



Perfect Timing

*You*  
**FIRST**  
KIM DARE

A Total-E-Bound Publication



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You First

ISBN # 978-1-906811-61-7

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Edited by Christine Riley

Total-E-Bound Publishing

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Published in 2009 by Total-E-Bound Publishing 1 The Corner, Faldingworth Road, Spredlington, Market Rasen, Lincolnshire, LN8 2DE, UK.

**Warning:** This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *total-e-melting*.

**Perfect Timing**

**YOU FIRST**

**Kim Dare**

## *Dedication*

To everyone who has ever had a stupid idea they couldn't let go of, and especially to those who were able to laugh at themselves while they chased that idea.

## Chapter One

*Saturday*

Luke Anderson was not going to come first.

He repeated the mantra over and over inside his head as he held his hands out to be bound. Justin Collins deftly buckled the soft leather around his wrists. Tugging on the chain between the cuffs, he positioned Luke on his hands and knees in the middle of the bed.

Justin attached the cuffs to a little hook screwed into the headboard for that precise purpose. He pulled at the chain, testing how securely it would hold Luke in place. The metal links clinked together. Luke took a deep breath. All his best sexual experiences occurred to that theme song. The sound went straight to his cock.

Luke was still not going to come first. He was Luke Anderson, newest and highest flying barrister in the best chambers in London. He could bloody well do anything he set his mind to.

Justin's hand applied pressure—a steady pressure to the back of his neck. Luke lowered himself onto his elbows. The pressure didn't ease. Luke turned his palms up and rested his head in his hands. Head down and arse up, Luke closed his eyes. He told himself for the thousandth time it must be possible.

Just because he hadn't outlasted Justin yet, didn't mean he couldn't do it. He just needed to focus. He was twenty-three years old—five years older than his lover. He'd topped and bottomed more partners than he could count or remember in both genders. False modesty and jokes aside, Luke was well aware he knew tricks even most really expensive professionals hadn't mastered.

He shifted his knees further apart on the mattress as Justin moved into position, kneeling on the bed behind him. He had to outlast Justin just once, just so he knew he could do it. Just for pride's sake, because Luke knew his lack of self restraint was the only thing that kept sex with Justin from being perfect.

Justin's fingers slipped briefly inside him, checking he was slick, relaxed and ready to play. Luke bit his lip and held back a moan as Justin crooked his fingers and found his prostate.

He could do this. Practicing a little bit of restraint wouldn't kill him.

The rustle of the packet when Justin slipped on a condom was his only warning. Justin slid into him in one smooth movement. Luke gasped. For a perfect moment, Justin stilled inside him, stretching him and filling him completely. He began rocking his hips, building up the movement in tiny increments. Only when Luke whimpered his frustration did Justin begin to thrust into him in earnest.

In what felt like moments, lethal frustration was a growing possibility. Each stroke pressed against Luke's prostate in a rhythm calculated to throw him over the edge at any moment.

He tried to remember he didn't want to fall into pleasure – why he didn't want to jump over the ledge with his arms spread wide in enthusiastic abandon. All he could think about was just how glorious it would feel when he came with Justin still buried balls deep inside him.

But still, in the back of his mind the mantra continued. Luke was not going to come first.

Desperately trying to concentrate on anything other than Justin's erection pounding into him, Luke scrambled for any other details and senses to focus on.

The cotton sheet underneath him was pale blue. At this angle, with his nose barely an inch from the surface, Luke saw it was actually two shades of thread blended together. He couldn't bring himself to care. His prostate sang inside him, coaxing him to join in with it in harmony, groaning his pleasure at every inch of delicious friction.

The scent of their arousal filled the room, mingling with Justin's aftershave. Justin always smelt fantastic. Another perfect thing to add to all the other perfect things Luke had noticed over the months they'd been hooking up for sex. He always smelt like old sandalwood and well worn leather. Luke loved pressing close against Justin's body and taking deep breaths of his scent when they danced together. He loved sliding his fingers up into Justin's hair and pulling him close, to wrap Justin's scent around him.

Luke threaded his fingers through his own hair. He pulled at the thick blond strands, hoping the pain might kill off some tiny bit of his arousal. The tug increased with each

connection of Justin's hips against his arse. It did nothing to help his increasingly frantic desire not to come.

Justin's rhythm increased another notch. Cradling Luke's pelvis in his strong grip, he held him steady and absorbed part of the impact from each thrust. Luke rocked back with every motion. As he focused on the pressure of each fingertip against his skin, Justin's right hand left his hip.

He reached underneath Luke and started to jack him off with an expert touch. Luke pulled at the cuffs around his wrists. He couldn't reach down and push Justin's hand away. He had no choice but to accept the touch or say his safe word.

Luke clenched his internal muscles around Justin, desperately trying to milk the other man's orgasm out of him. If Justin didn't come soon Luke knew he would lose his grip on his control, his libido and possibly his every perception of reality along with it.

He just needed to hold on a little bit longer and...

And it was too late. Justin increased his speed, hit the perfect angle, and it was all over, for Luke anyway.

