

toy box sounds



a torquere collection

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Definition: In medicine, sounds are instruments for probing and dilating passages within the body, the best-known examples of which are urethral sounds and uterine sounds. Some men and women enjoy using them for urethral play.

Urethral sounds are designed to be inserted into the male or female urethra, for the purpose of stretching or unblocking a stricture. There are a number of different types of urethral sounds:

- Bakes sounds, also known as rosebud or bullet sounds, have a long thin metal rod with a bulbous bud on the end.
- Dittel sounds have a flat end and a rounded end.
- Henk sounds have a more pronounced curve at the ends, as well as a metal rib on each end.
- Pratt sounds are longer urethral dilators (double ended ones are usually almost a foot long) with rounded and slightly bent ends.
- Van Buren sounds have a very pronounced curve at each end, specifically for the purpose of reaching the bladder.

Source: *Wikipedia* [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sound_\(medical_instrument\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sound_(medical_instrument))

Etymology: Possibly from: "fathom, probe," 1336 (implied in sounding), from O.Fr. sonder, from sonde "sounding line," probably from a Gmc. source (cf. O.E. sund "water, sea;" see sound (n.2)).

Source: *Online Etymology Dictionary*

<http://www.etymonline.com/index.php?search=sound&searchmode=none>

Sounding like Trust

By Kiernan Kelly

Arthur stood in front of the door, nervously shifting his weight from one foot to the other. The door itself wasn't even *vaguely* threatening -- there was no lettering on it, no warnings for the faint of heart to stay out, or of any dire consequences that might befall the otherwise uninitiated should they choose to enter. Yet it seemed monstrous to Arthur: *alive* somehow. He could almost imagine it breathing, imperceptibly expanding and contracting as it inhaled and exhaled like a flat, rectangular snake, ready to strike the moment Arthur made a move for the door bell.

He'd been given the phone number of the man who lived behind the ominously innocuous door by Kenny, a member of Arthur's support group. Kenny was much like Arthur, or had been until recently. Now, Kenny was different, more confident, more outgoing, a new man, and he'd sworn to Arthur that his newfound self-assurance had come at the hands of the man Arthur had come to see.

Grant Trust.

Even his *name* sounded philanthropic, as if he were born to gift those less fortunate, men like Arthur, whose self-esteem lay dormant within him, untapped and uncultivated like a seed in a forgotten garden, with something wonderful. He hoped that whatever Mr. Trust had done for Kenny would work as well for him.

It was nearly six months since Arthur had seen the advertisement for the *Be a Man* seminar. He'd been shopping for groceries and had spotted the glossy flyer posted to the bulletin board at the supermarket.

"Are you tired of being a doormat? Getting passed over for promotions at work? Do people ignore you? Make fun of you? Treat you as if you had no feelings? Take advantage of you? Do you want to be admired and successful? Are you ready to Be a Man?"

Arthur had answered "yes" to every question. For as long as he could remember, he'd felt *less* than everyone else on the planet -- less handsome, less talented, less intelligent, less productive, less *worthy*. Ever since he'd first set foot in his kindergarten classroom wearing a clip-on tie and carrying his plastic lunchbox, he'd been the kid everyone else had picked on. Through grade school, middle school, and high school, Arthur was the clumsy, gangly, pimply-faced nobody with the bad haircut who no one wanted to sit next to at lunch. The one who stuttered when called upon in class, and who could be counted on to trip over his own shoelaces. The kid who caught on to things a minute or two after everyone else had, as if he were on a time-delay. The eternal "There but for the grace of God go I" poster child.

It hadn't ended at high school, either. Instead, he'd grown into a skinny, quiet young man, painfully shy and awkward. In college, he was the one who walked around campus with his nose stuck in a book and a piece of toilet tissue dragging from his shoe heel. He was the one who didn't pay attention to where he was going, the one who walked into walls and the ladies' room by mistake. The one who never raised his hand in class, whose professors sometimes accused

him of cutting because they simply couldn't remember his face.

After graduation he'd taken a job in a large firm, was shown to a cubicle and promptly forgotten. Although he'd worked there for twelve years, he *still* had to run down to Payroll every so often to collect his check because the person delivering them couldn't remember who he was or where he worked.

Arthur had no close friends and had never had a date. Nor had he ever had the nerve to approach a prostitute -- the very thought made him break out into a cold sweat. He was, at age thirty-three as virginal as olive oil, still gawky, ungainly, and still very much unnoticed.

He was lonely and sick of being ignored; so much so that he'd drawn upon every ounce of courage he could muster and had signed up for the *Be A Man* seminar. It had cost him a bundle -- nearly four hundred dollars, but he'd been desperate. For his money he'd received a workbook, a stack of compact discs, and a six-hour lecture on how he needed to stop letting people walk all over him.

The seminar had been given by a dark-haired man with movie-star looks. Somehow, Arthur doubted that the man had ever known what it felt like to have your gym shorts pulled down during dodge ball, or your boss continually forget your name, even after twelve years of service.

The man had been a tornado of energy, pacing back and forth across the small stage, whipping the rest of the crowd into a frenzy, pausing every so often to point a manicured finger at someone in the crowd, male or female, and ask if they were ready to *Be A Man*.

"You are somebody! You are beautiful, smart, and people want to be your friend!"

That was the self-affirmation he'd been taught during the seminar, the one he was supposed to say to himself in the mirror every morning. It was the way every *Be a Man* support session started, too. Every Tuesday night in the basement of the Methodist Church, like schoolchildren standing beside their desks reciting the Pledge of Allegiance, Arthur and the other half-dozen members of the group would look into small hand mirrors and say the words together.

The mantra was supposed to make him believe in himself. So far, it hadn't worked.

Arthur had become disillusioned, convinced that the *Be a Man* program had been a colossal waste of time and money, and wasn't going to work for him. He'd been getting ready to drop out of the group when Kenny had undergone his miraculous transformation.

"Everybody," Kenny had said, addressing the group, "You have to try it. This guy is amazing! He knew *exactly* what I needed. I feel like a new man!"

He'd looked like one, too. Kenny had had his hair cut and was wearing a tight-fitting t-shirt and jeans that looked painted on. He looked good, better than Arthur would have guessed he could, considering the last time Arthur had seen Kenny he'd been wearing a stained dress shirt buttoned wrong, plaid pants that were a half-size too big, and mismatched socks. Even more surprising

than Kenny's newfound sense of style was his demeanor. He was standing tall and proud, commanding attention, somehow seeming more *there* than he'd ever been before.

Arthur was glad for Kenny but at the same time, insanely jealous. He was at the end of his rope, and decided that before quitting the group and resigning himself to living in the shadows for the rest of his life, he'd take Kenny's advice and make an appointment with Mr. Grant Trust. After all, he had nothing to lose by trying.

Now he stood before Trust's door, his knees knocking and his heart hammering. Kenny wouldn't give him any specifics as to Trust's course of treatment, except to say that it had worked wonders from his first visit. Arthur had thought that Trust might be a psychiatrist, prying into people's psyches and fixing the cracks with mental superglue, but now he doubted it. Surely a shrink would have a more imposing front door than the dull brown one that Arthur was facing. There wasn't even a nameplate above the small round doorbell.

Maybe he was a hypnotist. That might account for Kenny's sudden transformation. Subliminal suggestion -- Arthur had read somewhere that hypnosis could help people stop smoking or lose weight... why not gain self-confidence? *Yes, that must be it*, he thought.

He only hoped Mr. Trust didn't have a twisted sense of humor and make him cluck like a chicken.

Taking a deep breath, he tried to swallow his misgivings and pushed the doorbell. He could hear a chime tinkling inside, delicate and unobtrusive, like the beating wings of a glass butterfly. A moment later it opened to reveal a stout, middle-aged woman wearing an apron, a net over steel-gray hair, and sensible black shoes.

