

Festival of Lights



BAD
BAD

CHERYL DRAGON

FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS: BAD BRAD

Cheryl Dragon

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Chapter One

The Dom in him told Matt to march into that house and drag Brad out, but the party situation required more subtlety. Matt walked up the shoveled steps. He knew Brad would be here before he came. Dave Goldman's eighth night of Hanukkah party was a big annual event. Matt had made the drive from the north side of Chicago to a suburb, where Hanukkah decorations outnumbered Nativity displays, to corner his ex-boyfriend.

Brad had been avoiding Matt's calls for weeks. Matt didn't understand why. Brad had cheated, and they'd fought. A little time to cool off had cleared up the issue in Matt's mind. Now he understood why the best relationship he'd ever had blew up in his face. Refusing to accept failure, Matt waited and planned with the knowledge that Brad wouldn't miss this party.

As he walked into the packed house, he recognized a few faces that gave him surprised and sympathetic looks. Matt reminded himself that Brad had cheated and deserved to be punished. Matt bore some responsibility in the problem, though. If he'd been a stronger Dom, Brad wouldn't have strayed. The shame of his own weakness made Matt want to leave, but he couldn't. He'd never loved anyone like this, and that had thrown him off and ruined everything. A Dom truly in love had to use extra caution and control.

Deep down he knew they could make their relationship work. Two reasonable and successful men in their late twenties could get beyond this hurdle. All he had to do was prove it to Brad. Matt passed by a blazing menorah in the front window and hoped the holiday would bring him luck. Holidays were always hard. His parents accepted he was gay, and if he brought a nice Jewish guy home, his mom would be thrilled. The plan had been to take Brad to meet his parents for the holidays; unfortunately, it hadn't worked out. The teachings about the holiday ran through Matt's head. The miracle of one night's worth of oil lasting for eight, and the rededication of the temple...both called to him. Matt could use a miracle of his own. They'd both need to rededicate themselves for this relationship to work.

First, Matt had to find Brad.

In the kitchen, Matt found the host. Dave's brow rose when he saw Matt. "Didn't think you'd show."

"Where is he?" Matt couldn't stand small talk tonight.

Dave clapped a hand on Matt's shoulder. "Downstairs. The full bar is in the basement. No fights, okay?"

Matt smiled for the first time in weeks. "No fights."

He headed down the stairs where an electric menorah twinkled on the long bar. Hunting for Brad, Matt finally spotted him on the couch, watching the big screen. Brad hadn't seen him yet, and Matt stared for a minute. Brad's broad shoulders and short, curly brown hair hit Matt hard with loss. Not having Brad around drove him crazy. The strong jaw and deep brown eyes remained pointed at the screen. One day, it'd be nice to have this type of place in the suburbs with Brad. Of course, the basement would be set up entirely different, but those fantasies came later.

The draw of Brad overcame the fear that Matt would screw up again, and he found himself standing next to Brad. He placed a hand on his ex's shoulder, and the other guys on the sofa went quiet. Matt hoped Brad hadn't found another man already. Sexy Jewish

financial gurus got snapped up fast, but none of the looks directed at Matt smacked of possession. Matt did well in his advertising firm and plenty of friends had tried to fix him up, but he wanted Brad back.

“Can we talk?” Matt knew Brad didn’t like public scenes, so there was a good chance they’d at least have a private conversation.

Brad frowned, but stood without argument and headed back into the storage half of the basement. Matt closed the door behind them, knowing he had to be strong and act fast.

Without a word, he turned and grabbed Brad by the back of the head, pulling him into a rough kiss. The familiar taste and smell made Matt hard. The idea that another man had touched Brad pissed the Dom off to no end. He needed to control his strong emotions or they’d backfire on him. The feel of Brad’s strong body made Matt itch to hold and kiss him for hours. They had issues to resolve; yet Matt tried to drag out the kiss.

Brad’s strong hands pressed against Matt’s chest and suddenly shoved hard. Matt stepped back but kept his balance. As predicted, getting Brad back wouldn’t be easy.

“You can’t just start this up again.” Brad rubbed his forehead as the mix of emotions spun in his mind. He wanted to let it happen, but he knew he could end up even more hurt in the end.

Matt moved closer. “We can get beyond the problem.”

Brad stared at him in complete confusion. The dark, rusty-colored hair, the bodybuilder form he kept in top shape, and the green eyes that demanded obedience made Brad want to yield to Matt every time. Their situation, however, was too complicated to work. The guilt ate at him. He’d hurt Matt and ruined a good thing. “You’re going to just forgive me? I cheated on you.”

“You’ll be punished, I promise. I didn’t handle things right before.” Matt’s hand roamed Brad’s chest and grabbed his shirt quickly, ripping out chest hair as well. The pain shot through Brad’s chest, and he went instantly into sub mode, wanting more.

Brad winced. He longed to submit fully. “Matt, come on. Will this solve anything? We dated for months and tried this, a lot. We want it, but I’m doing something wrong. No matter how much I try, I can’t change my past and the lack of experience.”