Justin thrust through Luke's orgasm, letting him enjoy every ecstatic moment while his muscles weren't entirely his own to control. Luke's come spilled on the sheet underneath him in time with each thrust.

Justin gripped him tighter, steadying Luke in the centre of the mattress and preventing a repeat of the Wednesday a few weeks ago when they fell off the bed. Luke always lost track of which way was up when he climaxed. Justin, of course, possessed perfect balance.

Luke eventually fell still. Almost like an afterthought – like he could have gone on for another ten minutes but he wouldn't bother because Luke was already done – Justin finished himself off with a dozen hard, deep thrusts. He gasped for breath, holding Luke's hips still as he filled him.

They stayed there, frozen in pleasure for a few wonderfully long moments. Luke tried to catch his breath. Those few minutes when neither of them had the coordination, the ability or the desire to separate their bodies were always amazing. He closed his eyes and savoured the sensation of Justin slowly softening inside him.

Justin moved first. He even had a quicker brain recovery time than Luke. That was adding insult to... it was adding insult to some of the best sex Luke ever had. Which actually wasn't that much of an insult when he thought about it logically. Shaking himself out of it, Luke moved too.

The chains on the cuffs rattled against the hook. Luke stared at them. With a mental shrug Luke left his hands where they were. He re-arranged the rest of his body around the limitations of the bondage and managed to avoid the sticky patch he'd created on the sheet. So, the coming second thing hadn't happened this time. It would happen next time. Next time, Justin would come first and perfection would begin in earnest.

Justin unbuckled the cuffs. While Luke shook his hands out of their hold, Justin stretched out on the other side of the bed. Pulling a pillow under his head, he settled himself just right. When he lifted one arm, Luke shuffled across the bed to lie curled comfortably against Justin's side.

He rested his head on Justin's shoulder. Justin pulled him closer. Murmuring contentedly, Luke let his eyes drop closed. In his experience, someone you could lie comfortably with after sex was even rarer than someone you could have good sex with. It took Justin's perfection to a whole new level.

Luke still remembered his disbelief the first time Justin pulled him close and encouraged him to rest against his body. Luke had waited for the punch line for a long time until he realised there wasn't one.

Guys did not cuddle with a casual hook up. There was probably a rule about it. But, realising Justin hadn't been informed of that particular rule, Luke found himself reluctant to expand the less experienced man's store of knowledge.

Justin sighed his sleepy satisfaction and pressed a kiss to the top of his head.

Luke smiled against his shoulder. Amongst his other varied talents, Justin was also a very comfortable pillow. He could happily lie in his arms for hours, but he would make do with staying there until Justin decided it was time to leave.

That was always Justin's decision. Luke never built up the energy to hint him towards the door after a polite period of time had elapsed.

"There's a new Italian restaurant on Hamilton Street."



Drifting in afterglow, Luke was quite content to believe Justin's random statement was accurate. "Is there?" He didn't make too much effort to pay attention. Luke liked afterglow. If he didn't think too much he could stretch it out and make it last for hours.

Silence descended once more.

"Do you like Italian?"

"Sure." Luke let the soft, easy sensations surround him again. Inside his brain, right at the back, in the place which during its evolution warned of spiders in the foliage and predators in night, a red flag waved frantically for him to pay attention.

Luke blinked. Other factors registered. Justin's contentment had morphed into tension. His muscles were knotted under Luke's sleepy caresses. His voice was a fraction to casual. He wasn't just resting. He wasn't even just cuddling.

"Are you asking me out on a date?" Luke asked carefully.

There were other explanations. He might just like talking about food after sex. He was very energetic. He could be hungry. Luke tried to remember what was in his fridge. There might be the makings of an omelette in there. He'd definitely seen eggs in there at some point, although he wasn't sure about the sell-by date.

"Yes, Luke. I am asking you out."

Putting the omelette idea aside, Luke tried to think quickly. People shouldn't ask complicated questions right after he came. It was inconsiderate to expect higher brain functions.

They'd never been on an actual date. They met at the club. They come back to Luke's place for sex. Sometimes they had a drink at the club first. Occasionally there was dancing. But they didn't date. They hooked up.

"Do you mean you want us to eat at the same table sometime, or do you mean you want us to *date*?" Luke asked carefully. Please just want to eat some time. He could easily do that without worrying about the implications or panicking about Justin expecting some sort of commitment from him.

"*Date*?" Justin copied the inflection precisely.

"*Date*. As in stop meeting up to have sex and move on to something different," Luke expanded.

"No."

Luke started to breathe again. There was no harm in sharing a meal. He'd been right to begin with. Justin was just hungry. Inviting Luke to eat with him was just a sign of politeness not seriousness.

"I definitely don't want us to stop meeting up or to stop having sex," Justin corrected. "But the eating at the same table, going to the cinema, conversations, they could all be good when added to the sex. Moving on to anything more than we have now should contain just as much sex as we have now – if not more."

Oh, so it was *dating* spelt with a capital R for relationship.

Luke considered his options. He'd tried dating when he was Justin's age and quickly came to the conclusion he wasn't a dating type of guy. He was much better at straight forward sex.