"Uh, I'm, uh... Arthur. Drexall. Arthur Drexall. I've got an appointment with Mr. Trust?"

"*Ja*. He is upstairs, first door on the left. Wipe your feet." Her voice was as severe as her looks, tight and controlled and heavy with a German accent. She opened the door, standing to the side so that Arthur could enter.

He carefully did as she'd ordered, scraping the soles of his oxfords on the mat before stepping inside. The staircase she'd pointed to was long and narrow, lit by elegant sconces that cast shadows against the wall. The banister was gleaming dark wood and felt smooth under his hand as he slowly climbed the stairs. It smelled of lemon polish, reminding him of his grandmother's house.

The first door on the left was much nicer than the front door, paneled and burnished and even more intimidating. He raised his hand and knocked gingerly against it, his knuckles barely tapping the rich wood.

"Come in." The voice he heard was deep and rumbling, like thunder off in the distance. Arthur swallowed hard, forcing himself to grasp the knob and turn it.

He found himself in a cozy office suite, too large to be small but too small to be spacious, decorated with tasteful oil paintings, a small desk, and an overstuffed leather sofa. A desk and chair sat next to a floor-to-ceiling window hung with thick drapes. Light came from several wall sconces that glowed softly, and two Tiffany-style floor lamps. Another door opened into the room at the rear, but it was closed.

"You must be Mr. Drexall. I've been expecting you. I'm Grant Trust."

Arthur blinked at the hand that extended toward him, shaking it almost as an afterthought. He kept his eyes focused on Trust's hand, unable to raise them to meet the man's eyes. Talk about intimidating! Power and strength clung to Trust like cologne, making Arthur feel even more small and insignificant by comparison.

"May I call you Arthur? Ah, you have one of the worst cases I've ever seen, Arthur. Tsk, tsk. Look up at me, Arthur. I do not wish to spend our entire session with you staring at my shoes." Trust's voice was stern, if kind.

Arthur's head popped up like a cork, his eyes wide. He felt his ears burn and his cheeks heat, discomfited -- as usual -- and feeling as though he were back in school with a wad of spinach stuck in his braces.

"I've embarrassed you," Trust said, a small smile touching his lips. Arthur was struck by how handsome Trust was, how perfectly composed. He seemed easy in his skin, too, like a runway model or a politician. Arthur felt jealousy roil in his gut and his ears burned hotter because of it. He realized that even if Trust had a magic syringe full of self-confidence juice, Arthur might gain poise but he'd still look like... well, like *Arthur*.

It's just not fair, he thought as his eyes dropped back to the floor.

"Arthur, please don't make me ask you again. I want to see your eyes. They're a rather remarkable color, you know. Brown, like the color of good, rich earth, and yes! I can see little flecks of gold and green in them, too, near the pupils. Lovely."

Arthur was tempted to look behind him, to see if another man who shared his name might have slipped into the room with them unnoticed. Was Trust talking about *his* eyes? They were brown all right, but Arthur had always likened the color to mud-covered shit. No one had ever called them "lovely" before.

"I can tell you aren't used to compliments. That's a pity, really. You're an attractive man, Arthur. I'd wager that you've been hurt in the past and have been conditioned to keep your head low, under the radar of most people. No matter. I have trained myself to see the beauty in unpolished gems. By the time we're done here you will shine like the Hope diamond, I promise."

Arthur didn't know what to say. In the first thirty seconds of their meeting, Mr. Trust had given him more compliments than he remembered receiving in his entire life. What was even more shocking was that they didn't carry the undertones of condescension that Arthur was accustomed

to hearing. They sounded... genuine.

"Come, let's sit down and be comfortable while we talk." Trust waved gracefully at the leather sofa. Arthur sat at one end, fully expecting Trust to sit at his desk. He didn't. Instead he sat right next to Arthur, so close that Arthur could smell his cologne. It smelled earthy and woodsy, much better than the Old Spice that Arthur had splashed on after his shower.

"Arthur, correct me if I'm wrong, but I assume that you came to me because you feel that you are lacking something in your life. You wish to be more assertive, more confident. Am I right?"

"Y-yes," Arthur said, nodding. It was the first thing he'd managed to say since he'd walked in, and his voice sounded brittle and unsure to his ears. He felt shaky, his stomach roiling with nervousness.

"Very good. I'm going to ask you a few questions, Arthur, and I want you to answer them truthfully. Don't be embarrassed or ashamed -- know that I consider our session today to be strictly confidential. Nothing that is said or done today will leave this suite."

Arthur blushed again and almost let his eyes drop before he remembered Trust's order to look the man in the eyes. He managed to keep eye contact and nodded again. It felt like an accomplishment.

"Have you had a promotion within the past year?"

"N-no."

"The past five years?"

"No."

"Have you ever been promoted?"

"No." Arthur's voice was almost inaudible and he felt shame wash over him. He'd never been promoted. He doubted if his boss even knew his work well enough to consider it. His efforts went as unnoticed as he did.

"Do you participate in any team sports?"

"No."

"Have you ever visited a nude beach?"

Arthur felt his cheeks flame anew. "No!"

"Do you prefer to have the lights on or off during sex?"

Arthur's jaw dropped, and he felt the blood that had heated his cheeks a moment ago drain completely away. Should he lie? Yes, maybe he should. Then again, if Trust asked Arthur more questions on the subject, his innocence might be revealed and Trust would know he'd lied, which would make Arthur feel even worse. He fluctuated silently, arguing with himself. Get up and leave. Tell the truth. Lie. Three voices, all of which were his, battled in Arthur's head.

"Oh, good heavens, Arthur! You're a *virgin*?"

Either Trust was very, very good or Arthur was as transparent as window glass. The blood rushed back into his head all at once, making him feel dizzy. Too late to lie and too woozy to storm out, Arthur gave a small nod.

"Are you a priest?"

"N-no."

"A Buddhist monk?"

"No."

"Victim of an unfortunate accident or medical condition?"

"No."

"You *do* have a fully functional penis, do you not?"

"Yes! Geez," Arthur muttered, his ears burning so hot that he feared they'd melt right off the sides of his head.

"Oh, thank goodness! Then I suppose it's safe for me to assume that you masturbate on a regular basis?"

Good God, could this *get* any more embarrassing? If Arthur blushed any harder, he was afraid he might spontaneously combust and scorch Mr. Trust's expensive leather sofa. His tongue felt like cotton scraping against sandpaper, thick, woolly and unable to wrap around words, so he nodded.

"All right. You see, Arthur, details about a person's sex life -- or lack thereof -- can tell me a great deal about that person. I've found that if a healthy adult's sex life is lacking, other aspects of their lives might be also, providing they haven't made a conscious decision to be celibate. It's my belief that there is a direct tie between a person's sex life and their overall attitude about themselves. If they can be persuaded to try something different, something exciting and they do so successfully, they often find new confidence that carries over into other facets of their lives. Simply put, Arthur, feeling sexy and virile is empowering."

Well, that was the end of that. If the key to Trust's treatment was sex, then Arthur was screwed, no pun intended.

"Come with me, Arthur," Trust said, standing up. Arthur didn't move -- he couldn't. A small frown creased the skin between Trust's sleek eyebrows. "You're here because you're desperate, isn't that right? It's okay, Arthur. Everyone who comes to me feels the same way. Your friend Kenny felt that way too and look at how much he's improved! I can do that for you, too, but you must trust me."

Trust in Trust. Arthur would have giggled at the thought, if he hadn't been so nervous that he was close to wetting himself. He managed to draw himself up on shaky legs, and followed Trust to the door at the back of the room.