“You’ve never been submissive before. I need to give you more time and training. It’ll be better this time.” Matt took a step closer. “You know we fit. We like the same things and love being together. Why are you giving up so fast? Why didn’t you answer my messages? I had to track you down here like a stalker.”

“I’m not ready to deal with you. Yes, we’re great outside the bedroom. However, sex is an important part of a relationship. If it doesn’t work, we’re just friends. I could feel you back off, like I couldn’t handle what you really wanted to do. I know something is missing, and I just don’t know what.” Brad’s inner conflict raged over whether to give in or push Matt further.

“There’s more.” Matt pressed his forehead to Brad’s and moved his hand to rub the back of his neck. “It takes time and trust. I didn’t want to scare you off. Trust has to be built; it isn’t immediate in any relationship. I love you, and I’ll work as long as it takes to find what’s missing, as long as you don’t cheat on me again. If I can’t trust you, it won’t work. I’ll take responsibility for my part. I wasn’t strong enough to keep you faithful, but I won’t tolerate infidelity again.”

The warmth of Matt’s body so close, and the hard press of his cock to Brad’s growing erection urged Brad’s arousal further. The guilt of his cheating overwhelmed him. “I’m sorry. It was a mistake. I backpedaled to what felt safe. Part of why I avoided your calls was because I wanted to be punished, but I don’t deserve it.”

Matt's hand pushed on Brad's shoulder until the sub knelt. "I'll decide what you deserve."

The press of Matt's erection on Brad's face made him nuzzle it through the denim. The rush of kneeling before Matt again filled Brad as he studied the floor. Matt ruled his sexual world, and that hadn't changed, even while they'd been apart.

Matt moved his hand from Brad's shoulder and lifted his chin until the sub looked up into his Dom's eyes. "This is more than punishment. Tonight, you'll receive the full treatment you should have had before. Then we'll see if you really can be a submissive or if you're just playing."

His heart pounding, Brad nodded. Matt loved him enough to give him one last chance to please. Brad wanted to prove himself. Like so many times before, he'd sabotaged a relationship because it wasn't perfect. Tonight he'd correct that mistake and throw himself into it as much as he could. He trusted Matt, but letting go completely was a level Brad found elusive. Still, he desired to achieve it with Matt.

Matt's hand ran through his hair and eased Brad's face forward to the hard cock still trapped in his jeans. The heat drew him in, and Brad rubbed his face against the denim. He didn't dare do more without permission.

"Take it out and suck it fast. I need to take you home." Matt leaned in farther.

Quickly, Brad freed the long cock and licked its head, not missing a spot. His hands cupped Matt's heavy balls and rolled them slowly. The pain of not having this man flooded back as desire consumed him. He'd never be free of Matt's hold. In that moment, Brad needed to please his Dom, and nothing else mattered.

"Faster. You want someone to walk in?" Matt's hand pushed Brad's head down.

Swallowing, Brad felt his own cock grow harder as the Dom forced his way down Brad's throat and fucked his face. He held onto Matt's firm ass cheeks as he sucked and swallowed Matt to the thick root, while his own cock ached for release.

“You want this.” Matt groaned.

Brad moaned with his mouth full, and suddenly Matt increased the pace. Fuck, yes, he wanted Matt’s dominant sex and his hot cum right here. He longed for all the dark dreams he’d fantasized about Matt to be real. Like a man possessed, Brad wanted it to never end. With everything in him, Brad sucked and licked to please his Dom.

As Matt came, he pulled back, depositing the reward on Brad’s tongue. The sub swallowed and sucked Matt’s tip for more. Then he worked his mouth down the shaft and tongued Matt’s balls.

Matt pulled Brad up until he stood. “You’re sure?” Matt closed his pants.

After weeks of denial, Brad gave in and kissed Matt slowly. He deepened the kiss, teasing his Dom’s tongue and letting Matt take over. Matt’s teeth caught his lip, and the sub shuddered in pleasure. His Dom loved him, and loved him so much he couldn’t stay away. When Matt released him, Brad knew he had to answer.

“I want to submit, to be punished, and to be yours, Master. I never meant to disappoint you or hurt you. Maybe I’ll never be good enough.”

Matt’s hand shot down between Brad’s legs and a stab of erotic pain went through him as his Dom twisted Brad’s balls in a viselike grip. “You will please me. You will obey. You are mine. You remember the safe word?”

“Yes,” Brad said through clenched teeth that held back a moan.

“Tell me,” he ordered.

“Hawaii.” He got relief from Matt’s hand, which relaxed as soon as the word passed his lips. He’d never used the safe word, but knew if he did, Matt would stop immediately. That remained the very last thing Brad desired. All Brad dreamed of was letting go and giving in to Matt’s rough sexual discipline.

“Meet me at my place. Don’t get sidetracked.” Matt stroked Brad’s cock through his pants and kissed his mouth softly. Just as Brad responded with a full erection, Matt pulled away and headed out into the party.

Brad took a few deep breaths in an attempt to control his erection. He couldn’t stay here too long or people would come looking for him. Matt would be waiting back in the city as well. He untucked his shirt and pulled it down in front before making a quick exit. Why his Dom wanted to give him another chance, Brad wasn’t sure, but he’d take it!

