



Ropes, a Between Friends story

by Sean Michael

Peter watched as Samuel stripped, each piece of clothing slowly removed and carefully folded as if Samuel were not almost trembling with anticipation, his lithe body pale and beautiful, his dark curls falling about his face, eyes wide, pupils huge with need. They weren't the only thing huge with need, Samuel's cock was already hard, already leaking from the tip.

And all Peter had done was get out the thick, black rope, its weight dangling from his hand.

When Samuel was naked, shoes and socks next to the small pile of clothes on the floor near the door, Peter allowed himself to smile. "Bend over, hands braced on the bed, Samuel."

"Yes. Yes, sir." Samuel looked at him for a long moment, drinking him in, then went to bend for him.

He loved that; the moment of connection that tied them both together as they began. He also loved the way Samuel's body moved for him, legs spreading, ass high, inviting.

"Your cock first, Samuel. Because you're not allowed to come until I say so."

"No?" The tease was gentle and fond, Samuel offering him a smile, encouraging his own joy to show.

He chuckled softly, hand sliding along Samuel's spine. "No. You'll have to wait until I allow it." He slid his hand over the round globes, down to cup Samuel's balls.

Samuel arched under his touch, nodding as those thin thighs spread. "Oh. Oh, Peter. Your hands." Yes, his lover was quite taken with his fingers, his hands. His touch. And there would be lots of touch tonight.

He went to his knees so he could see, and wrapped the end of the rope around the base of Samuel's cock, and then around his balls, pulling it tight. It got him a low cry, Samuel going up on

tip-toe. The black rope was fascinating, where it pressed into the pale skin. So beautiful. Leaning in, he kissed each ball, left a soft lick on them. Samuel shuddered for him, the soft, soft skin shaved clean for him, so carefully, so completely.

He slid his fingers over the bare balls, over the bound cock, and kissed the tip, tongue taking away the liquid drops of need. Then he stood again, bringing the rope up along Samuel's crack. Samuel's muscles clenched, the motion instinctive, unavoidable as the rope touched Samuel's hole, brushed that tiny ring of muscles.

"Yes, so needy." He massaged Samuel's ass until Samuel relaxed, and pulled the rope tight, bringing it up along Samuel's spine and over his right shoulder.

"I always need you." Samuel moaned, hips moving, rolling in little jerks.

"Good." He was not going to deny how much he needed that from Samuel, how good it made him feel.

He wrapped the rope in several tight loops down around Samuel's right arm, and then back up, the black so dark against the pale skin, and the texture rough against Samuel's silk.

"It's tight." It wasn't a complaint, Peter didn't think. Samuel just needed to share with him, talk to him.

"I want it to be tight. I want it to leave marks so when I take it off, I can still see where it was." He wrapped a band across Samuel's chest and then went down and up his other hand. "What else is it?"

"It burns, just a little. Not quite itchy, you know? Not as soft as the blue rope."

"The blue rope was too soft for tonight. I could feel your need like an ache in my soul." He pressed a kiss to Samuel's shoulder. "Stand now, please."

Samuel stood, a little shaky, a little stiff.

He stroked his hand along Samuel's back, fingers running parallel to the rope over Samuel's spine. "You're doing well. And we'll get you on the bed as soon as I have your chest done." He could finish up with Samuel lying on the bed -- he'd changed the sheets to white silk for just this occasion.

"Yes, sir. Does it... Are you pleased?"

He didn't answer right away -- Samuel didn't want a quick, off hand reassurance, he wanted the truth. He tilted his head and looked Samuel up and down. "Yes. So far, I am quite pleased." Samuel smiled, beaming over at him, relaxing a bit in his bonds. He slid his thumb over Samuel's lips, tracing that smile. "Quite pleased."

He worked the rope around Samuel's chest, making sure it rested over only one of Samuel's nipples, and lower, across his navel. "Your skin shows the black so well. It will show the marks the rope leaves as well."

"I'll have to wear a dark shirt tomorrow, so no one will see."

"Wear the heavy cotton one. It'll rub against your nipples." He took the one not captured beneath the rope between his fingers and twisted it. Samuel jerked, muscles going tight as he tugged. Oh. So fine. He pinched and twisted again, loving the way Samuel moved, loving knowing the more he played, the more sensitive it would be in the morning.

Then he did a final loop around Samuel's hips. "All right, let's get you lying down so I can do your legs."

"What are you going to do when you're done?"

"I'm going to explore the textures of your skin and the rope. I'm going to have your mouth. And then I will let you come."

He helped Samuel get up onto the bed, arms out up, away from his body, legs slightly spread.

"I love you." Samuel stared up at him, eyes searching his body.

"I know. But I love to hear it." He pressed a kiss to the sole of Samuel's foot. "And I love you. Each loop of the rope tries to tell you just how much." Lifting Samuel's right leg, he pulled the rope around it and an angle, bringing it down to Samuel's ankle in several tight loops.

"Oh..." Samuel's eyes closed, throat working, thigh tight, fighting the ropes.

"Relax into it, Samuel. Don't fight it -- don't fight me." He pressed another kiss to the sole of Samuel's foot and then brought the rope around it and went back up the leg. It meant something, the way Samuel relaxed at his words and breathed. His. His lover.

"I'll have it all in place soon." Which was a good thing -- he was running out of rope.

He treated Samuel's left leg the same as the first, wrapping the rope around it. When he was done, he tied it off, leaving the knot at the bottom of Samuel's foot. Then he stepped back to admire his handwork.