Trust ushered him inside the next room. Arthur heard the door close behind him, the soft *click* echoing in his head like a thunderclap. The room he found himself in was a bedroom.

A huge, four-poster bed dominated the center of the room, made over with a thick, cream-colored satin comforter and fluffy pillows in jewel-toned, fringed cases. The only other piece of furniture was an overstuffed armchair, and an eight-drawer, wheeled toolbox, the kind that might have been used by a mechanic. Another door on the far wall opened into a bathroom.

"Arthur, you may go into the bathroom and disrobe."

Trust might as well have said, "Arthur, you may take the elevator to the roof of the building and jump off." What kind of joke was this? Were there hidden cameras here? Would a laughing reality TV host scuttle out from underneath the huge bed and tell Arthur that he was on *America's Funniest Practical Jokes*? Arthur turned toward Trust in shock, his mouth flopping open, his jaw practically touching his chest.

Trust smiled. "I know what you must be thinking, Arthur. Suffice it to say that everyone who comes to me for help has that same expression on their faces when I tell them to undress, but you *must* do it. It is imperative that there be no barriers between us. Go on, now. There is a robe hanging in the bathroom that you may put on if you feel it absolutely necessary."

Arthur was *not* going to do it. Absolutely not! And yet, despite the forceful objections that surged through his mind, Arthur's feet had other ideas. They moved shakily over the lush carpeting toward the bathroom. He slipped inside and closed the door, leaning his forehead against the cool wood, his heart pounding.

What was he doing? Had he lost his mind completely? Surely he wasn't thinking of doing as Trust had told him to do? He was *not* going to strip bare-assed! He wasn't!

Then he remembered the way Kenny had looked, so poised and confident. He remembered the way everyone else in the group had looked at Kenny, their eyes full of admiration, and how very much Arthur wanted someone, *anyone*, to look at him the same way.

He stripped, folding his clothes neatly, methodically, placing them on the vanity.

Arthur didn't look in the mirror; he didn't want to see the imperfections in his body. He knew them all too well. He was too skinny, his skin too pale. There wasn't a single hair on his chest, and his hipbones were sharp enough to slice cold cuts. His cock lay between his legs like a fat, pink worm, balls drooping low behind it. Reaching for the robe, he shrugged into it quickly, feeling a head-to-toe blush suffusing his skin.

He cracked open the bathroom door, peeking into the bedroom. Trust was sitting in the chair, facing the bed, his legs crossed comfortably, as naked as the day he'd been born. If there had been a window in the bathroom, Arthur would have seriously considered crawling out and escaping. There wasn't, and he couldn't stay in the bathroom forever, so he fought back the wave of fear that threatened to turn his bowels to water and walked through the door.

"Very good, Arthur! You've taken the first step toward shedding your inhibitions and becoming the strong, confident man you always wanted to be! Excellent!" Trust smiled at him, beckoning him closer. "Lie down on the bed, please."

Arthur hesitated, clutching the robe tighter around his body, but then his feet sank into the thick carpeting as they carried him to the edge of the bed. He sat and, trying not to disturb the comforter, carefully lay down. The pillows cushioned his head in satin clouds. They were perfumed with Trust's cologne, he realized.

"Open your robe, Arthur."

Arthur's chest seized, his hands fisting the terrycloth of the robe, sweat breaking out on his forehead. *No, no, no!* Arthur's inner voice cried. Then another voice, one Arthur had never heard in his head before, countered. *For once in your miserable life, take a chance! What do you have to lose?*

As if he were ripping off a Band-Aid to minimize the pain, Arthur flung the robe wide open, feeling the cooler air of the room raise gooseflesh on his skin. Surprisingly, even though he was embarrassed nearly to tears, it felt like a major accomplishment. He was lying bare-butt naked in front of another human being!

Even more astonishingly, Trust hadn't laughed at him.

"You have a very nice body, Arthur. You should never be embarrassed to show it off. My, my, I know of many men who would love to look like you. Not an ounce of fat, smooth, supple skin... yes, you're quite attractive, indeed."

"I-I'm too skinny and too pale," Arthur said, shaking his head. "I've tried to tan, but all I can manage is to turn darker shades of red."

"Tans are overrated, my friend. Besides the danger of skin cancer from sunbathing, tans can eventually make your skin look like old leather, cracked and dry. Your skin looks very soft, very touchable."

"Oh," Arthur replied, unsure of what to say. He hadn't thought of it that way before.

"Now, show me your technique."

"W-what? What technique?" Confusion edged out his discomfiture, and he turned his head, meeting Trust's eyes.

"Your masturbation technique. How do you like to stroke yourself, Arthur?"

"Are you kidding? I can't!"

"Why not?"

"Because... because you're watching me, that's why!"

"I *must* watch in order to help you, Arthur. Close your eyes if you wish. Pretend you're alone."

"This is ridiculous. I can't..." Arthur demurred. He shook his head vehemently, but his fingers slid over his belly and lightly brushed against his cock. It stirred as if seeking contact. To Arthur's horror, it began to fill, slowly growing semi-hard, hot against his thigh. His fingers wrapped around its girth, squeezing gently. "Oh, God..."

"Very good, Arthur. See? It's not as difficult as you thought. You have a beautiful cock. Why, it must be nearly eight inches! Such a lovely fat head, too."

Arthur's belly grew tight, a hot spot deep within his core expanding, pulsing, swelling his balls as his hand slid along the length of his prick.

"Do you always use the same stroke, Arthur?"

"Yes." He was hard now; rock-hard in fact, his hand spreading moisture from the small slit on the head over his shaft, easing his strokes.

"Do you ever use toys, Arthur?"

His heart rate accelerated, but oddly enough the question sent a bolt of heat rocketing through his balls. "T-toys?"

"Yes, Arthur. Dildos? Cockrings? Sounds?"

Arthur's hand stroked faster, wet, slick sounds filling the air. "S-sounds?" He had no idea what Trust was talking about. Had he misunderstood? Then again, Arthur wasn't sure his brain was functioning correctly -- perhaps he'd had a stroke or an aneurysm. It was the only explanation he could come up with to explain why he was jerking off in full view of another man, and why everything Trust said made him hotter. "You mean like music or talking dirty to myself?" He was too far gone to be worried about asking questions.

Trust chuckled, but Arthur couldn't sense any malice in the laughter. Instead, Trust's rumbling voice turned him on even more. He ran his thumb over his slit, gathering more precome.

"No, no, Arthur."

Arthur watched Trust get up, uncoiling gracefully from the chair. He noted absently that Trust must work out -- he had a great body, as men went, hard and sculpted. As he turned away and slid open the top drawer of the tool box, Arthur noticed that his ass was furry and firm.

"*This* is a sound, Arthur." Trust held up a slim metal rod. It was about twelve inches long, slender and smooth, a shiny stainless-steel cylinder. It glinted in the soft lighting. "Would you like to try it?" Arthur's gaze dropped from the implement in Trust's hand to his groin, noticing that Trust had a hard-on. His cock was thick and long, the sleek head colored a rosy red.

"H-how?"

"Shall I show you? Will you trust me to touch you?"

Oh, God! Could he? Arthur was shocked to find that he *did* want Trust to touch him. The very thought of it brought a new gush of precome from his cock. His balls swelled further, and his back arched as if his cock was trying to reach Trust from across the room. While he'd never thought about another man while masturbating, hadn't ever fantasized about it, the idea of Trust's large, manicured hands touching his cock nearly undid him. He forced himself to let go, taking deep gulps of air. He didn't want to come, not yet. "Yes, p-please," he said in a shaky voice.