Still, putting Justin in the picture did add a certain shine to the idea. It would be nice to do other things with him – things which could conveniently fill in the gaps between the sex. It wasn't as if he couldn't stand Justin's company unless they were naked. And sometimes he did wish Justin would hang around just a little longer afterwards.

"I think that might work," Luke said carefully, "at some point in the future." Not straight away. One issue at a time. They were obviously still in the working out the chemistry and how to get each other off stage. When he'd worked out the stamina thing and was entirely sure he had their sex life where he wanted it, he would turn his attention to the dating thing.

"Cool." Justin nodded above him.

Silence descended again. Luke realised why this wasn't a conversation you should have with someone while you were naked in bed with them. Because afterward you had the conversation, you were still naked in bed with them. There was no way to avoid an awkward moment.

They lay in the silence for a while. Luke stared up at the ceiling. Dating could be interesting. Justin wasn't hysterical or psychotic, it would be a new experience for him to date someone who might qualify as sane.

Of course, if he didn't think of something to say soon, Justin would likely reconsider the whole idea, just when Luke was getting used to the prospect. If he couldn't make after sex conversation, what chance did they have spending a whole meal together?

The move was sudden, unexpected and put Luke flat on his back. Justin loomed over him. Luke gasped and instinctively tried to catch Justin's weight on his hands. Justin chuckled and pinned Luke's wrists to the sheet.

He leaned low over Luke. His breath tickled the strands of hair next to his ear. "Now, just because I know how to ask nicely once in a while, don't start thinking you'll be the one calling all the shots."

Luke swallowed.

"You won't be the one dating a submissive, Luke," Justin warned.

"I won't?" Luke cleared his throat. "You didn't sound incredibly dominant when you asked me out."

Justin's grip tightened on his wrists. "Don't mistake a submissive's veto for a dominant's control. If it's dating or sex, you get to say yes or no. Say no, and I'll respect that. But if you say yes, that's it. You belong to me, and you'll do as I say until I give you leave to do otherwise. Any questions?"

Luke shook his head. He flashed back to the first time Justin approached him at the club.

He'd been nice. He'd asked him to dance very politely. He'd also been very polite when he'd denied any of Luke's attempts to lead the dance. They danced as Justin wanted, or Luke could leave the floor and find another partner. They screwed as Justin wanted, or Luke could get out of bed and find someone else's.

"If you don't like the way I run my scenes, you'd best find a lover who is willing to satisfy your every whim, because I won't." Justin looked down at him. "Do you like my way, Luke? Do you like knowing I'm in control? Do you like doing whatever I say?"

Luke licked his lips, trying to work some moisture into his suddenly dry throat. He nodded.

Justin, mere inches away from him, didn't seem to notice.

"I like it," Luke whispered. "I like knowing you're in control. I like doing whatever you say."

"You'll have to do better than parroting my own words back to me."

Luke couldn't meet Justin's gaze. He let his eyes rest on the side on Justin's neck where a lone freckle decorated the deeply bronzed skin. "I like it when you take all the little choices away from me."

Justin made him meet his eyes. His very expression demanded more.

"And I like you knowing how to ask nicely when you want us to do something new. I like feeling safe obeying your every command, because I know you don't command me to do anything unless you know it's within my limits."

"And do you think politeness makes me submissive, Luke?" Justin asked.

Luke shook his head. Leaning back, Justin smiled down. The grip on Luke's wrists slackened. It would have been easy to move his hands out of Justin's grip. Luke happily left them where they were.

"Soon." Justin's statement was halfway between the two personas Luke had come to know over the past months. Not polite enough to be a request, not dominant enough to be a demand, the word sounded more like an expression of hope.

There would be more than just sex between them soon.

"Soon," Luke agreed. He closed his eyes and arched into Justin's touch as Justin's hands left his wrists to trail over his skin.

Soon – about two seconds after Luke worked out how to get his cock back under his control and come exactly when he most wanted to – right after Justin.

\* \* \* \*

*Wednesday*

"Fetch the toy box." Justin's whispered words caressed Luke's ear.

Luke shivered at the possibilities the box contained. Crossing the room he pulled a large wooden box out from under his bed and undid the lock. He loved his toy box – he loved the sessions where Justin was inclined to explore its contents even more. Flipping it open, he stepped to one side and stood out of the way so Justin could make his selection.

"You've been shopping again," Justin observed.

Luke nodded. His newest purchases were placed conveniently on the top where Justin couldn't fail to spot them. A subtle hint that he would be very happy if Justin chose to pick those over the other toys.

"Close your eyes."

Luke did as he was told. His heart rate sped up. All the different things that could happen next, flashed across his imagination. A moment later something slipped over his face. Luke gasped. Blindfold? Hood? Something else? A length of smooth, caressing silk covered his closed eyes, blocking out any chance of sneaking a peek at whatever happened next. Justin knotted the fabric behind his head, careful not to catch his hair in the silk.

