."

I shake his hand. “Callum, but everyone calls me Cal. Pleased to meet you both.”

“You wanna come sit? Have something to eat? To drink?”

“Sure, thanks.” I notice that I’m still getting a lot of looks, pretty much all from the really big guys. Looks that make me feel like I’m dinner. I’m not upset by this at all.

“I guess I could eat a bite or two.” I know I’ll be hungry soon enough.

“Help yourself to any of the munchies.” Steve indicates the table in the middle of the circular couch where we sit, and I realize it’s like a buffet: several big trays full of what looks like various bites of food, some sweet, some savory, and bottles of water along with a few wine bottles and currently empty wineglasses.

I sit next to Steve and grab myself a bottle, opening the water and taking a swig. The cold water feels good on my tongue and over my throat.

Several big guys join us at our table and Steve nudges my shoulder. “I knew you’d be popular.”

I chuckle at that. “I’m actually small compared to most of these guys,” I tell him in my best quiet voice.

“Yeah, that’s the exciting part.” Steve looks up at the big guy with him, love and adoration in his eyes. That’s pretty cool. You don’t see that often in a sex club. Because that’s obviously what this is, though it’s trying to keep a veneer of respectability over it. Like the guys who’ve joined us aren’t just pouncing on me. Or maybe not. I watch as this huge guy leads a guy my size past us, by the leash attached to his dick. My jaw hits the floor and my cock tries to claw its way out of my jeans. Fuck, that was something else. Unexpected and totally hot.

“Introduce us to your friend,” big guy number one suggests, and the others add their agreements.

Steve opens his mouth but before he can say a word, another big guy, this one with a gaze that promises to set me on fire steps in front of me and offers me his hand.

“Come dance with me.” His voice is smoky, and it makes something in the pit of my stomach coil up and settle heavily. Wow. I mean the other guys are hot, sexy, and for sure could give me the fight I’m looking for, and probably more, but this guy. I just might be willing to lick his boots, and I don’t lick anyone’s boots.

I stand and the top of my head doesn’t even come up to his shoulders. Fuck me raw. I didn’t even know someone being this much bigger than me would be such a fucking turn on. It’s not like I have any experience with it.

Without another word, and ignoring the grumbles from the guys who’d come to sit on the couch with me, he takes my hand and leads me across the room to a small, dark area where a few people are dancing, and a few others are clearly fucking standing up. I ignore all of them in favor of leaning against the big guy as his hands slide around my waist, holding me. The music is sultry, putting all sorts of thoughts in my head. So does the prodigious erection currently resting against my abs.

“What’s your name?” he asks, the smoke still in his voice, which still feels like its sliding around and through me.

I look up, and in this low light, his eyes are just as smoky and dark as his voice. “Cal.”

“Cal.” He says my name like he’s tasting it on his tongue. “I’m Hades.”

“Hades? Like the fucking lord of the underworld Hades?”

He grins, the look wicked as hell. “Yes. No relation.”

Oh fuck, that cracks me up, and he just keeps dancing as I chortle. No relation. Hilarious.

We dance a little longer, really just swaying against each other, his cock rub-rub-rubbing against my belly, mine rubbing against his tree-trunk-like thigh. I could possibly get off like this, but what would be the fun in that?

Like his thoughts have gone to the same place as mine, he lowers his head to my ear, his breath tickling slightly. “You want to see my place?”

I shiver and I nod, because oh yeah, I do. I so do.

I want him to take me home and throw me up against the back of his door. I want to shove him off me and then fight him all the way to his bed. I might be wearing my best pair of jeans, but I wouldn’t care if they got ripped as we tore the clothes off each other.

He takes my hand, or rather his hand swallows mine up and it occurs to me for the first time that I might not win this coming tug of war with him. I might not wind up on top.

A shiver goes through me, but I’m not backing off, I’m going with him. Maybe when we get outside, the cool night air will snap me out of it, but right now, a part of me wants to lose this fight for dominance. It would be a first, and I haven’t had one of those in a very long time.

To my surprise, we don’t take the long hallway back to the entrance. Instead, we only go down a few steps and then he turns at one of the doors along the way and opens it up, inviting me in.

Does he just have a room here or does he live here? I guess it doesn't really matter—this is a room we can use to get our rocks off together and that's what I'm here for.

I step in, and I've barely had a chance to even glance around when he closes the door and pushes me up against it. He bends to bring our mouths together, the door hard and unyielding behind me, he is just as hard and unyielding in front of me. Except that he's warm and he tastes like smoke and sex and undeniably male. Fuck me raw.

Then he grabs me by the waist and fucking hoists me up more than a foot so I'm hanging there between him and the door. I get why he did it, though. Now he's only a little bit higher than me and the kiss is easier, deeper. Better.

His tongue fills my mouth, his scent fills my nose, and the fact that there's an enormous hard-on pressing against my thighs and my own erection fills my brain. I put my hands against his shoulders and push, and it's like a mouse trying to move a locomotive. I can fight him all I want, but caught as I am between the wall's rock and his hard place, I don't have any leverage. My pushing turns into holding, my fingers curling around his shoulders as I hold on.

I have no clue how long we kiss for. All I know is he's making me dizzy and I haven't had a kiss this good in... well, maybe ever. Most of my hookups involve a lot more pushing each other around than kissing.

Eventually my hands make their way to his head, and I twist his hair in my fingers. I tug a little and that earns me a grunt so I do it again, harder this time. He growls into our kisses, his huge hands tightening around my waist. His fingers are going to leave bruises and I can't wait to see them tomorrow, to touch them and remember this. I do like a souvenir or two the morning after the night before.

My feet are dangling uselessly off the floor, and I hoist one leg up, wrapping it

around his waist and tugging him in tighter against me. Oh yeah, that's better. I am not a passive lover.

Grunting, he shifts his hold to my thigh, squeezing, leaving more fucking bruises I am sure. I throw my head back and laugh. Fuck, I am having the best time.

He doesn't seem upset I ended the kisses. Instead, he latches onto my throat, his teeth sharp as he bites and then scrapes them along my skin. It makes me shiver, and when the suction starts, his lips tight around the same spot, a shudder moves through me.

He drags his teeth along my collarbone, leaving my nerves sparking along behind his mouth, and I groan. I mutter something like, "so fucking hot," but I'm not really paying attention to the words coming out of my mouth. This sexy motherfucker in front of me is far more interesting than anything I could come up with to say.

He grabs hold of my waist again and turns us. I throw my other leg up around his hips as well, and his hand slides down to my ass to help support me. We walk slowly from the room we're in to another, and I can't fucking believe it. I am being carried. All six foot fucking nine of me. Carried like it's nothing, like Hades could do it all damn day.

It makes me moan. And I do it again when he tosses me down onto his bed. It's not king size, it's giant size and so comfortable. It yields a little bit, just enough, and it's soft against my back without that weird soft that you sink too far into.

He takes a moment to stare down at me in the middle of his bed and I stare right back.

"You like what you see?"

"Too many clothes." He tears the see-through blouse I'm wearing over the leather harness right off my body and grunts. "Better. Not quite there, but better."

His gaze travels to my jeans and then back up to my face. He quirks an eyebrow and I know—I just know—that he’s giving me an option. I can ditch the jeans on my own or I can let him tear them off. I just stare back defiantly. Unlike pretty much all my encounters, I’m damn sure this one is going to end in me bottoming, but I’m not going to just roll over and offer him my ass. He’s going to have to work for it.

Understanding lights up his eyes and he grins. He doesn’t seem the least bit disappointed that I’ve chosen the hard way.

Still holding my gaze, he climbs onto the bed and kneels over me. Then he undoes the top button of my jeans before grabbing the zipper and I have a half second to wonder if maybe going commando hadn’t been the best idea before he begins to pull it down. He doesn’t yank, though, he’s doing it carefully, proving he knows that the flesh pushing hard against the constraints of my jeans is precious cargo.

I’m almost disappointed, I’d thought this was going to be rough and tumble, push and pull, working-for-it sex.

Then he grabs both sides of my unzipped jeans, his fingers against my cock making me wriggle, and pulls, tearing the denim in two and yanking it off me. Yes! I scramble to sit up and grab for his pants, tugging at the leather ties. I’m not going to be returning the favor of tearing them off—they are leather after all—but I’m not going to be a shy and coy and gentle.

I finally get them undone and yank at them, forcing them down past his hips. His cock springs out at me and I have to gasp. I have to. I knew he was big—he’s a great big guy, much bigger than me, and I’d seen the bulge, felt it against me—but damn. I have never seen a cock as big as he is. I’ve never even imagined a cock as big as he is. I don’t think I’ve seen dildos this big. He is going to ruin me for life.

“Don’t worry, we’ll work up to it.” He sounds half turned on, half amused.

“I can take it,” I inform him, chin jutting up.

“You can. But we’ll play growing dildos first.”

Growing dildos? Is this guy for real? Much as I want to laugh at him for the words though, they turn me on. I am not a bottom boy. I swear I’m not. But I want this. I want him to force me to bottom. I want him to fill me for days with one dildo after another, each one bigger than the last.

And somehow, he knows it. He knows this thing about me that I didn’t even know. That’s... it’s fucking dangerous is what it is. I could go for a guy like this.

I push those thoughts out of my head. This is sex. This is getting my rocks off in the way I like best. Hard-fought, hard-won, hard.

I realize we’ve been staring at each other like we’re in a standoff and that it’s my turn. “Says you,” is what I come back with, and I know it’s lame, but I put a brave face on it and pretend like it was the wittiest, smartest thing I could have said.

He laughs, but it’s not nasty. No, that laugh is telling me that he enjoys this game as much as I do.

He pulls his leather pants off completely and climbs onto the bed, dropping to all fours, so he’s caging me with his arms and legs, and he brings our mouths back together in another kiss. This one harder, deeper than the earlier ones, and I revel in them. Our tongues fight together, slapping and delving. So good. I grab hold of his arms and hook one leg around his upper thigh. Then, using him as leverage, I throw all my weight to the side where I have my leg hooked around him, and we roll over so now he’s on the bottom. I know I managed it because I caught him off guard, but I still feel pride in having managed to switch positions on him.

I lower myself, letting him take all my weight, my legs falling outside of his. My maneuvering didn't break our kisses for even a moment, and we keep sucking at each other's tongues, tasting each other's mouths. I start sliding against him, rolling my hips back so his cock rubs against my ass and sliding forward so mine drags along his belly. I might come just like this; it's so fucking hot and rough and necessary.

"No coming." The words are growled, his gaze intense. It's like he was reading my fucking mind. Or maybe just my body—I am rubbing against him like we're on the home stretch.

He grabs hold of my hips and stills them, holding me down against him. I try to move, because I want the fucking friction, but he doesn't let me.

I groan, and it's a complaint, but it only makes him grin.

"Do you need a cock ring?" His words ring out like a challenge between us. A challenge I can't let go uncontested.

I set my jaw and glare down at him. "No, I do not."

"All right then, no coming until I say so or there will be punishments."

I snort. "I'd like to see you try." And I would. I would love to see him try. Just the thought has me revved up all the more. There's no fucking way I'm going to last that long, so he'd better fucking say I can come soon.

He just smiles at me, a shit-eating grin that says he knows exactly what I've been thinking. Again. He is definitely far too dangerous; he knows me too damned well.

Of course, that's what's going to make this so much fun. No hiding, no half-assing it, no turning back. I'm here and this is happening, and I am reveling in every fucking

second of it.

“Suck my cock.” The words are quiet, but firm.

“Why would I do that? You suck my cock.”

“Oh, I’ll have my taste eventually, but you’ll do me first. I don’t expect you to get the whole thing into your mouth, but I know you want a taste.”

He’s damn right I’m not going to get the whole thing into my mouth—I don’t think my lips can spread that wide, and I sure as hell can’t get all the way down on him. But he’s also right about me wanting to taste him.

Our gazes stay locked together in a battle of wills and much as I hate to admit it, I know I’m going to lose. I want a fucking taste of him. A half smile quirks the right side of his mouth as if he’s still reading my mind and knows I’m about to give in. And that hardens my resolve.

“You first,” I tell him as I surge up, moving so my cock is near his mouth.

I get as far as painting his lower lip with the pre-come that’s dripping from me when he takes control and flips me over. I fight him, pushing at his arms, his chest, and trying to wriggle my way out from under him. He’s got a hold of me, though, and the plain truth is that he’s stronger than me.

He copies my earlier attempt and moves up along my body. He doesn’t go fast like I did, though. He knows he’s got the upper hand, and he moves slowly, holding my defiant gaze all the way as he drags his ass along my body. And then there’s his cock, bumping against my lips in a perverse hello.

I hold his gaze for as long as I can, refusing to give in, but I can smell him—smoky

and musky—and a drop of pre-come slips onto my lips, hot and somehow tingly, and I can't help it, my tongue slips out to slide along my lower lip, pulling his flavor in. Oh fuck me raw, a slight tingle, smoke and salt, and with a cry, I open up and lick along his slit, wanting more.

I can't believe it, but that tingle on my lips wasn't my imagination. As I lick his slit, the drops I collect definitely make my tongue zing. I don't know how he's doing it, but I'm not complaining. Then there's the smoky-salty flavor of him. He's like no one I've ever tasted before. So fucking unique and I'm pretty sure I could become addicted to his flavor.

I push that thought aside and continue my explorations, moving out from his slit and slowly exploring every inch of the bulbous head, licking it and dragging my lips over it. Then, I open my mouth and wrap them around the head. With a little practice, I might be able to take some of him right into my mouth, but for now, just sucking on the head is more than enough for me. I lick at his slit over and over while I suck, and I'm rewarded with more of those amazing drops of liquid. I swear I can feel them tingling all the way down. I'm also rewarded by his moans. They fall down around me like offerings. I'd smile but my lips are so stretched around his girth that that's not happening.

He grabs my head, fingers curling through my hair and holds me in place as he moves. Not a lot, not shoving deeper into me, but little circular motions of his hips that shifts the flesh in my mouth a little. Enough to mimic the act of fucking that that's what it feels like. My cock jerks, and I can feel my own pre-come dripping onto my belly, my balls going tight. I moan, the sound vibrating around his cockhead and the sound is echoed back to me.

I bring my hands up and manage to grab his ass, squeezing tight as I keep working the top inch or so of his cock.

He grins down at me, the look in his eyes wicked, wild. I did that. I feel like a fucking stud that I can make him want and need and feel good. He might be bigger than me, and I might have little to no chance of winning any dominance battles with him, but I can make him need. Now that goes both ways because my fucking cock is like a hammer, leaking like a faulty faucet and my balls are so tight they're about to go off at any second.

I'm not alone there, because I can see it in his eyes that he's close to coming, too. I just hope he doesn't drown me with his magical tingling come.

He pulls out suddenly, and I moan, tugging at his ass, trying to get him back in my mouth. He just shakes his head and grabs hold of his cock, jacking himself as he watches me, rocking a little, his balls sliding against my chest. I keep my hands where they are on his ass, feeling his movements in the muscles in my palms.

He holds my gaze the whole time, and I can tell the second he's about to shoot. It looks like fucking flames in the dark, smoky depths, and then his spunk splashes onto my face, hot and tingly, covering my cheeks, my mouth, and my nose, the scent of it marking me.

Marking me. Fucking hell, the concept sort of blows my mind. And my wad. I buck up, crying out as my orgasm catches me by surprise and I shoot, my come hitting my belly, my hands, and his ass. My hips jerk a few more times, aftershocks sending several more spurts out of me, and then I go limp. I feel like I've gone ten rounds with Conor McGregor, and I may never get up off this bed.

Hades leans down and licks his own come off my cheek. I still can't move, but I offer him a moan because that was hot as fuck. My cock makes a valiant attempt at showing interest, but, despite the fact that I came without a fucking touch to it, I am truly sated. For now.

“Give me five minutes and I’ll be ready for round two,” I tell him.

He laughs and kisses me hard. “I just might hold you to that.”

CHAPTER THREE

I can't help but chuckle as I watch Cal fall asleep almost immediately after he told me to give him five minutes before we start round two. I'm not at all surprised. I pushed him hard, and he fought me like a dream, and his body is going to need a few minutes to regain its energy. He might even need some food. It is, after all, around dinnertime. And I consider ordering something so we can eat when he wakes up.

On the one hand, who wants to waste time eating when we could be indulging in that promised round two? But on the other hand, he needs sustenance, and so do I. We'll be able to enjoy round two more if we've slaked our other hunger first.

I grab my phone from the bedside table and bring up the app to order directly from the kitchen. Scrolling through it, I ponder what my beautiful pet might most want. He's a big guy, and I know that means it takes a lot to keep him going. And he's fit—amazing muscles that he clearly works hard to keep in peak form. So he's going to be a protein man. I just know it.

And how often does he get to indulge in some of the more decadent, more expensive protein? His clothes are nice, but they're not top of the line, so I'm assuming it's not champagne and caviar every night for Cal.

So I order a surf and turf—filet mignon, lobster and truffle mashed potatoes—and some crudo of scallops to start, along with fresh rolls. Do I add dessert? As soon as I have the thought, I imagine eating it off Cal's lovely body, and I add a Basque cheesecake. I like the creaminess of it, and I know it'll smear beautifully over the lovely, hairless chest and abs.

I tell them to deliver it as soon as it's ready. If Cal hasn't woken by then, I'll just go ahead and get him up. I'm not wasting an entire evening with my pet sleeping. That would be a waste.

Now that's taken care of, I can look my fill and think of all the wonderful and wicked things I want to do to him. With him—that I want to do with him. Who am I kidding? An awful lot of it is stuff I want to do to him.

I love that he's not the least bit submissive. He's all fight and bluster and attempts to dominate. It makes his submission all the sweeter. And I like that he's big enough to actually push back some. In the end, I'll win every time because while he's huge for a human, he's still smaller than me, but there's a heft to his shove that I've not found in any man before.

Training him to take my cock is going to be the most delicious fight.

A soft knock heralds the arrival of our meal and Cal begins to stir. Excellent.

"My Lord Hades." The page bows, and I thank him but decline his offer to bring the trolley inside. I can certainly push a wheeled table around myself.

When I get the trolley back to the bedroom, Cal is sitting up, looking around, and blinking. He's got bedhead and that, coupled with his just woken fuzziness, is utterly adorable.

"Good morning," I tease.

His eyes get wider. "Morning? I've been asleep all night!" He swings his legs over, looking around wildly for his clothes.

I shake my head and put a hand on his arm. "I was joking. You've only been resting

your eyes for at most an hour.”

“Oh. Oh okay.” He relaxes some, looking sheepish, and the expression is as cute as just woken one.

I want to keep him.

“Sorry.” He rubs his hands through his hair. “I don’t even have anywhere to be tomorrow, but if it was morning, I would kind of have lost all evening and night.”

“I get that.” And I think maybe it’s a little frightening for him to imagine feeling so comfortable here that he would have fallen asleep for so long.

