

* *Lady Aibell Press* *

PLAYING DRESS-UP

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by

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Playing Dress-up

He'd tried on every costume in the shop.

Angels. Devils. Fairies.

Sheiks. Romans. Cowboys.

Superheroes. Presidents. Celebrities.

The gorilla costume made both him and the shopkeeper roar with laughter.

Finally, when they were just about to give up, something caught his eye, making him stop and smile.

By the time Katya was finished transforming him, Bast didn't recognize himself.

The temptation to just call Trick, his Chosen one, and have his sweets meet him at Melanie's party was strong, but he got into the cab and headed home. Bast loved surprises, but his sweets needed a bit of time in private to adjust to them.

Bast sashayed out of the elevator, made-up and bewigged in a mass of black ringlets, acres of purple brocade and lace surrounding him. The corset, fiendishly tight whalebone forcing him into a waspish waist, was spectacular, worth alone what the rest of the costume had been. It had him aware of how his body moved; the way each step moved his ass, his belly. Oh, he could slink with the best of them, but the corset intensified it, making each breath sexy.

"Sweets? You around?"

"Yeah, just finishing up a shower." Trick came out of the bathroom wearing jeans and nothing else. He stopped short, mouth dropping open.

Still damp, Trick's blond hair curled around his neck, drawing Bast's eye automatically to the tiny white lines in his skin: one hiding in the dip of his ripped abdomen, one by the nipple over his heart, several at his neck—the one right at his pulse point the thickest. Oh, it wasn't visible unless you knew what to look for, but that one held the promise of eternity in it.

Bast grinned and did a pirouette; the skirts ballooning around him, making his waist seem even smaller. "You like it?"

"Holy fuck! Bast? You're...a chick." Trick's eyes were wide open. He licked his lips, wetting them, drawing Bast's gaze.

"Only on the outside, I swear it." He winked, moving farther into the apartment, letting the skirts of his dress hide the movement of his feet so he seemed to glide across the floor. "And I'm a *lady*, thank you very much. No *chick* would have an outfit this expensive."

Trick laughed; the sound throaty, thick. "God, Bast, you look fucking incredible."

His sweets approached him slowly, almost stalking toward him, eyes caught by him in his corset. Trick's hands slid around Bast's waist, fingers meeting front and back. "Shit, doesn't that hurt?"

"No. It's tight, though, so I can't *forget* it's there, you know?" It wasn't as if breathing was important after all, now was it? He purred softly, moving beneath Trick's fingers, loving the heat, the hint of Trick's pulse. "Your hands feel good, sweets."

"Yeah?" Trick spared him a quick glance and a smile—both heated, distracted—and then looked back down at Bast's waist. Trick slowly drew his hands up along the corset, fingers drawing warmth on his skin through the lace and whalebone. Trick's thumbs stroked across his nipples, which drew up tight and hard—begging for more.

"Yeah." The fascination in Trick's eyes was addictive, gratifying, sexy as fuck.

"If we're going to hit the party on time, shouldn't you get dressed, sweets?" He could tease; after all, he was dressed to tease, to taunt, to make men want him.

"Party? Oh, yeah..." Trick's eyes never left the corset, though one of his hands did, pulling some of the ringlets over Bast's shoulder. "I like the way this shines, but is soft, too. Really cool."

"Yeah, Katya did a great job." Trick was making him hard, which was okay, given it wouldn't show through the dress, and making him hungry, which was less okay, given his makeup job would *never* survive. But then, nothing suited his lips like Trick's blood.

"What...what's your costume, sweets?"

"A pirate." Trick grinned, looking at him with heat and need in his eyes. "You know; the kind that ravishes fair damsels. I figured I could wear my jeans and one of your flowery white shirts."

"Mm...are you planning on ravishing me, Chosen?" He took a step back, flirting and teasing, smiling up at Trick with his eyes.

"It kind of seems like the thing to do," Trick murmured.

His Chosen was already wearing those tight jeans, but nothing more, a few drops of water still clinging to his chest. One drop slid down, passing Trick's belly and disappearing into his jeans, which at the moment, fit more snugly than Bast's corset.

"Does it?" If they weren't careful, he'd smear his lipstick on that sweet, hard cock, but he wasn't sure the corset would let him bend that way and it sure as hell was keeping his breath light and shallow.

"Oh, fuck it, Bast!" Trick's hands circled his waist again, pulling him in close as Trick's mouth descended on top of his, kissing him hard, tongue pushing into him as Trick's patience ran out.

Bast groaned, lips parting immediately, arms rising to wrap around Trick's neck, his thumb tracing the set of thin scars over the pulse-point of his sweet's throat. Trick pushed against him, the layers of velvet and lace getting in the way of their bodies pressing together. A soft whimper filled his mouth, Trick's complaint about the lack of access.

"Mm...help me get undressed, sweets. We can be late to the party." Bast nipped at Trick's lips, at his strong jaw. "You make me hungry."

Trick's head went back, giving him room to play. "I don't know, baby-boy—you look mighty pretty in that, maybe you should keep it on while I ravish you."

"In all this? You can't even reach me." He nibbled along Trick's throat, every few bites a little harder, a little more serious. Trick was making small, needy noises interspersed with gasps, the hands at his waist holding him tighter than the corset.

Bast could remember, vaguely, one of his kind—what? A hundred years ago? Two? Dancing with her partners in huge ballrooms and sipping on them, feeding, yet not feeding; never messing her clothes, never bringing her partners to orgasms, keeping them on the edge for hours. He envied that patience.

Bast broke Trick's skin with his bite, letting the slow drops of blood stain his lips before lapping the tear closed. He felt a slow ripple moved through Trick, heard a soft sob filling the air. Even through the tight jeans, he could smell Trick's cum.

