

Encounter: Something Special

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Something Special

“Whoa.” Christopher barked out a laugh. He often took the role of designated cook, but Peter could manage in the kitchen, and he’d been paying attention whenever Chris threw a meal together. So, when Peter declared his plans for tonight, said he would prepare something special, Chris had expected a decent dinner if not a sumptuous one.

Clearly, Peter’s thoughts were on things other than food. The outfit he wore took Christopher’s mind back to the day they’d met. His sister had hired Peter from Walker’s Wash-ups to raise a smile -- and other things. Peter’s uniform consisted of the customer’s apron of choice. The novelty had quickly lost its glamour. Now, Peter seemed to be resurrecting the fun side of apron-couture.

The PVC wipeable fabric carried a bright print of a naked man wearing leathers. Chris couldn’t prevent his gaze wandering up and down. Opening his mouth to speak, Chris discovered he needed to clear his throat first.

“I’ve never been into leather, but that apron gives me a fair idea of how you’d look. I may have to buy --”

Peter turned. The view from behind showed he wasn't naked under the apron as Chris had surmised. The sight cut off Christopher's words as sharply as if someone had squeezed his windpipe. Fine leather straps and buckles bisected Peter's upper body. A posing pouch cupped his genitals and proved to be a snug fit.

Astonished at how his throat went dry, Christopher struggled to swallow before he approached. His gaze followed the trail of his fingertips as he drifted his touch whisper-gentle over Peter's smooth skin. "You look amazing," he managed to say, in the same breath deciding he might have to change his mind about the dressing up factor.

"Good." Nervous humour shivered through Peter's voice. "I don't dress up like this for just anybody. Never have before."

Peter admitted much in that confession. Christopher said nothing. As Peter had never been in a homosexual relationship before, Christopher wasn't surprised. No reason a man shouldn't dress for a woman, but from what he knew of Peter's ex-girlfriend she hadn't been the adventurous sort. He hadn't entirely known how adventurous Peter could be. The outfit... had possibilities.

He cupped both of Peter's buttocks, the unusual but exquisite sensation of soft leather over flesh delightful. The gear wasn't cheap, being real and remarkably supple. He worked those cheeks, pulling them a little apart, pushing them together as much as the tight yet pliable material would allow, detecting the underlying firmness of muscle and flesh.

His breath sped. His cock tingled. "Is the view as enticing from the front?"

Peter shrugged, a subtle lift and fall of his shoulders. Christopher reached for the apron's ties, tugged, pulled them loose. He lifted the apron over Peter's head and tossed it aside. His lover only turned when Christopher's hands guided him.

The body harness was tight, had to feel constricting. Even as Peter breathed, the straps drew over his skin, pulling on him. The cut appeared firm around his nipples leaving just enough of an aperture for the nubs to poke through. Christopher caressed them, smiled when he heard Peter's breath hitch.

He gazed down. The pouch that fitted Peter so well from the back, contoured his shape equally agreeably in front. The outfit wasn't a duplicate of the image depicted on the apron, but close.

Christopher went to his knees, breathed in. He smelt the scent of a clean man, warm skin, and rich leather all mingling, kicking up his arousal. He squeezed his fingers around the 'package' in front of him. "Do I get to play?" He wasn't seeking permission but smiled when Peter twitched and nodded. His reaction wasn't exactly hesitant, but he could be shy. They had come a long way in their relationship already. That Peter would even think to do this for him, let alone follow through said much about their future.

Tonight wasn't for thinking of such concerns, or being thankful for them. Christopher pressed his hands and lips to the bundle of delights presented to him. Peter swelled under his touch filling the pouch, making the shape of things within even more prominent. In his clothes, Christopher's cock expanded, until it, too, felt restricted, the torment a strange delight.

He mouthed Peter's erection through the sack regardless of wetting the leather with his saliva. He'd have rather tasted Peter than the mild but alien flavour; however, there was something about having this second layer between them, the hide smooth, soft and warm against his lips... something about this 'skin' enveloping things both supple and hard within. He enjoyed the underlying movement of Peter's testicles as he nuzzled them.

Staring up the length of the Peter's body, he moved his head until he caught the man's gaze. His lover's blush made him even harder.

"I think," Christopher said as softly as the leather was malleable. "I think I'm going to take my time over something so special." He meant it but as Peter was the one wearing the sub gear it didn't feel right that he should be the one on his knees. Nothing better than to get Peter's hopes up though so he continued to do the things that he knew aroused his lover the fastest and once Peter's cock was straining at the leather as tightly

as Peter's groan, he stood and stepped back. The shock and bewilderment in Peter's eyes was priceless.

"Is the outfit all show?" BDSM wasn't something Christopher wanted in a relationship. That didn't mean adults couldn't play now and then, couldn't dance around the edge a little. He stroked Peter's cheek with a finger, contemplating what to do next.

That was easy. A reversal of their positions would do nicely enough.

Peter couldn't find any way to anchor himself. What had started out as a little fun, something to surprise Christopher with, had suddenly changed on him. He understood the touch of Christopher's finger sliding down his cheek only too well. Felt the nuance of Christopher's kiss when his lover took possession of his mouth in a way he could only call voracious. His lover's hot breath flowing over his lips, then by his ear, on his neck, heated his blood with anticipation; the argument that this wasn't at all what he'd had in mind lay weighty and unspoken on his tongue.

Something about the constriction of the outfit made Peter more aware of the differences in their physiques. Although their relationship was on equal terms something about the look in Christopher's eyes said he was the one in charge of whatever transpired in the next few minutes. Peter reached back, groping for and clinging to the kitchen work surface, tensing, preparing himself for what he knew was about to happen even before Christopher reached up to torment a nipple already hardening as if in fear. The combination of pain and pleasure sent an unexpected thrill from his torso straight through his body to his toes, making him quiver and at the same time tighten in every way possible.

"Well, well," Christopher whispered and only then did Peter come back to himself, realising he'd closed his eyes, wondering what the hell had just happened to him.

"Still have an erection?" Christopher whispered in his ear. Peter nodded. "Want mine?"

Peter swallowed, the click in his throat clearly audible.

"Can't have both of us going hungry," Christopher said, his intention clear. Peter decided to be obtuse.

"T-there's food for later. It just needs w-warming up."

"Nice try."

A bright burst of something like joy had Peter going to his knees with barely a push. His mouth was opening before he heard Christopher say something that included the word suck. He didn't hear the rest of the sentence -- his blood roaring in his ears drowning out sound. His senses narrowed down to taking his lover in, to equally wrapping his lips and arms around every inch that he could reach. By the time he felt Christopher's fingers tangling in his hair he couldn't tell which of them trembled more. Cock flexing, the rest of Christopher's body going stiff, Peter received only the barest warning before his lover reached release.

Pulling Peter up into his arms, Christopher tasted himself on his partner's lips, holding him close, wanting to tell him so much in a simple embrace as words were sometimes inadequate.

"W-what about me?" Peter practically whimpered, and only then did Christopher take heed of the sweaty condition of Peter's skin. The poor boy was suffering.

"That was too quick, but you're to blame for that." Chris traced the lines of leather still bisecting Peter's skin. "That was the appetiser." He met Peter's gaze. "After dinner, you'll be dessert."

He meant to keep his word and take his time over something so special.

Read how Peter and Christopher got together in "All Washed Up," available from Changeling Press.

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