I go over to the trolley and lift one of the cloches. By some piece of magical luck, it’s the appetizer plate. “Ta-da! Dinner is served.”

His stomach growls loudly, and he chuckles and rubs it with his hand. “I guess I’m hungrier than I thought.”

“Come sit,” I tell him, bringing the trolley over to the divan that sits across from the bed.

“Oh, sure.” He looks around, again for his clothes, I presume.

I shake my head. “It’s entirely private here. You don’t need to wear anything.” I slip off the robe I’d put on to answer the door and sit nakedly down on the couch. I even rub my butt on the soft velvet and give him a wink.

Laughing, he ends his search for clothing and comes to sit with me after removing his sneakers and socks. “There’s a lot of plates there.”

“Yes. Appetizer, main, and dessert. I wanted to feed you well before we start the round two you promised me.”

“I promised it, did I?”

“Mmmhmm. I believe your words were: Give me five minutes and I’ll be ready for round two .”

“That sounds like me.” He gives me a grin, and his stomach lets out another wicked loud growl. “I guess you’d better feed me.”

“I guess I’d better.” I grab one of the forks provided and spear a delicately thin slice of scallop and bring it to his lips.

He rolls his eyes. “I didn’t mean literally. I’m perfectly capable of feeding myself.” Still, he leans forward the slightest bit and opens his lips so I can slip the scallop into his mouth.

There’s something sexy about feeding another man. It’s almost... taboo.

His eyes close for a moment, and he swallows it down. “Fuck, what was that?”

“Good, wasn’t it?”

“It melted in my fucking mouth.”

“You want more.”

“Damn straight I do.” He leaves his mouth open after that, clearly waiting for another piece. So much for not needing to be fed.

I slip the second piece into his mouth. “It’s scallop crudo, which is a fancy way of saying it’s raw.”

“Huh. I’m pretty sure I’ve never had a scallop before.”

I give him another slice before taking one for myself. I’ve had it before, and I’ll have it again. Tonight, I want to feed the lion’s share of it to him as he’s enjoying it so much. He’s not objecting, either, opening his mouth again and again for me to place the thin slices on his tongue.

“That was the last piece.” I have to tell him because he still has his mouth open like a baby bird.

“Oh, damn. I could eat about a hundred more slices of that,” he admits sheepishly. “Too bad licking the plate is rude in company.”

I snort and offer the plate over to him. “I’m not concerned with politeness .”

He takes the plate and tilts it up, drinking the acidic sauce before literally licking the plate clean. I watch his pink tongue lapping at the white plate, my cock perking up and reminding me that round two is coming soon.

As soon as he puts the plate down, I pounce, bringing our mouths together and pushing my tongue in, gathering up the taste for myself. Lime and vinegar, cilantro and pure male. He tastes even better doctored by the sauce than the scallops did.

I hold the back of his head, keeping him in the kiss until there isn’t a bit of flavor of anything but Cal himself left in his mouth, and then I sit back and lick my own lips, humming.

Cal’s gaze follows the path my tongue takes, and I know I could have him right now.

I could pounce and he would push me off and we would do our dance, fighting for dominance until we both came. But it would be a shame to let the steak and lobster go to waste. And I abhor cold mashed potatoes.

So I sit back and pull the biggest cloche up, revealing the filet mignon, lobster tail, and truffled potatoes.

“Oh wow. You’re pulling out all the stops here for me.” He eyes me, and I just smile back at him.

“Thank you. I’d have been happy with a burger and fries but thank you for this.”

I wave a hand dismissively. “You can get a burger and fries anywhere.” And yes, I’m telling him that I wanted this to be special, but that’s fine. He should know that I want him here, that I’m willing to take the steps to make this a place he wants to be.

“Yeah, I can.” He grins and grabs the steak knife and a fork. “My turn to feed you.”

Oh... I hadn’t expected that, and I’m charmed by it. I nod. “Acceptable.”

“Let’s see if we’re gonna have to break up right here and now,” he says as he spears the steak with his fork and starts to cut it. “As good a piece of meat as I suspect this is needs to be eaten rare.”

I grin. No worries, then. I’m partial to rare, or even blue if that’s how it’s served.

Cal whistles as the knife slices through the filet like it’s butter, revealing the red inside. “Fucking perfect.”

“Of course,” I tell him.

Laughing, he cuts a piece, drags it through the jus on the plate, adds a bit of potato and offers it over. I take the bite from the fork and hum happily. I didn't get much of the scallops so I'm still as hungry as I was when we sat down to this meal.

"That's a good sound. Lobster next." He cuts a generous chunk off and dips it in the garlic butter provided, dripping on the tablecloth covering the trolley as he passes it over to me.

I love the sweetness of lobster and how it contrasts with the strength of flavor of the beef and that earns him another happy hum.

"You keep that up you're going to make me hard." He offers another bite of the lobster.

I hold his gaze as I take it from the fork, letting the utensil slip slowly from between my lips and then I moan.

"Fuck." Cal bites his lower lip, and when I let my desires show on my face, in my gaze, he groans.

He's so pretty and he's all mine to play with.

We manage to finish both the steak and the lobster between us, though I can see how hard his cock is, and mine's the same. I'm not sure I needed to get the dessert, though I still think we could eat it off each other. Maybe later, because I don't want to wait another second and I'm pretty sure he's feeling the same way.

He puts the fork down after the last bite has been consumed and unceremoniously shoves the trolley to the side. He doesn't wait, he doesn't dilly-dally or tease, he just pounces me.

The strength of his movement pushes me back against the arm of the divan, the velvet soft against my back. He brings our mouths together, and I wrap my arms around him, opening wider, my tongue tangling with his. I let him have the lead for a little while, let him drive this kiss. When he starts rubbing against me, I grab his arms and push up, turning the tables and putting him on his back on the softness of the couch. I press our hips together, letting him feel the heat and harness of my cock but not letting him move. Now I'm driving the kiss, devouring him as surely as I devoured any part of our shared meal.

He takes it for a minute, maybe two, and then he's fighting me again for the upper hand. I love the fire and the passion. And that he's making me work to stay on top.

I let go of one of his arms in favor of pinching one of his little nips. It rises to hardness immediately, begging for more touches. I give them, pinching and pulling, working it while leaving the other one alone.

He takes advantage of the shift my nipple play provides and twists hard, sending us both over the edge of the divan. I'm still holding him enough that I take him down with me, and as my back hits the floor, he lands on me, making us both grunt, knocking the breath out of me.

He doesn't give me a chance to catch it again, either, holding my face in his hands, he attacks my mouth with his own, the kiss harsh, perfect. He humps against me, his pretty little cock bumping into my own and sliding along my belly, leaving trails of wet behind. It's not going to take much to get him off again—our meal of food as foreplay has done its job and he is raring to go. As am I.

I grab hold of his hair and tug his head, pulling him out of the kiss. "If you come now, like this, you won't be allowed to come again until morning."

He laughs, but there's a catch in it and I felt the throb of his cock against me as I said

the words.

“I’d like to see you try to make that happen.” He speeds his movements, clearly going for the gold right now. He’s challenging me to hold my word. He’ll soon find out that I will.

I keep my hand in his hair and tilt his head so I can latch onto the skin of his throat. I worry it with my teeth and suck on it, hit it with my tongue. I’m going to leave a dark, lurid mark, and anyone who sees him tomorrow will know that he’s been claimed.

Grunting, he gets to moving again, rubbing hard against me. Fuck it feels good, his body so hot against me. I grab hold of his ass with my free hand, my fingers digging into his flesh as I encourage him to move faster, harder, to bring us both over the edge.

The sounds he’s making are utterly delicious, and I bite harder at the mark I’m leaving on his throat, which earns me more of them.

I slide my heels up, which cradles him between my legs, and it gives him more leverage, letting him move even faster. Oh yeah, it won’t be long now. I press harder against his ass, increasing the friction between us, and I pull away from his throat, watching his face as he gets closer and closer to the edge.

Just before he comes, his eyes glaze over and his jaw goes slack and he’s the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen. Then he’s crying out, shouting out my name and swear words in equal measure.

I let the look of him, the sound of him, the feel of him, and the scent of him pull me over. Bucking up against him, I come, adding to the wet heat between us.

He goes lax on top of me, panting hard, and I pat his ass. Fuck, that was fine.

We lie there a few minutes, but while he has a lovely body pillow to cushion him—me—I do not and the floor is uncomfortable. You'd think a demon would be hardened to such things, but living here at the club has made me soft. I'm used to my comfortable bed with its silk sheets and my furniture with soft coverings.

Grunting, I roll him off me and stand, stretch up tall to let my bones creak and pop.

He grins up at me, eyes twinkling, and I wait for it. Sure enough, he pops off with, "Old man."

I snort. "You have no idea."

One of his eyebrows go up, but I don't explain. He doesn't need to know all the ins and outs of my demonic side right now. All he needs to know is that I am hung and all in for him.

I hold my hand down for him and haul him up as soon as he grabs it, bringing him against me, our chest slapping together. He grunts and I grin, and then we're kissing again. I want to devour him whole, and that's the energy I put into our kisses.

"You're ready to go again already?" He sounds a little surprised.

I wink. "Who's old now?"

He punches me in the arm. "Butthead."

I don't deny it. Instead, I go over to the wardrobe where I keep all my toys. His cock may not have jumped immediately to hard, but it was interested, and I don't want to get distracted and forget that he's not allowed to come again until the morning.

I throw open the wardrobe doors and survey my bounty. Oh, there are several plugs I'm going to fuck him with. I take out four. There's a small one with one-inch round bulges around it. Then there's a slightly bigger one with little fringes all over it, each one only a few millimeters long. The third is the shape of a penis, about average for a man, certainly smaller than his own erection and obviously much smaller than mine. This plug vibrates, though, so that makes up for the lack of girth or fancy shapes. The final one is a little bigger and has a few inches of handle at the end. I'll be able to give him a real good reaming with this one.

Then the nipple clamps catch my eye, and I grab a pair. Not too tight, but he'll definitely be able to feel the bite.

“Ring or cage?” They're next to each other and I can't decide. There are definite benefits to both.

“Cage? What do you mean cage?” Cal is looking at my little pile of dildos and nipple clamps with wide eyes.

“Have you never worn a cock cage?” Or even seen one? Obviously, Cal hasn't played that much, but a cock cage isn't such an unusual thing, is it?

I take one out and show it to him. The thing is a literal cage for his cock. Would keep him from getting fully hard. I can imagine him wearing it, him hog-tied and me fucking him with one of the bigger dildos—nothing I've chosen for today. He's not ready for that yet—gagged, blindfolded, his nipples clamped. All the things.

My cock surges at my thoughts, coming to stand at attention. “Maybe next time,” I suggest and put the cage back on its shelf. As I go to grab a cock ring, I see a lovely leather sheath. It's a buttery soft leather. I'll have to wait until he's hard to put it on properly, but it'll keep him from coming better than the ring will, and it'll make a lovely pre-cursor to the cage. I grab it.

I grab a bottle of lube, too. This one is warming, as if what we're doing isn't hot enough. Chuckling at my own thoughts, I close the cupboard and move everything to the bedside table.

"What?" he asks, sounding a little suspicious.

"Warming lube." I toss it to him, and he catches it neatly midair.

"I've heard of this." He opens the bottle and gets some on his finger, rubs them together. "Oh, wow. That's something else." He passes the bottle back. "It's going to feel great in your ass."

I laugh softly. "Even better in yours."

"So you think all this is for my benefit?" He nods toward the little pile of sexual toys on the bedside table.

"Yes."

"We'll see."

Oh, it's so cute that he thinks there's a chance he's going to use any of this on me.

"Yes," I tell him. "We will."

We stare at each other a long moment, like a pair of gunslingers at a duel, waiting for the other one to twitch first. I start smiling again because I'm totally down for him making the first move.

He finally does, pouncing me and dragging me down to the bed. Our mouths meet, fusing together as we roll around on the mattress—so much better than the floor. I nip

at his lips, my sharp teeth drawing a bit of blood, and I latch onto his lower lip, sucking at it, the slight coppery taste joining the flavor of Cal himself in my mouth.

Groaning, he arches against me, his hands scrabbling at my shoulders now to pull me closer, not push me away. I slide one hand between us, finding his cock and pumping lightly. It's not quite hard enough yet for the sheath, so I slip my hand up to pinch his nipples, getting them ready for the clamps.

He's arching and writhing beneath me, and I'm not sure he even remembers there's going to be more to this round than just our bodies. I leave his nipples alone and feel around on the bedside table for the nipple clamps. Wrapping my fingers around the little chain that attaches them together, I bring them over and leave them in close reach.

Then I go back after his nipples with my fingers again, making sure the little nips are still reaching up with need. They are. I grab the clamps and open one up, attach it to his nipple.

Cal howls and bucks me off to the side, his hands immediately going to his nipple. I grab them before he can remove the clamp and press them into the bed.

"No touching."

"Fuck you!"

I raise an eyebrow and straddle him. Then I bring his wrists together. I wrap one hand around both and stretch them up over his head. He's breathing hard, the clamp jiggling a little as his chest rises and falls. He's glaring at me, but not once has he said no.

My grin grows slowly, and I reach for the dangling clamp, make sure I tug a little as I

grab it. He howls, his hips bucking, but I was ready for it, and he doesn't come close to unseating me. His cock is a fucking brand trapped where it is against my thigh, and I know exactly how turned on he is. I'm going to have to go quickly, or it'll be too late to put the sheath on him.

I hold his gaze as I feel for his other nipple, it's harder than the first one was, and I clamp it. He cries out again, bucks again, several times, and tries to get his hands out of my grip. When he can't, he relaxes a little, chest working like a bellows as he breathes, his gaze locked onto mine. I know he's wondering what I'm going to do next.

I grab the little chain connecting the two nipple clamps and tug. A gentle barely there tug that makes him grunt and shift. My second tug is much harder, and he bucks, his, "fuck!" bitten out.

"Never played with nipple clamps before?"

"I have," he tells me, voice defiant, but then he adds, "but not with me wearing them."

"They're going to add another dimension to things. I'll be able to tug them anytime I want while I'm fucking you with the dildos."

"If you can," he reminds me.

I like that he hasn't let go of the illusion that he has a chance of imposing his will on me. His fight and passion are strong enough to match mine.

I lean in and lick a line from his breastbone all the way up to his ear. I suck on his lobe for a moment, then let it go and whisper, "I can," as I give the chain a sharp yank.

He bucks and howls, his cock dribbling pre-come on my skin.

He's more than ready for that sheath now.

I let go of his hands—I need both of mine to get the sheath on him, get it tight enough for him to really feel and for it to keep him from coming.

The minute I let go, his hands go to his nipples, and he gets one of the clamps off. Growling, I grab his hands again.

“I'll bind these behind your back if you don't leave the clamps alone.” I set the clamp back on his nipple and he hisses, bites his lower lip. Then I let go of his hands again and reach for the sheath.

Cal immediately reaches for the clamps and takes them both off, grunting at the sensation of the blood returning to the little bits of flesh. Shaking my head, I yank open the drawer in the bedside table and find a length of leather. Perfect.

Without fanfare, I flip Cal over and grab his hands again. I bring them together and wrap the leather around his wrists.

“What are you doing?” He struggles to get his hands apart, to flip back over, but I've got him where I want him, and he can't do it. I tie the ends of the leather and back off.

“Now you can't interfere.”

He glares at me and struggles again to separate his hands, then he rolls himself over and up onto his knees. He looks like he's ready to go again—he still wants to fight me even though I clearly now have the upper hand.

He looks incredible, his nipples red, framed by the leather straps of the harness he wears, his cock even redder, arms pulled behind him and fire in his eyes. I have never wanted a man more.

“You are the hottest man I have ever seen.”

He looks a little surprised at the compliment—he hadn’t expected that. I can see that he’s pleased too, though. He manages not to preen for me, to keep his fighting stance, but he has to work at it.

I pick up the clamps again, and while he backs up on the bed and tries to turn, we both know the clamps are going back on and there’s nothing he can do about it. He howls as the first one goes on—they’re more sensitive now so I’m not surprised. Then he howls again as I let the second one bite down on him.

We hold there, both kneeling on the bed, facing off. He’s panting harder than I am, his breath coming hard and fast. I reach for the sheath, and he glares harder. Then I tug on the chain again and he jerks, whimpers. His cock is wet with his pre-come.

“You want me to stop?” I ask him.

He glares at me, but he doesn’t say anything. I know that’s a no. He does not want me to stop, so I take the sheath and slap his cock with it. That earns me a shout, his body bowing back hard enough his bound hands hit the pillows and he stays like that, curved for me, his cock presented for my pleasure.

I slap it again and he whimpers.

“Please.”

I slide the leather over his cock and slowly pull tight the ties that crisscross along the

length of the leather like a corset. There's a small hole at the top—enough to expose his slit, perfect for inserting a sound. I'll have to return to my wardrobe.

I make sure the sheath is as tight as it can go, and I can see the perfect outline of his cock.

“Stunning,” I tell him. Then I get up and move back to my cupboard of pain and pleasure.

“Where are you going?” he demands.

“It's okay. I'm not abandoning you. I'm just getting a sound.”

“A what?”

“Penis wand.” I find one and grab it, show it to him. This one is fairly thin and has a deep red jewel on top to keep it from disappearing down into his slit.

“That is not what I think it is.”

“Yes. It's exactly what you think it is.”

He shakes his head and backs up on the bed—his poor knees must be getting tired—until he's pressed up against the headboard. He can't get away from me, though, and I am going to fill his cock, then fill his ass with one dildo after another and eventually let him come. Nobody ever said eventually had to be soon.

He's looking a little wild in the eye as I come nearer with the sound.

I look him in the eyes. “Trust me, and don't fight me on this one.” While the push and pull and shoving each other around is fun, this is a far more delicate operation,

and I'd hate to cause him any pain that I don't mean to cause. The sound will push him, but not hurt, and I want him to love it, maybe even one day beg for it.

He takes a long, slow breath, and I can see him considering his options. Finally, he gives me the barest nod. It's all I need.

I open the lube and grab hold of his cock—I don't need to squeeze it to give me the perfect 'O' for the wand—the leather sleeve is doing the work for me. I get a glob of lube on my fingers and press it into that 'O', not warming it. The coolness should be shocking in a place that doesn't usually experience anything but heat. Of course it's going to warm up fairly quickly, but this lube is just a gentle heat, so it won't feel like it's burning.

He gasps, bucks awkwardly. His poor knees and thighs have to be getting uncomfortable. I put a shoulder against his torso and lift him high enough to get his legs stretched out properly.

“What the fuck? Oh.” The relief in his voice is palpable. I don't think he was even aware of how uncomfortable his position was, especially for longer periods of time.

“Better?” I rub his upper thighs, warming his skin with my hands.

He grunts and nods again, this time a bit more enthusiastically. I can see, though that he doesn't want to give me even an inch. Perfect. I don't want him to. Except for while I'm putting in the sound.