Trust sat down on the edge of the bed, his weight dipping the mattress. His long, elegant fingers wrapped around Arthur's cock, pressing gently as they stroked upward. To Arthur's horror, he found himself unable to hold back. He orgasmed, coming so hard that he saw spots dance before his eyes, his semen splashing over Trust's hand, painting Arthur's belly with white-hot streaks.

"Oh, God, I'm sorry," Arthur mewled, blinking down across his belly. Trust's hand was still on him, still stroking his softening prick. He was mortified.

"Not to worry, Arthur! I have a feeling that you'll be hard again in no time." To Arthur's amazement, Trust lifted his hand and licked his fingers clean. "My, you taste heavenly."

What did semen taste like? Arthur wondered. He knew it would be salty -- he'd watched enough porn to garner that much information, but had never contemplated tasting his own. Suddenly, he wanted to, very much, in fact. He ran a finger through the wetness on his stomach and touched it to his lips. Salty, and a little bitter, he thought. Did every man's come taste the same? Would Trust's taste like his? Arthur's mouth watered as he wondered, and he felt his cock stir against Trust's fingers.

"Excellent, Arthur. You're a quick student." Trust leaned down and swiped his tongue across Arthur's belly, then touched it to Arthur's lips. Arthur automatically opened for the man, tasting

himself on Trust's tongue.

His cock grew hard again, his hips thrusting upward into Trust's hand.

"There we are. See? I told you so," Trust whispered, stroking Arthur's cock masterfully. His hand squeezed, sliding along the shaft from root to tip and back again, working Arthur's cock back into a full erection.

"There is a spot, Arthur, deep inside every man, that when stimulated, can cause pleasure to skyrocket. There are several ways to achieve this, first and foremost being fingered or fucked. Were I to fuck your asshole, my cock would brush against that spot, and you would see Heaven, Arthur, but quite frankly, I don't think you're ready for that step yet. Using a sound is another way to reach that elusive, magic button. Besides, I want you to be able to do this at home, and watch yourself as you do. You are in control of your body, Arthur. Never forget that."

Arthur's asshole flexed as he imagined what it might be like to feel Trust's thick penis breach his body. Trust was right -- he wasn't ready for that yet. *Maybe someday*, he thought, feeling his cock leak hot fluid into Trust's hand. Yes, indeed, maybe someday *soon* he'd find out what it felt like. For now, he was content to let Trust play with his cock.

Trust showed Arthur a tube of lubricant. "This lube contains Lidocaine, Arthur. It will numb the head of your cock somewhat, so that the penetration of the sound will not be uncomfortable for you. As time goes on and you practice using sounds, you'll find that your body stretches to accommodate them and will no longer need the special slick."

Penetrate? Penetrate what, exactly?

Oh! Oh, Hell no! Not there!

He was about to protest, to sit up and push Trust away when Trust leaned down over his cock and took it into his mouth. Suddenly, all rational thought fled Arthur's mind as a wave of pleasure unlike anything he'd ever known before washed over him. Heat, molten and wet, surrounded his cock; gentle suction sent ripples dancing up Arthur's spine. His eyes rolled back in his head, air whooshing out of his lungs in a long, low hiss. His hands fisted the satin comforter as his hips pushed upward into the moist heat of Trust's mouth. Arthur realized that he was fucking Trust's mouth, feeling the soft cushion of his tongue and the scrape of his molars. His balls swelled so much that Arthur feared they'd split like overripe fruit, but before that could happen Trust released him and sat up.

Arthur felt the cool touch of metal and lube on the head of his cock and looked down. Trust held his cock firmly, dabbing his slit with one end of the sound, smearing it with viscous slick. Then, incredibly, Trust began to push the metal rod into the hole, feeding it in like a thread through a straw.

The rod felt both icy cold and scalding hot at the same time as it slid deeply into Arthur's penis. He watched the length of it slowly disappear, feeling it stretch his urethra uncomfortably until

only an inch or so remained visible. Then it hit a place buried deep within his body and a jolt of pleasure drew a soft cry from his lips. "Oh, my God!" he gasped, letting his head fall back on the pillow. He'd never felt anything like it before. It brought him near to tears, ready to beg for release as his cock grew painfully hard. "Please! I want to..."

"Say it, Arthur. Tell me what you want," Trust coaxed as he drew the sound out and slid it back in again.

"Let me come. I want to come," Arthur answered, forcing his eyes open. He saw that Trust was stroking his own cock at the same time, and felt oddly empowered. He boldly reached over and touched Trust's cock. It felt hard, the delicate skin soft and hot enough to scald, much as Arthur's own did when he jacked off. "I want you to come, too."

Gracious! When did he grow so daring? He half expected Trust to be angry with him, or worse, to laugh at him for being so naïve. Instead, Trust sighed and smiled, continuing to fuck Arthur's cock with the sound. He felt Trust's other hand wrap around his own, urging him to stroke Trust's cock fully.

"Is that a request or an order, Arthur?" Trust's hand left the sound in place within Arthur's dick and began jerking him in earnest.

Arthur didn't even have to think about it. His balls were ready to explode, his belly tightening with the familiar stirrings of an orgasm. "An order. Come. Now!" Then Arthur's head snapped back, neck arching, tendons straining as his second climax of the day shot through him, spurred by his newfound naughtiness. Wave after wave of pleasure coursed through his veins, pounding in his head, making him see stars. spurts of semen pushed the sound out of his cock, the release of the pressure it had caused escalating the intensity of his orgasm until Arthur was certain he wouldn't survive it. He heard Trust grunting, felt liquid heat flowing over his hand and realized that Trust had obeyed his command and had come at the same time.

It took a few moments for Arthur to come down from the high, floating back into himself like a feather drifting to the earth. His fingers found the sound lying next to him and caressed the smooth metal, its surface sticky with lube and semen. He picked it up and looked at it, marveling at how such a simple object could have made him feel like a god.

"I must say you are one of the brightest pupils I've ever had the pleasure of instructing," Trust said, drawing Arthur's attention away from the sound. He was smiling at Arthur, his handsome face flushed. "Most of my clients don't reach the level of issuing a command to me until weeks or even months later. Well done, Arthur."

"Thanks," Arthur replied, feeling a cocky smile tilt his lips. He felt proud of himself, a new and alien feeling for him.

"We'll meet here again next Friday, all right? Eight o'clock?"

Arthur nodded, unable to stop smiling. He held out the sound to Trust, but Trust shook his head.

"No, no. That belongs to you, now. You'll need it for your homework."

"Homework?" For a split second, Arthur thought that Trust was going to ask him to write an essay about the subject.

"Oh yes. You are to practice sounding every night, Arthur. Take as long as you can before making yourself come. By next week, I want you to be able to take the sound without the Lidocaine lube."

Arthur's grin grew wider. He was going to like this assignment; he knew it already. Not only that, but he was going to continue to be a star pupil, too.

Later, after Arthur had dressed and said his goodbyes, he strolled down the street on the way home with a new swagger in his walk. He held his head high, his cheeks creased in a confident smile. He'd done well and he knew it, and it showed in his demeanor. Not only had he surpassed Trust's expectations, but he'd made another human climax. Heady stuff, that.

He could hardly wait for next week... and the week after that, and the one after that. He wanted to experience everything Trust had to offer him, from sounding to dildos to fingering to fucking, and he planned on excelling at them all.

Someday, Arthur thought, he might even become a professional like Trust and help other people who suffered from serious self-confidence issues, like he had. Help them learn that they were desirable; teach them to trust in themselves.

He patted the sound that was secreted in his pocket, and his smile broadened.

Sideshow Roses

by Angela Sparrow and Naomi Brooks

One thing Nick Harper had discovered, living with the Phantasmagoria Traveling Carnival, the Only Ten in One Show Still Riding the Rails!, was that Torturo the Pain King was, oddly enough, an incurable romantic. His large and handsome lover was forever surprising him with little treats and sweet stolen moments.

