

# Damon's Club: Number Twelve

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## Number Twelve

The routine was pretty easy. Feredir knew it by heart -- it wasn't the first, nor would it be the last time that he stopped at Damon's club for the Wednesday night event.

They called it *Blind Date*. Feredir didn't really want to argue with the poster that took up almost all the front window -- he wasn't his place to tell Damon that it was false advertising. The Blind Dates at the Club had little in common with what mortals and Elves alike associated with the term, unless you took into consideration what happened after the date. In that, they specialized.

Feredir walked in, checking himself in the full sized mirror right inside the revolving doors. Black T-shirt, black jacket, jeans that hung low on his hips, his blue eyes peering from between too-long bangs; he smiled slightly, ducked his head and turned to the bouncer waiting for him to sign up at the entrance.

Name (or the name you wanted to be used), preference (male), race (not important), appearance (lean, 6'5, dark hair, blue eyes), kinks (all of them). Feredir filled his form quickly, handed it to the bouncer and got his number in return. He wandered off with a smile, waiting for his number to be called.

It didn't take long -- it never did. He didn't know where it was a draw or if they actually went through files and paired people up, but his number was called ten

minutes later, and the bouncer gave him a key to one of the backrooms, hidden by the red velvety curtains on the far side of the club.

Feredir crossed the hall quickly, the key burning in his hand. "Twelve, twelve, twelve..." he stopped in front of the door and smiled, a shiver running down his spine. The thrill never left -- no matter how many times he went through the routine, those first few seconds before he unlocked the door to see what gorgeous beauty was waiting for him on the plush four posters were like a shock of adrenaline.

He took a deep breath, turned the key, and walked in.

There, spread out like a fucking playboy centerfold, lay one of the most gorgeous humans Feredir had ever lay eyes upon. Tall, almost as tall as he was, short cropped blond hair, dark green eyes, and freckles as far as the eye could see, on miles of perfectly shaped golden limbs. He was already half hard, his beautiful cock curled against his belly, at least nine inches if Feredir's eye wasn't betraying him.

"Fuck," was all he could say, and he walked closer to the bed, enthralled.

The human smiled, eyes downcast, almost bashful. Feredir could feel all his blood rush to his cock already, dizzy with the need to be buried balls deep in that sweet little piece of ass on display for him.

"Hi," the human whispered, looking at him through lowered eyelashes. "Are you my master?"

Holy motherfucking shit. Feredir didn't think it was possible for him to get worked up so fast, but apparently he was wrong. He stopped at the foot of the bed, looking down at the human as though he couldn't believe he was real. He was a figment of his imagination, walked out of a fucking wet dream, for Galadriel's light.

"Yes," he whispered, voice low and commanding. He didn't miss the hitch in the human's breath, or the way his dick hardened at the sound of Feredir's voice. "Lay back," he ordered, shrugging his jacket off. He watched as the human complied. "Spread your legs."

He did, his pink, clenched hole on display, and Feredir crawled over the bed, his hands grasping the human's thighs and pushing them further apart, feeling the muscles tighten and strain under his palms.

"What's your safe word?" Feredir muttered, his lips brushing against the symmetry line down the human's chest.

"Roma."

Feredir slowly moved up the human's body, teeth nibbling lightly at the hard lines of his muscles. "And what's your name, pretty?"

"Leo," he whispered back, his flush deepening slightly.

Feredir grinned, predatorily, his thumbs digging softly in the groove of Leo's thighs. Leo dug his head in the pillows, his breath already short, shredded.

Feredir's lips pursed around one of his nipples, suckling and biting until it hardened between his teeth. Leo moaned thinly, his cock leaking against the hard panels of his abs, and Feredir pushed him hard against the bedding, his jean-clad legs dragging against the soft skin of Leo's thighs.

Leo raised his hands to clutch at Feredir's hair, but Feredir intercepted them, grabbing both wrists in one of his hands and pushing them back against the headboard, his eyes pool of liquid fire. "Don't move. You can't touch. Just lay there and take it like the good lil' slut you are."

Leo's eyes widened, a shiver raking his body at Feredir's words. He nodded, full bottom lip pulled between his teeth, and Feredir smirked, guiding his hands to hold on to the headboard.

"Don't move," he repeated, voice rough as sandpaper. His hands left Leo's wrists and went to unbutton his jeans, his thick cock springing out and slapping against his belly. Leo half-gasped, his eyes wide and awed at the sight, and Feredir bit back a chuckle. He knew he was huge, and he would be lying if he said he didn't enjoy it. This was going to be the best ride of the human's life, Feredir would make sure of that.

He crawled up Leo's body, straddling his face, and guided the weeping tip of his dick across Leo's cheeks, drawing pearly white strands of precome over his freckled cheekbones, down to the strawberry-red curve of his lips.

Leo made a sound in the back of his throat that could've been anything -- hunger, want, desire, all of the above. "Do you want this?" He whispered, shivers running along his spine at Leo's harsh panting, Feredir's dick hardening impossibly in his hand as he guided it to paint Leo's face. "Could tell you do. You're fucking salivating for it, aren't you? Think you can take it all?"