I arrange the pillows behind him so he's supported as he leans back against them without lying too hard on his arms. It won't be for long—as soon as the sound is in, I'm going to flip him over so I can work his tight little hole.

“Now where was I?” I tease. I look up at him, waiting to see if he'll answer.

He simply stares at me defiantly.

Grinning, I give him a toothy kiss. "That's my boy."

His eyes narrow. "Not your boy."

"Maybe not yet." I wink and grab the sound up, making sure to get it very slick with lube.

Then I hold onto his cock again and place the tip of the sound into his slit. I move it slowly. This is a brand-new sensation for him, and I want him to feel every second of it, every millimeter as it invades his body.

He hisses, his leg muscles going tight, but he doesn't say anything. His gaze is laser-focused on his cock.

I don't stop moving the sound into him, pretty much letting gravity have its way. It only stops when the jewel on top is flush with the lips of his slit.

I sit back to admire him. Hands tied behind his back, nipples clamped, jewel sitting on top of his leather-sheathed cock. "Stunning."

He glares at me. "Motherfucker!"

"You think?" Grinning again, I grab hold of the chain on the clamps and give it a sharp tug.

He howls and bucks, his cock jerking.

"Beautiful."

I lean over him to take his mouth, and he rubs up against me, mouth clinging to mine, the kiss hard and eager. He sucks at my tongue and bites at my lips, and I love it, love that the fight is still right there.

“Ready for my dildos, baby boy?”

He glares, and I don’t know if it’s because of the dildos or the moniker.

“Don’t need them. I can take you.”

“Oh no, baby, you can’t.” I’d tear him to pieces, and that is not my intentions. I want to push him well beyond his boundaries, but permanent damage would only ruin him, ruin what might be between us. We’ll take our time. Play a little. Who am I kidding? We’re going to play a lot. I’ve got so many dildos we could practice and stretch him out for a long time.

I won’t brook any arguments on this point, so I flip him over, putting him on his knees, with his head down against the mattress. He’s even more stunning like this, and I push his knees farther apart, which exposes his hole to me. Now that’s perfect.

I grab the first dildo, it’s only about five inches long and a half inch around, with three one-inch balls along it. Nothing too big, but the variation in size should be an incredible feeling. I show it to him, and he grunts and turns his face.

I don’t laugh, but the urge is there, the small defiance wonderful.

I grab the lube and put it on the bed so I don’t have to reach for it. Then I get some on my fingers and begin. With one hand on his ass, I slowly rub the lube into the wrinkled skin around his entrance, the little hole so tightly closed. I keep circling, then I get more lube, and I rub it up and down, passing over his hole again and again.

I feel the tension in him slowly easing as I play. I apply more lube to my fingers and continue rubbing. After a few more passes, I press my finger against his hole every time I rub by it. A little harder each time, slowly opening it until the very tip of my finger pops in again and again.

Soon he's rocking with me, little movements, his body trying to get my finger deeper. I'm not sure he's even aware he's doing it. I let my finger go deeper, and he grunts and pushes back harder.

"Fuck me with it already!"

"Patience, dear boy. You'll get the fucking you're looking for. In good time."

Another grunt and a long puff of air escapes him, his shoulders relaxing a little. Good boy. Yes, I want to make him crazy, have him begging me to fuck him, to let him come, but I have four dildos to get through and I want the need to build slowly.

I get to the point where I'm fucking him with my finger and he's taking it easily, rocking back against my invasions, hole spreading easily for me. He's ready for the dildo.

I tug my finger away and I watch as he keeps humping back, clearly wanting more.

Grabbing the slick, I push a little more into his hole. "How's the lube?" I ask, wondering what he thinks of the sensation.

"Warming."

"Brat!" I swat his right ass cheek hard.

He catches his breath for a moment, but he chuckles after, the sound utterly

unrepentant.

I slick the dildo up, fucking it along my palm. Oh, the balls on it are definitely noticeable. It should be good fun for him.

I place it against his hole. “Ready?” I’m deliberately delaying it, building the anticipation for him.

“Just shove it in already!”

So I do. All in one go, right to the base.

“Fuck! Fuck!” He tries to pull away, then immediately pushes back again, his hole clamped down tight around the bottom of the dildo.

I don’t move, letting him get used to it.

It’s not long before he jerks his ass back toward me and demands, “More.”

I tug the dildo out slowly, letting him really feel the way his hole spreads around the wider bumps, then closes up again around the smaller areas. Once the dildo is all the way out, his hole clenching, I push it back in again, nice and smooth and all the way. Then gradually out, and repeat. I do it again and again, the motions almost hypnotic. He begins to pant, his ass pushing back, pulling forward, trying to speed my pace.

I’m not going to let that happen, though. I’m in charge here, and as much as he fights that, deep down, it’s what he wants. Or he would have been out of here the minute he first came. Or when I put on the nipple clamps. Or when I showed him the penis wand.

No, despite his protests and his blustering, he is exactly where he wants to be.

CHAPTER FOUR

I 'm going out of my fucking mind. I don't even know why I'm still here. Why I let Hades tie me up and put the nipple clamps on me. Why I let him put in the penis plug. Why I let him flip me over and fill me with first his finger and now this devilish dildo. But I did. I didn't even try to say no. Not once. So yeah, clearly going out of my fucking mind.

The lube is crazy, warming me from the inside out. I've never felt anything like it. And this fucking dildo. Shit. In and out over and over again, the balls on it crazy-making, opening and closing my hole around them, boom, boom, boom.

I don't know how much more I can take of this, and I whimper, pushing back hard, needing something, anything, some different stimulation before my balls explode from it.

"Ready for number two, aren't you?"

I shake my head, even though it's what I want. I'm not going to tell him that, though. I don't just roll over and take it, I never have.

"This one's a little bigger, but still pretty small even compared to the average guy."

His voice is like a caress along my spine. All smoke and intimacy. It reminds me that I'm here and tied up and spread open and he can do anything he wants to me, anything at all.

That's pretty scary, but I don't even consider telling him no, telling him to let me up, let me go. Nobody has ever touched me like he does and I'm going to ride these sensations as long as I can.

I shudder when the damned dildo pulls right out and doesn't push back in. I can feel my hole spasming. I'm empty and it was so abrupt.

He puts a hand on my lower back and rubs it in circles. "Easy, boy, I'm not abandoning you."

"Not your boy." The push back is automatic because honestly, he can call me whatever the fuck he wants as long as he doesn't stop doing things to me.

He chuckles softly and slicks more lube around my hole. The cool gel warms quickly as he presses another dildo against my hole. I know it's not the same one because the silicone isn't quite as hard, and it's the slightest bit cooler than the gel.

He pushes it in and fucking hell, it feels like there's dozens of tiny fingers rubbing against me inside. I close my eyes tight and breathe as my body shivers and shudders, the sensation magical.

I swear I'm not a bottom boy. I've only ever been fucked twice, and it wasn't awful, but it wasn't anything I really wanted to try again. But this... Hades is blowing my fucking mind with these dildos.

He's fucking me so slowly with this one. In all the way, out 'til only the tip is still inside, then all the way back in. The entire time, those little fingers are at play. I want to grab my cock and squeeze myself, pull and tug and get myself off. I can't. My hands are tied behind my back and my cock is bound so fucking tightly in leather. Hell, there's a fucking plug in my cock—no way I'm coming anytime soon, no matter how much my balls are aching.

He never speeds his rhythm, never stops, carefully in, gradually out, a million tiny fingers having their wicked way with me.

Whimpering, I pushed my hips back, circling them, needing something else, something more, anything.

Hades stills, the plug halfway inside me, and he rubs my lower back. “Do you need anything?”

“I need to fucking come!”

“Yes, that’s still the eventual plan.”

Eventual plan, my ass. I think the eventual plan is to drive me out of my mind.

He gets off the bed, the dildo still hanging out of me.

“What the fuck?” Where is he going? He can’t just leave me like this. He has though. I think he’s left the room. “Hades! You fucker!”

He’s back and I take a few breaths, easing the panic that had been hovering.

“Open your eyes.”

I do and there’s a cup with a bendy straw near my face.

“Water,” he murmurs, putting the end of the straw between my lips.

I pull on it, the water cool and just what I needed. I drink eagerly.

Hades ruffles my hair, fingers pushing through it. “Good, boy.”

I don't say anything—my mouth is busy, right?

Then he touches the end of the dildo, making it wriggle inside me, and I gasp and cry out, my body pushing back. I can't possibly want more stimulation, but I do. The only thing that'll put out the fire he ignited inside me is more fuel.

"We're going to move to the next one." That's all the warning Hades gives me before he tugs the dildo right out of me, leaving me empty again.

I can't help whimpering; I'm so empty without it in me and I'm not ready for that yet. I'm not going to admit that to him, though, so I take a few breaths and calm my body down as much as I can.

"This one is just like your cock only a little smaller."

I don't know if it was meant as a warning, but I'm actually relieved. I'm ready for a cock-sized dildo inside me. Because I need it. I need more than he's given me so far. It takes a superhuman effort, but I manage not to wag and thrust my ass back like a slut. Thank fuck I don't have to. He's going to feed the dildo into my ass regardless.

First, he pushes more lube into me. The initial cold of it is a shock, but a good one. It warms up quickly, though, then warms even more, and I feel like I'm on fire. In a good way, though.

A moment later, the head of the cock-shaped dildo presses against my hole, then into me. He pushes it inside me, moving at what feels like a glacial pace, which gives me a chance to feel all the effects of the warming lube and of the slow stretching of my hole. All it takes is that one single gradual push into me and I'm panting like a steam engine. I'm glad he's not teasing, though, because I don't know if I could take that. I just need him to get on with the business of fucking me.

For a few minutes, I think that's what I'm getting, Hades pushing the dildo into me, hitting off my gland every few thrusts. Then he leaves it be, buried deep inside. Damn it!

"So mean," I accuse him.

"Because I'm fucking you with the dildos or because I've stopped moving for the moment?" Hades asks. He doesn't have to sound quite so amused about it.

I decide to answer him anyway. "Yes."

"Oh, you are a treat, Cal. I'm so grateful I was here when you arrived." Hades kisses the back of my neck, not a little peck, but an openmouthed tongue-involved kiss that makes me shiver.

He tugs on the chain attached to the nipple rings again and I feel a slice of something electric that goes from them to that spot on my neck and to my ass.

Fuck, that was good and I don't say anything, hoping that he'll do it again.

What he does do is make the fucking dildo inside me vibrate! It's fairly small vibrations to start with, just enough for me to feel, but not so much that I'm absolutely sure it's happening. It is, though, and it's a damn good thing my cock is tied in the sheath and my slit plugged by the really not so little sound or I'd be shooting all over everything.

Then he moves the dildo inside me, shifts it so it's resting against my gland and turns the vibrations up. I'm sure they can hear my scream in the other rooms. Hell, the whole building, maybe even at the nightclub where I work.

He keeps it there, vibrating against that spot inside me, and I shudder again and again

as I come without spilling a fucking drop. He doesn't turn the vibrations off, and my body keeps on jerking, the pleasure of orgasm running through me nonstop. When he finally stops the vibrations and removes the dildo, I collapse onto the mattress, utterly spent. I don't think I could move a muscle.

Hades rubs my spine, from my neck to my ass in long, soothing movements that my nerves need to settle down after that.

I don't know what the fuck that was, and I don't have the words for it, but my mind is totally blown.

When my breathing has finally evened out, Hades pats my ass. "Looks like you're ready for the last dildo."

I'm what? I shake my head, but I don't say anything. I'm not sure I have it in me to take any more.

He lifts my hips, putting my knees back under me and checks my neck, makes sure I'm not twisted up. The care is the hard part. I'm not used to anything but the fighting and the fucking.

He pushes more lube into my ass, his fingers so slippery they go in easily. Then he works the dildo into me. This one is the biggest one yet, but I've been stretched so much that it slides in easily. He works it in and out, finding a nice, easy rhythm, and I close my eyes and float on it. I guess I was wrong, I can take more. I could take this for the rest of the night.

At first, I don't notice it, but he's fucking me faster and harder, bit by bit, and eventually I'm rocking with it, inviting the invasion, working with it.

"Don't stop." I didn't even mean to say the words, but they slip out.

“I won’t,” he promises. “Not until you come again.”

Well, then I guess this is going to last all night, because there’s no way I can, especially with everything all tied up and plugged. I don’t say that, though. I’m just lying here, floating higher and higher as the fucking gets more vigorous.

It’s a shock when he undoes the lacings on the sheath around my cock, gradually working it open. He grabs hold of the penis plug and pulls it out in one smooth motion before he pulls the leather off, leaving my cock bare and unfettered. Fuck. Suddenly, I’m pretty sure I am going to be coming, and pretty damn quickly at that.

I moan and push back harder, chasing the orgasm that’s promising to come.

Harder and harder, faster and faster, he rams the dildo into me. It pushes me closer and closer to the edge, but even him finding and hitting my gland with every thrust of the dildo isn’t quite enough. My breath is panting harshly from my throat, my ass clenching and unclenching around the dildo. I need... I need something, I don’t know what, but I’m growing more desperate with each passing moment for this orgasm that seems stuck right in my balls.

Then Hades takes off the nipple clamps and the blood rushes back into my tortured little nips.

I scream as come fountains out of me, my balls emptying like a shot.

He pushes the dildo up against my gland again and another weak stream flows out of my cock as I whimper.

Then I collapse and the world fades away.

CHAPTER FIVE

Cal has passed out. I check to make sure he is still breathing, then I carefully let the dildo slip from his ass and set it aside. I undo the leather binding around his wrists and massage them gently to encourage the blood flow back to where it should be.

I take all the dildos to the bathroom to clean later, then grab a cloth and run it under warm water.

I'm not that surprised when I return to the bedroom to find him still out. I have his hole cleaned in a matter of moments, then doctor it with a little cream. There's no reason for him to be sorer than he needs to be in the morning.

Once I've cleared away the various bits of leather and metal, I slip into bed with him, and Cal curls up against me immediately, forehead against my arm, his hand on my belly. The move makes me smile, and I pat his shoulder in approval. He might fight me tooth and nail when he's awake, but he knows he's safe with me. He knows he wants to be right here with me, as close as he can be.

While he's sleeping, I grab my cock, wrapping my hand around it and tugging. If he'd still been awake, I would have come against his hole, covered it in my spunk, but I'll have to save that for another day. It's not nearly as much fun if he's not aware of it.

As I work my erection, I think about how Cal looked, bent on my bed, his ass up, his cock sheathed and his nipples clamped. How he rode the dildos, his body begging for more. All those muscles pushing and begging for me, for what I was giving him. He

was stunning.

I pull harder on my cock, remembering the noises he made. The whimpers and groans, the screams. So sexy. I nearly came myself when he did, that scream ringing in my ears. I look over at him and pinch the head of my cock as I hear that scream of pleasure in my mind one more time, and I come, my balls emptying.

I slow my hand, drawing out the pleasure, giving myself the shivers as I keep stroking my now overly sensitive prick. I finally stop and rub the come into my belly, satisfaction making me boneless and lazy.

I look at Cal again, and his eyes are open, watching me.

I smile. “I was thinking of you while I jacked off. Thinking of how you looked with your ass up and wagging, begging for a good, hard plugging.”

His cheeks pink, and I think he’s going to say something, going to be mouthy and bratty, but he just blinks slowly and stays quiet, and we share the moment of satiation together. Neither of us needs, or wants, to move, and words aren’t needed.

I doze for a while. I think we both do, and I’m only half awake when I feel Cal trying to slip out of bed. Grunting, I roll over enough to put my hand across his waist.

“Where are you going?”

“I’ve got to take a piss, man.”

I let him go, my hand sliding along his skin. “The door by the painting of flames.”

I watch him go, walking a little gingerly, and it makes me half-hard, knowing that I had a hand in that. A few moments later, I watch him come back into the room. He

doesn't return to the bed, though. He is, in fact, looking for his clothes.

"You need to be somewhere?"

He shrugs. "Don't want to overstay my welcome."

I snort. There's no such thing. "Stay a while longer. We never did get to dessert, and I don't know about you, but I'm feeling peckish." Peckish. Ha, I could probably eat the proverbial horse, but I'll settle for some ooey-gooney cake that will get all over both of us and need to be licked off. "It's under that last cloche. Bring it over with you."

He blinks at me for a moment, and then goes to get the dessert as ordered. There we go, he just needed something to do, a reason not to leave yet.

He whistles as he lifts the cloche and grabs the plate and one of the forks. "This looks like expensive cake."

"I don't know about that. Is it creamy?"

"Yeah, I'll say it is."

"That's all I need." Despite the fact that it's clearly not the Basque cheesecake I'd ordered, it'll do.

He laughs at that, so he's smiling as he brings the cake over, probably more relaxed than he's been since he got here, aside from the time he was passed out that is.

I push myself up and sit with my back against the pillows and he climbs onto the bed to sit cross-legged next to me. He does it a little gingerly but doesn't comment on the state of his ass and refuses to change position. That stubbornness is delicious.

“You going to feed me this time?” After all, I fed him the scallops, so it’s only fair.

Cal shrugs. “Sure.” He dips the fork into the cake and offers me a bite that contains all the layers. I lean in and take the fork into my mouth before slowly pulling off it.

My eyes close and I hum, because this cake is creamy and wonderful. “Damnation that is good.” I’d meant to tease him, to paint him with the cream and lick it from his body, to make him need all over again with how I eat the cake, but now I just want another bite, and then another one after that.

He laughs again and gives me another forkful, before taking one for himself. “It is good. Not sure it’s that good.”

“Blasphemy,” I tell him. I’m a sucker for a good sweet.

He offers another forkful by way of an answer, and I don’t complain, just take it in and open my mouth for yet another bite. I try to be good and not eat the whole thing, but I’m not paying a lot of attention as he feeds me forkful after forkful, and I’m pretty sure I not only had more than half of it, but possibly even all but a few little bites of it. I’m not going to complain—he was the one with the fork so if he didn’t get enough, that is entirely on him.

Once the plate is empty, I sit back and pat my belly. “Thank you.”

“It was your cake,” he points out.

“But I’m sure it tasted better because you fed me.”

He rolls his eyes, but he looks amused. He also looks like he’s trying to find where his clothing got to again.

“Do you have to go yet?” I ask, not beating around the bush.

“I should.”

“But you don’t have to.” We could go again. I have bigger dildos after all.

I can see it’s no use, though. He’s starting to wonder why he let me do what I did to him. He loves the fight for dominance, that much is clear, but I imagine it’s not a fight he loses often, and he’s rattled. More by the fact that he enjoyed it so much than the fact that he lost the fight, I’m guessing.

“No, but I should. I have stuff to do before I have to go back to work.”

I don’t point out that it’s not even morning yet because I know he’ll just find another excuse to leave anyway, and it’s not like he has to worry about being out and about in the dark. He’s the guy you don’t want to run into in a dark alley.

