

Encounter: Prince's Fiery Lash
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Prince's Fiery Lash

Al-an was, by far, the most attractive male and female Tian had ever met. The gnome salamander hybrid, Greek and West African to boot, was a gender switching elemental and his husband, Tian, lusted both of the other magical creature's forms.

Today, Al-an, birth name Alastair, was male and stripped naked. He stood with his arms stretched above his head, bound to a beam. His legs were spread and although no fetters held them so, Tian was sure his husband would be able to keep them there.

Fully as naked as his beloved except for a tied-off leather thong that would hopefully prevent his cock from spilling before they were both good and ready, Tian approached with a coiled whip in one hand and a length of thick leather over the opposite shoulder. "Al-an?" he asked, giving the gnome salamander's name the double syllables it deserved. "Open those beautiful eyes and look at me."

Al-an obliged him, revealing dark orbs like liquid chocolate or hot onyx. They flickered between these colors as freely as their bearer changed from male to female. "What is it you wish of me?"

"What word will you speak if the pain or sensation becomes too much?"

Al-an grinned. "Sappho."

Content, Tian dropped the whip between Al-an's spread legs and, stepping to within perfect striking distance, let fly with the strip of leather's tapered end. This particular pleasure tool spent most of its life holding up Tian's trousers, which meant every time Al-an looked at it, or Tian thought about it, a half erect cock was usually the result.

He made crisscross patterns on Al-an's chest, raising red welts as he pleased himself with his other hand, loving the way his beloved's eyes crossed as he tried to keep the end of the leather and Tian's roaming hand in view.

When they were both panting -- as much from exercise as arousal -- Tian let the leather strip fall. Then he went to his knees in front of his husband and kissed the mushroom-like end of the cock where he worshipped almost every night. He drank off the pre-ejaculate before sitting back on his heels and looking up. "You'd like me to satisfy the burning in your belly and nuts, wouldn't you?"

Al-an, an expert at this game, remained silent.

"Oh, so it's going to be like that, is it?" Tian was pleased. He tightened the thong around his cock and stood. Circling his husband, he spat in one hand and coated just the bulging tip of his sex. Then, without preparation or any warning, he thrust the first half inch of himself into Al-an's hole.

His beloved cried out. His hips bucked as he tried to get away from the violation that was welcome and yet so unexpected. He groaned and his legs trembled.

"Keep them spread," Tian ordered. "Else I'll finish alone and leave you bound here." Of course, Al-an could turn into a sentient flame or a self-aware pile of dirt momentarily and so escape his bonds but the threat was very real. Tian had sought his hand on more than one occasion just to frustrate Al-an. And if he, Tian, had been unsatisfied as well? That was just part of the game.

He pulled out and scooped up the whip. He struck the broad back before him, striking and striking until Al-an strained against his bonds for another reason. Blood had begun to flow. Tian didn't particularly enjoy seeing this much damage inflicted on his beloved but Al-an loved it. He said it was the closest his human form could come to knowing the dance of lava full-blooded salamanders savored.

He struck again, but this time he caught Al-an just a little too high on the back, almost at his neck, and his beloved cried, "Sappho!"

Tian immediately dropped the whip and examined the last mark it had made. "It's not deep," he told his husband. "I'm sorry it was so high."

"It's not the pain," Al-an answered. "I want you to see me."

Tian rounded his husband and faced him straight on. He saw copious amounts of pre-ejaculate dripping from the end of the gnome-salamander's cock.

"I don't want to find my pleasure just yet," Al-an said. "Please. Let me worship at your cock." He tugged at the ropes holding his arms over his head.

Because he had softened a little, Tian agreed. He whimpered in sheer delight when his beloved's lips were about his member. "You take more than I ever could," he murmured, meaning both the amount Al-an received into his mouth at one time and his endurance under the lash. "I like a beating but blood... "

"Lava, my love," Al-an mumbled. Then he was going down on Tian again. He popped a finger into his mouth along with Tian's length and Tian knew what was coming. He spread his legs in anticipation. The moment Al-an's moistened finger was inside, Tian began to rock on it.

"I'm loosening this," Al-an told him an instant before the confining bit of leather was removed from around Tian's cock.

Tian moaned. "Please don't tease me. Come into me."

Al-an rose. It seemed he couldn't resist such an invitation.

They were joined then, Tian bracing himself against a handy, sturdy table and his beloved bracing against him in turn. Their lusty moans must have reached the servants, but this was far from the first time they'd joined since reaching Al-an's island ancestral home. They even had a daughter thanks to Al-an's female guise. This being midnight, or close thereto, she was asleep.

And what was Tian thinking about? He refocused on the length impaling him. So glorious! He bowed his head and felt Al-an place a kiss on his nape. He moaned in ecstasy. "Deeper. Deeper."

When Al-an's thick and beautiful cock scraped Tian's secret spot, both of them groaned. And when he continued to press against that perfect place, Tian went over the edge.

He clenched every muscle, wanting to milk his husband's veiny member. He felt Al-an let go inside of him and he cried out his triumph.

After a few moments, Al-an pulled out. "Satisfied, my love?"

Tian turned to him and kissed the corner of his mouth lightly. "Only until morning."

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