Chapter Two

With a good lead on his sub, Matt made it home first. Lighting the center candle and using it to ignite the rest of the menorah candles right to left, Matt watched the pooling wax on the long candles and knew Brad would have a night like no other. He hoped tonight would be enough to make a true sub out of the man he loved.

A quick knock on the door caught his attention, and Matt opened it. Brad stood there; his expression appeared conflicted. Matt knew his sub held back, and without full release, neither of them could truly be satisfied. The infidelity was nothing more than a veiled cry for what Brad didn't yet understand. Matt couldn't give Brad true pleasure until he submitted fully.

"Come in. Strip and kneel on the floor." Matt pointed to the center of the living room.

Brad closed the door and hung up his coat. "You don't want to talk?"

Matt grinned and moved closer. "What we need to work through can only be done by action. You can always leave, but I love you. I want to show you what I can do for you." He kissed Brad in slow, soft bites and then let his tongue ease over Brad's. They could kiss all night, but it would change nothing. Matt released him.

As Brad stood in the center of the living room, frozen like a statue, Matt went to his bedroom closet and dug out handcuffs, lube, a good leather paddle, and a large rubber fist he'd longed to use on Brad. Their previous encounters had taken place in the bedroom. Tonight they'd be in the living room with more space and out of Brad's comfort zone.

Matt returned to find Brad still standing there, fully clothed. Sitting down on the couch in front of Brad, Matt stared him down. "Strip and kneel. You may not be formally trained, but I won't baby you." He left off the word *anymore*. Brad shouldn't know he'd ever held back. It would undermine Matt's authority.

Once Brad pulled his shirt off, Matt relaxed on the sofa. Brad loved him and remained committed. He watched his sub remove his belt and unbutton his pants. The thinner patch of chest hair on Brad reminded Matt how easily his sub gave in when pressed. He believed Brad wanted the most intense treatment, and Matt loved him enough to give it to him, full tilt. The discipline to drive through Brad's novice reaction without pushing too far, too fast, filled Matt. He'd blown it once, but now he had a second chance.

The pants fell, and Brad's boxers revealed his thick erection. Brad removed his shoes and socks, stepped out of the clothes, and kicked them all away as Matt watched his cock bob and sway. He'd missed that body. Brad's thick build was not overly muscled but solid. Dense, curly chest hair trailed down to his stomach and burst into even thicker hair around his cock.

"Turn around," Matt said.

Brad obeyed.

Matt studied the strong back and legs he loved. Tonight he'd tease and torment every inch of Brad's body except when he preferred to pleasure it. Brad's firm ass would be first and, no doubt, most worked on. He stood up from the couch and walked up behind his sex slave. His hands gently explored, but Brad tensed at the touch.

"Want to leave?" Matt asked.

“No. I want to be punished and to please you.” Brad’s eyes stayed pointed to the floor as Matt squeezed his ass harder.

“Good.” Matt smiled and then realized that his sub had already disobeyed. He unexpectedly slapped Brad’s ass hard. “Why aren’t you kneeling?”

The sting on Matt’s palm sent his cock raging. He hadn’t had a man since they’d broken up because no one came close to comparing to Brad. The Dom slapped Brad’s other cheek and kept spanking him until Brad knelt.

“Better.”

“I’m sorry, Master.” Brad didn’t elaborate. Neither did he make excuses as he had before. The point wasn’t to rationalize the behavior but to obey. That lesson had taken time to sink in. Brad had already made progress, and Matt sensed his sub needed more. Everyone progressed at their own rate, and this time Brad seemed eager to find the missing piece.

“Face the couch.” Matt pointed.

Without looking up, Brad crawled around to face the couch.

“Kneel up and move closer.” Matt pushed him until Brad’s chest rested on the couch cushion. “Hands behind your back.”

Brad obeyed, and Matt grabbed the cuffs and secured Brad’s hands. Then Matt backed away to take in the scene. Brad’s ass had a touch of pink, but he could probably endure much more.

“You’re sorry you cheated?” Matt asked.

“Yes, Master.” Brad closed his eyes.

Matt spanked Brad’s ass with an open palm on alternating cheeks until his hand felt numb. The anger at Brad and at himself for the cheating wouldn’t go away with his hand. Matt hadn’t been a strong enough Dom or Brad never would’ve cheated. Brad’s body rocked with Matt’s spanking, but he remained silent.

Reaching under his sub, Matt toyed with Brad's hard cock. No doubt the man loved to be punished and submissive. Matt still hadn't heard why Brad had cheated. He needed to hear the confession of his sub to truly let go of the offense. Brad had a lot of progress to make tonight.

"Why?" Matt shouted but caught himself and held his temper.

Brad flinched. "Why what, Master?"

Matt squeezed the dark pink ass cheek and Brad gasped. "Don't play dumb. Why did you cheat on me? That's the ultimate disobedience. Tell me."

"I was dumb, Master." He shook his head.

"Not good enough. You cheated with an ex. Why? You still love him?"

"No. I had to punish myself." Brad bit his lip. "I didn't think I could please you."