So I nod over to the side of the bed where his clothing got tossed.

“If you open the second drawer in the dresser, you’ll find a pair of sweats with a drawstring.”

He frowns at me. “Get your own fucking clothes.”

I laugh. “It’s not for me, baby boy, it’s for you.”

“Why would I need to wear your sweats?”

I nod at the clothes he’s holding and wait for the penny to drop. He looks at his jeans. Still ripped from when I tore them off him.

“Huh. Okay. Thanks.” He pulls out a pair of sweats from the second drawer and tugs them on. He’s got to roll up the bottoms and pull the drawstrings quite tight, but it’ll do until he gets home. He’s looking slightly wigged now, though, so he needs a distraction.

“You’ll get to see my bigger dildos next time when we continue working you, stretching you out so you can take my cock.”

“If there’s a next time.” That fire is back, and I revel in it as much as I resent it. It’s taking him away from me, but it’s one of the main things that draws me to him.

“There will be.” I don’t have to say anything else. I know he’s coming back or I’m not half the demon I think I am.

He shrugs casually, all bravado now that he’s dressed again. “We’ll see. I wouldn’t hold my breath if I were you.”

“Ah, but I can hold my breath for a very, very long time.”

“Not this long,” he shoots back. Then he walks out without another glance.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:45 am

CHAPTER SIX

I 'm not going back.

I repeat those four words on a regular basis. Every day when I get up, I say them. When I jack off, replaying what happened with Hades, I say them. When I go to bed, I say them. A hundred times a day, I say them.

I'm not going back.

I didn't like it.

Those four words are even harder for me to say convincingly. Because the truth is that I did. I didn't want to like it is much closer to the truth. I've convinced myself that the only reason I got off so hard on it was because it's so unusual for me to wind up on the bottom. It was the novelty of the situation.

What I love is the fight, and the winding up on top. That's how things usually go. The odd time it's not and this was one of those times.

So there's no reason for me to go back because we're not closely matched, and the fight will always wind up with me on the bottom and I'm not a bottom boy.

Mind you, Hades's cock is a thing of beauty, but it's not like he's even going to fuck me with it. I have to "build up to it." What a load of bullshit. I can't even really say that convincingly. It's a fucking huge cock. And some stupid part of me, deep at the back of my brain insists that I should give it a go.

I just need to get laid. Properly. As in pounding into someone else's ass until we both shoot our loads and then never seeing him again. Simple, uncomplicated fucking. So why has it been two weeks and I've yet to close the deal with anyone? I've been to bars. I've been to nightclubs. I've been to the gym. I've scoped guys out, but there's always a reason to reject them.

After this long, I have to consider it's not them, it's me. And it is. I'm being ridiculous, suddenly having standards I'm insisting on adhering to. I mean, I really should just fuck the next cute thing that approaches me and wipe Hades out of my mind. I really should. Because I'm not going back.

I say it several times on the bus that I eventually get off of in front of the big glass high-rise. I got more than one look from the other passengers the two times I said it out loud. I just ignored them.

I'm not going back. I'm the only one in the elevator and the words echo around the space. I say it again. Louder this time. Even more echo-y. But the elevator still opens up on the thirteenth floor. The same guy is sitting behind the desk, and he looks up, smiles at me.

I press the button to close the doors and then the G for ground.

I. Am. Not. Going. Back.

Maybe I mean it more now that I made it five words instead of four.

When the elevator hits the ground floor, and the doors open, I stare out past the lobby to the street. All I have to do is step out and walk across the marble floors to the doors, and I can go right and walk away from here.

I step out of the elevator. I take two steps.

You know you want to go back .

That fucking voice in my head just won't quit.

Growling, I stop. If the elevator doors have closed, I'm out of here. I spin around and there's the elevator, the space left by the open doors like a giant mouth, waiting to swallow me up.

If they close while I'm standing here, I'll leave. I watch for a moment, and then a moment more. The doors are not closing. The elevator is just sitting there, waiting for me to step on and press the button for the thirteenth floor. It wants to deliver me to the Giving Place.

Fuck it. I'm going back. But just this once to prove to myself that it wasn't nearly as good as I've made it out to be in my head. And then I can leave, knowing I don't need to go back.

I get into the elevator and mash the button with the thirteen on it.

I change my mind at least another three times while I'm whisked up, and yet somehow, when the doors once again slide open on the thirteenth floor, I get out of the elevator and head for the doors.

The guy behind the desk gives me that warm smile again, as if he hadn't just seen me five minutes ago.

"Welcome back," is all he says, and I hear the slight buzz of him unlocking the doors.

I grab the handles and pull both the doors open at the same time and stalk down the hall toward the big lounge at the end of it.

It doesn't even occur to me that Hades might not be here until I'm standing at the entranceway, looking around and not seeing a single person that I recognize.

Fuck a duck. Why exactly did I come back again?

I turn on my heel, ready to march right back down the hall and out for good this time, only to come face to chest with... I look up, and up, and sure enough it's Hades.

He smiles. "Good evening, Cal."

Damn it, I hadn't imagined that sexy, smoky voice. It rolls down my spine like a sure caress.

My only reply is a grunt. I'm pissed off at him; he got under my skin and I can't shake the need to be here, to give the best I can and to take whatever he dishes out.

One of his eyebrows goes up at my less than polite reply, but I am not in the mood. I grab his hand and tug him around, marching down the hallway. The fact that I have no idea which of these doors is his only occurs to me when we've passed a half dozen of them already, but I refuse to slow down or to ask him.

What is it about him that turns me into an idiot?

My headlong rush past the doors comes to an abrupt halt when he turns at his and tugs me up against his side. He doesn't say anything, though, which helps ease some of my ire.

As soon as we're in his place and he shuts the door, I push him with all my might, shoving him hard up against the door.

"What the fuck did you do to me?" I demand.

“You were there, you know exactly what I did.”

I shake my head. “You drugged me or something. I can’t get you out of my head.”

“It’s no fun if I have to drug you,” he tells me.

I grunt because I get that. Who wants a lover who just lies there? Fucking is not a solo sport.

“Well, I’m having you this time,” I tell him.

“You can try.”

“I’m going to do more than try.” I push against him and grab his head, tugging it down and unceremoniously latching our mouths together. He tastes even better than I remember.

For a few minutes, I think I’ve got him. I push him hard against the door again, and he lets me. I own this kiss, devouring his mouth, and he only pushes back a little, his tongue tangling with mine, but still in his mouth. I start grinding against one thick thigh, putting sweet pressure on my erection, on my balls.

Then he grabs my arms and turns us, putting me up against the door, his tongue suddenly invading my mouth as he takes over the kiss.

Fuck yes! This is what I wanted, to have to fight for every inch I get.

Now he’s the one devouring my mouth and his thigh is grinding against my cock, the friction somehow even better like this.

Fuck. I want to climb him like a tree and rub against him until I get off. I growl and

push against him, getting myself peeled off the back of the door. We shift and stumble, pushing at each other randomly. Or at least I think it's randomly until he gives me a harder shove and I go down, landing on the mattress.

I rise up, supporting myself with my elbows as I take in the fact that we're now in his bedroom. I turn my glare on him. "You planned this."

"I didn't even know you were coming today."

I shake my head and growl. "Not that. I mean us winding up on the bed."

He snorts. "That was all you, baby boy."

"Not a boy!" I know what he means when he says it and I'm not. I'm not submissive. At all. And yet here I am, even though I know I'll wind up bottoming for him again.

I'm going to make him work for it, though.

Hades doesn't answer me, he just smiles and climbs onto the bed, sitting with his ass on my crotch, his crazy big cock pressed along my abs. I lick my lips. I can't help it. I want to know what it's like, to feel it inside me. I don't know what's wrong with me—he has me all twisted up, wanting shit like that.

Leaning in, he licks at the skin behind my ear, making me shiver. Then he whispers, "I've got more dildos." He ends the sentence with a nip to my earlobe and I shudder at the unexpected sharp pain. I drop my head back and close my eyes, panting slightly.

"So?" It's all bravado. Truth is I'm down for it. Down to do whatever training it is he thinks I need so I can take that motherfucking beast between his legs. Once I've had him, proven I can take him, then I'll be able to walk away and never come back.

“So do you want to come choose the ones we’re going to use tonight?”

“Abso-fucking-lutely not.” I might be here, I might know how this is going to end, but I’m not choosing any dildos or begging for anything, not even his cock.

“You do have the filthiest mouth.” He then proves that’s not a problem for him by taking my mouth and kissing me until I can barely breathe.

I collapsed down onto the bed, and he follows, tongue fucking my lips, my hips echoing the movements, thrusting up against him.

When he pulls away and stands up, my body heaves up toward him, trying to follow him, and I try hard not to, but I whimper. He keeps moving away, though, over to that damned wardrobe of his, full of wild sex toys.

He throws the doors open and looks around. “More nipple clamps? Or should we just pierce your nipples?”

I shake my head. No fucking way. My nips are sensitive enough that if they were pierced it would make me crazy all the time. Though it would look sexy outlined in the tight T-shirts I wear for work. I shake my head again, though. I’d be hard all the fucking time.

“Just the clamps then.”

I groan, but I don’t say no, do I?

“I’m not going to bind your prick this time. You can come and come and come until you haven’t got a drop left in you.”

“Like you’re that good.”

“Oh, I am,” he drawls the words out as if daring me to deny them.

I can’t because he’s fucking right. At least based on my last experience he is.

“Okay. I think we’re going to go with three today. We’re going to start with the one that’s the same size as the biggest one you took last time, even though it has been two weeks since you were last stretched.” He looks at me and shakes his head. “You’re just lucky I’m not deciding we have to start at the beginning again.”

“Been there, done that,” I shoot back.

He tosses the first dildo he’s chosen onto the bed. It’s bright blue but aside from that, it’s shaped like an ordinary cock, nothing more. I’m kind of disappointed. This is the best he can do?

“It has a button that makes it cold,” he tells me, lips curling up into a wicked grin.

Damn. That seems... I don’t know. Counterintuitive to making me get off. I guess we’ll see, but I know I’ve never had the urge to shove ice up my ass. Like ever.

He tosses another one onto the bed, this one is a little bit bigger with plastic fingers just at the very tip. That’s going to play havoc with my gland, I can already tell. So can my cock. It’s leaking enough there’s a wet spot on my jeans now.

The third one is big. Bigger than my cock, probably bigger than any cock I’ve ever taken. Not as big as him, though.

“So those three and then you?”

“Those three tonight. There are still more before me. You’ll get them next time you come.”

“Nope, I’m not coming back again. We’re going all the way tonight.”

“No. If you want this,” he grabs his prodigious erection through his leathers, “You’ll have to play the game my way.”

Bastard. That shouldn’t turn me on more, but it does.

I can’t let that be the last word, though, after all, I’m not fighting him on the bottoming this time, am I? “We’ll see.”

“We will.” He comes back to the bed, holding my gaze as he begins popping the buttons on my shirt. He opens it, and then undoes the top button of my jeans and pulls down my zipper. Yanking out my cock, he strokes it a few times before stepping back. “Strip.”

No, I’m not doing that. He’s going to have to take my clothes off himself.

He opens his leathers, undoing the ties and exposing the flap that keeps that monster at bay. Then he tugs it out and strokes himself, watching me all the while.

Fuck. My balls are aching so bad and my cock is so hard and trying to get even harder.

We stare at each other for so long, Hades simply stroking himself and me just starting up at him. Damn it.

Growling, I sit and shrug out of my shirt, then lean back again and work my jeans down, kicking them off along with my shoes. I was going commando again, so there’s no underwear to deal with.

“Happy now?”

“The socks, too.”

I narrow my eyes, but he just keeps jacking and that’s my fucking prize—and since when did I consider taking a giant cock up my ass a prize? —since meeting him, that’s since when.

I yank my socks off and toss them in the same direction the rest of my clothes went.

“Good boy.”

“Not—”

He puts his finger across my lips, stopping the words, and all I can do is lick at the pre-come on it, that tingle just like I remembered, too. He pushes his finger into my mouth, and without even giving it a thought, I start sucking, pulling on it, taking every single bit of flavor in.

He tugs his finger out and slides it across the head of his prick, then brings it back and I take it in just like that, eager for the strong burst of flavor.

“What kind of lube should we use tonight?” I’m not sure he’s asking for my input or if he’s just talking to himself, then he looks at me, one eyebrow raised.

I shrug. Does it matter? I mean, I suppose it does, the warming stuff he used last time was pretty neat.

“Maybe the spicy one,” he says, still watching me.

“Spicy?” It’s my turn to raise an eyebrow. I’m sure as hell not going to be tasting it so I don’t know how that’s relevant.

“It’s like the warming one I used last time only more.”

“More?”

“More heat, more spark, more intense.”

I’m not sure I can survive more intense than last time, but I’m not going to be saying no. It wouldn’t do any good anyway, ’cause he’s so much bigger than me so he can do what he wants to me, right? Right. That’s what I keep telling myself.

“No opinion?”

“Why bother? You’re just going to do what you want anyway.”

“Which is what you want.”

I bristle, but I can’t say that he’s wrong and I won’t admit that he’s right.

Instead, I get up off the bed. “I’m going home. I don’t know why I came back.”

I push past him, and he grabs me and tosses me back onto the bed like I weight nothing more than a pillow. Glaring, I move to get up again, and this time, he goes back to his wardrobe. Disappointed, I grab my clothes. If he’s going to let me go, I’m fucking going.

Before I can make it a step, he pulls my clothes out of my hands and tosses them on the floor. Then he tosses me just as easily back onto the bed yet again.

He grabs my hands and wraps one of the leather ties I didn’t see him grab around my right wrist, then attaches that to the bedpost. He does the same thing with my left before moving onto my feet.

The leather he ties around my ankles is longer and he ties them to the posts at the foot of the bed, leaving me spread eagle in the middle. Jokes on him, though, because he can't get to my ass like this.

As if he knows what I'm thinking, he does something with the knots and the leather, then pushes my feet to my ass, and my knees out to the side. It opens my ass to him, while still leaving me bound to the bed. I yank at the bindings, pulling with my arms, but there's no give. I'm stuck right where I am, and he can do whatever the fuck he wants to me. I'm at his mercy.

My traitorous cock is dripping pre-come like a faucet. Hades runs his finger through the puddle of it on my belly and then sucks his finger clean. I hump the air and whimper. It's not fair, how fucking sexy he is.

Then he squeezes his own cock and gathers the pre-come from his slit and rubs it on the tip of my cock. The tingling lights up every nerve in my cockhead, and I slam my head back, hips pumping harder than ever. He gathers more of his own pre-come and pushes it into my slit this time, making me howl. It's more intense than the penis plug from last time and I sink into the sensation.

I never even thought about my slit as a sexual thing in the past, but Hades is showing me that there's a whole area of sensitivity there that has been ignored. I shake my head. Not going to contemplate it, I'm just going to let him do what he does and then I can go home and go back to normal.

Finally, he gathers more of his come up on his thumb, then presses it into my hole. It's better than that vibrating plug, that's for sure. Just pure sensation. Catching my breath, I pump my hips, trying to get more of his thumb inside me, but I don't have much leverage in this position, and he's got his free hand on my belly now, holding me in place.

“The lube isn’t as good as me, but it’s close.”

Until this moment, I’d forgotten about the whole spicy lube conversation. I lick my lips. He’s only used a few drop of his come on me and it’s turning me inside out. What’s a bunch of lube that’s similar going to be like? I close my eyes and breathe. I remind myself that I’m just going with the flow. Let him do it, take the pleasure and get my orgasms in. That’s what I’m here for.

He swats my cock sharply with his hand. “Pay attention.”

“I was!”

“Oh, really. What did I say?”

“Uh... the lube is spicy and so’s your come.” That was the general gist of it, right?

“And?”

Oh, shit, he’s right. I got into my own head there and lost track of things.

I shrug because I don’t have an answer for him.

He chuckles. “You were only partly paying attention. I didn’t say anything else, boy.”

I glare at him. “Bastard.”

He nods. “That’s why you came back.”

I don’t have anything to say to that because I’m sure as hell not going to agree, even if he is right.

This lube is super liquidy, like baby oil, and he pours some onto his fingers, but over my body, so the drops that slide off his fingers land on my hips, my cock, my inner thighs. He's got to be being so messy on purpose, the amount of overflow he's getting.

Each time a drop of it lands, it's like a bee sting and the tingly heat spreads out from the drop.

Before I connect that sensation with the lubricant on his fingers, he pushes two into me. Fuck, that's hot and tingly and spreads out from my insides through my body. He fingerfucks me twice, then adds more lube and that increases the sensation. I drop my head back and pant slightly, trying not to go off right here and now.

I want to, though. My cock is hard and my balls are aching and between the pre-come he pushed into my cock slit and the lube he's using now, there is heat and tingles everywhere. Even my balls have that lube on them now and it ratchets up my need.

I pump my hips restlessly as well as I can.

"You want me to get to the dildo already, don't you?"

I refuse to answer that, but my traitorous body humps up harder at his words, damn it.

He's grinning, that smile that promises much wickedness, as he grabs the bright blue dildo and gets it coated in the lube. Then he places it against my hole.

"Take it in," he orders.

I shake my head. I'm not going to do that.

"Can't. I'm all tied up."

He shifts how he's holding the dildo against me. "Do it," he orders.

I shake my head again, but my ass is shifting and I hump toward the thing as best I can. With his help, I take it in about halfway like that, and he nods approvingly.

"Good boy."

I wish I could say I hate it when he says that, but deep down, I don't, so there's extra growl on the words as I remind him, "Not a boy."

He doesn't bother replying. He pushes the dildo into me all the way, then pulls out to pump me with it a few times. It's as big as the last one from when I was here before and that was two weeks ago and all I've had for prep is a tiny bit of fingerplay with just two of his fingers, so I can feel the stretch and it comes with an ache. I won't mention that it's making me hot.

"Don't worry," he tells me, leaving the thing hanging halfway out of my ass so it pulls weirdly, the tip of it pressing against the top of my inside walls. "I haven't forgotten the nipple clamps."

Well I had and now that he's mentioned them, my nips go rock hard like they're trying to get his fucking attention. Like I said, my body is traitorous. I settle for glaring as he grabs the first clamp.

He's still grinning, though, totally unperturbed as he grabs my right nipple. His grin widens. "I don't even have to get it ready for the clamp."

I decide not to say anything to that, either, because he's right, the anticipation has everything standing at attention.

He puts the little clamp on my right nip, the thing has these little feathers attached to

the back of it. He's decorating me. The sensation of being dressed up increases when he puts on the other one and there I am, spread-eagle with feathers coming out of my nipples.

"I have a matching sound," he tells me and stands.

I shake my head, but while I think the feathers look ridiculous, I'm not going to tell him not to use anything in my slit. I wish I could tell him I absolutely hated the penis sound he used last time, but we'd both know I was lying.