In his personal darkness, Luke heard Justin rummaging around in the box. Then he heard the shuffle of wood on carpet as the box went back under the bed. Luke took a deep breath. Justin had made his selection. The decision was made. Luke couldn't do anything to change that now – as if he ever had that chance.

"Stand up and strip."

Luke stood and briskly removed his clothes, dropping each item on the floor at his feet. The cool air of his bedroom brushed against his skin. When he was naked he lowered his hands to his sides and waited for further instruction. Tension raced through his body, knotting every muscle. He tried to listen for any clue as to what would happen next.

Nothing happened.

As he just stood there, still and silent, it began. Vulnerable and defenceless, Luke felt everything but Justin's presence drain out of his mind. The case he was working on, the hassles of the day, all the little things which lurked in the back of his mind in a never ending to-do list all faded from his consciousness.

Right here, in this moment, all he needed to do was obey. Life was simple and it revolved around Justin. The peace he never felt at any time descended. His breaths evened out and his lips twitched into a smile.

Justin's hands slid around his waist. Luke jumped. More strands of silk trailed over his body. Luke swayed blindly into each brief sensation. Justin walked in circles around his body. Silk caressed his neck, dropped down to brush across his chest—lower to tease his abs. Luke jerked forward. The material cocooned his cock for just a few seconds before swishing away and leaving him bare again in the cool air.

Justin took Luke by his right wrist and raised his hand in the air. Luke kept it in position when Justin let go. Justin tied the silk around it, leaving only enough slack to allow healthy circulation. He repeated the process with Luke's left wrist. He stood close behind Luke while he tied the fabric. His erection pressed against Luke through the layers of Justin's clothes. He was still dressed, then.

Luke didn't know why that knowledge always made him hot, but it inevitably did. He leaned back, eager to feel the roughness of clothing against his bare skin. The warmth of Justin's body behind Luke's back vanished. A length of silk trailed over his buttocks, flicking slightly in gentle imitation of a whip. Luke swayed towards it.

A touch to his calf told Luke that Justin now knelt behind him, binding him further. Silk wrapped snugly around each ankle, Luke tried to picture what he wasn't permitted to see.

He'd seen his body decorated by the black silk before. He was very fair skinned and Luke knew the contrast suited him very well. He didn't regret not seeing himself. But he wanted to see Justin. If he couldn't see then... He reached out, trying to locate his lover in the darkness.

"No."

That word in that tone of voice made him shiver. Luke dropped his hand to his side. The silk on his wrist swished against his leg.

"On the bed. On your hands and knees."

Luke licked his lips, working moisture into his throat. He stepped forward and found the edge of the bed with his shins. Carefully placing his hands on the bed sheet, he crawled onto the mattress. A sharp tug on each restraint put Luke exactly where Justin wanted him. Fabric rustled, not the distinctive sound of silk, but something softer, more like cotton on cotton.

"Down on your stomach."

Luke lowered himself onto the mattress. He found a pillow placed underneath his crotch, softening the mattress and tilting his arse up, offering it to Justin to do with as he pleased. Luke stretched his hands and legs out to each corner of the bed, guessing what would come next. He'd guessed correctly. Justin secured him in place, stretching him out until there was hardly any slack in the fabric.

Bondage always pushed his buttons. Luke was already leaking against the pillow by the time he heard Justin shrug off his clothes. Justin quickly prepared him and slid inside. Luke pushed back against him as much as he could – it wasn't much.

Justin rode Luke hard and fast, as if he were only taking his enjoyment from Luke's body without any thought to the pleasure of the man beneath him. That thought alone made Luke whimper. Combined with the friction of the pillow against his swollen cock on every thrust, it was destined to be a short ride from the start.

Luke held on as long as he could. He tried to think cold thoughts, but the friction from his jerky movements made the silk warm against his wrists. Every increasingly frantic movement brought the bondage back to his attention.

Justin's body was hot above him, his breath scorching on the back of Luke's neck, his cock a column of burning pleasure inside him.

Luke came first. He scrunched his eyes up tight behind the silk, cursing himself for a fool. A few minutes later, Justin was finished too. He untied Luke and tossed the silk bondage aside. Luke reached for the blindfold. Justin's hand wrapped around his right wrist, where the silk had lingered until so recently. "I didn't give you permission to take it off."

Dropping his hand, Luke sat blind on the bed and waited for permission. It didn't come. Justin moved on the bed and led Luke to lie in his arms.

Aware of every sound in the darkness, Luke rested his head on Justin's chest and listened to the beat of Justin's heart under his ear. It sounded safe – steady and reassuring while the darkness kept him vulnerable. Luke opened his eyes behind the silk, for all the good it did him.

Safe – the kind of safe feeling which would only increase if he encouraged Justin to feel anything more than casual about him. Luke wriggled closer to Justin's side, enjoying the safety while it lasted. The silence stretched out.

More than leather, or chains, or silk, Luke felt bound by his decision. One issue at a time. Next time they lay replete they could discuss the relationship involving more than the sex thing. Luke would ensure they were on that issue by then.

## Chapter Two

*Saturday*

"Do you work from home a lot?"