Samuel looked like a piece of art, bound and still, pale skin just pinkening under the ropes. He could see his lover's heartbeat in the bound prick, fast and eager.

Taking a breath, he removed his own clothes, making them both wait.

"You're beautiful." Samuel believed it, he could tell. And it had him preening, standing a little taller, turning just a little so Samuel could see his silhouette. "Love you..." Samuel whimpered, hands reaching toward him.

"Be still, Samuel." He pushed Samuel's hands back down onto the bed. "Be still and let me have my wicked way with you."

He touched Samuel, starting with his lover's hands and stroking his fingers over the exposed skin, tracing the edges of the ropes. Samuel melted under his touch, soft, happy little sounds just filling the air.

He could smell the need pouring off Samuel like perfume; all that was missing from this sensory feast that was his lover was taste. Bending, he licked the bared skin around Samuel's cock, the flavor of his lover warm and musky, male.

"Oh. Oh, that's good. So good, Peter." Samuel poured himself into the submission, reveled in the freedom of being bound for him.

Moaning softly, his prick hard, his balls aching, he continued to touch and to taste, his lips and his fingers busy exploring every inch of Samuel's body. He grabbed the rope over Samuel's nipple in his mouth, dragging it back and forth so it abraded the sensitive skin.

"Peter..." Samuel's head tossed, the little nipple gone a deep, dark rose, the tip looking almost painfully hard.

Almost too much, but not quite. So delicious. He let the rope go, let it fall back against Samuel's skin and moved on, tongue invading the hollow at the base of Samuel's throat, teasing.

Samuel tasted of salt and musk, of pure desire. He could get drunk upon it. His mouth climbed, lips and tongue tasting the elegant throat, Samuel's jaw, and finally the sweet lips. His tongue dipped in, his moan filling Samuel's mouth. The kiss went on and on, Samuel sobbing and groaning into his lips, hips driving up toward him.

At length he broke the kiss, lips sliding over Samuel's face as he panted, catching his breath. "I want you to taste my cock," he whispered. "And make me come."

"Yes. Yes, Peter. I need you."

"You do." He crawled up Samuel's body until he was kneeling at Samuel's head, hand guiding his prick to Samuel's waiting mouth.

Samuel's dark eyes closed, lips parting as Samuel took him in, waiting for his words, his command.

"Suck me," he ordered. "Take me all the way in." He pushed forward with his hips, watching as his length slowly disappeared between Samuel's lips.

Samuel shuddered, sucking hard, the head of his cock going in and in, stretching his beautiful boy's control. When he hit the back of Samuel's throat, he groaned and began the age old movements, cock sliding out and in and out and in again. There was no better pleasure, nothing better than Samuel's lips wrapped tight around his shaft, tongue flicking and sliding on his skin.

He slid his hands through Samuel's hair, the curls catching at his fingers, clinging to them just as Samuel's lips clung to his cock. Groaning, he moved faster, rocking toward completion. The tip of his cock was taken into Samuel's throat, the tip closed over, again and again. Samuel's eyes never left his the whole time, his lover open to him in every way, offering him everything.

With a cry, Samuel's only warning, he came, seed pouring from him into Samuel's throat. Never missing a drop, Samuel drank him down, swallowing hard, body bucking against the ropes.

"Beautiful. Amazing. Sexy. Wonderful." The words poured out of him, one after the other.

His. His own beautiful lover.

His Samuel.

His cock slid free, Samuel moaning, licking his lips.

Bending double, he took Samuel's mouth with his own, tongue sweeping through to taste himself in his lover's mouth. Samuel pushed up, rubbing against him, trying to feel, to get more. He kept his body away from Samuel until the kiss was over, and then he backed away, knelt next to the beautiful body.

"How do you want your relief, Samuel?"

"I need you. Touch me. Please. Touch me everywhere."

"Your need makes you shine." He took another kiss and then began to touch Samuel again. From

head to toes and all points in between, he licked and touched, watching as Samuel began to writhe within the ropes.

Samuel had stopped talking, words lost as those wonderful sounds of need started filling the air. He didn't leave any part of Samuel untouched, unlicked. And when he was done, he undid the knot digging into the sole of Samuel's foot. Samuel groaned, toes curling, legs fighting the ropes.

"Sh. Sh. It's coming, Samuel. Wait for it."

Slowly, bit by bit, he undid the ropes.

"W...wait. Please, love." Samuel's skin was striped with rosy slashes.

"It's coming." He laughed softly. "You're coming in a moment."

He pulled and tugged, until all that was left tied up was Samuel's poor cock, the flesh almost purple.

Samuel arched up, entire body reaching for his touch, nearly begging for it. "Peter."

"Let me get the rope off, and then you can come."

He did it quickly, with a flick or two of his wrist, his mouth wrapping around the head of Samuel's cock. Heat filled his mouth immediately, Samuel bucking and sobbing out his name, over and over. He stroked Samuel's hips, and ran his fingertips over the smooth, shaved skin, swallowing Samuel's seed, and continuing to suck, encouraging shivers and shudders.

"Love you." Samuel was relaxing, moaning. "So much."

"I know." He kissed his way up to Samuel's mouth, tongue sliding in. "And I love you more than anything."

Samuel nodded, eyes heated, sure. "I know."

"Good."

He lay next to Samuel, admiring the marks left behind by the rope. His marks on his lover.

Just what they both needed.

end