Before he walks away to the cupboard, he gives the dildo hanging out of me a bop and the thing wags up and down, moving in the opposite directions inside me. I shudder and hump a little, trying to get it to stop, but that only increases the movement and puts it slightly off-kilter. I whimper, but he's back at his wardrobe, searching for a damned feather-topped penis plug.

"Aha!" He comes back with the thing, looking pleased with himself. "You're going to be so pretty."

I settle for glaring at him again, but the truth is that I want him to find me good-looking, hot. I want him to want me. As much as I don't want to want him, I do. Desperately even. So he sure as hell better be wanting me, too.

He kneels over me and pumps his huge prick a few times, then gathers up the pre-come, using it to slick up my slit. Fuck. I shudder, and that gets the dildo inside me moving again and I'm going to just explode any second now.

Then, making sure I'm watching first, he slowly puts the penis plug in his own cock. I just about short out and hump the air, come pouring from me, splashing over my belly.

He hums and takes the plug out and I can see that it's shining with his pre-come. Then he grabs my cock, squeezing it to make my slit the right shape for the plug before he slides the thing right into me. It's slick with his pre-come and it slides right in and I'm panting and trying to stay still and catch my breath at the same time.

Then he lets go and rubs my own come into the skin of my belly. Looking down, I can see his hand on me—so big and so hot—and I can see the ridiculous sound with its feathers at the tip of my cock, matching the feathers on the nipple clamps.

“Feathers...” I shake my head.

“Like it's Mardi Gras.” He gives me a wink. “Next time, I'll make sure to have beads for you, too.”

“I've already shown you my tits.” Look at me, putting together words that actually make sense.

Putting his head back, he laughs, a genuine, happy sound and wow. That brings the sexy up even further somehow.

Then he gets up and goes back to his wardrobe of sexual wonders and grabs something out of it. He comes back and sets it on my belly. It looks like a pearl necklace—if pearls were black—but the pearls at one end are small, first one about the size of a marble, and then they get gradually bigger until the last one, which is about the size of my fist.

“Anal beads.”

Is there any perversion this guy doesn't know and have the tools for?

“I think we'll use these instead of the second dildo tonight. I'd go with them right

away, but you haven't experienced everything the one in your ass can do yet."

Yeah, the cold thing. I'm still pretty skeptical about that.

"Bring it on," I tell him, all bluster and bravado. I mean it, though. I can take anything he wants to dish out. I know I can.

"Your wish is my command." He settles between my legs and fucks me with the dildo still hanging out of my ass. Finally. It was making me nuts, just hanging out of me like that, shifting anytime I moved, but not giving me enough .

Soon I'm moving with him, hips humping with his rhythm, taking it in deep, grunting the times that it hits off my gland. I feel my balls draw up tight, the orgasm building in my lower back even though I've just come a few moments ago. This is why I came back, this ability he has to make me need like no one and nothing else ever has. This guttural, deep-seated lizard-brain need that he seems to know just how to trigger.

I'm lost in the rhythm he's setting now, my eyes closed, my mouth open, fingers clenched into fists as I work to push up into the thrusts of the dildo.

Then, without warning, the thing goes ice cold. I dry orgasm, waves of it rolling through my entire body.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

The plug warms, then goes cold again, but slowly this time. Then it goes from hot to cold in waves, from bottom to top and down again, and while it's only just sitting in me now instead of moving, it feels like it's still thrusting in and out because of the rolling temperature changes.

Moaning, I keep humping with it, overwhelmed, barely able to breathe.

I cry out when he finally takes it out, feeling empty.

“That was spectacular, baby boy. You’re so wonderfully responsive.”

I don’t even care that he’s called me boy. My whole body feels good, and I just lie here, floating on the sensations.

“I’m taking this out, though.” He twirls the penis plug inside me, making me moan. “Pretty as you are with it, I did promise to make you come and come until you had no come left inside you and if I keep you plugged up, that can’t happen.”

I hadn’t been complaining, though, had I? Nope, because those dry orgasms are stunning.

I feel the slide of the plug as he tugs it out, the inside of my slit super sensitive, which I guess makes sense—I’d never actually given it much thought before him.

Now both my ass and my cock are empty, and while I never thought I would think this, I think it now—I want them filled. I want him to fill them.

He undoes all the leather binding me to the bed and my eyes narrow. What the fuck? Is he kicking me out? Now? Already?

“Easy, boy, I’m just moving you around. The beads will be so much more fun with your ass up.” He then flips me over, his strength undeniable, and settles me with my head on the bed, my knees underneath me, and my ass up.

“I trust I don’t need to bind you again.”

I don’t answer him, but he’s right, he doesn’t. I’m not going anywhere. Not yet, anyway.

He spreads my knees a little apart, exposing my hole to him. Now I'm all vulnerable again, but the only thing I can think is, fill my ass already ! I don't say the words, but I do jerk my butt back toward him, impatient and needy as fuck.

I never considered myself needy before. Seems there's a lot of things I never thought of before him.

"I've got you," he promises. Then he pushes his thumb into my ass. It's lubed up pretty good, and soon my hole is all slick and slippery again. "And now the beads."

The first one is so small it barely even registers. He presses it against my hole and then it's inside me just like that. The second is more of the same, as is the third, although it's enough larger that I can actually feel it inside me when I clench my ass. The fourth bead is big enough he can leave it sitting right in the entrance to my hole, holding me open. When I squeeze my ass, it pulls the bead in.

"Naughty boy." He swats my ass as he says it, and I clench again around the four beads now inside me.

He drips lube along my crack, the sparkles lighting me up, making me moan. Then he pushes the fifth bead in until it too is sitting there, keeping me stretched open. I can feel how it's bigger, the stretch a little larger. I clench again, and once more the bead pops into me.

"Very naughty boy!"

This time I get two swats, the hits warming my skin differently from the how the lube does.

I wag my ass at him, daring him to try the half-in/half-out move with the next bead.

He goes for it, leaving the sixth bead holding me open again. The stretch is getting bigger now with the larger beads, and it's getting harder to clench down around it, but I manage and the bead is tugged into my body.

He doesn't say anything this time, just tsks and gives my ass cheek three solid hits.

And I am fucking flying. I'm not nearly full enough yet, but the lube and the beads and the swats are all sliding together along with the nipple clamps and the sensations have me floating.

The seventh bead is as big around as the damned cooling plug and it makes me groan as he seats it half in me, holding me open with it. I clamp down around it, but it's not budging. So I try harder, and this time, it shoots back out of me, making me whimper and push back as if that's going to get it back into me.

Hades chuckles and I growl.

"You did it to yourself," he notes, tugging lightly on the beads inside me, only hard enough that I can feel the last one just beginning to stretch me from the inside. I clench hard, refusing to lose it.

Then he feeds the seventh bead back into me, once again, leaving it holding me open. I groan, but I've learned my lesson and I don't clench down around it this time—I want it going inside me and I clearly can't do that on my own anymore; they've gotten too big.

He spans me several times and the third swat hits across the bead, popping it into me. He spans me a couple more times for good measure, and my ass cheek is beginning to burn. I don't complain.

The next plug is bigger still and I hiss as he stretches me with it, the sound turning

into another whimper when he leaves it at the halfway into me point. I can't remember how many more beads there were when he showed me the thing to start with, but I'm pretty sure I can't take too many more of these. You can die of pleasure, right?

He starts spanking me again, my other cheek at last, and the original one, too. The contrast in the burn between the two is surprisingly erotic. Fuck, everything with his is sexy and hot and mind-bending.

Then his swats include his palm hitting at the bead, only this one doesn't pop right in. It's big enough that it's moving slowly, and it takes three hits before it goes in. As it does, the front beads bump against my gland and I scream as an unexpected climax hits me. I spurt out come all over the bed, my ass working the beads inside me like a milking machine. I swear I can feel each of them as they fill me, from largest to smallest. The bumping against my gland continues as I work the beads and it brings aftershocks, more little spurts of come leaving me.

Little shudders are still rippling through my body when he starts to press the next bead in. It feels way bigger than the last one, like twice the size, though I know that can't be true. He keeps pushing and my body keeps opening to take it, then sure enough, he leaves it partway inside me. I pant, my body stretched uncomfortably open. He taps it a few times and I can feel my body trying to orgasm again, my cock still hard, my balls aching like crazy.

Tap, tap, tap, the movement against the bead making the smallest one repeat the movement against my gland. I shake my head, but he just keeps slowly pushing the thing into me with his continuous tapping and my balls keep tightening. When it finally pushes all the way in, I come again, more spunk shooting out of me.

Every inch of my body is going to ache tomorrow. Every single fucking inch. And when it stops, I'm going to want to come back so he can make it ache again, I just

know it.

“Fucking stunning. You need to see this.” He gets off the bed and I make a noise that I know means don’t leave me. What’s worse, I know he knows it too.

He touches the remaining beads that aren’t inside me and sets them to swinging, which of course moves all the ones inside me and I’m wagging my ass with the movement. I’m not even sure if I’m trying to get them to stop moving or to swing harder.

It turns out he’s only getting up long enough to grab what looks like a phone from his bedside drawer and then he climbs onto the bed again. I’m not sure exactly what he’s doing until a few moments later, he holds the phone where I can see it and presses play on a video and there I am, ass filled and wagging, beads along a string hanging out of my hole.

“Look how sexy you are, how hot. I’m keeping this. I’m going to keep it and jack off to it when you’re not here.” Then he settles behind me again, and I know he’s filming more.

I try to stop moving, but I can’t. I’m caught in the pleasure, and I just want more. No matter what, I want more.

He feeds the next bead into me and the stretch is huge. It burns, but it’s so good and I want it. This time, there’s no leaving it half in and half out, but it’s such a long, gradual push into me, and I come again once it’s finally all the way in, my gland totally mashed, my body wrung out. There’s only a few small spurts from my cock, my balls all but empty.

Just like he promised.

Fucker.

Despite having nothing left to give, I want more. I want everything his devious mind can come up with to give me.

I'm not sure I'll survive tonight, but what a way to go.

CHAPTER SEVEN

I film him through his orgasm, then hit the stop button and toss my phone aside. I meant it when I told him I was going to use it to jack off to. He stayed away for two weeks last time, and I had my memories of him, but this will be better. The blush of color on his ass from my spanking, the beads hanging out of his ass, his body undulating and moving. Those are the stuff of fantasy, and it's all mine right here.

I can see he's exhausted now, though. He needs a break, a rest, some water, and maybe some food. Some care, even though I know he's likely to snarl and snark his way through it.

"It's my turn to come," I tell him. Then, still behind him, I start to masturbate. I know he can hear the sound of my hand on my cock, and he's picturing it in his head. He knows I'm going to let my spunk shoot all over his ass, against his hole in fact.

I might have taken film of him like this, but right now, I have the real thing, and I don't need to fantasize, imagine, or watch it on my phone.

I rest my hand on his lower back and jack myself harder. I breathe in deeply, the scent of him, his sweat and his come, his overwhelming need, are intoxicating. It's not going to take long. All I have to do is imagine what he's going to do when I pull out the beads, when I fill him with the next size dildo and let him wear it during our rest period.

Groaning, I grab the beads still hanging out of him and pull, bringing the rest of the beads out of him in a long, smooth motion. He throws his head back and howls, and I

moan as the sound pushes me over the edge and I come. My spunk sprays against his hole, making him jerk and shiver.

I keep stroking, pulling out a couple of aftershocks, and dribbles of come, which I let fall onto his ass. Then I squeeze my cockhead to get the last couple of drops out.

Letting go of my cock, I rub my come around and into his hole, and then I collapse down next to him, grinning over at him.

“What?” he demands, trying to sound belligerent, I think, but not succeeding. It’s hard to keep that up when you’ve come so much you’re boneless.

I shrug and shake my head. “Nothing. I’m feeling fine.” I let the last word stretch out.

He grunts and I take it as his agreement that he feels good, too.

“What do you want to eat?” I’m going to let him choose this time.

“What are my choices?”

“You can have anything you want. Name it, the kitchen will make it happen.” It’s magical that way.

“Anything? Like absolutely anything at all?”

“Yep.” I have yet to hear of them ever disappointing anyone. Not even once.

“Grilled cheese sandwiches with tomato soup.”

Comfort food. Interesting.

“What kind of cheese?”

He answers without hesitation. “Those plasticky slices of American cheese.”

“Are you sure? You can name any cheese.” And there are a lot of cheeses in the world.

“I’m sure. It’s got to be that cheese.”

“Next you’ll tell me the tomato soup should be out of a can,” I tease.

“Preferably, but I won’t be as picky about that.”

“No, no. I said anything, and I meant anything, and if you want the soup to be out of a can, it will be.” I grab the pad that connects to the kitchen. “To drink?”

He hesitates for a long time. I look at him and let my eyebrow go up. He sighs, then says, “I just don’t want to get shit for this.”

“I’m not going to give you shit for your drink choice.” I live in hell; I’m not even going to bat an eyelid if he tells me he wants to drink his own piss, though I’d prefer it if he didn’t.

“Milk. Like real milk, none of that oat or almond shit.”

“Real milk, fake cheese, and canned soup it is.” I write the order in, confident the kitchen will send us two servings of exactly what Cal wants.

I put the pad down and get up. “You need some water.” He’s got to be parched, what with all that heavy breathing and panting.

I grab a glass, fill it, and put in a straw before bringing it over to him. Holding the straw to his lips, I let him drink his fill.

When it looks like he's going to get up or flip over, I put my hand in the small of his back and hold him in place.

"Let me up."

"In a moment. I need to keep you stretched while we're relaxing." I grab a non-spicy, non-heating lube, and push some into his hole. He groans at the sensation of the cool gel, but I know it won't be long before it warms up to his body temperature. Then I slick up the last dildo I'd chosen for today and set it at his hole.

Groaning, he pushes back for a moment before he remembers he thinks he needs to fight me and everything I do. Then he rocks forward, trying to scoot his ass out of the way. I bring the dildo back to his hole and he rocks forward again.

"You're going to be climbing the headboard soon." He's going about a half foot toward it with every attempt to get away from the dildo.

"So?"

"Then you won't have anywhere to go, and you'll have to take it."

He just growls at me, and we do the dance of me pressing the dildo against his hole and him rocking away from it several more times. Right up until he can't move anymore because he's pressed up against the wall, just like I said.

I don't say I told you so. I don't have to. He hears the unspoken words anyway.

Then I set the dildo at his hole and reach around with my free hand. I press my palm

against his belly and tug him back, making him take the dildo in. I keep it almost casual, and the dildo gradually disappears into him until all that's left is a scant inch at the bottom.

“So pretty.” I tap at the base of the plug and that makes him jerk and grunt.

From there, I help him get back down along the mattress so he can lie stretched out on his side, his head supported by pillows.

I open my mouth to tell him the food should be here any minute now, but before I can, there's a knock on the door. Laughing, I get up and throw on my robe to go get our food.

I take over the trolley-rolling duties as soon as it's in my room, and close the door behind me.

“We eating in here?” Cal asks.

“Yes,” I call back. “Just stay where you are.” He's all relaxed and filled and pliant at the moment. I plan to enjoy this side of him for the short while he's going to share it with me. Not that I don't love the fight he usually puts up, but neither of us are one-dimensional.

I take the cloche off the plates and set the bowl of soup on the bedside table and the plate with the grilled cheese sandwiches on the bed. The milk goes on the bedside table as well, and I pop the straw into it so it'll be easier for him to drink.

We resettle him so he's more or less on his back, propped up by the pillows. This position will put some pressure on the dildo, but not too much.

“Sandwich first?” I ask.

He looks at me like I'm crazy. "Dipped into the soup, dude."

"Ah." I bring the soup over and rest it on the bed between us. If we're not careful we'll need to change the sheets before we finish our activities for the evening.

He grabs a half-sandwich and dips the end into the soup, letting the bread soak some of the liquid up. Then he bites the corner off and closes his eyes for a moment as he chews.

"It's pretty much perfect." He sounds surprised.

"I told you the kitchen is magical." I grab a half sandwich of my own and dunk it into the soup. Regarding it a moment.

"You look like you've never had grilled cheese and tomato soup."

"That's because I haven't."

"Seriously? Never?"

"Nope."

"Man, you had a sad childhood."

He has no idea. I take a bite from the soup-soaked corner and munch on it. Not bad. It wouldn't have been my first choice, but it's obviously sentimental to him. That's the point of comfort food. Not that I have a lot of experience with it myself.

"What do you think?" he asks.

"It's okay."

“Yeah, well, you’re all champagne and caviar and shit. They’ve ruined your palate for the simple pleasures.”

I can’t say he’s wrong.

He dips his sandwich again and keeps eating. I do the same, enjoying the quiet companionship as we fill our bellies.

He stretches once he’s finished two whole sandwiches, and with our dipping, even the soup is almost done; spoon not even needed.

“You got a TV in here?” he asks, and I hide my grin.

Whether he knows it or not, Cal just took a step. He’s looking for something for us to do together that isn’t sex. He’s willing to entertain spending downtime here. With me.

“I do.” I grab the remote from the side table and hit a button. The TV comes down from where it’s hidden within the ceiling, coming to rest at the perfect height for viewing from the bed.

“Oh, that’s cool.” He laughs and nods toward it. “What do you like to watch?”

“Reality shows,” I admit. I can’t help it, humans fascinate me.

“Like the Kardashians?” he sounds so shocked.

“That, the housewife shows, the Great British Baking Show, Jeopardy, Sports.”

“Oh, now game shows and sports aren’t reality TV.”

One of my eyebrows goes up. “Are you telling me they’re scripted?”

“Well, no,” he admits.

“Are the people in them acting?”

“Well, no.”

“Then they are reality shows.”

He shakes his head. “Absolutely not. Game shows are contests and sports are... well, sports!”

“But they feature real people and they aren’t scripted,” I insist, telling him the two main features of so-called reality shows.

“It’s not the same thing at all, though.”

“Because you like sports and game shows, but not the other ones?”

He glares at me, but finally goes, “For want of anything else, yes.”

I chuckle and he rolls his eyes. He really is adorable.

“What about movies?” he asks.

“I don’t watch as many of those. But I’d be happy to watch one tonight if you’d like.”
I don’t mind extending this quiet time where he’s happy to be here, no sex involved.
I’m hoping for more of it, after all.

“Cool. What about the first Indiana Jones? Or something like that.”

“I’ve never seen it.”

He gives me this horrified look. “You lie!”

“Nope.”

“Wow. Okay, well then we have to watch it. Next you’re going to tell me you’ve never seen The Wizard of Oz or Star Wars.”

“I have seen the Wizard of Oz.” I love those little munchkins, and I always root for the Wicked Witch of the West though she never wins. “But not the other one.”

“Damn, Hades. I need to leave you a list or something. Movies you need to see.”

“Or you could just educate me in person,” I suggest.

He snorts but doesn’t deny this time that he’s coming back. Of course, I’m pretty sure he’s convinced the only reason he will be returning is to ride my magnificent cock. I’m not sure what his excuse will be after that, but I do know there will be one.