Luke nodded. Leaning in his study doorway, he watched Justin explore. There wasn't much for him to see. The room was what it was — a space where he worked. A few bookcases, a desk and the view out of the window. There wasn't anything interesting in the room unless someone had a fetish for legal text books.

With nothing better to do until Justin got their scene started, Luke admired the only interesting thing in his line of sight. Justin wasn't beautiful. He was too square jawed and long nosed to be pretty. But he looked just as Luke was sure a man should look — tall, dark and muscular — like someone who could go out and kill something edible if he needed to. Ridiculous considering Justin worked behind a desk in an advertising office every day, but there it was. He looked infinitely capable.

Luke shifted his stance, his cock swelling a little further with every minute he spent studying his lover. His eyes dropped down from broad shoulders to a perfect tight arse. Damn it, Justin had been in his apartment over half an hour and they were still both fully dressed. However hot he looked, that was just *wrong*.

He tried to keep quiet and tried to conceal his growing impatience. Justin was only making him wait because he got off on knowing he could, because he knew there was nothing Luke could do but put up with it. Luke held back a sigh and took some small comfort in the observation that he wasn't the only one tenting his trousers.

"Come here."

Justin stood on the other side of Luke's desk looking at the papers spread messily over the desktop.

Luke snapped out of his day dream and went to his side, wondering what Justin had seen of interest.

"Are any of these important?"

Luke glanced at the papers and shook his head. "No, why?"

"I want you naked."



It was about time. Luke turned toward the bedroom.

"I didn't tell you to leave the room."

Luke looked at the desk and back to Justin. He saw the look in the other man's eyes. Luke nodded. He began to take his clothes off, unable to drag his eyes away from his desk and what would come next.

As the last item of clothing hit the floor, Justin pulled him close and twisted him in his arms. In one easy movement he had Luke bent over his own desk. His papers crumpled underneath him. Justin's clothes rubbed against Luke's skin. His zipper scratched at Luke's leg as Justin thrust deep inside him and stretched him wide open.

Holding tight onto the far edge of the desk, Luke tried to pretend he hadn't whiled away a lot of boring office meetings picturing them in that exact position. He bit his lip, scrabbled at his paperwork and tried to remember the exact details of the Winchester account. Nothing could be less erotic than writing up briefs for that case. But even old Mr. Winchester was no match for Justin.

"One day we're going to have to have lunch at your office," Justin told him. Holding onto Luke's shoulder for leverage he delivered another hard thrust.

The desk shook.

Luke whimpered.

"I'll bend you over your desk just like this." Another thrust sent one of Luke's files spilling off the edge of the table to coat the carpet with legal terminology. "Stay nice and quiet now, or everyone in the office will hear you," Justin warned.

He took hold of Luke's left arm and twisted it up behind his back, as if Luke wasn't perfectly willing to stay right where he was and love every minute of it.

"If you don't come soon, you'll be late for your meeting, Luke. All those fancy lawyers will come and see what's been keeping you. Don't think I'll stop just because we have an audience. You belong to me until I'm finished with you. Don't you ever forget that, Luke. You are mine until I give you leave to be otherwise."

The words shot down Luke's spine and lodged in his crotch. He squirmed on his desk. No matter how much he liked the sound of what Justin said, he couldn't let the words in completely without risking coming right then. Luke tried to pull his hand out of Justin's grip just for the joy of feeling it tighten. He murmured his pleasure at the strong hold.

"What's your boss's name, Luke?"

"Mr. Jennings," Luke whispered.

"What would he do if he walked in on us like this?"

Luke didn't even have to think about the answer to that. If Jennings walked in on him with a woman, maybe he'd stand a chance, but Justin? No way. "He'd fire me."

"Then you'd better come quick then hadn't you, you don't want Mr. Jennings to catch you taking it up the arse on your lunch hour?"

A knock echoed through the room.

Luke jerked. He threw his head back, looking frantically around the room. Justin thrust into him.

Luke's eyes dropped closed. He forgot about anyone but him and Justin existing and came in a sticky mess over his paperwork.

Only when Justin was finished and softening inside him did he manage to look up again and locate the door on the far side of the room.

No one was there. The doorway was empty. Luke frowned, trying to work out what was going on.

Justin tapped his knuckles on the desk next to him.

Luke chuckled in spite of everything. "Sneaky."

Justin pulled away and tidied himself up. Luke stood up, arching his back to work out the knots in his spine and shoulder. He looked down his body. His cock had lifted half the ink off his paperwork. Patches of his cock and stomach were stained bright blue from the fountain pen notations he'd made in the margins.

"I've had blue balls before, but this is ridiculous," Luke muttered. He licked his fingers and tried to swipe the ink off his cock with his finger tips.

Justin laughed and led Luke through to the bedroom. Taking a wipe out of a packet on Luke's bedside table he tossed it across to Luke. He stretched out on the bed, still fully clothed and watched Luke clean himself up.

"On a similar note—did you have a good day at work?" Justin asked.

Luke shrugged. "Not bad." He tossed the now blue wipe in the bin by the bed. He hesitated then, not sure what Justin expected him to do next.

