

Lights Out

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“Come on, get in here.” Exasperation colored the speaker’s tone. A short string of curse words followed.

“Impatient much?” I said as I pushed open the heavy wooden door and walked into the padded chamber. It smelled of hot male sex and sweaty leather. Just the scent alone started my blood pumping south. The body of the guy against the far wall, well, the sight of him only made me harder. His back was to me -- the dim light over his head had burned out, hiding his face and casting the sculpted muscle of his back into a work of shadowed art. He was bare to the waist, a pair of jeans hung precariously low on his narrow hips. His arms were raised as if tinkering with something in the darkness above. Or, as if handcuffed there.

That would not be a bad thing.

“What are you doing here, Mister? This room is closed for repairs.”

He started to turn around, but I put my hand against his shoulder to hold him in place. “I’ll ask the questions here,” I whispered against his ear.

Although the BDSM club wouldn’t open for another hour or so, I was dressed for play in leather and chains. I fit my body against his, pressing my chest to his back. My fingers skimmed his sides, running up and down, barely touching his warm skin.

When he tried to lower his hands -- no cuffs then, drat -- I captured them in one hand and pinned them to the wall above his head. “Stay right where you are. Don’t move.”

“Or?”

“Or,” I said, licking the back of his neck, along his spine, “I will stop.”

“Well, we can’t have that, now can we, sir?”

My hands roamed his chest. Smooth skin, warm and tight. Especially around the small nipples that puckered under my fingertips. I pulled them in unison, just enough to elicit a small groan from his throat. “You like that?”

“For starters...”

I chuckled, then kissed his neck. His pulse kicked under my lips. My cock throbbed in response and I gave in to my selfish need to grind against his well-shaped ass. Not hard, but I definitely wanted him to feel my rising lust.

He pushed back against my crotch, rubbing his butt over the fly of my leather pants. I separated from him just enough to spank him. “Bad boy.”

“Ouch.”

It couldn’t have hurt him all that much because the word ended on a moan. I should have spanked him again, just to test the theory, but I missed his heat so I closed the gap between us once more.

My fingers worked at the buttons to his jeans, opening them one by one. The heavy fabric parted and I slipped my fingers under the waistband of his underwear. The rigid column of flesh rose up to greet my touch. I stroked the length of it in a light grip, listening to the sound of his rapid breathing.

I let go of his wrists and with that hand jerked his head back a little roughly by the hair so I could feast on his lips. Under my assault, his mouth opened and his tongue darted out to duel with mine. A deep growl rumbled in my chest. My cock hurt from scraping against the metal zipper. How I wanted this sexy, responsive man!

I yanked on his jeans until they fell to his knees. The underwear I ripped off his lean hips with a sharp jerk. I paused for a second to appreciate his gorgeous flanks, rubbing my hands up and down the backs of his thighs. “Spread ‘em.”

Of course, he couldn’t move far with the fabric caught around his knees, but it was enough for me to get my hand in between his ass cheeks.

"Hey, Mister, I don't..."

"Shut up."

I kissed him again to make sure he complied with my order. His hungry response assured me his token protest was in play.

A quick search of my zippered pockets proved I would have made an adequate boy scout; I was prepared. I extracted a small tube of lube and coated my fingers generously. I nipped his neck and shoulder as I worked one finger past the tight ring of muscle in his ass. Sweat beaded along his spine. In the low light, he seemed to glow with lust.

I licked his spine to capture his taste on my tongue. I longed to do more, but I was becoming increasingly impatient to be inside him. To take him. To claim him in the most primitive, animalistic way possible.

I withdrew my finger and then inserted two. His soft groan sent a shiver down my back. I scissored my fingers to widen his passage so the pain would be lessened when I filled him with my hard cock.

"More, I need more," he panted in between ragged breaths.

"You will get more," I vowed.

The rasp of the zipper on my pants being lowered acted like a bell signaling the final round of a boxing match. Already hard as stone and weeping pre-cum, I took only seconds to ready myself with a condom and lube.

"Want you. Hurry," he demanded.

"Cheeky brat." I pinched the head of my cock so it would more easily fit into his tight passage. It still took a bit of force to get it to pop past the tight ring of muscle. He shuddered under me, and I paused, afraid I'd hurt him too much.

"No, no... keep going."

He reached back for my hip to pull me closer, and I caught his wrist to hold him away. "Keep them on the wall."

"I want to touch you."

"No, not this time. Just feel me."

It was a brief battle of wills, but finally he yielded and returned his hands to the padded wall. I gripped his hips and thrust forward, slowly claiming him by inches.

“Ahhhhh.” The strangled moan slipped past his gritted teeth until I could go no further. “Yes, now fuck me.”

Growling, holding the lusty beast inside me to a very short chain, I withdrew until only the tip of my cock remained inside him. I shoved my way back in with one jerk of my hips. Out... then slamming in. Out... and in. Again and again until we moved as one, until the pleasure became so great I could no longer tell where he ended and I began.

The rising tide of orgasm tightened my balls. I wouldn't last much longer. From the way he met my every thrust in a passionate frenzy, I suspected my lover was equally close.

I bit the curve of his ear and whispered, “Come for me.”

Apparently beyond words, he merely shook his head.

I took his negation for what it was, a challenge. I wrapped my fist around his rigid shaft and stroked him with the same fervor my cock applied to his tight ass. “You will come for me. Now,” I barked out.

Muscle contractions shook his entire body as he let loose an animal cry of surrender. Warm white ropes of cum splattered against the black leather. His body clamped around my cock to the point of pain and still I kept fucking and stroking him, knowing my climax was only seconds away.

And while his seed still oozed over my fingers, orgasm burst over me. I threw my head back and growled as my cock pulsed and throbbed deep with him. Jets of cum bathed his inner passage until we were both utterly drained.

And even then I refused to leave his warmth, until at last my weak legs shuddered and gave way. The soft floor mat cushioned our fall, and we collapsed in a tangled heap. I gathered the man who had owned my heart for the last three years into my arms and kissed his shoulder. For a long time, the only sound in the chamber was

our ragged breathing and the occasional rustle of skin against fabric as we snuggled closer.

Suddenly, he chuckled.

“What?”

“You have a way of making me horny when I least expect it.”

“You didn’t call me down here for....” I gestured at the erotic mess we’d made of ourselves.

He laughed. “No.”

“Then what did you want?”

“Your long arms. The light’s out, and I couldn’t get the new bulb in.”

I rolled over, tucking him under me, and kissed him senseless. The light could stay that way for a long, long time, but some things couldn’t wait.

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