He smiled fondly as he checked the performers' props backstage, remembering the November morning on the midway when his Jacob, not in his public guise as Torturo, had slipped up behind him, startled him, and then handed him the cotton candy he'd been craving. He worked on closing the Ten in One. The roustabouts did the heavy work, but Nick liked to see to the details of the show. The shows were over for the night and it was the workers' time.

He remembered Christmas, when Jacob had worn a Santa hat all day, even during the shows. Nick had gotten a pierced ear for Christmas, which everyone said looked very dashing. He didn't show them what else Jacob had pierced. That was their private gift.

Valentine's Day had bathed the midway in red and pink, from the lights to the paint job on the rides. Nick polished the last pickled punk's jar in the exit hallway of the tent, and hurried back to the train car. He couldn't wait to see what Jacob had ready. He swung by the mess tent to pick up his own surprise.

Marvello the Magician and his wife, Hannah the Bearded Lady, sat alone and cozy in the tent. Everyone else had gone to their cars. Marvello fed Hannah a bite of a rich-looking dessert. Nick smiled and gave them a wave as he grabbed the large box from the cook and hurried off to the car he shared with Jacob.

Nick paused outside the door to fluff the bow on the package and straighten his bow tie. He walked in to find Jacob sitting at their small table, wearing his favorite black bathrobe.

Nick came over and set the package on the table. "Hello, Jacob." He leaned in for a kiss. Jacob grinned up at him and kissed him hard, his triple-pierced tongue filling Nick's mouth and making him moan. Just kissing his lover made his knees go a little weak.

"I have a present for you," Nick said when Jacob let him up.

Jacob said nothing, merely twitched aside his robe to reveal his lap. Nick stared.

He dropped to his knees before his lover's chair. He gently traced the three rings of the scrotal ladder and then the three bars of the frenum ladder. His fingers drifted up Jacob's long, hard cock, touching the two foreskin rings and the ampalling barbell.

Then Nick bent forward and sniffed the single red rose that bloomed from the head of Jacob's cock. A bare inch of stem protruded from his slit, holding the flower just off his skin.

"Happy Valentine's Day, Nicholas."

Nick smiled up and licked a slow stripe along Jacob's cock. "Very sexy. I wonder..." He licked around the head and flicked the foreskin rings.

"What are you wondering, sweet?" Jacob gasped when Nick zigzagged his tongue over the ladders.

"Can you come with that in?" Nick asked. He closed his hand tightly enough that he could feel the stem inside of Jacob's shaft. He jacked his lover hard and slow, making him moan softly. "Oh, you wicked man," he teased. "You've left the thorns on."

Although Jacob was impervious to most physical pain, he had done no such thing. Nick looked up and winked, asking his lover to play along. He squeezed harder and Jacob moaned as if being stuck.

Nick kept up a slow, steady hand job. Jacob squirmed in his chair from time to time. When Nick grasped the rose stem and slid the flower in and out, Jacob came.

Nick licked around the head, catching what he could. Then he eased the rose out, licking each exposed inch as he went. Jacob moaned softly, and Nick smiled up at him as he laid the rose on the table next to the box.

When he stood up, Jacob immediately pulled him down for a kiss. "No whining tonight, darling, unless my tongue produces it," he ordered.

Nick resisted the urge to walk out at having his past bad behavior thrown at him. That would only confirm Jacob's statement. His religious baggage had made him an unpleasant companion in their early days, and Jacob never let him forget he had been a whiny brat. Things had much improved in recent months, but Jacob still twitted him and it annoyed him.

Instead of the grand exit, Nick bit down on his annoyance and gave Jacob a seductive smile. "Your tongue." He kissed Jacob again, licking at that particular organ. "The rose." He picked up the box, and added, "or the contents of the box."

"What *is* in the box, darling?" Jacob fluffed the large red bow and held out his eager hands for it.

Nick handed it over. "Open it."

Torturo gave it a light shake before he pulled the bow aside and lifted the lid to reveal a jar of hot fudge sauce, a can of frosting and a box of chocolate-covered cherries. Torturo smiled wickedly at the sight. He picked up the cherries first and then the sauce. He looked at the frosting oddly and then at Nick. "Frosting comes in a canister now? Are we having cake?"

Nick matched his grin. "Maybe." He held out his hand and Jacob gave him the frosting, a curious look on his face. Nick popped the lid and tore away the inner foil. Still smiling, he got a large

fingerful and held it to Jacob's mouth.

Jacob licked at little at the frosting, his tongue gently and inexorably drawing Nick's finger into his mouth. Nick moaned once the frosting was gone and Jacob was fellating his finger, the three barbells in his tongue teasing the pad.

Nick let him keep it up, as he set the frosting down and smeared a second fingerful over Jacob's triple-pierced right nipple. He licked it clean, slowly, teasing as he did. Jacob sighed happily and crossed his arms behind his head, leaning back, allowing Nick better access. Nick nipped the tip of his nipple, making Jacob purr, and pulled away. He handed up the can of frosting.

"Your turn." Nick stood up and kissed Jacob, enjoying the chocolate flavor of his lover's mouth.

Jacob picked up the food in one massive paw, tucked the thornless rose between his teeth and loomed over Nick. Nick laughed at him when he hummed a tango, but let himself be backed to the bed in the slow-slow-quick-quick-slow step pattern. He did a sharp look from side to side and managed to get the rose away from Jacob with his own mouth.

Jacob laughed and helped him get naked and settled on the bunk they shared. Nick relinquished the rose only when Jacob got hold of his reverse PA and pulled. Already aroused, Nick whimpered with need under the treatment and gave up the flower.

"Love you," Nick said.

Jacob laid the rose on the table, opened the candy box and popped a cherry into Nick's mouth. "I love you, darling."

Nick sucked on the candy for a moment, letting it melt a little. After a second, he bit through the chocolate shell and felt the gooey, sweet cream inside spill over his tongue.

Jacob helped himself to one of the cherries, too. Nick watched him impale it with the front-most barbell and pull it in, cream leaking over his tongue. "Mmm." Jacob kissed him after he swallowed, slathering one of his nipples with the frosting. Jacob started on the other after enjoying the kiss.

Nick squirmed as Jacob cleaned one nipple and then the other, lingering to suck and play with the rings. He was breathing very fast when Jacob said, "You are the best dessert."

He caught Jacob's hand as he reached for the frosting, and guided it to the rose. "Does the stem hurt?" he asked softly, hesitating a little.

"No. But consider who you're asking, love."

Nick nodded. He took a sharp, fast breath and said, "Do it to me." To cover his nerves, he joked, "Do it before you decide to shove all the cherries up my ass and eat them back out." Torturo shoved a large apple into his anus during the adult show. Jacob had more than once suggested

Nick come up and eat it out of his ass on stage. Nick had always refused.

Jacob toyed with the candy box. "What a lovely idea." Nick breathed a silent sigh of relief when Jacob picked up the rose. He hesitated for a moment before giving it a light lubrication from the bottle in their nightstand. Nick realized he had probably taken it dry or at most with a bit of spit.

Nick gave his cock a stroke, and rotated his reverse PA. "Do we need to take out the ring?"

"Yes." Jacob slipped it out so deftly Nick barely felt it. "Since I don't want to hurt you. I love that on you," he added as he set the ring aside. "Now watch."

Nick propped himself up on his elbows and watched, wide-eyed, as Jacob slowly slid the base of stem into his slit. A feeling of fullness sent shivers over him, as the first inch entered.

"Nice and slow. Ah, that's weird!" Nick flinched as the second inch made its way in.