Leo smirked, a hint of cocky-ness seeping through his humble sub act. "Yes, Sir."

*Fuck.* Feredir's stomach tightened, but he managed to keep his cool and smirk right back. He didn't wait for Leo's say-so. In a smooth roll of hips, he pushed his cock past half-open lips, stretching Leo's mouth impossibly wide around the leaking head. Leo struggled to breathe through his nose, gagging slightly around the girth, and the sound went straight down to the base of Feredir's spine, heat spreading through the rest of his body.

Leo groaned as if it was the best thing he ever tasted, starting to suckle on the tip, tongue pressing flat on the underside. The hand on his head kept him still. Feredir forcing another inch or two inside his mouth as he groaned softly above him. "Good, baby, so good."

Leo swallowed around the dick in his mouth, and Feredir grunted, pushing all the way in, Leo's nose buried in the soft curls of hair at the base of his cock. Feredir took a moment to recompose himself, then began to pull out. His thrusts were short, hard, burying himself in the wet heat of Leo's mouth as deep as he could go. Leo took it all, sucking eagerly, wantonly, as though he was made for this. A string of breathless whimpers pushed past his lips, precome and spit trailing down the corners of his mouth to his chin.

"Now this is what I call a good slut," Feredir praised, slightly out of breath, his hand cupping the side of Leo's cheek, feeling the shape of his cock stretching him wide. "Get it nice and wet, cos that's all you'll be getting."

Leo's moans vibrated over Ferderir's cock and nearly pushed him over the edge. He pulled out, his fingers plunging past Leo's abused lips, thumb running along his chin. "Gonna give your hungry little ass what it wants," he muttered, staring deep in Leo's eyes as Leo sucked on his fingers. Leo's pupils were wide and dilated, lost in ecstasy, and Feredir didn't think he'd ever seen a human so beautiful, offering his body like a sacrifice. He let his fingers slip out of Leo's mouth and dipped back down on the bed. Leo kicked his legs further apart, knees bending back against his chest and his ass as wide open as it could go in that position. Feredir smiled, a rush of heat making his heat skip several beats as he run his wet fingertips over the rim of Leo's hole.

Feredir pushed in, feeling the muscles part and give way, the ragged moan that left Leo's mouth all the encouragement he needed. He thrust his fingers up to the knuckle, fucking him open with rough, quick movements of his hand, watching as Leo trashed underneath him, his neglected cock blood heavy and painfully hard against his belly. "Please," Leo moaned, biting his lips. "Please, just -- *please.*"

"Yeah, I gotcha," Feredir muttered, scissoring his fingers deep inside of Leo, drawing them out and spreading him as wide as he could as he lined himself up, his dick almost crying for release. He used his fingertips to keep Leo stretched, and pushed in, the large head splitting Leo open as it forced past the guardian ring of muscle.

Leo keened, long and guttural, his eyes rolling in the back of his head as he tried to relax against the onslaught. Feredir didn't give him time to adjust, plunging right in and not stopping until his balls slapped against the back of Leo's ass.

Leo's breath was short and erratic, his eyes half mast as he stared up at Feredir, still completely dressed, dark hair damp in his eyes, his hands spreading Leo wide as he crouched above him, his lips parted around a groan.

He drew all the way out, leaving Leo aching and empty for a handful of instants before slamming back in to the hilt. Leo wailed, each brutal thrust into his ass forcing his thighs hard against his chest. Feredir held him down and fucked him hard.

"Please, let me touch you," Leo moaned, his arms straining against the headboard. "Please -- I want -- I need --"

Feredir grabbed hold of Leo's wrists and yanked them forward, and Leo immediately wrapped his arms around Federir's shoulders, nearly sitting up on his lap as he bounced with the force of each thrust.

Feredir's hand wrapped around Leo's aching cock, and with two quick strokes he was coming, messy and hard and fast, all over their bellies, Feredir's jeans and the sheets, white ropes of come spurting in bursts as Leo cried and shook and clawed at Feredir's shoulders. His body tightened painfully around Feredir, and he grunted, teeth sinking in his lip as he worked his hips harder, faster. One hand framed Leo's face, Feredir's thumb following the curve of his mouth. "So -- Goddamn -- beautiful," he groaned, and with a final thrust, he came, too, smothering a growl against the abused skin of Leo's neck.

It took a while for either of them to get their bearings back. Eventually, Feredir managed to pull himself together, sliding his softening cock out of Leo's ass and rolling to the side on the bed, his chest heaving with hard, short breaths.

"That was somethin'," Leo whispered, his voice rough and dry, green eyes sparkling in a smile as he hoisted himself up and looked down at Feredir.

Feredir's smile mirrored Leo's. He leaned closer, his hand tangling in Leo's hair as he draw him in for a long, soft kiss. "Name's Feredir," he said as he pulled back, sinking in the pillows.

Leo inched closer to him, taking his hand and guiding Feredir's arm around his chest. "Pleased," he grinned exhaustedly, his eyes fluttering shut.

For once, Feredir didn't mind staying.

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