Justin tapped the mattress next to him. When Luke came to his side he wrapped his clothed body around Luke's naked form.

Luke cuddled close, taking comfort in the embrace. Justin was always very polite. If he noticed Luke's lack of self control, he never commented on it. Luke sighed into Justin's shoulder. This wasn't funny anymore. This was getting out of hand. He wondered if a man who had so little control over his own body could really expect to control a courtroom full of barristers and jurors at any point in the near future.

"You okay?"

Luke realised he'd stayed quiet for too long. "Just wondering how I'll ever work at that desk, at *any* desk, without a permanent hard on."

Justin chuckled.

Luke loved that full, rich sound. He smiled into Justin's shoulder. "If I get fired for sporting wood all day at the office, I'm going to blame you," he grumbled into Justin's shoulder. "And if I come in my pants next time someone knocks on my door, I'm going to sue you. I'm a really good barrister, you know, I could actually do that."

\* \* \* \*

*Wednesday*

"Are you saying I smell or something?"

Justin grinned. He shrugged the last of his own clothes off and started up the shower spray. Fiddling with the controls, he adjusted the dials until the water poured hot and pounding into the stall. It wasn't often Justin got naked first. Luke made the most of it and let his gaze linger.

The water ran over Justin's naked body, trailing intimate rivulets over hard muscles. The spray clung to the hairs on his chest and lower on the short thatch of hairs around his hard cock.

Suddenly, Justin pulled Luke under the water with him.

"Hey!" He'd only taken off his shoes and his coat. The water drenched his shirt. The thin cotton stuck to his torso, showing off the lines of slim muscle. His jeans soaked up the water in a matter of seconds, clinging rough and heavy to his skin.

Luke's back hit the tiles. His protest disappeared under Justin's kiss as Justin pressed him hard against the wall. Luke ran his hands over Justin's naked form, enjoying the play of muscles under his fingertips. His hands dropped down to Justin's arse. He cupped the tight globes of muscle and pulled Justin closer still.

Taking half a step back, Justin looked him over. He didn't usually let Luke stay dressed for this long. Luke pushed his sodden hair out of his eyes and waited for the command to strip.

"You look good wet."

Luke ran his eyes up and down his lover's body. "So do you." Justin looked like a Greek god rising out of the sea. Luke bridged the gap and kissed his neck. He half expected to taste the salt from the spray. Instead he tasted pure Justin.

If he couldn't win, Luke's legal training made it very clear that the appropriate response was to cheat. He dropped to his knees in the tight confines of the shower stall. There was no way Justin could out last him if he sucked him to the edge first.

Luke wrapped his lips around Justin's straining erection, glorying in the feel of the velvety skin against his lips. Justin was one of the very few dominant men Luke knew who rarely demanded a blow job, but as he stroked Luke's hair and wrapped his fingers tight into the wet strands Luke was sure it wasn't because he didn't appreciate them.

Even though Luke heard Justin's breath hitch and he tasted his pre-come leak onto his tongue, even though Justin was enjoying every moment, he didn't let Luke linger down there for long. After just a few minutes, he pulled him back up onto his feet.

Luke put his hands against Justin's chest. "Wouldn't you like me to suck your cock for a bit longer first?"

Justin met his eyes. For a moment, it seemed possible to sway him.

"I really love sucking your cock," Luke coaxed, looking up at Justin through his lashes in the way that worked with so many of his previous lovers. It wasn't even a lie. Luke had always liked going down on his lovers.

Justin turned him around. He put his hand between Luke's shoulder blades pushing him forward until he had no choice but to put his hands on the tiles or hit them head first.

"When I want your mouth, I'll take it. Keep your hands there."

Braced against the white marble ready to be frisked, Luke stayed still. Even if his initial plan hadn't worked, he could still do this. Justin roughly pushed his soaked clothes out of the way. With his shirt open and his sodden jeans around his ankles, Luke hoped the muscle control required to keep him up on his feet might trigger better control of a few more personal muscles.

Luke arched his back, closed his eyes and waited for the blunt pressure against his hole. He didn't expect soapy hands sliding over his body. Justin's hands slid under his shirt, teasing his nipples. They instantly pebbled under his touch. Whenever the shirt got in the way, Justin just ignored it, soaping the cotton and Luke's skin alike. The scent of shower gel filled the room, mixing with the hot steam.

Justin's hand descended to Luke's cock. He spent several minutes just playing with him before he even reached for the lube. Wrapping his hand around Luke's erection, he stroked him quick and strong like a man possessed – like he was determined Luke should come before he even got inside him. Slamming his fist down to the root, he twisted on the upstroke and curled his fingers over the head, time and time again.

At that point Luke knew his chances were shot. He whimpered his frustration, squirming in Justin's grip, but never going so far as to pull away completely. He rested his forehead against the tiles and tried to hold himself back, but as he came, Luke was too relieved he hadn't embarrassed himself by coming before Justin even started to worry about the order of precedence right then.