"Does it hurt?" Jacob looked concerned as he held the rose in one hand and ran his long fingers over Nick's cock.

Nick shook his head. "No, it's just weird. I feel full, and it twinges a little, but it's not hurting."

Jacob smiled. "I shaved it very smooth. All I felt is how cool it was. So very nice."

"It is, and slick, but..." Nick gave a soft groan. "It feels huge. I--" He cut himself off with a couple of deep breaths, feeling himself start to tense up. "I just haven't had anything in there since you pierced me."

He breathed slowly, experiencing the new sensation as Jacob continued working the stem into him. When it hit the inner curve, Nick startled at the pleasure.

"You have it all now." Jacob let go of his cock, and kissed him, just a light brush of his lips. "My brave, beautiful boy."

Nick lay quietly, just absorbing the oddness of the feeling. After a moment, Jacob kissed him again, and wrapped that large hand that Nick so adored around him. Jacob stroked very gently, a long slow motion that made Nick go all shivery.

Nick let a little whimper escape. "Oh, that's good." Jacob fed him another cherry and took one for himself. Nick let the chocolate melt on his tongue, and when Jacob's mouth came down, he melted too, under the slow hand and slower tongue.

"Love you," he whispered when Jacob rose from his lips and smiled at him. "Be gentle?"

Jacob smiled darkly and Nick shivered, remembering many nights when he'd made the same plea and been denied. "Always," Jacob whispered. "I'm always gentle with you." He pressed two fingers a little more tightly.

Nick moaned under the flower and his lover's touch, knowing it was true. For all the times Jacob had hurt him, Jacob always hurt himself worse. He shivered when Jacob touched the rings in his nipples and then pinched the tight flesh around them.

"Gonna come," Nick managed.

"Yes, darling." Jacob took a quick kiss and then leaned in close to catch it with his mouth. When he licked the head of Nick's cock, his tongue playing with the hole from the reverse PA, Nick gave a soft groan and came. Some of the fluid leaked through the hole and Jacob licked at it. The rest pushed the rose part of the way out of his cock.

Jacob pulled the rose the rest of the way out, the extra lubrication aiding its passage. He swallowed the whole length of the stem, and drew it out through his lips, clean. He brushed the petals over Nick's nipples and ribs and over his hips to just barely graze the head of his cock. He bent in and kissed Nick, who smiled at him.

"Happy Valentine's Day," Nick said.

"Happy Valentine's, my twisted, delicious darling." Jacob scooped another fingerful of frosting and fed it to Nick. Nick sucked Jacob's finger, swirling his tongue and dragging it over his skin until Jacob was clean and breathing fast.

Nick let the finger go with a pop. "Twisted like taffy for you."

Jacob gave him a wicked smile and rolled him onto his back. He loomed over Nick, who looked up, his eyes wide with mock-fear. He spoiled the look with a quick flick of his tongue over his lips. Jacob grinned at that.

"You're having naughty thoughts again, Tortie," Nick said, popping the first knuckle of his own index finger into his mouth, with a flirty pout. He grinned broadly. "And I've been hanging out with the twins too much."

Jacob snickered a little. "I wondered where that came from... Nicky." He used the nickname Nick tolerated from no one but Alice and Dinah, the conjoined twins.

In response, Nick stuck his tongue out, in Alice's favorite gesture of contempt.

Jacob caught it between his thumb and forefinger, and pulled it out as far as it would go. "Are you asking me for another piercing?"

Nick shook his head as much as he could with his tongue trapped. He whimpered, feeling really scared. He licked Jacob's finger anyway.

"I'm going to give you three someday. Just like mine, but in reverse, with two in front and one behind."

Nick nodded and pulled Jacob's finger back into his mouth, sucking at it, almost promisingly. When he let it go, he said, "Do it at the end of the weekend."

"Yes. Then I can try it out as soon as it heals. You love it when I suck you. I can't wait to see what tricks you'll devise for pleasing me with yours."

"Oh, yeah." Nick found himself turning on again. A third erection was a rarity and he decided to make the most of it. He reached for the rose. "Put it back in and fuck me, please?" he asked softly.

Jacob beamed and kissed him. "Oh yes." He caught Nick's wrists and secured them to the manacles set into the wall above his bunk. "I want you hands-off."

Nick rattled the chains, getting comfortable. "What was your wicked thought?"

"Driving you mad?" Jacob licked a circle around one nipple, never touching the darker skin.

"Oh, you tease," Nick moaned.

"It'll get better." Nick whined as Jacob put the rose back into his cock. It was almost too much to take; the incredible feeling in his over-sensitive cock made him squirm until he thought he would dislodge the flower.

Jacob watched him, grinning as he stroked the lube over his cock. "That's right," he said when Nick thrust against the empty air. "Now you don't get touched." Nick whimpered.

Jacob pressed Nick's knees back to his shoulders, and licked his balls and up to play with the frenum ladder he'd pierced on the underside of Nick's cock. Then he licked down a little, rimming him deep, letting Nick moan appreciatively.

Using only his spit, Jacob eased in with a gentle rocking motion that coaxed Nick to open for him. Nick breathed in sharply, but realized it was only a little uncomfortable and not really painful. He took a couple of deep breaths and relaxed, which made the situation more comfortable.

Torturo loved him twisted into a pretzel. Jacob liked him any way Nick said yes to. He smiled up from between his calves and Jacob kissed him. He lay quietly, letting Jacob enjoy him, not making much effort to climax, despite craving it. The endless temptation to thrust against the air, against Jacob, against anything, was making him crazy, but he tried not to squirm.

Jacob took a while, but released him immediately after he came, easing him out of the pretzel, and unfastening the shackles. He stroked Nick, loving and gentle now. Nick wished Jacob could always be like this, but had to admit he would miss the wild nights. He lay in Jacob's arms, breathing hard and fast.

“Too much?” Jacob asked, rubbing his hips and back, the places that usually ended up aching the most.

“No, never.” Nick smiled and then looked at his poor cock, still being used as a bud vase. “Please...” he hesitated a moment. “Fuck me with it?”

Jacob shuddered and for a moment, his eyes went wide and maniacal, and Nick knew he was once again in Torturo's hands, by the wicked grin. This was why he was seldom crude in front of his lover, it unleashed the darker side.

“Oh, yes,” Torturo breathed and stroked his hair. The stroking turned to yanking and filling Nick's mouth with his tongue. His long fingers were busy, sliding the stem in and out of Nick's slit, careful not to jab it in or draw it all the way out.

Nick erupted, his body wracking with pleasure. Jacob nipped his tongue and let go of his mouth to clean him up.

They lay quietly, Nick exhausted from the orgasm. Jacob stroked his face with the petals of the rose, making him close his eyes each time he tried to peek.

“I should use that as part of my act. The apple is getting tiresome.”

Nick, blissed out, smiled as the rose petals stroked across his lips. “Mmm, you could wrap your cock in a molten glass spiral and stick the rose in, before announcing 'A vase!' I wonder how many of the crowd would freak out.”

“One way to find out.” Thorns, sharp and close together, slashed down across Nick's lips. He tasted warm salt. His eyes flew open to see Torturo grinning at him, his eyes burning as he licked Nick's blood from the thorns. “That's the one I'll use for tomorrow's show,” he said, and kissed Nick hard, sharing the hot coppery taste.

Nick knew then it was going to be a very long night. He snaked his tongue out over the scratch and flicked Jacob's lips. He loved long nights.