Matt slapped his ass hard. "Liar!"

"I swear it's true, Master." Brad pressed his face into the sofa cushion. "I know that's bad for me, and you deserve a better sub."

Matt grabbed his curly hair and pulled Brad's face up. "Who is in control here?"

"You, Master!"

"Then I decide what pleases me. How can I not be pleased by you if you obey?" Matt didn't want self-deprecation from Brad. He required the truth.

"My inexperience made me do and say the wrong things. I felt like I'd never catch up and never deserve to be rewarded with your full domination. I should've admitted failure, but I panicked."

Matt saw the relief in Brad's posture. He'd told the truth, yet he partially resisted. Brad had not been fully broken, but the sub wanted more, not less. The revelation made Matt long to fuck his sub right then. However, the desire to submit and the ability to truly let go weren't one and the same. Before he rewarded Brad, Matt had to test his sub's limits.

He ran a hand down Brad's long back. "I judge success or failure, not you. You need to let go of this arrogance that you can set any of the rules. You'll get the full treatment tonight. First, we have to cure you of your wanderlust."

"I want only you," Brad blurted. "I swear."

Matt's hand landed hard on the red spot he'd created on his sub's cheek. "Bad Brad. You know better than to talk out of turn and argue with me. I don't just want your words. You must prove yourself by obedience and action. You fucked another man. Whatever the reason, you must take your punishment tonight."

"I'm sorry," Brad whispered.

Matt stepped over to where Brad could see him. "Open your eyes."

Brad missed the heat of Matt's body and the sting of his hand. They'd both learned in their first encounter that Brad could take, and enjoyed, the spanking almost indefinitely. He wanted Matt closer to him, but the view added to his arousal. Then Matt began to remove his clothing, and Brad stifled a groan.

Before, Matt had allowed Brad the pleasure of stripping him naked. Tonight Matt truly would punish him, but Brad longed for it all. He watched as Matt's bare chest came into view with the defined muscles and sparse hair Brad craved. That strong body gave untold levels of punishment, and the sub in Brad looked forward to exploring them all.

Then Matt shed his pants and briefs, causing Brad's cock to throb for any satisfaction. There was none. Matt had carefully positioned him far enough back from the couch. His knees would have terrible rug burn tomorrow, but it would be worth every bit. He stayed in position as he stared at Matt's hard cock. He resisted the urge to crawl over and suck it or, better yet, have Matt fuck his ass. He had to obey.

Smiling, Matt walked closer until the heat of his Dom's body straddling his ass made him ache. Matt leaned over and kissed Brad's neck as he rubbed his cock between the sub's

needy ass cheeks. Brad didn't move at first. He held still and just let the feel of Matt surround him. His Dom suddenly flicked a thumb against Brad's asshole, and he bucked back in need.

"You don't trust me." Matt pinched Brad's ass and released before Brad could enjoy the pain.

"I'm sorry. The arousal took over." Brad's cock had been rock hard the entire drive over. If he had jerked off, Matt would've known and been pissed off. The misery tormented the sub, but he longed to please Matt.

"That's right. You don't have the best control. We have a lot of work to do." Matt moved away.

Brad didn't dare look back, and waited without moving. His Dom wanted to fuck him. Brad could feel it. When Matt's hot body returned, kneeling behind Brad, the sub stifled a moan. One thick arm wrapped tightly around his shoulders while the other wound around his hips.

"Don't move," Matt warned.

Brad took a deep breath and braced himself. When Matt's hand, slick with lube, took hold of Brad's cock, he fought the need to fuck it.

His body shook, but Brad held as still as possible. Finally, Matt stroked his cock slowly. Brad let Matt set the pace. Then Matt jerked him hard and fast with a steady hand that had Brad grinding his teeth with need. Giving in to the need to obey, Brad refused to fuck his palm but let Matt do anything. In that moment, Brad felt an intense release of trust wrack his body.

"Come for me." Matt's hand worked fast, and the reserve slipped away as Brad came in a physical release that left his mind spinning. He jerked and ground his cock into Matt's rough palm to make the moment last.

"Better?" Matt asked with gentle kisses against Brad's hair.

He nodded. "Thank you, Master."

“Good. Now let’s get you ready.” Matt waved a cock ring in front of Brad’s face, and Brad knew there would be no more release for some time, even though he could come again in minutes. His Dom slid the ring on him, and Brad’s cock eagerly responded to the restraint.

Anything to please Matt. That thought dominated Brad’s mind as Matt stroked and shook his cock to get it fully hard again. Suddenly Brad felt a wet tongue probe his ass, and his cock rose to full need in seconds. The squeeze of the ring proved to Brad that his Dom loved him. The planning and playing wouldn’t go on if Matt just desired revenge for the infidelity.

This lifestyle didn’t fall under the average terms of love, but Brad’s family never showed much affection, and somehow he needed this. He longed to really feel how much Matt cared. “Thank you, Master.”

In reply, Brad felt a firm tug on his balls. He pressed back.

“Maybe it’s too much?” Matt moved up and whispered in his ear. “Maybe you don’t want more?”

