

Encounter: Here Without You -- Scenes from the Hotel

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Scenes from the Hotel

Room 310. Give me ten minutes.

Hiram glanced at the screen once more. Meet him? Slash...

Damn. Another one nighter. "Better be there." Hiram scrubbed a hand over his face. According to the itinerary, he had room 314. Stopping by Slash's room wouldn't be out of the question. Did he want another quickie? Another slap and tickle session with the world famous drummer? *No* on the quickie, *yes* on the session.

Hiram stopped in front of the door to room 310. Had it been ten minutes? Fuck it. He knocked on the thick wood door.

"Yo," came the response from the other side.

Hiram shook his head. Trust Slash to answer with *yo*. "Bed check." He hated having to use the code word, but with Slash not ready to come out, Hiram made do.

"Yes!" Footsteps thumped and the lock clicked. The door whipped open and Slash, wrapped in nothing more than a towel, grinned back at him.

Growling, Hiram stepped into the hotel room. "I'm here."

Slash shoved the door shut. "You are. I'm ready." He dropped the towel and clasped his hands behind his back. "Master me."

Mastering Hiram could do. Well. He circled around his nude playmate. Every inch of Slash's body turned Hiram on. Yes, there were tattoos and a piercing or two, but they didn't make the man. He trailed his fingers down Slash's spine. They needed some rope. Hiram searched the room. A pair of clean socks peeked out of Slash's suitcase. Good enough.

Hiram grabbed the socks and knotted them together. He wound the thick cotton around Slash's wrists. Slash groaned.

"Did I give you permission to speak, Slave?"

"No, Sir."

Hiram yanked the socks hard, jerking Slash on his feet. He hated calling his partner Slave, but Slash had to learn. "Safe word?"

"Cadence." Slash bowed his head. "Sir."

Hiram grabbed a handful of Slash's ass, leaving marks with his fingernails. "Better." Hiram pushed down on Slash's shoulders with both hands. "On the floor. I want to see you beg."

"Thank you, Sir." Slash sank to his knees and bent over, presenting his ass.

His pet wanted spanked? Hiram removed the thick silver ring he normally wore and flexed his fingers. He spanked Slash twice, leaving the outline of his hand on Slash's skin.

Slash shivered and wriggled his bottom.

"Think you can handle more?" Hiram bit back a grin. Slash needed to be controlled. Needed to have someone spank the sass out of him. A thought crossed Hiram's mind. "Who else plays with you?"

"Just you, Sir." Slash angled his head and glanced up at Hiram. Something beyond simple obedience shone in his eyes.

Hiram flattened his hand across Slash's butt three more times. The sound of the slaps ricocheted around the room. Slash rocked back against Hiram's swats and threw his head back.

“Like that?” Hiram switched gears. “I want something out of this.” He strode around Slash. “I want you to please me.”

“Yes, Sir.” Slash rose up onto his knees and nuzzled the bulge in Hiram’s pants.

“That’s right. Get me nice and wet.” Hiram threaded his fingers into Slash’s spiky hair and tugged.

Slash groaned. He opened the fly of Hiram’s jeans with his teeth. Hiram’s cock poked out of the denim. He rocked his hips towards Slash.

“You know what to do.” Hiram inched back a bit. “But I want you to work for it.” Slash struggled forward and licked the blunt head of Hiram’s dick. “Just like that,” Hiram soothed.

This time, Hiram groaned. He drew a long breath and swayed as Slash engulfed Hiram in the wet heat of his mouth. Tingles started in Hiram’s belly. The orgasm never took long when he played with Slash. The man knew how to lick Hiram in all the right ways. Slash released Hiram’s cock and tilted his head down, flicking his tongue over Hiram’s sac.

“Sweet Jesus.” Hiram loosened his grasp on Slash’s hair and fought to get enough air into his chest. Damn. The muscles in his legs trembled and he gritted his teeth. He couldn’t come yet. Too fast. Hiram palmed his cock and stepped backwards.

“Enough,” he bit out.

Slash’s eyes widened as he looked up at Hiram. “Yes, Sir,” he mumbled and lowered his gaze.

“Not done with you.” Hiram whipped his wallet from his back pocket and grabbed the condom he kept there just in case. “Want your ass.” He tossed the wallet over his shoulder and ripped the foil packet with his teeth. “Up.” Hiram helped Slash to his feet and tugged him to the bed. Head bowed and cock pointing to Hiram, Slash stood before Hiram.

Hiram plopped down onto the bed, leaned forward and swiped his tongue over Slash’s cock. Slash shivered and moaned. Hiram reached around Slash and untied the socks. “Lay down. Want to look at your eyes when I take your ass.”

A tiny smile curled the corner of Slash's mouth as he happily complied. He sprawled on the bed, legs open. Hiram shoved his pants to his knees and rolled the condom over his erection. Shit. They needed lube.

"Want it to burn, Sir."

Hiram frowned at Slash's confession. Not because Slash spoke, but because they'd never talked about playing quite that rough. Hiram held out his hand. "Spit."

Slash stole a glance up at Hiram, then did as told. Hiram slicked himself with the spit, adding a couple of strokes by his own hand. Damn. This wasn't going to take long. Hiram held onto one of Slash's legs and lined himself up with Slash's asshole.

"Bear down on me." Hiram pushed past the tight ring of muscle. There wasn't enough lubrication, but that fact didn't seem to bother Slash. His eyelids slipped closed and his lips parted. Hiram grasped Slash's hips and seesawed into Slash's body. Slash clenched around him and held Hiram fast.

Holy shit. Never failed. Once they started to fuck, Slash's grip on Hiram came into play. Hiram gave up trying to hold back and pistoned into Slash. Slash groaned and braced himself on his shoulders and feet.

"Need to come, Sir."

Music to Hiram's ears. His own orgasm wasn't going to slow any time soon. "Come with me."

As Hiram emptied his load into the condom in Slash's ass, Slash spilled his seed all over his chest and splattered some onto Hiram's shirt. Hiram slumped over onto Slash, smearing come between them.

"You ruined my shirt." Hiram feathered kisses all over Slash's face. "I liked that shirt."

"Your security shirt? I like you better without." Slash nipped Hiram's bottom lip. "You left a change of clothes with me. You're good."

Good? Hiram climbed off Slash and kicked out of his pants. He strode to the bathroom to ditch the rubber. Maybe Slash was on to something. Hiram did feel good. Felt like he'd come home and found heaven with Slash. For now anyway. Hiram forked

his fingers into his hair and strode back into the bedroom. Slash already lay cuddled under the covers.

“Stay with me tonight.” Slash opened the blankets. “I’ve got this huge bed and no one to share it with. Stay and keep me warm.”

Hiram wasn’t ready to admit it out loud, but he wanted more than playtime. He wanted a relationship. For the time being, he’d give Slash space. Hiram ripped his shirt up over his head and ditched his socks.

“I’m here.” Hiram settled into bed beside Slash and rubbed his cheek against the top of Slash’s head. “Always right here.”

“You’re not just my security guard. You’re my best friend. Love you.” The soft sounds of Slash’s snores filled the air.

Hiram snorted. Slash would make a grand announcement right before he passed out. “Love you, too, Slash. Love you, too.”

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