I find the movie he wants to watch, and we settle in next to each other. It isn’t that long before Cal is resting his head against my shoulder, the rest of his body curving into mine. I don’t point it out as I’m sure that will encourage him to pull away.

He’s asleep within an hour, and I let him be. After all, I know he’s already seen the movie, and he’s got a few more orgasms in him before the night is over so he needs the nap.

I have to admit, I wasn’t really looking for a companion, but I do seem to have found one.

CHAPTER EIGHT

I went back to the Giving Place a couple days after my second visit and once again had myself turned inside out by Hades, the fucker. The last dildo he'd used was so fucking huge, but still not as big as him. He declared me ready for his cock on my next visit, though, so that was something. I tried to cajole him into letting me have it right after that last dildo, but he insisted my ass needed a break, and he was probably right, damn him.

I want to get this over with so I don't have to keep coming back. So I can put this whole episode behind me. I am not a bottom boy. At all. I just want to defeat the challenge of taking his enormous cock. That's all this is. As soon as I've done that, life goes back to normal.

It's been a few weeks since my third visit now, but I wanted to make sure I had a few days off before I let him fuck me with that monster cock. I'm not making a holiday or celebration out of this or anything like that. I just figure a couple of days without having to go to work post-reaming will be nice. So I took Wednesday and Thursday off work. With my usual days off that's four whole days. I refuse to consider that maybe I wanted the extra days so I can make this time with him—this final time with him—last longer.

I climb off the bus and look up at the building I'm about to go into. For the fourth fucking time. The last time, I remind myself. Which is a good thing, because while I enjoy the fight, winding up on the bottom every time is not what I'm about. Fuck, I'm the furthest thing from a size queen, so I'm not even sure why I need to get reamed by him so badly. It isn't a want, either; it's definitely a need. One I wanted to ignore

and just couldn't.

I finally tear my gaze away from the side of the building, square my shoulders, and head inside. I go straight for the elevator and push the button for the thirteenth floor. I'm just wearing a T-shirt and jeans today, not my best ones or anything, and it feels incongruous when I get out on the thirteenth floor with all its fancy marble and luxury. I know it doesn't matter what I'm wearing, though. I'm not even going to go down to the big lounge room at the end of the hall; I know which door is his now, even though they all look exactly the same. How crazy is that?

I nod at the guy—the same guy as always—behind the desk and he buzzes me in with a smile. I pull open the doors just like I always do, with all the bravado and confidence I can muster. The corridor is as empty and quiet as it always is, and I stop in front of his door. I stand there, just looking at it for the longest time.

Am I ready for this? Well, I'm here, aren't I? And I knew I was coming back after I left the last time because I knew I wanted this. I shake my head because I shouldn't want it. It isn't like me at all to want it. Need I remind myself. It makes a difference. I don't have to want something to need it. Truth is, though, I have no idea why I seem to need it, either.

This will be the first time I don't come to the door with him. The first time he isn't with me to pull me in. The first time I have to knock and ask for admittance. I know it doesn't seem like that big a thing, but for some reason, it is. I tell myself to just stop it and knock on the fucking door already, but before I can act on that thought, the door opens, Hades standing there in all his fucking studly glory, looking... well, fucking incredible actually, and I have to keep myself from jumping into his arms and rubbing off against him.

"You planning on standing out there all night?" he asks, smoky voice sliding over me like it always does, one eyebrow raised.

Oh, the fucker. I'm suddenly unfrozen and I put my hands on his so-solid chest and push hard. I must have taken him unaware because he steps back. I follow him in and shove again, and he takes a few more steps back.

"You know why I'm here." I shove him a few more times, and he's almost up against the wall.

"I have an idea why my sweet bottom boy has returned, yes."

"Not a boy." That word still sends a thrill down my spine, though, goes straight to my balls. I realize I'm hard, my cock pushing painfully against my zipper.

"You are mine," he murmurs, so quietly I'm not even sure I actually heard the words or just imagined them.

Glowering, I shove him again, harder this time, and his back hits the wall. Sliding my fingers around the straps of the leather harness he's wearing, I bring our mouths together almost violently and take a kiss. His big hands wrap around my arms, holding me hard enough he might leave bruises. They won't be the only ones he leaves on my body tonight.

As we fight for dominance of the kiss, it hits me again how much bigger he is than me, and I pull back, my eyes narrowing as I look at up at him.

He doesn't say anything, just lets that damn eyebrow rise up again. Makes me want to shave it right off.

"You let me win."

"Win?"

“Yeah. You let me come in here and shove you up against the wall and kiss you. You let me.”

His lips curl up into that wicked smile of his, and he shrugs, his muscles moving against my fingers. “Maybe.”

He’s infuriating and I growl and tug him close for another kiss.

This time, he doesn’t let me win. Instead, he takes control of the kiss, then takes control of me. He moves his hands from my shoulders to my hips and picks me up off the ground before flipping us around. Now I’m the one with my back against the wall and he’s pressing up against me, keeping me pinned there off the ground like some bug on display.

I should growl and snarl and make it hard for him to keep holding me like this, but instead I wrap my legs and my arms around him and hold on. I save all my fight for the kiss, biting at his lips and his tongue, pushing into his mouth to be in charge. He gives as good as he gets, growling into it, and I’m not surprised when I taste the copper note of blood on my tongue. I’ve got no idea whose it is, and it doesn’t matter. And it doesn’t slow or ease the kiss in the least.

I’m so focused on his kiss, it’s a shock when he lets me go, all but throws me from him, and my back hits the mattress. I hadn’t even realized we were moving. I glare up at him and his display of strength, the reminder that I can fight all I want, but will always end up on the bottom with him.

I glare at him, but he just starts undoing the ties on his leather pants, opening them up to let that giant beast out.

“Are you going to undress for me?” he asks. “Or...”

“Or what?” I’m not doing anything to make this easier for him.

“Or do I need to tear the clothes off you?”

I snort. He’s not going to do that.

He does that.

He starts with my T-shirt. Yanking it out of my jeans and grabbing the bottom of it in each hand and ripping it in two from the bottom all the way up to the neck. He had to put a little more effort into ripping the neckline with its extra material and stitching, but he does it, and does it easily.

“Fucker!”

He doesn’t deny it, just nods toward my jeans. “So are you going to undress for me?”

Holding his gaze, I shake my head. No way is he going to be able to tear my jeans in two. I suddenly remember that he’s done it before and I had to walk home in sweats that were a zillion sizes too big.

Before I can react to that thought and take them off myself, the fucker tears my jeans in two. Well, in four is probably more accurate. It takes him a little longer, it’s definitely more effort, but he does it and tosses the pieces over his shoulder. Unfuckingbelievable.

My prick is harder than ever, and as I’m not wearing any underwear, he can totally see it, the tip leaking at his show of strength.

He grabs my feet and yanks my shoes off, then my socks, tossing them away, too.

“That’s better.”

“Asshole.”

“It’s yours that I’m interested in.”

Yeah, and that’s what I’m interested in too. I want that monster cock inside me. I want to know so I can go and never come back. I push that thought away because it’s bringing me down. I want to be absolutely present in the here and now, experience every second of this.

So I can relive it over and over again.

You best believe I shove that thought away real hard.

He goes back to taking off his leathers, pulling them down his legs and kicking out of them. He’s not wearing any underwear either, and I get an eyeful of his strong body, his huge dick pointing right at me. It’s leaking at the tip already, just like mine.

There’s a certain feeling of power in knowing that the biggest guy in the room is turned on by me. I am not powerless here, not at all.

I rise up on my elbows, watching as he slowly jacks his cock, making it grow even bigger. Then he climbs onto the bed, coming up so I get an up close and personal view of this monster cock. The veins along it are sexy, promising me texture when it fills me up. That’s when I notice the base of it. There’s a growth of some sort there.

“My knot,” he tells me. He must have followed my gaze.

“Your what now?”

“My knot. It comes up when I’m aroused. It’ll fuse us together until it goes down.”

“You’re fucking kidding me.”

“No, I’m not.” He takes my hand and brings it down to the... protrusion.

I’ve never felt anything so hot. It’s as silky as the rest of his cock, and when I squeeze, it has the same hard but living texture. That squeeze makes him groan and several drops of pre-come land on my cheek. Oh, he’s sensitive here. I squeeze again and he jerks, humping the air a little.

I like it. I love that it’s so sensitive and I can make him squirm by playing with it. But it’s not going inside me. It’s a close call as to whether his cock is going to fit in the first place. This is definitely not.

“You’ll make me come,” he warns as I keep playing with it, and suddenly that is exactly what I want. Every time I come here, he’s in control. In control of what we do, of me, of my orgasms. Right now, I’m the one in control.

I keep playing. I try different touches, see what makes him react the most. Squeezing it seems to be the best so I use both hands so I can reach around as much of it as possible and then I squeeze rhythmically. When I add a little up and down rub to the motions, he cries out, and suddenly I have a face full of spunk.

I let my hands fall away and smirk up at him before sliding my tongue out and licking up what I can reach. Point one goes to me tonight.

“So that’s a thing.” I touch his knot again, and he hisses.

“Sensitive.”

“Yeah, I figured that out. So have you got any other secret hot spots I should know about?” Because this starts to even the field out.

“Maybe.”

“That’s a yes.” I’ve been so focused on the fight and on my ass that I haven’t looked for any of his hot spots. Fuck. It’s been all about me. Well.

He frowns. “What’s wrong?”

I shake my head. I’ve had a fuck buddy a time or two, but I don’t usually do repeats so it’s not like learning that much about the other guy is ever relevant. But I want to know about his sweet spots. What the fuck is wrong with me? I don’t need to know about him; I’m going to get fucked and then it’ll be over and I’m going to go.

But you don’t want to go and not come back. You want to get to know him and every one of his sweet spots.

I slap the little voice in my head away and I go to get up, but he puts one of those big hands on my chest and pushes me back down.

“I don’t think so,” he growls at me.

“I’ve got to go,” I insist.

“Why? I thought you wanted this?” He waves his cock at me. “Is my knot that intimidating that you’re going to leave rather than take it?”

“No!” Damn him, that’s got nothing to do with it.

“Then why?”

He's not going to let this go. Maybe I should have told him it was the knot, but I just can't let him think I'm scared to get fucked by him, because I'm not. I want it. I do. That's why I'm back here for the fourth time already.

That's right. I'm doing the repeats because I want to know what that cock feels like. I want him to make me take it. That's it, that's all.

I relax back down into the mattress. Yeah, okay. I can do this.

One of his eyebrows goes up as my demeanor changes, but he doesn't press it. He backs off a bit, his hand leaving my chest.

"I guess you're almost ready for my cock, then."

"Almost?" I growl at him and try to get up again. "If you're going to throw more delaying tactics at me, I'm out of here."

He shoves me back onto the bed, and I lean into the fight; this I know. I roll to the other side of the bed and sit up, throwing my legs over the edge. He grabs my shoulders and drags me back.

"We're doing this my way."

"Just do it already!"

He grabs a tub of lube that I hadn't even noticed sitting on the side table and sets it down next to my hip. "Get yourself ready first."

"What?"

"Lube. Your fingers. Your ass. Do it."

I snort and shake my head. “In your dreams.”

“Oh yeah, I have imagined watching you riding your own fingers while I jack off. It’s one of my favorite fantasies.” He leans in and whispers into my ear. “And now you’re going to fulfill it.”

I shake my head, but my hand’s already going to the lube, fumbling to open the thing.

His grin is both wicked and smug, but he does help with the container, opening it up.

I glare but dip my fingers in eagerly, scooping a bunch of lube out. Then I reach down between my legs and rub the slick over my hole.

He grunts and shifts, moving to lie next to me. “Up on your knees, legs spread, and do this properly. I’m going to watch you ride.”

I shake my head, but I’m moving, going to my knees next to him. I spread them slightly apart and reach around behind me. It’s easier to do this way, too. I don’t have to hunch over myself to fuck my hole, I just lean back, one hand on the mattress behind me, the other pushing lube into my hole.

Then I slide one finger in and fuck myself with it a few times. One finger is nothing, so easy, and I quickly push in a second. Better. This is better. I spend a little longer at it with the two, but pretty soon, it’s not enough either. I dip my fingers back into the lube, then take a breath and push three into my hole. It stretches around my fingers, the slight ache making me groan.

I ride, slowly to start with, body undulating even as my fingers are doing most of the work. My eyelids droop, and I bite my lower lip as the sensations build. It feels good, even if I’m doing it to myself. I fuck myself slowly, then a little faster, then faster still, but eventually even this isn’t enough. I want more. I need more.

Then all of a sudden, I have it, one of Hades's fingers pushing in and joining mine. I cry out with surprise, but soon I'm just riding all four fingers.

He makes it five. I'm really feeling the stretch now, but I'm loving it. I get some more lube on my fingers and push them back in with his and I feel him looking at me, watching me with heavy eyes, and I remember what he said and how I'm fulfilling his fantasy. Fuck me, it's a heady sensation.

I figure this is good, I'm stretched out and he'll fuck me now with that crazy huge cock of his, but just as I'm about to pull my fingers away, he stuffs another one into me. My eyes roll back into my head and this sound comes out of me, a groan that sounds like it's been pushed out from deep inside me by our fingers.

I bounce on them, rocking up and down as best as I can, my cock slapping against my belly. I'm lined in sweat, and I'm panting now, my orgasm building in my balls. He grabs them suddenly and tugs hard, making me squeak.

"No coming. You're going to do that on my cock."

Easy enough for him to say, but even with the sharp tug to my nuts, I'm close. He lets go of my balls and reaches for the side table. The next thing I know, he's circling the base of my cock in black leather and clicking the snap closed on a cock ring. Fucking hell.

It helps, though. It backs me off from the edge, damn him.

"On my cock," he says again, his fingers finally slipping out of my ass. I let mine drop away, too, and I'm kneeling on the bed next to him, huffing and panting, my bound cock hard and a deep red at the head.

"Hands and knees now, boy."

I don't even bother protesting that I'm not a boy as I drop to my hands. My ass feels empty and I'm eager for him to fill me.

"Next time, we'll do it face-to-face, but this is going to take work."

"Yeah, yeah, just do it already." And there isn't going to be a next time. I'm not coming back once I've gotten what I want. Right? Right.

My head drops as he pushes more lube into me. This isn't his cock. He promised me his cock.

I grumble and push back against him.

"Patience, boy. This requires as much lube as it does stretching."

I just wag my ass at him, silently demanding that he get the fuck on with it already.

Chuckling, he slaps my ass, his huge palm covering an entire ass cheek. He's just big all over and it's far sexier than I ever imagined, being with someone significantly bigger than me. Maybe this is how all the twinks who want to get with me feel.

He slaps my ass again. "Pay attention, boy."

"I am," I growl.

"You are now," he agrees, giving my other ass cheek a slap as well.

And now, finally, he presses the head of his cock against my hole. He's leaking pre-come. I can tell because my skin is tingling wherever his cockhead touches.

This is what I came back for, but I am suddenly very nervous. He is huge. And I

know there's been prep—fucking weeks of prep! —but will he fit? Can I take him?

His hand lands on my lower back and he strokes gently with his fingers, making the nerves there fire. “Easy, boy. We prepped for this, and we’re going to take it nice and slow.”

I groan, but his words and his touch have helped, and I take a few breaths, my muscles easing a little. It's relaxed me enough that I can bluster. “Just do it already. This is a million years of prep for five seconds of action.”

He gives me that wicked little laugh he has, all husky and throaty, then slaps my ass and pushes the tip into me.

Fuck me raw, because he is huge and he's stretching me like whoa, but this is what I came for and I'm finally getting it. Halle-fuckin-luja.

I close my eyes, and my entire focus centers on his cock and how it's stretching my hole. And stretching and stretching and stretching my hole.

He's all heat and tingles and ache inside me. He rests right there, with only the tip in for what feels like fucking forever, but then all of a sudden, just when I'm about to scream with it, he begins moving again. Not fast; he doesn't thrust into me all in one go. No, he's taking his time, gradually pushing a tiny bit deeper in, and then a tiny bit more. It's a careful push into me, and for once, I'm not egging him on. I'm just feeling.

It's so big and the sensations are just as huge, and I swear I can feel each and every millimeter he works into me.

I'm panting and curling my fingers into the sheets long before he's all the way in. I'm not sure how I'm going to take all of him, but I'm sure as hell going to try.

Then, out of the blue, he begins pulling out. My entire body clenches down around him. “What the fuck?”

“The art of fucking includes out strokes as well as in strokes, boy.”

Well, I suppose he’s got a point. Even if it isn’t a fucking art. I take a breath and relax again, as much as I can, and he continues his careful retreat.

Okay, so this is also fucking amazing, similar to when he entered me, but still different from then. Before his head pops out of me, he reverses directions and once again pushes into me.

A groan comes out of me, and yeah, he knows what he’s doing because this move into me somehow feels better coming after the near pull out. I decide I should just shut up and let him do his thing.

He gets a little deeper this time before he pulls out. Then deeper still on the next push in. Just like that, he’s fucking me, each careful thrust going slightly deeper than the last. He’s going slightly faster each time, too, and I can feel myself flying on the sensations. It’s like nothing else exists but my ass and his cock.

We’re both panting and sweaty when I feel it. That knot of his pressing against my hole. I had said earlier there was no way that was going into me, and I meant it at the time, but as soon as I feel it there, I want it inside me. I push back encouragingly, wordlessly telling him to go for it.

He pulls all the way out, then sets his cockhead against my hole and thrusts in again. It’s one, long, smooth push that fills me up, up, and up, and then my hole stretches impossibly wider and he gets that damn thing at the base of his cock inside me.

He stops, buried deep like that, bent over my back, moaning. I carefully bear down,

squeezing around his knot, and he hisses.

“Yes! That’s it, baby boy.” He sounds like he’s on the edge. “We’re locked together now.”

It sure as fuck feels like it.

There’s no more thrusting, but he starts circling his hips, his balls slide against mine, the cock inside me rubs my insides and bumps against my gland and I’ve never felt anything like it, but it’s got me even more hot and bothered. My balls are aching, my cock is so hard. It feels like it’s going to explode if I don’t come soon.

He drops kisses across my back, lingering at my neck, licking my skin with his tongue, and I shudder as the sensation rushes through me.

I whimper, because I need more. How, I don’t know, because I have his enormous cock moving inside me, but I just need... something to push me over the edge.

Then he undoes the snap and pulls away the leather around my cock and growls, “Come now.”

I do.

I come and I come and I come, milking the huge cock inside me as I shoot out stream after stream of come. Then he roars and comes too, and I can feel his spunk filling me up and more liquid spurts from me.

I collapsed down, my shoulders supporting me, my ass still up, still filled. Hades rests on top of me, body hot as it covers mine. I feel like I’m burning up, but in a good way.

He shifts the tiniest bit, and I feel it through my whole body, pushing me to sensory overload and everything grays out, and there's nothing left but bonelessness and pleasure keeping me floating.