“Please, Master. I want more. I need and deserve to be truly punished. I’ll do anything to please you. Don’t go easy on me.” It’d never be enough, but something still felt just out of reach. He had to be good enough.

“Are you sure?” Matt stood and prodded Brad to kneel up.

Brad watched Matt, who stroked his own cock with the leftover lube. The sight of his Dom’s slick erection made Brad’s shaft strain against the ring until it hurt. The thick vein throbbing along Matt’s shaft made Brad’s mouth water. He knew every ridge and the spots that pleased Matt most.

“You want to suck me?” Matt asked.

“Yes, please.” Brad fought the urge to lunge closer and take what he desired.

Matt came to him, and Brad sucked his long erection into his mouth. When Brad tried to fuck it with his mouth, Matt pulled away. Instead, the Dom offered his balls, and Brad licked them eagerly. Brad wanted anything and was grateful for it.

As he watched Matt jerk himself off, Brad tongued and sucked Matt's balls until his lips ached. He'd never get enough of Matt's body or the dominant play that made Brad feel things he never imagined. Didn't Matt see how much he longed for, and how much he could take? A slight offense would earn a reaction. Brad caught one ball between his teeth and bit with increasing pressure as his tongue spanked the nut in his mouth. Two could play this game, and Brad had no problem antagonizing his Dom for more. He sucked and pulled on the sac.

"You're going to get it." Matt jerked himself harder and came straight up, raining droplets of cum onto Brad. The sub licked and smeared the reward over himself as best he could while cuffed.

Matt shoved Brad back into position, and Brad moaned in delight at the sharp sting of the leather paddle. His Dom didn't miss an inch as he swatted Brad from crack to hip and down to his upper thigh. Brad panted as his body vibrated with arousal at the abuse. Every slap sliced through him with pain and pleasure that dulled to an ache.

If Brad's cock weren't ringed in, he'd have come all over the couch. The delay made his punishment even better. "Thank you, Master," he said impulsively.

The spanking stopped abruptly and Brad's ass continued to throb. It felt almost numb, but one touch and the nerves would scream for more. Brad's lips would make no such plea. He'd prove himself as far as Matt wanted to take things.

Chapter Three

The raw nerve of Brad made Matt pause. His sub, daring to be so bold as to bite his ball, begged for more punishment. They both craved more. Brad baited him, and it turned Matt on to know how much his sub required. Yet Brad had to fully break, or it would be for nothing.

Looking down at his sub kneeling on the floor, chest resting on the sofa, Matt realized he was still cuffed with his hands behind his back. Matt had to be careful because a natural sub like Brad would push his own Dom limits. His sub's safety meant more to Matt than anything. Matt grabbed the keys and unlocked the cuffs.

"No, please." Brad's hands didn't move.

"Shut up." Matt massaged Brad's shoulders and pushed his arms over his head. "Hold on to the top of the couch and close your eyes."

Brad obeyed, but his body didn't tense in anticipation. Matt guessed Brad expected more of the paddle. It was his favorite. Tonight, however, Brad showed a need to push things. Matt could rise to the challenge and be creative.

Rounding the couch, Matt carefully lifted the menorah and carried it until he stood next to Brad. The center candle had burned out, but the eight branches still had some life

left. If his mother knew what he intended to do with these religious candles, she'd kill him. "You think ball biting without permission is acceptable?"

"No, Master. I couldn't resist." Brad didn't move, nor, to Matt's ears, did he sound truly sorry.

"You could resist, but you asked for more punishment. You'll get what you want, and before the night is over, you'll admit exactly what you want and how you feel." Brad, so ready to sexually please, remained seemingly guarded with his words when it came to feelings. The sub had yet to truly break.

Brad frowned but said nothing.

Smiling, Matt ran a hand over the strong, bare back, stretched out for his pleasure. He wanted Brad's nerves at attention and tipped the menorah to drip the hot wax over his back.

Brad's hands tightened on the couch while he sucked in his breath, but he didn't cry out or try to dodge the wax. Matt set the menorah down within reach and watched the blue wax harden into spots. The skin around the spots turned pink, and Matt flicked one off to see the darker pink skin beneath.

Then Matt reached around and stroked Brad's hard cock until Brad thrust into his hand. Giving his balls an extra squeeze, Matt removed one of the blue candles and knelt behind Brad. "Ready for more?" He touched the cool bottom of the candle to Brad's firm ass and watched his sub flinch.

"Yes, please." Brad groaned.

Matt rubbed his cock between his sub's ass cheeks and Brad pushed back for more. He wanted to be deep inside Brad's body. Bringing the hot end of the candle closer to Brad's flesh, Matt let the wax splash onto his firm cheek.

"More, please, Master." He yelped.

“Don’t worry, we’ve only begun.” Matt leaned down and licked Brad’s rear while he grabbed the lube. Even a Dom had his limits. He had to reclaim his man and share what they both craved. He only felt whole inside Brad’s tight ass.

Drizzling the cool lube onto Brad’s pucker, Matt watched his sub jump in anticipation of hot candle wax. That would certainly come later. Now Matt slid on protection and slowly pressed the tip of his cock into Brad.

