

Performing Joes: A Tale from Jade's Men

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"I can't believe she's asking us to perform for her. Like we're just a bunch of dolls to do her bidding." Rick pouted, slumping naked over the 70's porn bed she'd bought them. His mistress sure did like her props.

Colt snickered beside him. "Baby, we are a bunch of dolls to do her bidding. And since when have you ever refused sex for any reason?"

Rick ignored his lover, refusing to be drawn out of his pout. It wasn't like he was saying no. He just got tired of always being asked to perform for brief bits of time. Being used to mock up sex scenes for other stories. Where was his story? Where was his long, drawn-out tale of sexual bliss? But, nooo, he had to sit here and watch while she wrote about other men having fun. Waiting for his turn. Being seen as nothing but a prop to Mistress Jade.

To be fair, he had to admit he loved it. Especially when she got all creative and decided to pair him up with other people. Colt was his love, but the dominant man sure did get off on sharing Rick with others. Like John... and Ken... and Rhys and Dirk, Steve, Big Joe, Claire, Nicole... oh yes, he could definitely go for some sharing right about now.

Snorting, Colt brushed up against his back, pulling him close. His arm came around Rick, palm gliding down his belly and over his hard cock. The damn thing was always hard these days. Not that he was complaining.

"Seems to me you're not putting up much of a fight."

Rick wiggled, moaning when Colt increased the pressure, squeezing him just the way Rick liked. He liked everything Colt did to him, loved everything about the bigger man.

"Is this what you want, Baby? You want my hands on you, teasing you, driving you wild? One little scene, that's all she's asking for and I'm pretty sure you won't disappoint her, will you?"

Whimpering, Rick shook his head. Colt ran his other hand over his chest, thumb brushing over his nipples. Bending his head, his Dom brushed his lips over Rick's shoulder, sucking up what was sure to be a mark. Colt loved marking him, claiming him. If only he'd realize that Rick belonged to him no matter what marks his body held.

"Please, Colt, please..."

"What? Tell me what you need, Baby."

"You, I always need you."

Colt chuckled against his skin, rewarding him with a teasing stroke to his balls. "What do you want me to do?"

"Anything, oh God, Colt, whatever you want. Please..."

He gasped, shuddering in Colt's hold. He'd do anything for this man, whatever he wanted. Hell, hadn't he dressed up in a pink skirt last year just because Colt wanted to see him in it?

Colt released him, moving around in front of him and pushing Rick until his back slammed on the bed. Rick whimpered again, letting his knees fall to the side, spreading his legs for Colt's pleasure. Growling, Colt leaned in, inhaling deeply, drawing Rick's scent into his lungs.

Rick wiggled his hips, pleading wordlessly for Colt to finish him. He was always needy the first time, Colt knew that. And the man had never left him hanging... yet. There was always a first time, but Rick was praying Colt wouldn't do that to him now. He needed release. A release only Colt could give him, no matter how many others shared their bed. What he had with Colt was something else, something uniquely theirs.

Colt slid his palms up Rick's thighs, testing the quivering muscles. Rick tossed his head, keeping his gaze on Colt. The man grinned, pushing up until his body was braced over Rick's. Slowly, almost painfully deliberate, Colt lowered himself until they were plastered against each other. Skin rubbing against sweat-slicked skin. Rick undulated, trying to get as much of Colt as he could.

"Are you ready for me, Baby? Just the way I like it?"

Rick nodded, humming happily when Colt shifted upward, lifting Rick's legs until his knees were pressed to his chest. Wiggling his toes in contentment, Rick choked on a gasp when Colt sucked one big toe into his mouth, laving it with his tongue.

Colt's hands moved down his legs, petting him with firm strokes, teasing him with his fingertips. His cock bumped against Rick's ass, and he wiggled again, trying to get that inside him.

A loud smack sounded in the room, Colt's unspoken reminder that he was in charge here. Rick smirked at the man above him, sticking out his tongue when Colt growled.

"None of that, Baby, or Mistress Jade is going to be mighty disappointed. She wanted a scene and you're going to behave yourself or she'll walking away with nothing."

Rick pouted briefly, before nodding.

Colt continued to stroke his fingers down Rick's body, teasing over his ass, dipping into his crack with gentle strokes. He wasn't used to this from Colt, and the gentleness got him every time. Made him crazy for something more. Just like Colt knew it would. Rick whimpered, needy.

"I wouldn't leave you hanging, and you know that," Colt whispered, shifting them again until Rick's legs were wrapped around his waist and Colt's chest was pressed against his own. The position made his lower back ache, but he wasn't going to complain about it. He wanted to be as close to Colt as physically possible.

Obviously in agreement, Colt chose that moment to grasp his shaft in his hand, rubbing the tip against Rick's hole.

“Please, Colt, please, now... Don’t make me wait, please, fuck me, please...” He was already lubed, wet and ready for his lover. He needed this. Now.

Colt thrust his hips, sinking into Rick’s ass in one smooth movement. Oh, oh, oh... that felt... Rick closed his eyes, letting the sensations rush over him, wallowing in them.

Colt grunted when he seated himself fully inside Rick. Pulling out until just the head of his cock remained inside Rick, he snapped his hips, thrusting in forcefully. His belly rubbed over Rick’s cock, driving him wild.

“Oh, oh, Colt, Colt.” Rick tossed his head again, running his hands over Colt’s shoulders, squeezing his thighs together around the man’s hips. His feet rubbed over Colt’s thighs, trying to give Colt as much pleasure as he was getting from the other man. Glorifying in the feel of Colt against his body, chest to chest. He squeezed his ass, wanting the man to come, knowing Colt would bring him back again later. His lover was practically insatiable. It was good to be a doll sometimes. Near perfect sexual stamina definitely ranked high up on his list of things to be thankful for.

Colt growled harshly, sweat beading on his forehead, his jaw clenched tightly. He groaned painfully, snapping his hips. Rick arched his back, meeting every one of Colt’s thrusts.

The other man reached down with one hand, separating their bodies briefly. Rick moaned when that talented hand closed around his shaft, milking him in time to Colt’s thrusts.

Rick screamed when he came, his seed spurting out between Colt’s fingers. Colt was a second behind him, thrusting in one last time before freezing, his jaw clenched tightly.

Slumping heavily on top of Rick, Colt gasped for breath. Rick smoothed his hands over Colt’s back, soothing them both.

“Think that did it for her?” Rick snickered.

“If it didn’t, I’d be more than happy to put on a repeat performance.” Colt grasped Rick’s ass, squeezing meaningfully.

Rick moaned, happily wiggling in the man's hold. Yep, they'd definitely be putting on a repeat performance later. Life was good. Even if he was laying on a bad 70s porn bed.

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