CHAPTER NINE

With Cal passed out, I shift us, rolling so we're on our sides, me spooned around him. Still buried deep in his ass. It'll take a while for my knot to come down and let us separate. It creates a bond between a demon and his lover. And much as I know Cal wants to deny it—he is my lover.

I know that as soon he wakes up and comes down, he'll leave, but I trust he'll be back. He's told himself he's only here to take my cock, and that once that's done, so is he. But he'll be back. He wants me. He's just not admitting it yet.

I lie here, admiring his body, letting my fingertips map him out.

He's as big as any human I've ever seen. Tall, broad, rippling with muscles. But he's got these sweet little nips that just beg to be pierced. We've played so well with them. Once he realizes we're forever linked and comes to stay with me, I'll talk him into them.

And his abs. I could wax poetic about the eight-pack that he has. Even at rest, they're stunning, no doubt testament to hours of working out to keep them that way. He's got fine blond hairs that run from his navel down to his cock. The infamous treasure trail. And what a treasure it leads to.

He's still softening, but even completely flaccid, his prick is a delight. There's a damn good heft to it, the head peeking from his foreskin, begging to be touched just like his slit begs to be filled. And he's so responsive to every touch. Even asleep like he is now, his cock jerks as I touch it, trying to fill as my fingertips trace it.

His balls are currently lying loosely in his sac, the heat of his body keeping them loose. Next comes this thighs, thick and broad, and—I give one a squeeze to confirm—quite hard. So many lovely muscles on my boy.

I slide my hand back up and let it come to rest against his belly, feeling each breath he takes as we lie together. I could get used to this. I already will miss it after he goes. How long will it take before he's back again? He's stubborn, my boy, and I'm guessing I'll be enjoying my hand along with my memories and my well-watched video of him coming with the beads inside his ass for some time.

As much as I want him to stay tonight and to come back every night, to come to live with me here, I have to admit, I also love the fight. He makes me work for it, and that's as hot as hell.

He groans and tries to shift, but my cock goes with his ass. It'll be a little longer still before we can separate. He's waking up and I'm glad. I want him to need to stay with me while he's awake. I want him to enjoy the afterglow and aftercare and to crave this part of our joining as much as anything else.

He shifts forward and again I follow him.

“What the hell?”

“It's my knot. I told you it fused us together. It doesn't just deflate as soon as I've come.”

“So I'm stuck here like this with you.”

“Yes.”

His only answer is a grunt, but I can't help but feel that he's happy about it. This way

he has to stay; he isn't choosing to stay. Semantics, I know, but there's an important distinction to him.

"How are you feeling?" As soon as my knot goes down enough to come out, I'll get a warm cloth and clean his hole, put on some cream, and get him some water. And some food if he'll stay that long.

"Like I went twenty rounds with the heavyweight world champion."

His admission surprises me, I was expecting the usual bluster. I don't make a big deal of it, though. I know that would definitely bring the bluster back.

"Only twenty?" I tease.

"Your cock's not that big," he counters.

"It's big enough." I shift and circle my hips, and he groans, the sound an admittance that I'm right.

"It's... big." I don't know what he was going to say, some snappy comeback no doubt, but I appreciate that he decided not to go there.

I kiss the back of his shoulder, my lips lingering for a moment, my tongue sliding along his skin to pick up the flavor of him.

"I bet you're hungry," I say quietly. I don't want to push too hard and ruin this softer moment between us.

"I could eat."

Score! He's going to stay when I come out of him, even if it's only long enough to

eat dinner.

“It’s sushi night,” I tell him.

“I don’t eat raw fish.”

“How about tempura then? Coated and deep-fried vegetables and various types of seafood with some dipping sauce.” I can watch him lick the sauce from his fingers. My cock jerks at just the thought.

That makes him groan again. “It doesn’t feel like you’re softening.”

“It’s your fault.”

“My fault?” He sounds offended.

“You’re too sexy and your body feels so good around my prick.”

“Then I guess it is my fault.” I love the smug note in his voice. I want him to realize his power. I might be the one who wins in the physical battle, but he can still turn me on and make me come. I want him as much as he wants me.

“I’m thirsty,” he tells me a moment or two later.

I roll toward him to reach the glass of water with the straw on the bedside table and bring it to him. He grabs hold of the straw between his lips and sucks. I groan because I know how good that sucking mouth feels around my cock.

“Stop that,” he whispers.

“What?”

He wriggles his ass back against me, which makes my cock move and shift inside him, making us both moan.

“That.”

“Ah. Once again—you’re fault.”

He snorts, but he doesn’t say anything else. And I close my eyes and just breathe him in and enjoy the moment. Surprisingly, he’s just as quiet and stays still, and for a few minutes, we’re wrapped in this amazing cocoon where only he and I exist, our bodies fused together by pleasure.

But at last, my knot is shrinking, disappearing back into my body and my breath leaves me on a soft sigh. I was quite happy to be buried inside him.

With the knot gone, my softening cock slips from his hole and unless I’m imagining it, he sighs as well. I don’t make a big deal of the sound.

“So. Tempura? And you can mock me for not having seen the next Indiana Jones movie,” I suggest.

“Well, if you haven’t seen Temple of Doom, then you have to see it, just so you can say that you have. But then you never have to watch it again. But the one after that rocks.”

“So Temple of Doom isn’t good, then?”

“Nope. It’s not the worst movie in the world, but it feels like it compared to the first and third.”

I love that he hasn’t pulled away yet, that we’re just lying together and chatting about

food and movies. It's why I haven't gotten up to get the cloth and cream yet. These quiet moments are to be cherished as much as I relish the hot and heavy times.

I reach for my phone and open it up to ordering page. "Just how hungry are you?"

"I just went twenty rounds with a heavyweight, remember? I'm starving."

Chuckling, I order enough tempura to feed an army of samurai. Then I give him the remote for the television.

"Get us set up. I'm going to go grab a cloth." I kiss his shoulder and slide out of bed and head for the bathroom. I don't look back. If he decides he needs to go, I'm not going to force him to stay, but I'm hoping he's not ready to end our evening yet either.

When I return a moment later with the warm, wet cloth and the cream, he's brought the TV down and has turned it on. It looks like he hasn't even considered leaving yet. Perfect.

I climb back onto the bed and wipe along his ass, and he hisses.

"Painful?" I hold open his ass cheeks with the fingers of one hand and run the cloth along it, more gently this time.

"Surprising."

Of course. He's not used to aftercare being as much a part of lovemaking as the fight for dominance at the beginning is.

"I'll warn you next time." I wait.

Cal grunts, but he doesn't spit back that there won't be a next time.

I carefully apply some of the cream because the skin around his hole is swollen and clearly irritated. This will help. A little ache in the ass for a few days after being fucked is a good thing. Actual pain, less so.

He hands me the remote as I settle back in bed, and once the movie starts, he turns to face me and curls up against me with his head on my shoulder.

The food will be here soon, and we'll munch as we watch the movie.

I know he'll be back to pushing and fighting in no time, but for as long as Indiana wields his whip, we're having some downtime together.

CHAPTER TEN

“I don’t want to be here.” I don’t even know why I’m here. I’ve had his cock. I made it through every gauntlet he threw down, and then I took his cock and that ridiculous knot at the end of it. That was supposed to be it. I was done. And now here I am again, less a week later, knocking at Hades’s fucking door.

“But I haven’t seen the third Indiana Jones movie yet.”

“Exactly!” I pounce on that like it’s a valid reason for my presence. Like we both don’t know I’m going to be ass up in his bed inside five minutes. I push past him and head for his bedroom. That’s where the TV is, right?

He doesn’t let me get far before he grabs my arm and swings me around into him. Our bodies come together with an audible thump, and then he’s kissing me, and I feel relief go through me. I hadn’t even realized just how tense I’d been this last week, and this is exactly what I needed.

I try to push at him, but he’s a solid wall and his mouth is latched onto mine like we’re superglued together. I couldn’t stop this if I wanted to. He’s so much bigger than I am, so much stronger.

My cock gets hard so fast it’s painful, and suddenly, I need my jeans off right now. My T-shirt, too. I’m dressed for work because I’m supposed to be working, but I was walking over to the nightclub and suddenly I was here. I called in sick on the elevator ride up to the thirteenth floor.

He walks me backward and I try to resist. I push at him some more, bang my fists against his chest and try to dig my feet in, resist the backward motion he's insisting I make. None of it does any good, and before I know it, I feel the bed against the back of my legs and then he pushes me down onto it.

I land in an ungainly sprawl and glare up at him. Fucking stud.

He stares down at me, and I stare back at him and there's an air of anticipation in the air, like we're both waiting for something. If he's expecting me to ask him to fuck me, he's going to be waiting a very long time.

Those fucking dark eyes of his are boring into me, into my soul, and I break first. But I'm still not asking for it.

"I suppose you think you're going to stuff that monster between your legs into me again."

"No."

"No?" What? Why the fuck not?

He leans over me and presses his body along mine. He stops with his lips inches from my own. "I'm going to fuck that pretty little slit of yours with the longest and thickest sound you can imagine. Of course, we're going to have to work our way up from the teeny tiny ones you've already had shoved up your slit."

My whole body shudders, my cock leaving a wet spot on the front of my jeans.

"In your dreams," I tell him.

"Oh yes. Every single night since you were last here." He laughs. "You shouldn't

leave it so long between visits. It gives me more time to come up with wicked things to do to you.”

I groan, my eyes closing, anticipation riding me hard. This isn’t what I came for. I came for him to fuck my ass again, not my cock. I’m not leaving, though, am I? No, I’m staying right here and doing my damndest not to beg for it.

“Strip,” he tells me, stepping back and slipping from his robe. He is gloriously naked beneath it and his cock is already hard. Hell, it’s already dripping with pre-come.

Eyes on it, I lick my lips. It’s been almost a whole week and I want a taste.

“Not until you’re naked and you beg me to take your mouth.”

I glare at him. He knows that’s not going to happen.

He stands back a half step and grabs his cock, strokes it, nice and slow. Then he squeezes the tip and several more drops bead at his slit. I lick my lips again—I can almost taste it—and one of the beads drops onto the floor. What a fucking waste.

“Let me.”

“Let you what, baby boy?”

“Fucker!”

He keeps stroking, that fucking cock leaking more pre-come onto the damned floor.

“Let me taste,” I finally grind out. Damn him.

Grinning, he climbs onto the bed to kneel over me, still stroking. “Open up,” he tells

me once he's positioned his cock over my mouth.

I glare some more, but I do it, don't I? I open my mouth, just like he told me to.

He squeezes the head of his cock again and this time, the pre-come drips off his cockhead and onto my lips and my tongue.

I groan, my eyes closing as I take it in, the flavor and the sensation of his spunk a fucking addiction. Maybe that's not just an expression. Maybe that's why I keep coming back because his come is drugging me.

He feeds me a few more drops that way, then he leans back on his haunches. "You want more than just a taste."

Bastard. He knows I do. I nod.

He shakes his head. "Oh, no, baby boy. You want to suck me, you better ask for it. Nicely."

"Motherfucker!"

"That's not very nice at all."

I grumble and snarl and then take a breath and in my best Oliver Twist voice I say, "Please, sir, may I have some cock?"

He puts his head back and laughs. "Oh, damn, that was good."

He kneels back up again and that brings his cock right to my mouth. He presses it against my lips, his slit against my tongue. Moaning, I wrap around it as best as I can and suck hard, my tongue working his slit.

He pushes forward some, making me take more. I keep the suction up as best as I can. I love how hot his cock is and how he keeps leaking drops into my mouth. They slide down my throat, leaving tingles in their wake, all the way down. It makes me suck harder—I want more.

Rocking, he pushes deeper into my mouth before pulling most of the way out. He finds a rhythm, the push and pull and in and out, going a little deeper, then deeper still until he's pushing against the back of my throat. I just take it. I take everything he gives me and tell myself that it's because he's bigger than me and I have no choice.

I refuse to consider how my hands have moved of their own accord and are wrapped around his ass, holding on tight and pulling him in over and over, even as his cockhead hits the back of my throat again and again.

He pulls his cock right out, and I whimper and tug him forward again, my hands digging into his ass cheeks.

“As you wish, baby boy.”

Before I can protest the moniker yet again, he pushes his cock back between my lips, spreading them as he keeps going in and in until he's at the back of my throat again. I swallow around him as best as I can, and he moans. Fuck, I love that sound. I love that I'm the one who made it happen.

He moves faster now, not pulling all the way out, but close to it before thrusting back in to hit the back of my throat. I slap at his slit with my tongue when he's almost out and swallow as hard as I can around his prick when he's in deep. He moves faster, harder, and I can feel his cock getting that little bit harder as he gets ready to shoot.

Then he's coming, spunk filling my throat and mouth, and then landing all over my

face as he pulls out. I swallow and swallow and lick my lips before swallowing some more. Hades leans in and licks at my lips as well, then cleans the rest of the come off my face with his tongue. Fuck, that's hot. He's hot. The hottest fucking thing ever.

"So," he says, as he leans back on his haunches again, trapping me with his body. "A nice big plug for your ass first, and then I'll fuck your prick until you're stretched enough to take one of my fingers."

"No fucking way."

"Maybe not that far today. But the final sound I have in mind is as thick as a pen, and longer."

I shake my head, but my cock spurts a little, my body as traitorous as ever.

"Talk is cheap." And all I've heard so far is talk.

He chuckles again and leans in to kiss my cheek. "Now strip or I'm sending you home without so much as another touch." Then he gets up and moves over to his wardrobe.

I lie there, watching him, trying to decide if he's bluffing. Then I decide I don't want to call it and find out that he actually means it. I get up and strip out of my clothes. My cock breathes a sigh of relief at being out of the tight quarters of my jeans and leaps eagerly toward my belly. There's no denying that Hades turns me on as well as inside out.

He's picking things up and making a little pile. "You want to come see?"

I shake my head. Nope. He's going to show me soon enough.

“Then get back on the bed like a good boy.”

“Not a boy.” I’m going to get the words tattooed to my fucking forehead.

He gives that husky laugh of his. “Okay.”

I can tell he doesn’t mean it.

Then he turns and looks me in the eyes. “Boy.”

I roll my eyes and turn onto my side, showing my disinterest in what he’s choosing. Not turning back and looking is one of the hardest things I’ve ever done.

He climbs onto the bed and sets the things he’s chosen in a little pile next to me where I can see them. I close my eyes. But I got a small glimpse and can’t help myself from opening my eyes and taking a proper look. Fuck, he wasn’t kidding about how thick and long the biggest sound he’s going to use is. There are at least a half dozen ones of varying lengths and sizes he’s no doubt going to use first. It’s going to be a long night.

Something in me relaxes and I take a breath, turn my attention to the other things. The ubiquitous lube, the fucking huge dildo, the nipple clamps.

“Clamps? Again?”

He reaches for my nipples and pinches them both at the same time, twists them. Bucking, I cry out. They’re so fucking sensitive and he just loves to play with them. Nobody else ever has.

“Unless you’ll let me pierce these.”

“Nope. Not happening.”

“Then nipple clamps it is.”

These are rubber and the teeth are wide. They don't look as vicious as the previous ones he's used. He sees me eyeing them and leans in, just says one word. “Vibrating.”

I swallow. I am so fucked.

He grabs the lube. “You ready to be filled in both lower holes?”

I shake my head, but we both know that I am.

“Grab your legs and hold them up, expose yourself for me.”

I growl. Now he fucking wants me to help him stuff me with the big dildo? Is he fucking crazy?

I grab my ankles and pull them back toward me, which rolls my ass up a bit and exposes my hole. I swear, if he says?—

“Good boy.”

“Not a boy.” We say it together and his eyes are twinkling. He's laughing at me. Who can blame him? I'm here, of my own volition, holding myself open for him so he can fill me. And I want him to get on with it already.

He opens the lube and gets his fingers all slippery. Then he slides one into me. Pulls it out, slides a different one in, then a different one. They're all slightly different thicknesses and it's the strangest good sensation I've felt yet. Then he pushes in two

at a time and I start riding. It's not easy, holding my legs up and back like I am, but I get some motion with my hips and rock onto his fingers.

I bite off a cheer as he finally pushes in three at once. Fuck yes. When I'm rocking on those as well, he pulls them away and replaces them with the dildo. It's bigger and not as hot, but that doesn't stop him from pushing it right into me and me from taking it with a moan.

He puts his hand on mine, encouraging me to let go of my ankles and set my feet up near my ass. Then he fucks me with the dildo, pushing it into me in ever-increasing motions. Slow and steady eventually becomes hard and fast, and I'm riding with it, my entire body undulating, taking it and taking it and begging wordlessly for more.

When he stops, leaving the thing buried deep inside me, I whimper in protest. I'm hard and leaking, my balls are up tight against my body. My orgasm is right there. Right fucking there.

"You can come when we're finished with the sounds."

I groan and lie back, panting softly. I can't even say I don't want the sounds, because I do. The biggest one there makes me nervous, but I want to know. I need to. There I am, back to that word again. He makes me need things I don't want to need. That I've never needed before. And yet I have a hunch that if he were to push it, I would beg him for it. I'm glad he isn't pushing it.

He sets the sounds out next to me in a row from the smallest one—very thin and only a couple inches long—to the largest one. Longer and thicker and I don't know. But I know I want to find out.

"What's first?" he asks me.

“Uh... You make me beg for it?” Not that that’s going to happen.

“Not this time. This time, we’ll start with lube.”

He collects a whole bunch of it and starts pushing it into my slit. It’s slightly cool and feels strange, but not in a bad way, and the coolness heats up quickly to match my body temp. I’m already panting and this is the easy part.

After he’s pushed half the fucking container of lube into my slit, he finally grabs the smallest of the sounds. It’s only a couple millimeters across and about two inches long. There’s a little silver ball on the top of it. To keep the thing from disappearing entirely down my cock. Fuck.

I’m holding my breath, and he grabs my cock and squeezes it, turning my slit into a little ‘o’. I close my eyes. I don’t want to see this. Then I open them again. Because yes, I do.

And so I do. I watch as he puts the bottom of the sound into my cock slit and then he just lets go of it and it plunges down until the ball at the top stops it. Boom. It happened so fast I’m not even sure I would have noticed if I hadn’t been looking.

He meets my gaze. “Not much to that one is there?”

What am I supposed to say? Give me the biggest one you’ve got? I finally shrug. I’m not making any comments on this.

He just smiles at me, and I love that smile. The one that says he knows exactly what I’m thinking and exactly what I need and that he’s going to give it to me. The one that warms his eyes and says he knows it’s me here with him and not just some rando.

I close my eyes to keep that look from doing me in and I bite out the words, “Just get

on with it already.”

He tugs the sound out and shows me the next one. It’s the same one as he put in me the first time. About three inches long, a little bit wider than the first, and that red jewel on top. The little silver ball crowning my cock was kind of sexy, I know the ruby jewel sitting there is hot.