The sensation of his sub’s tight hole opening for him, and Brad giving in so trustingly to anything Matt did, shook Matt’s control until he drove in deep. He wanted to ram him, but not now. This time he’d make sure Brad felt that cock ring, and every inch of Matt’s cock deep inside him.

Fully inside, Matt groaned as Brad tightened his muscles around his cock.

“Is this what you want?” Matt asked.

Brad moaned. “Yes, please, Master. Fuck me.”

Matt squeezed Brad’s red ass cheeks and then pressed a thumb on a hardened spot of wax. “You’re sure another man won’t do you better?”

“No, please. Only you,” he begged. “Do anything. I can take it. I want whatever you want.”

The frenzy built in Matt, but he had to maintain control. Brad longed to be pushed harder, and the Dom realized they were a perfect fit. He needed to be rougher on his sub, like he had always wanted. Brad wouldn’t run away. He’d rise to the demands. Brad’s family lacked affection, and Matt worried that too much physical pressure would scare him away, but it was what he’d been missing.

Noticing the candle had gone out from all the wax play, Matt pulled his cock completely out of Brad and twisted the hot end of the candle to the center of Brad’s right ass cheek.

Brad groaned loudly and dropped his head to the sofa. He didn't pull away, and Matt eagerly drove his cock into his good sub again. Tossing the used candle aside, Matt pressed a thumb to the red mark as he fucked Brad harder, losing himself in the tightness.

"More?" Matt asked.

Brad gasped. "Please."

"Seven more candles to go. You're sure you can handle them all?" Matt took another lit candle.

"I can take anything." He rocked back into the Dom's thrusts.

Matt moved the lit candle near Brad's left ass cheek and watched the light glow on the red flesh. Not bringing it close enough to really burn him, Matt simply let the wax drip and the sub's skin heat up.

Suddenly Brad bucked back, trying to fuck faster. Matt put the candle out on his hard ass. His sub muttered curses as Matt tossed the second used candle away and pushed his cock all the way in.

Then he leaned down, pressing his chest to Brad's back. "I can see I'll need a whole new level of toys and devices to keep you in line." Finally it made sense to him. Brad cheated for more contact and punishment, not less, even if Brad didn't know it. Holding back was the opposite of what his sub needed. Matt held on to Brad's strong arms, which still stretched up to the couch back. His control gone, he fucked Brad harder. The pace increased as the heat of their grinding pushed him on. Brad's body beneath him strained not to move while holding on to Matt's hard cock.

When Brad's body began to shake, Matt knew neither of them would last much longer. Brad's internal convulsions triggered Matt's hard release. He came, buried deep in Brad so he could feel every muscle around him in orgasm.

Matt slid one hand down to feel Brad's cock and smiled, finding his sub remained hard for him. The ring hadn't come loose. Matt never preferred to submit, and yet knew how subs

craved the punishment and deprivation. He felt Brad's lips brush his forearm and knew Brad wanted those six other candles. He'd get them!

Brad's body ached from the posture as his insides hummed from the release. His cock pulsed desperately for any contact. Yet the sweet pain of the wax, mixing with the perfectly used feel of his ass, reinforced that he belonged to Matt. He could give in completely and enjoy it. Even better, he desired more of the rough treatment. He'd never believed it before, not completely. Part of him always held on to his control.

Whatever Matt wanted, he could take. No longer just words that turned him on, Brad felt it. Now he had to prove it. Matt seemed pleased but it'd take more. Words were what Matt needed to go with the completely submissive actions. But Brad couldn't fake it or his Dom would know.

He'd never said those words, not like this and, truthfully, not to any man. College had been about fun and discovery. He dated casually with only one *real* boyfriend before Matt. This relationship revealed a whole new level of his need, and Brad never wanted to go back.

"Lie on your back on the floor," Matt said with authority.

His deep voice sent a throb through Brad's cock. He obeyed quickly and stretched out flat on the carpet, to his muscles' delight. The friction made him aware of every candle burn and wax droplet on his back and ass.

Matt looked down at him and then knelt next to Brad. As hard as he tried, Brad found it impossible to keep his eyes down in this position. He tried staring at the ceiling, but his Dom ended up in his line of sight, which both soothed and excited him.

"It's okay. You can watch this." Matt leaned over and tongued Brad's cock.

The pleasure sparked through his body as Brad clung to the rug so he didn't lift to fuck Matt's mouth. The teasing and torture felt so good he wanted more. Brad watched as his Dom licked and sucked him. Nothing had ever felt better than Matt's affectionate mouth.

Then Matt reached for the third candle, and Brad tried to guess where it would land. The Dom's tongue flicked the head of his cock as the candle came closer. Brad tensed as the wax fell on his hip. The sharp sting of the hot wax made his skin tingle. Maybe he just had less sensitive skin, but the spanking, the hot wax, and the rough sex made him feel more alive than anything else in his life.

As Matt drizzled the wax around Brad's groin, the sub held his breath. Dangerously near his cock, Matt dripped some and moved lower, near Brad's sac, and a thick glob of wax slid down between his thighs.