When Justin turned off the water, Luke tried to take a step forward. The bondage of wet trousers still around his ankles made itself fully felt. He toppled backwards. Justin held him up, pulling him tight against his body until he was sure Luke had his balance back. Once he was steady, Justin helped him out of his wet clothes and dried them both off. A few minutes later they both collapsed in the bed mostly dry.

"Did you have a good day?" Justin asked, spooning cosily behind him.

Luke frowned at the wall opposite him. "Not bad. You?"

Justin said something. Luke nodded automatically but most of his brain was already devoted to working out just what scenario would let him outlast his lover and how to convince Justin to do that next Saturday.

## Chapter Three

*Saturday*

Once the condom was on, Justin rolled onto his back against the pale green sheets. He pulled Luke on top of his body to straddle his waist. "Ride me."

Luke nodded. Relief flooded through him. This was his chance. Control of the speed and angle, had to help. Luke grinned to himself. That was the problem all along. It wasn't a matter of stamina, just dominance. He couldn't expect to out-last Justin when his lover was playing the dominant role. It would go against the submissive grain.

Luke closed his eyes as he lowered himself down and settled comfortably onto Justin's shaft. For a few moments, he stayed still, savouring the stretch as he adjusted to the intrusion. Very gradually he set up a slow rocking motion with his hips. From his experience in both positions Luke knew that particular sensation was far stronger for the mount than the rider. He could keep going like that all night, long after Justin spilt inside him, without ever coming close to the edge.

This was it. Everything would be fine after tonight. He dropped his head back, placing his hands on Justin's chest to steady himself as he took what little pleasure he could from the teasing pressure on his prostate.

Every muscle in his body clamped down around Justin's shaft. Luke's eyes flew open. "What the--"

Justin's hands were not as content to lie idle as the rest of him was. Luke automatically thrust into the tight channel between Justin's fingers. His one hand cupped Luke's balls, rolling the tight sacks between his fingers while the right hand slowly jacked him off.

"Don't be lazy, Luke. Move properly for me. That's right. I want you to thrust into my hand. Faster. That's better. Now put your hands behind your back and keep them there. I don't want them in the way while I admire the view."

Luke clenched his fists behind his back, grabbling for control as his nails bit into his skin.

"Open your eyes, Luke. Look down and see how pretty your cock looks in my hands."

He looked down. Those hands were going to be the death of him. He thrust up into the tight grip, watched the leaking pre-come smear over Justin's hands and slick his shaft. Dropping back down, he buried Justin's shaft further inside him. Justin filled him so much it was impossible to avoid his prostate. It was impossible to do anything at all while Justin's hands played as they did.

Sweat broke out on Luke's skin. His breaths came ragged.

Luke came first.

The only difference being on top made was, after he came, he had to keep moving until Justin caught up. His coordination wasn't too pretty by the end. Luke closed his eyes so he wouldn't have to watch it, wouldn't have to see the blush rise to his cheeks as he struggled to take his lover to completion.

Finally, Justin came.

Luke collapsed forward, resting his head on Justin's shoulder through the minutes as Justin softened and slipped out of him.

Luke was almost ready to give up and admit defeat, but by the time they lay curled up on their sides, Justin was ready to talk. His softly spoken words as much as his sleepily caressing hands, soothed Luke out of his embarrassment and his inclination to pout.

Justin didn't mention a date word again. The notion was planted in Luke's head and he seemed content to let it settle there for as long as it took to push Luke into action.

Luke smiled, listening with half an ear to Justin's voice while he day dreamed a little. Over the last few weeks Luke had found himself wondering more and more often where they might go on dates. He saw film trailers and wondered if Justin would like to go and see them. Eating out, he found himself scanning the menu and imagining what Justin would order if he was there.

The frustration was driving him insane. It was the only explanation. He had to be going insane, the only other explanation was he was getting soppy. In which case, insanity was the explanation to be devoutly wished for.

Luke smiled and nodded to whatever Justin said on general principle. Knowing the eighteen year old was able to outlast him was annoying. Realising how much he missed out on every time Justin walked out of his apartment without plans to do anything other than hook up for sex next week was actually far worse.



He had to do it. Just once. Like the last item on a to-do list which was never finished, it itched at the back of his mind. If dominance and control of the movement didn't work, he would have to think of something else that would. His pride wouldn't let him stay with a man who was better at sex than he was, and giving up Justin was unthinkable.

\* \* \* \*

*Wednesday*

Justin obviously wasn't in the mood for complicated. They closed the door to Luke's apartment behind them. Five minutes later, Luke was on his back. Justin put Luke's ankles to rest on his well muscled shoulders. Supporting his weight on his hands, he leaned forward, pushing Luke's flexibility to the limit until he was jack-knifed in half.

It didn't take Luke long to remember the missionary was classic for a very good reason. The position left his prostate wide open and Justin wasn't one to miss such an easy target on any thrust.

Luke dug his finger nails into the mattress and tried with increasing desperation to think of anything that wasn't erotic. Cold showers made him think of last Wednesday. Work made him think of Justin bending him over his desk. Everything only pushed him closer to his orgasm.