He dips the sound into the pot of lube, then grabs my cock to squeeze and turn my slit into the requisite ‘o’. I hold my breath as he sets the bottom of the sound into my slit, then lets go, just like he did the first time. The thing glides right into me until it’s stopped by the jewel, only this time I feel it going in. My balls start to ache, and I pant some more.

He pulls this one out almost as quickly as he did the first. The next plug is the same length, but visibly thicker than the first two. It’s got a ruby rose on top. He twirls it around, dips it into the lube and twirls it some more, playing with it. Tease. I groan and he looks at me, lips twitching up into a wicked grin; he knows exactly what he’s doing to me.

“You want it, boy? It’s thicker than the other two.”

I do want it. I need to know. Then I can leave and never come back. Even I know that for the lie it is.

I thrust my hips up impatiently. I need him to do something, preferably put that sound into my cock slit.

He finally grabs my penis and squeezes. He sets the sound at the tip of my slit and lets go. It still slides down on its own, but it’s slower and I feel every single millimeter of it going into me. Then he grabs the rose at the top and pulls it partway out before letting it go. He does it a few more times before I realize he’s fucking me

with it.

My moan is loud and throaty, and I want more. I want to really feel it. I want it to be undeniable as it slides in and out of my body. He seems to be enjoying this, though. Pulling it mostly out, then letting it slip back in on its own, over and over.

“More,” I finally growl. I need more.

“Anything you want, baby boy.” He pulls the sound right out and sets it aside before grabbing the fourth one. A little thicker maybe, but definitely longer. Four inches or so. I take a breath and try to calm myself. My balls are aching so badly, and I feel like I could shoot at any moment. I kind of want that to happen while one of the sounds is in. Those dry all-over orgasms are incredible.

I curl my toes, fighting with myself. I don’t want to have to beg, but I need more, I want more, he’s got to give me more.

“Please,” I whisper.

He doesn’t say anything, and I appreciate that he’s not crowing about it. He simply dips the plug into the lube, holding it by the little cherry on top. Then he grabs my cock and squeezes.

In a new move, he puts the tip of the sound into my slit, then rubs it around the inner walls in a circle. I shudder, the pleasure ratcheting up.

“I’m close.” I want to warn him.

He inclines his head and lets go of the sound.

It seems to take forever to drop all the way, and it’s stretching me a little, I think. The

cherry on top almost makes me laugh. It's incongruous. I lick my lips and take a breath and try to relax. Then he fucks me with the sound, not pulling it all the way up, or even very far, but enough, then pushing it back in. He keeps doing it until my body is moving with the sound, meeting his rhythm. My orgasm builds inside me, though I'm not sure I can come from this. It's not quite enough.

He tugs the sound right out and slaps my cock, and I shout, bucking as I come, spraying spunk all over my belly.

I lie there like a limp biscuit, panting, my nerves firing every so often, making me jerk. Every time I'm here, my orgasms are better than the last time. It's incredible. Hades is incredible.

"The next one will be dry." He pats my cock and my balls, and I shiver.

He has my cock in hand again and is filling it with more lube. That reminds me that the next sound is bigger still and the ones after it are fucking huge. I remind myself that the last one went down farther than I've had, but it barely stretched me. I can do this. If I didn't think I could, I would leave. I don't want to leave. I want to feel this. I want him to make me take it.

He will. He's good that way.

"Let's go," he says, and I shake my head but don't tell him no.

This sound has a silver ball on top, big enough he can hold it between his fingers as he feeds the tip of the thing into my slit. I bite my lower lip, waiting for him to drop it and let gravity do its work, but he doesn't. This time, he gradually pushes it into me. I don't want to watch, but I do. Like I'm compelled to, I just can't look away.

He pushes it in deeper and deeper, and I can really feel it. There's a bit of a stretch,

but it's more just the sensation of the metal moving along my slit into my cock. My balls are already drawing up tight against my body, still aching. It's like I never even came; here I am, close and needy all over again.

"It's fascinating, watching the metal disappear into your prick."

I can't deny that, I don't even try.

At last, it's all the way in, the bauble at the top resting against my slit lips.

When he grabs hold of the sphere at the top of the sound between his fingers, I have to purse my lips together to keep from begging him not to take it out yet. I can still feel the burn of the stretch and I want to revel in that for a while.

I shouldn't have worried. He's not pulling it out, instead he's slowly moving it in a circle. I about short out, garbled words coming out of me. I have no idea what I'm even trying to say.

He lets the ball go and gently pats my cock.

"Such a good boy."

I don't complain about the word. At this moment, I'm happy to be his boy and I want to be good. Because I know there's more coming and I want it to come. I want him to blow my mind tonight and then do it all over again tomorrow. I can admit that. To myself anyway. I'm pretty sure he knows.

He pulls the sound partway out, then pushes it back in, repeating it a few times before pulling it out and filling me with the next one up size-wise.

More stretching, a light burn as the thicker sound needs to make more room to get

inside. This one, he fucks my slit with, pulling it almost all the way out, then working it back in, stretching me over and over.

Then he lets it drop with only maybe a half inch of it inside me. The sound slides down my slit without any help from him. It goes down slowly, filling me up, stretching me out.

I groan and shift, but that jostles the sound and that is intense, so I still. Until I need to feel that again and I plant my heels in the mattress and hump up. Oh fuck yes.

He eventually removes the sound and picks up the biggest one. It doesn't look so daunting anymore. Oh, it's big and it's scary, but the one he just pulled out was pretty big and scary, too, and I loved every second of it inside me.

I lick my lips, my eyes glued to the thing. Anticipation has me on the edge, my fingers and toes squeezing rhythmically together.

“Do it.” I tell him once he's put more lube into me and seems to be just standing there.

He tilts his head. “What was that?”

“You heard me.”

“You didn't say the magic word.”

I glare at him, and we are both like a statue for a few moments. Then I let the words explode out of me in a rush because I need this.

“Please fuck my cock with the sound.”

“It will be my pleasure. And yours.”

Yeah, yeah. I know he’s right, damn him.

He feeds this one in slowly, and I groan at the feeling of it opening me up to make room. He lets go of it at one point and it just sits there. He touches the tip gently, making it swing from side to side, and my eyes roll back in my head as I cry out. Fuck! I hadn’t been expecting that, or how good it would feel.

When the side-to-side motion has stopped, he continues to push the sound into me. It’s five inches long at least, and he feeds every single inch into me until only the dragonfly on top of it remains. It really looks like there’s a silver bug perched on top of my cock. And it feels like my slit is totally full.

Panting, I look down at my cock, waiting for him to fuck my slit with the sound. And I wait. And wait.

When I look away from my cock to gaze into his eyes, he gives me that wicked grin of his, and all of a sudden, the clamps on my nipples start vibrating. My mouth drops open and I wail. It feels like the vibrations around my nipples have a direct line to my cock and balls, and then I’m dry coming, my entire body convulsing as pleasure rushes through it.

It’s so good, so intense, and the world grays out, everything else disappearing but the sensations moving through me. I have no clue how long it lasts, but it does seem to go on forever, vibrations and pleasure, me flying with it.

It only stops when the nipple clamps still, and I can try to catch my breath. I can’t move, every single nerve is used and exhausted, my muscles useless. That’s okay. I don’t need to move, or say anything, or do anything at all.

My eyes close and I float on the sensation of utter satiation. His hand slides onto my belly, keeping me from floating completely away.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

I love the hours between his last orgasm of the night and morning when he scurries off, afraid to admit that he'll be back, that he wants and needs what I give him. Don't get me wrong, I love the fight, too. That's a huge part of the draw. But I also like it when he can admit this is where he wants to be in the quiet times.

"I suppose you're going to feed me now," he says, proving that he's awake now.

"Are you hungry?" I totally can, but I'm enjoying floating here with him in the aftermath of his orgasms.

"I could eat."

"I imagine you can always eat." He's a big guy and that takes calories to keep going.

He laughs. "Pretty much."

"So what do you want tonight?"

"Honestly?"

"Of course. I can't get you what you want if you don't tell me. I can't read your mind."

"I don't know about that," he mutters.

Okay, so I can't read his mind, but I can read his body, and I know what's going to get him revved up and coming harder than he ever has before. That's not the same thing as reading his mind at all.

I nudge him as he hasn't answered my question yet. I'm wondering if we're going back to comfort food.

"Fried chicken with waffles." He looks back at me. "I want to watch you licking the syrup and grease from your fingers."

See? This is the kind of thing that makes me love these in between coming and leaving moments. "Your wish is my command."

He chuckles. "Are you saying you're a genie?"

"No, not a genie. A cousin, though."

He turns and looks at me, and I can see the question in his mind.

"You asked about my other secrets when you first saw my knot," I remind him.

"That thing is fucking crazy. Hot as hell, but fucking crazy."

"Then you're going to think this is insane." I show him my horns, letting them grow slowly up from my head. They're large and they curl at the ends. They're also sensitive as fuck, but I'm going to let him find that out for himself.

His mouth drops open, but he isn't running. "What the fuck are you?"

"A demon."

“Whoa.” He blinks a few times, his eyes still on my horns. He reaches for them, touching them gently with his fingertips.

I moan.

One of his eyebrows goes up. “Sensitive?”

“Yes.”

He turns around so we’re lying properly face-to-face, and shifts slightly upward so he can get a better look.

“Intricate,” he murmurs, then he traces said intricacies.

I moan again and shift my legs. He’s going to make me hard.

“Very sensitive,” he notes. “Can I make you come like this?”

“I don’t know.”

He grins, face animated. “I’m going to find out.”

“I thought you were hungry.”

“Nah, I said I could eat, I didn’t say I was hungry. Besides, even if I was starving, I think I’d rather do this.” He looks like a kid on Christmas morning.

I get it, after days of me turning him inside out, he finally has something, along with my knot, that he can make me crazy with.

I keep my eyes open, watching his face as he continues to explore. Once he’s mapped

my entire horns out with his fingers, he wrapped one hand around my right horn and strokes, like he would a cock. My eyes close and I moan, my cock getting even harder.

“Score!” He wraps his other hand around my other horn and strokes it, getting the same reaction from me.

Then he plays. He strokes them at the same time, then in opposite directions. Then first one, then the other. It’s hotter than hell and it’s making my balls ache. He’s right. He can make me come like this, and if he doesn’t stop, he will.

I’m going to let him.

All of a sudden, I feel his tongue on one of my horns and I cry out as that shoots pleasure from my horn to my balls. He licks again, and I swear I can feel the touch in my knot as if his mouth was on it.

I reach out and grab onto his waist—not to stop him but just to have something to hold onto.

“Fucking incredible,” he murmurs, sounding awed.

“Yes.” I have to agree. He’s bringing me such pleasure. I didn’t know just how sensitive they were, and I never imagined someone sucking them.

He starts taking my right horn in like it’s a cock, going up and down on it before switching to my left. His hand works my right horn as he sucks the left and vice versa.

I continue moaning, rocking my hips. Then I wrap one hand around myself and stroke, matching his rhythm. He sucks and strokes faster, and so do I, the pleasure

shooting between my cock and my horns, growing ever stronger.

When he bites gently on the tip of my right horn, I cry out and my hips snap, spunk shooting from my cock. He nuzzled my horns before sliding back down so we're face-to-face again. He looks smug. I don't blame him.

"Just a little sensitive, eh?"

I grin. "Just a little."

"Well, I'm not going to forget what that does to you."

"I hope you don't." It was as good as, if not better than, a blow job. I can't tell for sure—I'd need more empirical data to come to a proper conclusion. Given the shit-eating grin on his face, I'm pretty sure I'm going to get plenty.

The main lounge is crowded tonight, all the devils are out, looking for someone to seduce. I'm just here for a meal and some conversation. Kalos and Steve are feeding each other grilled pineapple, and I decide to join them. If they wanted privacy, they would have stayed in their rooms.

"Hades. How's it going, brother?" Kalos feeds Steve another sweet bite. His boy is practically naked, cock caged, nipples pierced, a chain going between them and the piercing at the head of Steve's cock.

I chuckle to myself because once again, Cal has left me to my own devices long enough that I'm getting more ideas.

"It's actually going very well." I don't see Cal enough, but he's stopped threatening not to come back. He's here every Monday afternoon like clockwork, occasionally he shows up after his Sunday night shift and stays until Tuesday afternoon. The days in

between feel interminable, though it does have us both riled up and ready to go by the time he finally gets here again.

“I’ve seen your boy here a lot.” Bazel sits next to me, and Torku sits on the other side of him, clearly also interested in our conversation.

I incline my head in acknowledgement. I know what Bazel is after, but I’m going to make him say it.

“Haven’t you given him your knot yet?”

“As it happens, I have. More than once.” Cal loves my knot. In fact, he loves everything I do to him. And we both love that he fights me on every single thing, every single time.

“Well, then.” Bazel looks at me expectantly.

“Well then what?”

“When’s he bringing in someone else?”

“Yeah—he needs to recruit another boy,” Torku adds his two cents.

“He hasn’t moved in yet,” I remind Bazel. That’s the deal. Our boys can’t stay, they can’t really belong to us until they bring in someone else. It spreads the love among our kind.

Bazel’s eyes narrow. “You’re cheating.”

“How so?”

“You have him coming here every week without him having to bring anyone else in.”

“He hasn’t moved in yet,” I remind Bazel. Again. Now I’m getting annoyed. I know some demons are more eager than others to have their boy, but being a pushy asshole isn’t going to help him at all. These men who come to us are proud, hot, and sexy, and there is a lot of competition for their company.

“We’re just lonely,” Torku notes. “It’s not easy waiting.”

I nod, pleased that Torku at least is not being a jerk. I will give Bazel that he is a demon after all and we can be an ornery bunch.

“Are you expecting your boy tonight?” Kalos asks.

I shake my head. It’s Friday, one of the busiest nights for his job.

“Why do you ask?”

Kalos nods at the entrance. I turn my head to look, feel my eyes widen in surprise. There’s my Cal. And he has a friend with him.

I stand and go to him. I tilt his chin and take a long, hard kiss. “This is an unexpected pleasure.”

“There was a fire at the club, and they had to shut down for the night.” Cal turns to his friend, suddenly looking not nervous but a touch unsure. “This is my friend Fox. He got dumped the other day and I didn’t want to abandon him to his own devices. Is it okay I brought him?”

Is it okay? It’s fantastic. Whether or not Fox finds a match here, the fact that Cal brought him fulfills his requirements to stay with me. He’s done exactly the right

thing without even knowing it.

“It’s perfect. It’s good to meet you, Fox.” I hold out my hand and we shake. He’s a lovely boy, a little shorter than Cal, but all stocky muscles. He will have more than one demon drooling tonight, I’m sure of it. And if he’s licking his wounds from being dumped, being the center of attention should help soothe his ego. “Come on in. Have the two of you eaten yet?”

“Nope.” Cal grins at me. “I told Fox they have the best food he can imagine here, along with hot and cold running sex.”

Fox blushed and punched Cal in the arm. “Dude. You’re going to make me seem desperate.”

I shake my head. “You’re just fine, Fox. Come and sit.” I lead them to the couches I was sitting at, and Bazel and Torku are staring.

“Behave,” I murmur to them. “He needs care.”

Bazel doesn’t look like that’s something he’s interested in, but Torku stands and offers Fox the seat next to him.

“Are you hungry? Thirsty? What can I get you?”

Good demon.

Bazel drifts away, clearly not interested in having to actually be nice, and I’m glad. I want a good match for Cal’s friend.

Cal sits next to me and watches for a few minutes as Torku woos Fox. Then he looks at me, one eyebrow going up.

I nod. I believe Fox is in good hands.

Cal relaxes. “You wanna dance?” he asks me, but his eyes are on the doorway out and I know he’s not interested in the dance floor or the music.

I stand and hold out my hand. “Always.”

CHAPTER TWELVE

Work was a bitch tonight and instead of going home, I head for The Giving Place. I know Hades isn't expecting me before tomorrow night at the earliest, but I just can't face my apartment and a night by myself.

Saturday nights are always our busiest, but tonight was something else. Someone spiked a shitload of drinks and there were kids dropping like flies. The cops got called in and one of the kids didn't just pass out but nearly died. It was a fucking mess. At least the security cameras caught the guy doing the tampering and the last I heard, he's in custody. I just know I'm so keyed up I won't be able to sleep for ages and I need to fight and fuck until I'm too tired to think, or stay awake.

And if I'm being brutally honest, I want to wake up tomorrow morning in Hades's bed, with him wrapped around me.

I have a toothbrush here now, along with a couple changes of clothes. It just makes life easier. I still give as good as I get, and one of these times, I'm going to catch Hades on an off night and win the battle for domination. I keep telling myself that anyway.

I knock on his door, then try the handle, but it's locked. I bang on the door again. "Come on and open up already."

The door swings open, Hades standing there in his robe and nothing else, looking like I woke him up. Too bad for him.

I have to give it to him, despite having obviously been asleep and not expecting me, he doesn't miss a beat. He just grabs my arm and pulls me in, then pushes me up against the closing door and takes my mouth in a hard kiss.

I push at his shoulders and bite at his lips, already feeling the tension easing some. I push some more, and he moves backward a step or two. I keep shoving, keeping him moving. I don't care that he's letting me. This is exactly what I need.

We eventually wind up in the bedroom and he tears my T-shirt off. The sound of the material ripping sends a ripple down my spine. Yes.

Then he shoves me on the bed, and I bounce and glare up at him. He stares back and shrugs out of his robe so he's standing there gloriously naked, his cock hardening. When I don't move to take off my jeans, he lets one eyebrow go up.

"If you're just going to stand there, I'm out of here," I tell him, sitting up, my feet on the ground.

"In your dreams." He pushes me back down and puts one big hand in the middle of my chest, holding me down as he pops open the top button of my jeans, yanks the zipper down. Then he drags them off me, my cock bouncing back up toward my belly as it's freed.

"You're going to have to beg for anything else you want tonight," he warns me.

I shake my head, but my mouth is already opening, the words popping out. "I need you to fuck me." I can pretend to not want to bottom some other night.

Nodding, he reaches over for the lube and tosses it next to me. "Prep yourself. And then I'll fuck you through the mattress."

I grab the lube and slick up my fingers, because I need him too badly to snarl and

growl. I need him to make everything else disappear.

His fingers slide across my chest, and he flicks my right nipple. I hiss. I swear, they're still sensitive from Tuesday. He spent the entire morning playing them with his fingers, with his teeth.

He stands and I frown. "Where are you going?" I'll have myself ready in seconds and I need him focused.

"Nipple clamps and maybe the cock sleeve."

I shake my head. I just need the fucking, nothing else.

"Yes. You may have asked nicely—for once—but I'm still running the show." He tilts his head. "Of course, we could forgo the clamps if you let me pierce your nipples." It's the same thing he says every time he brings out the nipple clamps, and I always tell him no.

So, I look him in the eyes and I take a deep breath and I tell him, "Go for it."