"Oh God!" Brad said.

"Don't you trust me?" Matt slapped Brad's balls.

Brad loved it. "More, please."

Matt discarded the spent candle and grabbed the fourth. "Keep your legs closed no matter what."

"Yes, Master." Brad smiled as the blue wax ran down his inner thighs. His skin tingled, and his leg hair matted. Brad expected that Matt would love pulling the wax off him as much as he'd love the pain.

Matt tossed away the used fourth candle, twisted the cock ring, and Brad lifted for more contact.

"You're too ready. You need a challenge. Turn over. On your hands and knees," Matt ordered.

With Matt, Brad had limits and yet nothing felt out of reach.

A challenge sounded perfect. Brad rolled over and took his favorite position as anticipation knotted in his gut. He didn't glance back. His Dom would shock him, and Brad ached for it.

The feel of a lubed dildo pushing at his ass nearly did Brad in. A new type of deep orgasm rolled through his ass as Matt stuffed him with a very thick toy shaped like no cock

Brad had ever felt. It felt like a rubber hand. Brad could take a lot, but Matt had never fisted him before; no one had.

A low groan escaped Brad's lips as his Dom pushed the fake fist deeper and pulled it back so the thick toy slowly exited and reentered Brad twice. Only then did Matt fill Brad all the way until just the wrist of the toy protruded from his gaping asshole.

"Keep that in no matter what I do." Matt slapped Brad's ass lightly and grabbed the fifth candle.

"Yes, Master." Brad squeezed the toy and wondered how Matt's hand, so much bigger and thicker, would feel in the same position. The rubber gave, but muscle and bone wouldn't.

All thoughts disappeared as the hot splash of candle wax hit the sensitive flesh around his asshole. Brad bit his lip to keep from shouting. The pain felt so good, yet he had to clench to keep the toy buried as his senses overloaded from his hard cock, stretched ass, and hot candle wax.

Candle five dripped and pooled wax all around to seal the toy in. Matt's cool breath hit his ass so the wax would harden faster.

Matt's tongue lapped behind his balls and Brad squeezed the toy tight. "I love you, Master. God, Matt, please." Brad felt himself break. He needed Matt to forgive him and love him.

Then he froze. He'd broken the rules and used Matt's name. "I'm sorry, Master."

Matt pushed Brad over onto his side and then onto his back. Brad truly was at the mercy of his Dom. He didn't want to argue. The relief of letting go radiated through him, but Matt had to punish him as well. The intersection of Brad's pure pleasure and the pain amazed him, and he didn't fight the sensation.

Instead of wax or a paddle on his body, Brad felt Matt's mouth on his lips, but the kiss didn't last long. His Dom kissed down Brad's body. The cock ring opened, and Matt's wet mouth sucked his cock deep into heaven with his ass still stretched by his new favorite toy.

Brad's hands tangled in Matt's hair. His Dom would no doubt punish him later for the bold act; right now he needed the contact. The warm wet tongue teased and stroked Brad's cock until he gave in and fucked Matt's mouth. Lifting his hips hard, he opened his eyes, and the sight of Matt sucking him sent Brad bucking wildly into the best orgasm of his life. He came in Matt's mouth and screamed nonsense at the ceiling as his mind went blissfully blank in waves of love, trust, and sex.

Chapter Four

Matt licked the spent balls on Brad's perfect body. Then he kissed his way up and nipped at Brad's jaw. "Finally the breakthrough."

"The what?" Brad asked.

"You let go of it all and gave in. I thought I'd failed you again. You might be new, but you longed to be punished."

"You failed? I cheated. I couldn't obey enough." Brad looked away.

"You're new to this. I'd never had a first-time sub before. In the past, they'd all given in instantly. You needed to be pushed and tested. I didn't go far enough before, and you went to an ex-boyfriend. The cheating and breakup was as much my fault. I love you, and I didn't want to scare you away by going too far." Matt felt the wax pieces on Brad's skin and grew harder.

"No. It was me. I didn't know if I could really do this. I tried to, but the control thing... Letting go is harder than I thought, yet it's so good." Brad moaned.

"And now it's really begun." Matt rolled off Brad and onto his back with his erection now unbearable. "Suck me, Brad."

Brad moved eagerly but cautiously, and Matt remembered the toy fist up his sub's ass. "Do you like the toy?"

"Yes, thank you, Master." Brad tongued over Matt's hard cock and then swallowed it deeply.

"Good." Matt moaned. "We'll talk limits next."

"Limits?" Brad asked against the cock.

"Later. Faster!" Matt lifted to fuck Brad's mouth as his sub deep-throated him.

The suction, plus the intense satisfaction of knowing Brad loved him and was able to truly submit himself, put Matt in a haze of pleasure that built fast until he grunted in a hard release. For a few moments, he had no control, and Brad could do anything he wanted. The deep intimacy and vulnerability added to Matt's pleasure as he thrust in his sub's wet mouth.

Matt caught his breath, and Brad still licked his balls. They had to cover limits. The first time Brad had been so clueless that Matt had no guidance. Now Brad could set some. "What don't you want?" Matt asked.