Bast continued biting and nipping, licking and loving his Chosen, sating his hunger and building his passion a single drop at a time. Trick shook, arousal returning slowly but surely with each and every nip. Small whimpers filled the air, Trick's fingers opening and closing on the corset, on his waist, the heat of Trick's skin seeping into him, outside and in.

Bast lifted his face, eyes still aglow, lips swollen and hot from feeding. "Kiss me."

Trick's lips closed over his again immediately, tongue lapping at them, sliding over his teeth and into his mouth. He pulled at Trick's tongue, growling softly in frustration as his cock met nothing but slips and skirts in its search for Trick's skin.

Trick started to help, to pull up his skirts, Trick's hands now tangled in the whole mess. "Fuck, baby-boy..."

Bast was exactly seven seconds from tearing the skirt off the bodice himself. That was when Trick's knuckles brushed against his cock, making him shudder. Okay, five seconds.

Trick groaned, the sound soft, heavy with frustration, and the decision to tear the skirt off was no longer his. Trick grabbed the material on either side of the corset and pulled hard, the sound of material ripping loud and satisfying.

Bast's mouth opened and he meant to make a joke about Katya being pissed or Trick being impatient. What came out was a snarled, "Need you to fuck me."

Trick made a noise that wasn't a quite a growl and grabbed him tight around the waist, pushing him up against the closest wall. "Yes," groaned Trick, mouth closing hard over his.

He met the kiss with equal strength, hands tight in Trick's hair, body rocking against skin and denim. Fuck, he needed Trick. Now. Hard. Here.

Trick pushed off the offending jeans and shoved aside the torn material of Bast's skirts. Two strong, hot hands slid beneath Bast's ass, lifting him up and spreading him open. So eager and wanton, Trick's mood perfectly matched his own.

"Can't wait," growled Trick as his wet-tipped cock slid along Bast's crease.

"Now, Chosen." Bast let Trick see his need, his hunger, let all the masks slip away. No one saw him like this. No one but Trick: his sweets, his Chosen.

"Fuck. Love you." Trick tilted him and shoved in, hard and hot and insistent, not stopping until he was pressed tight against the wall, with Trick deep inside. He was caught, impaled, held between the hard wall and the hot muscles and bones of his Chosen.

Bast growled, body clenching hard, loving the pressure, the heat, and the burn. Loving Trick. Their lips met again, heated and insistent, tongue and teeth moving together.

Trick grabbed his legs, pulling them up around his sweets' waist, and then started to move. No timid, careful in and out; Trick knew what he wanted, knew what they both needed, and thrust hard and deep, over and over.

Bast gasped into Trick's mouth, groaning as Trick's hot hands fastened hard around his waist again, tighter than the corset. His body tightened in response, clenching around Trick's cock, squeezing. Trick moaned, thrusting harder, faster, tongue and cock working in tandem.

Bast lifted Trick's chin, resting his teeth on the silky skin, waiting until he felt his balls

tighten, the pleasure spark and slide down his spine. To strike. To bite. To feed deep. To take Trick into himself and merge them together in a way no simple fucking could.

Trick shuddered. “Oh yeah, baby-boy. Feed. Take it, take me.”

“Chosen!” He fed, sobbing and coming as the hot, copper splash of blood filled his mouth and throat.

Trick’s scream echoed the flavor in his mouth, heat filling his ass as well. Trick was in him and all around him, everywhere. With Trick’s blood pumping in both their veins, there was no way to know where he started and Trick ended. They sank together to the floor, Bast’s mouth still sucking softly on Trick’s skin, tongue sealing the flesh. He stayed wrapped in Trick’s arms, holding Trick’s cock inside him.

The tatters of his dress lay around them, only the bodice remaining relatively unscathed.

“Oops,” murmured Trick, sounding anything but sorry.

“It’ll mend,” Bast chuckled, licking and nuzzling the warm wetness of Trick’s neck, “which is good, because I think you liked it.”

Trick gave him a sheepish look. “I like this,” he said softly, hands brushing over the corset once again. “I like the shiny, silky feeling of it and the way it fits you, the way it shows you off.”

Bast licked Trick’s jaw. “It laces up the back. Just think about how it would look—just the corset against bare skin—while you fucked me from behind.”

The cock inside him twitched hard, a soft moan spreading through the air between them. “Gimme a minute or two.”

Bast chuckled, lapping his way up to Trick’s mouth. “Oh, I do *love* finding a good clothing investment.”

Trick’s tongue slid between his lips. As the kiss deepened, he considered calling Melanie and letting her know they couldn’t make it. As Trick started helping him get the bodice off, fingers working the laces against his back, cock rocking within him, he considered calling Katya and ordering another couple of corsets—PVC and rubber, maybe.

As Trick lifted him and took him to their bed, he decided the fucking phone calls could wait.

THE END

About the Author

Sean Michael

Often referred to as "Space Cowboy" and "Gangsta of Love" while still striving for the moniker of "Maurice," Sean Michael spends his days surfing, smutting, organizing his immense gourd collection, and fantasizing about one day retiring on a small secluded island populated entirely by horseshoe crabs. While collecting vast amounts of vintage gay pulp novels and mood rings, Sean whiles away the hours between dropping the f-bomb and pursuing the Kama Sutra by channeling the long lost spirit of John Wayne and singing along with the soundtrack to "Chicago."

A long-time writer of complicated haiku, currently Sean is attempting to learn the advanced arts of plate spinning and soap carving sex toys.

Barring any of that? He'll stick with writing his stories, thanks, and rubbing pretty bodies together to see if they spark.

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