A Play of Shadow

by Mychael Black

Marcus Artorius Triarius. The name invoked fear and respect no matter where the man went. It was amazing to see the people -- human and vampire alike -- cower in his presence. Triarius ruled his people with an iron, but fair fist. He heard petitions brought before him and meted out the punishments if needed. True, he wasn't the nicest person in the world, but... he was mine. While I held a healthy respect for him, I no longer feared him. Though it wasn't said often, I knew he loved me, just as much as I loved him.

Right now, though, I wanted to throttle him. He'd been temperamental and snappy lately, and quite frankly, I'd had enough.

Triarius ranted about something or another, bitching about the latest bout of idiocy that crossed his path. I tried to stay focused on what he said, since I assumed he wanted me to give my input, but my mind was drifting, the play of muscle beneath leather entirely too enticing. Six months and I still wanted to jump the man's bones every chance I could. He still wore his mask in public, but in private, he kept it off, knowing I loved him no matter what he looked like. And right now, he looked like he desperately needed a good fuck to calm his grouchy ass down.

"Are you done?"

Triarius whipped around, gaze narrowed on me. "What?"

I stood and went to him. Hooking a finger in the waistband of his pants, I tugged him close until we shared the same breath, even though breathing wasn't necessary. "On the bed."

"Excuse me?"

Grinning when I felt his cock harden and push against my own, I turned us and shoved him backward toward the bed. "Strip. On your hands and knees."

Triarius blinked, but he did as he was told. Something about the way this man responded to my commands made me bold. Naked, he turned and crawled onto the bed, thighs spread, that gorgeous ass tempting as fuck. I got behind him on my knees and ran my hands over his ass cheeks. Then I spread him open, mouth watering at the sight of his tight, puckered hole. Triarius didn't bottom very often, but every once in a while, I caught him in the mood. Like now.

I kneaded his ass, mesmerized by the way his hole clenched and released with every squeeze. "Goddamn, you're fucking hot," I muttered.

Triarius growled, hands fisting in the covers. "Lance."

Taking that as the warning it was that he wouldn't submit for long, I leaned forward and stroked my tongue up his crease. Triarius shuddered and cursed in Latin, and even though I had no idea what he said, judging by the way he pushed back, I gathered I was doing something right.

Spearing my tongue, I plunged it inside him, nearly coming undone at the way his body rippled around me. Musky, dark -- he tasted like power. The heat enveloped my tongue with every thrust inside and I felt the blood thrumming through his veins, its echo coursing through mine. I was lost, eyes closed as I plied him open with my mouth, licking, fangs scraping, tongue pushing in and out. Triarius moaned and rocked, finally giving in and just letting go.

He'd never beg, never ask for what he wanted or needed, but I read him well enough. I rose up and freed my cock, rubbing the head over his asshole. Triarius went still, not quite tensing, but not entirely relaxed. He didn't want lube -- he never did. He liked the burn as I sank my cock in, balls-deep. Truthfully, so did I. It reminded me -- us -- that we were here. It shoved away all other thoughts and kept us focused, so nothing else intruded on the moment. Hands on his hips, I tugged him backward as I plunged in. Triarius shuddered and snarled, rocking back onto me. He was tight as fuck and the heat was intense as I thrust in and out, pumping hard. Triarius' growls morphed into wordless moans, spurring me on. I wanted to feel him come, his body squeeze my cock.

Triarius balanced himself on one hand and started stroking his cock with the other. I closed my eyes and let my head fall back, drowning in the grip and release of his ass around me. With a guttural sound, he came, entire body jerking and gripping my prick like a vise. I was right behind him, shouting as I shot my load deep inside him. We both collapsed, panting and sweaty. I pulled out and flipped over, scooting close and draping one arm and one leg over him while he remained on his stomach.

"When will you ever ask for that?"

Triarius grumbled, face half-buried in a pillow. "When Hell freezes over."

"Why? I know you like it." I rubbed my hand up and down his back, tracing scars from past battles.

He turned his head just enough to look at me. "Honestly?" I nodded. "Because I enjoy it when you just take what you want."

Oh. I blinked as realization slowly began to set in. "You're serious."

"Yes."

My initial reaction was one of shock, but the longer I thought about it, the more it made sense. In any classic example, a submissive man was normally someone of power. The act of submission was a purging, of sorts, a way to cleanse and let go in safety without losing status outside the bedroom. Damn. If I'd thought his obedience to simple commands to fuck was heady, it was nothing compared to the feeling of knowing I could go much farther. He watched me intently and I knew he saw the thoughts whirling in my head.

"Teach me the shadows."

I thought I saw the trace of a smile, and then he nodded. "Very well." Triarius pushed up, stretched, and slid out of bed. I never tired of looking at him, admiring the way lean muscles moved under intricately decorated skin. "Your first lesson is to clear your mind," he said as he pulled on a robe. "That includes sex."

"Am I that transparent?" I yawned and stretched, catching his heated gaze out of the corner of my eye.

"Stop that."

"What?" I asked, feigning innocence while absently running a hand down my bare stomach.

"That," he growled. Before I realized he'd even moved, Triarius had my hands pinned to the bed above me, kissing me so hard, my lip split. He groaned and licked away the blood. "Get up before I forgo the lessons in favor of fucking you."

"Anyone ever tell you that you're a bastard?"

"Frequently."

When he moved, I got out of bed and slipped on a pair of loose pants. Triarius tossed me a shirt and when I stared at it, then him, he shrugged.

"I get distracted."

I laughed and rolled my eyes, tugging the shirt over my head. "And you say I'm bad." Hands slid around my hips and soft lips found my pulse point just as the shirt settled into place. I groaned and tipped my head, giving him more room. "Thought you were gonna teach me the shadows..."

He nipped my throat, and then stepped back, putting distance between us. "Yes," he said, nodding as if trying to convince himself more than me. "Lessons. Come."

"I did -- and damn, it was good," I said, following him out of our room.

Triarius just muttered something under his breath, sounding suspiciously like companions and one-track minds. I just grinned at his back. We went downstairs to one of the training rooms he'd set up just for my lessons. It was quiet and dark, total privacy where no one could find and interrupt us. He closed the door and with a wave of his hand, candles flared to life in the four corners of the room. We had a table along one wall, with an array of knives and swords, plus two chairs in the center. Triarius took his place in one of the chairs and gestured to the other.

"Calling them is easy," he said as a smoky tendril curled around one wrist. He turned his hand palm-up and the shadow coiled around his forearm. "Controlling them takes some work, but with proper concentration, you eventually learn it well enough so that it becomes second nature." The shadow vanished. "Try it. Call one."

"How?"

"To start, close your eyes and concentrate on it -- its appearance, its fluidity."

I closed my eyes and willed myself to relax, letting the cadence of his voice lull me into something of a trance. When I felt at ease completely, I lifted my right hand, remembering what he said about dominant hands and magic flow. I opened my eyes and softened my gaze. A cloud began forming over my palm, growing darker as it thickened. It had no substance that I could feel, but the form was solid.

"Excellent," Triarius murmured. "Will it into shape."

I wondered for a brief moment what shape to try, but the shadow seemed to move on its own, elongating and thinning until it resembled a slender rod about eight or nine inches long. I smiled as I watched the rod firm, becoming almost solid. The thicker it became, the more I felt it -- just the slightest tickle, growing stronger by the second. The implications of what I could do with shadows once I had control of them made my smile widen.

"Take your robe off."

"What?"

Gaze sliding to Triarius, I repeated the command, more firmly this time. "Take off your robe."

An unreadable expression crossed his face, and then he stood and removed the robe. I licked my lips, taking in the exquisite body before me. His cock was already hard, standing out from his body, tip glistening. I curled my fingers around the shaft and drew him forward, smiling at the hitch in his breath when I flicked my tongue over the slit. Triarius wound his fingers in my hair, hands fisting. With a soft chuckle, I pulled him in, lips sliding down around his cock as I sucked. He growled and thrust, the hold on my hair almost painful. Silken steel slid over my tongue, back and forth, hot as hell. Sweet drops of precome filled my mouth and I felt his prick twitch, giving me ample warning. When I pulled off of him, Triarius let out a sound that was half-growl, half-whimper.