The tongue on his balls stopped. "I'll do anything you want," Brad said quickly.

Matt laughed. "I know that. What don't you want to do? For example, I don't want to share you. I also don't like any kink that'll draw blood. Those things don't turn me on. It's one thing to push your limits, but I'm not going to cross the line of what repulses you. I already know you like toys and can take quite a bit." He patted the rubber wrist.

Brad sat up. "I get it now. I don't want to share either. I couldn't be this way with anyone else. I never have been with anyone like this. Definitely nothing that will draw blood. There's so much I don't know yet."

"So we agree on those. You're catching on like a pro. What do you want?" A reward was in order.

Brad looked him in the eye. "Anything that pleases you."

“It’s not a trick. Rougher? Tied up in four-point hard restraints? Hog-tied? More of the candles? The spanking again? Or something else? Hanging from a hook? More deprivation?” Matt had a lot of ideas.

Brad grinned. “All sound good. Tonight I definitely need rougher, and there are three candles left. We can’t waste them. It’s Hanukkah.”

“That’s true. We should finish what we started.” Matt sat up and kissed Brad slowly. The rest of the night wouldn’t be about punishing him or testing him. Instead, it would be about getting his sub off and exploring the fun. His plan worked, and it was only the beginning.

Pulling Matt closer, Brad deepened the kiss. He felt completely safe and free in Matt’s arms. The possibilities seemed limitless. As Brad wondered what would come next, he felt his Dom’s hands on his waxed ass.

First Brad arched as Matt twisted the fist deeper inside of him. The new directions of stretching made Brad groan and bury his face in Matt’s powerful shoulder. The wax broke around the toy and on his ass, awakening the tender skin to new heights.

Slowly Matt pulled the fist out and, even more slowly, pushed it back into Brad. The pace increased, and Brad relaxed to take all he could for Matt. The warm press of Matt’s body to his front, and the delicious abuse of his ass, triggered Brad to orgasm fast. He clung to Matt’s muscled form as he ground his cock against Matt’s. The internal release left Brad shaken.

Brad leaned back and caught his breath. The three remaining candles burned low as Matt reached for one of them. The wax splashed over Brad’s chest. He arched at the pain and pleasure. Matt loved him and they could go the distance satisfying each other, and as a couple.

“What a mess you are.” Matt yanked a dried piece of wax from Brad’s leg along with some hair.

Brad flinched and focused on the sting. “Two candles left.”

“I’ll make them count.” Matt took number seven and brought it down close to Brad’s left nipple.

The heat made Brad want to inch away, but he leaned in. The little candle could be extinguished with a finger pinch, but Matt could also make it an instrument of extreme pleasure.

Matt poured the hot wax slowly onto Brad’s nipple, and the sub arched with arousal. A groan escaped Brad’s lips as Matt pressed the hot candle directly into his right nipple. Brad leaned up to increase the burning sensation, even though the flame was long gone.

Suddenly Matt pulled the candle away and replaced it with his tongue. The pleasure and pain mix had Brad hard again. “One more candle.” His voice shook with need.

He couldn’t tell Matt what to do with it, but he longed to. Brad desperately wanted to show Matt how much he could take so Matt would know how much he loved him.

Matt kissed his way down Brad’s body and sucked the full length of his cock. Not gentle this time, Matt nipped at the head and flicked it with his tongue. Brad threw his head back and let the pleasure happen. The last candle flickered on the table, tormenting him.

As Matt nipped at Brad’s balls, he reached for the final candle. Brad watched his every move with anticipation. His Dom looked up, and Brad met his gaze without fear of punishment.

“Please, Matt. I love you.” Brad’s tone was honest without begging. He could do nothing more than watch and wait to see if he’d earned his reward and pleased Matt.

The Dom let the wax drip on Brad’s sac.

Brad moaned at the exquisite pain. “More.”

In one swift motion, Matt put out the candle on Brad’s sac.

The relief washed over him. Matt did exactly what he'd longed for but didn't dare vocalize. Brad arched and came as the new level of pleasurable pain shot deep into him.

"Thank you," he shouted.

Matt's wet mouth quickly replaced the candle, and it soothed the minor burn. Then he licked up Brad's cum. Brad leaned up and kissed Matt, his mouth trailing lower to the carved chest and flat nipples Brad loved so much.

"Haven't you learned to obey?" Matt groaned.

Brad smiled. "I've learned I love to be punished, but I've got to earn that punishment." The sub bit at Matt's flesh to get as much as he could before Matt overruled him.

"You really trust me, Bad Brad?" Matt's hand pushed the sub's head down his body but not off.

"Yes, Master." As his tongue reached his Dom's tight ass, he could only imagine what Matt would dream up for New Year's Eve.

He'd never gotten a better Hanukkah present.

 THE END 

Cheryl Dragon

A lover of unusual things, Cheryl Dragon enjoys writing unique stories with sinfully hot erotic romance. Never at a loss for ideas, there are plenty of contemporary and paranormal stories waiting to be written. Her two favorites settings are Las Vegas and New Orleans...where anything can happen!

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