"Lance."

Focusing on the hard length before me, I ignored the way he tried to tug me back to him. I had ideas for this gorgeous cock. The shadow in my hand lifted and turned with nothing more than a simple thought on my part. I willed it into place, one pointed tip poised at his slit, then glanced up to meet a smoldering gaze. Shadows didn't require lube -- I'd learned that over the past few months. I also knew what it felt like to have one inside me, albeit my ass. Shadows moved, unlike any other substance. As this one began pressing into his cock, Triarius' eyes widened and his thighs went hard. Fingers dug and tugged in my hair as the shadow filled his prick. I looked down and watched, utterly fascinated at the sight.

It might have been cruel to make him stand, but watching him shake was a pleasure all its own.

The shadow slid slowly into his cock, making the flesh harder than I thought possible. He remained silent, aside from the occasional moan or growl -- until I made the shadow move inside him.

"Lance!" Triarius bucked as the shadow began fucking him, throbbing and plunging in and out of his cock. "Oh, fuck. Lance. Please..."

"I love it when you beg," I whispered, leaning forward to lick along his shaft. I could feel his cock flex as the shadow inside stretched it. My own cock ached, need twisting deep inside me.

"D-don't stop," he panted, trying to pull me closer. I shook my head, letting him know I had no intention of stopping. Then I swallowed him down. "Lance!"

His shout echoed in the small room, hips snapping forward to drive his cock balls-deep down my throat. I relaxed and just let him fuck my mouth, both of us moaning. The second I made the shadow disappear, Triarius roared, entire body jerking seconds before a thick load of heat filled my mouth. I groaned and swallowed every drop, licking his prick clean as I pulled back. Triarius, panting and rather dazed, dropped down into his chair.

I chuckled and rubbed my hands over and up his thighs. "You okay?" I got a growl in response and just laughed. "I'll take that as a 'yes'."

"Something tells me it's going to be a long night," he said after a few moments.

"Why do you say that?"

He stared down at me, and then smiled slowly. "Because I know you. I've been accused of many things, but you're the only one -- aside from my Father -- who ever had the balls to do anything about it."

"Who is your Father, anyway?" It was something he'd never offered to tell me, and I never bothered to ask.

Triarius remained silent for a few seconds, then closed his eyes and let his head fall back against the chair. When he answered me, I barely heard him. Or, at least I wondered if I'd heard him correctly. "Dio."

I blinked. "What?"

"Diocourides is my Father."

Well, that sure as hell explained some things -- like why the Romanorum never actively pursued the Brotherhood. "Oh. When was the last time you spoke with him?"

"I don't remember," Triarius said quietly. "I left his home in 1230. There are things that many do not know. I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for him."

"He gave you his blessing to leave, didn't he?"

"He did. But enough of that." Triarius looked back down at me, where I still knelt between his legs. "There are more important things now."

"Like...?" I grinned, hands resuming their random petting up his thighs.

Triarius spread his legs, groaning softly. "Like how badly I want inside you right now."

"That can be arranged."

I stood and stripped, then straddled him. Fingers buried in his hair, I tipped his head back, lips and tongue tracing the scars on his face. Triarius gasped, hands flexing on my hips. It still surprised him that I wasn't turned off by the sight of him without the mask. In truth, I preferred him without it. He seemed less like a god, and more like a man.

"Up."

Planting my feet on the bottom rungs of the chair, I rose up. Triarius spread me open and slicked his cock with spit, then I sat back down, shuddering and panting as he filled me. I loved fucking him, but I loved this even more -- times like this when we were both relaxed, taking our time. He circled my prick with his hand and squeezed the head. It was all the warning he gave me before the shadow's descent.

"Oh, fuck. Fuck." I couldn't get any more coherent than that. I'd played with metal sounds before, but this was different. Much different. Unlike metal, shadow bends, shaping to the contours of the body. It only burned for a second, and then I moaned, eyes rolling back as my cock was stretched and filled from the inside out. Words completely escaped me, my sole focus on the cock in my ass and the fullness in my prick. Hands on my hips, Triarius began fucking me, thrusts slow and hard and deep. I dropped my hands to his shoulders, entire body shaking, the sensations too much.

"T-Triarius. Fuck. Don't stop..." I stared down into his eyes -- one blue, one milky white. He watched me with an intensity that took my breath away.

"Never."

One hand suddenly cupped the back of my head and then he was kissing me, tongue plunging into my mouth. I cried out, the sound muffled, his cock hitting my gland over and over. His other hand gripped my cock and I bucked, the pleasure almost painful as he stroked, the shadow moving inside my shaft. Then it was gone and I screamed into his mouth, hips jerking wildly as I came. Triarius growled and thrust up hard, every pulse of his cock filling me with heat. He licked my lips and I slumped down onto him, head landing on his shoulder.

"Holy fuck," I panted.

Triarius chuckled and ran both hands up and down my back. "It's amazing what one can do with the shadows."

"It's amazing what you can do," I corrected him. "Though metal is just as fun in that department."

"Mm, that could be arranged."

"Really?"

He nodded and I inhaled, floating on the combined scents of us and sex. "Just imagine: restrained, ass plugged, stainless steel sinking slowly into your cock..."

"Fuck," I hissed, rocking just a little. He was still semi-hard, growing harder the more we talked. "Or..." I pushed a hand into his hair and jerked his head back, eliciting a deep snarl and a glare. I licked a line up the middle of his neck. "*You* restrained, ass full, stainless steel in *your* cock, driving inside you until you're forced to beg." His prick swelled inside me and I smiled against his neck. "You like that, don't you?"

"Lance."

Without warning, I sank my fangs into his throat. Triarius shouted, hands flying to my hair, tugging and pressing, as if he couldn't decide if he wanted me to stop, or if he wanted more. I drank deeply, groaning and rocking my hips. Just the thought of this man -- this demi-god -- submitting, was heady. Outside of the bedroom, he had control. Behind closed doors...he was mine to torment as I pleased. I licked the wounds and kissed him hard, dragging a ragged moan from one of us. Yes, all mine.

Contributors' Bios

Mychael Black

Mychael has been writing gay erotica for several years. When not writing, Mychael can usually be found researching or brainstorming. Mychael's favorite subjects of research are: Medieval history, Welsh history, Welsh culture, Welsh language, Swords, Castles, Archaeology, Celtic history, Celtic mythology, Vampires and vampire mythologies, Magick, Christian mysteries, Angels, and other such topics. Mychael welcomes feedback and will gladly answer all messages. Mychael's Website: <http://www.mychaelblack.com>

Naomi Brooks

Naomi Brooks is a shipping and receiving clerk who takes most of her inspiration from her young, all-male co-workers. She's written since age nine when she won a short story contest at school. Her personal life is filled with family, good friends, online role playing games, and a cat.

Kiernan Kelly

Kiernan Kelly lives in the wilds of the alligator-infested U.S. Southeast, slathered in SPF 45, drinking colorful tropical, hi-octane concoctions served by thong-clad cabana boys.

All right, the truth is that she spends her time locked in the dark recesses of her office, writing gay erotica while chained to a temperamental Macintosh, drinking coffee, and dreaming of thong-clad cabana boys.

Sigh.

Kiernan's webpage is: <http://www.kiernan-kelly.com/>

Angelia Sparrow

Angelia Sparrow is a truck driver who spends her loading time writing spicy romance. Her home time is spent wrangling four kids, two cats and a husband.

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