He took a deep breath and pulled out the big guns. The creepy security guard who worked in his apartment building worked for all of three minutes.

It almost worked too well. Luke felt his erection begin to wither at the thought of the red headed man who kept staring at him with such a scarily intent expression.

Justin's well timed hand around his shaft took him quickly back to full strength. If Justin noticed Luke's momentary lapse in stiffness, he didn't say so. His rhythm never even faltered.

Justin brought their mouths together, sliding his tongue into Luke's mouth and extracting a groan in payment for the kiss.

Luke lost himself in the contact until his orgasm caught him off guard. He didn't realise he was close to the edge until he was over the side and reaching back with his finger nails to cling on. Damn it, he was getting *quicker*!

Whimpering his frustration with his own lack of restraint, Luke turned his head to the side unable to meet Justin's eyes. What the hell was wrong with him?

When Justin offered a shoulder to cuddle in, Luke wrapped himself tight against Justin's body.

"You okay?"

Luke nodded into his shoulder.

"You need to be a better actor if you want to lie to me, Luke."

Luke stroked his fingertips across Justin's bare chest, tracing imaginary lines around and around in circles down to his abs and back up again. He wasn't pathetic enough to actually admit why he was pouting.

"You seemed to zone out for a minute," Justin observed sleepily.

Luke tensed. There was no way he could let Justin find out about his project. Justin would *never* know he'd spent all this time jumping through stamina hoops for his benefit. He had to say something, anything to put Justin off the true trail. "I just had a strange thought, that's all." He left it at that, hoping it would be enough.

Justin jiggled his shoulder where Luke's head rested. "Tell me."

How much of the truth could he get away with avoiding? All of it? "It was nothing."

Justin rolled them over so he looked down at Luke. "That's not an answer."

"Honestly?" A little bit of honesty couldn't hurt him. "There's this really creepy security guard on the night shift here. It's off putting when someone like that gets inside your head during sex. It just threw me off for a moment."

Justin stroked Luke's hair back from his face. "Is he hassling you?"

Luke smiled and shook his head. Justin really was sweet sometimes. "Don't get carried away Lancelot, he's just creepy. If I need a white charger, I'm quite a good rider myself."

Justin's lips twitched. "Yeah, last Saturday, I remember."

Luke grinned. "Yeah, well, you're not quite a horse." He looked down at Justin's cock—even flaccid he was impressive. "Although there are a few similarities..."

Justin laughed and Luke cuddled back into his shoulder. The moment of tension dissolved away like it never existed.

“Seriously, Luke, if he does become a real problem, you’ll let me know?”

Luke leaned up on an elbow and looked down at him. Was that part of dating someone for more than sex? Most of his exes would have just asked if the guy was hot and suggested a threesome.

Luke saw the protective look in Justin’s eye. He was really serious about this. Slowly he nodded. “If he’s a problem, I’ll let you know. I’ll handle it myself,” he added, because he was still capable of controlling any bit of his life that didn’t contain Justin, “but after I’ve dealt with it, I’ll let you know how it went.”

Justin seemed vaguely content with that. Perhaps it was a step forward. The tension he’d been vaguely aware of building in Justin for some time disappeared altogether in that moment.

\* \* \* \*

### *Saturday*

Justin wasn’t there when Luke arrived at their hook up club. Luke shrugged, bought himself a drink and wandered around, wasting time until his dominant arrived on the scene. As he passed through the various rooms in the club, Luke nodded and raised his bottle of beer to old friends and old flames, often with little idea who fell into which category.

Studying his drink, Luke wondered how much he went through a night back when he was screwing his way through the local population. Not as much as some, and he’d stuck to the legal entertainments, but still.

Luke considered the shining glass cylinder carefully. Perhaps a little bit of drunk numbness might slow him down just enough. Maybe he always had a hair trigger and just been too drunk to notice? Luke shook his head. Damn, but he was getting pathetic.

Anyway, it wouldn’t count. Maybe a few weeks ago he could have got away with cheating and lived with it. Not anymore. He needed to know once and for all that he could outpace Justin fair and square. Justin was important enough to play for keeps over.

Dropping the empty in a bin already half full of drained bottles, he went back to the bar. Would one more drink be cheating?

"It's bad luck to drink alone." A strong arm wound around Luke's waist, pulling him back against a hard chest.

Luke smiled. "Justin."

"You have to ask?"

Luke shook his head. It was a statement, not a question.

"I'll wait to have dinner with you," Justin whispered in his ear. "I'll wait until you're ready to admit there's more between us than sex. But if any man is this close to you, you'll know it's me. Won't you, Luke?"

Luke nodded and let his eyes drift closed. He was officially monogamous. That had to be the first time since he was legal. True, he hadn't actually taken another lover since he met Justin, but he'd kept the option open. In theory anyway. He'd known from the start Justin wouldn't have been impressed with the idea of him screwing around with anyone else.

"How many have you had?"

Luke blinked his eyes open. Surely the numbers conversation came after they started eating dinner together!

Justin chuckled and kissed his neck. "How many beers have you had?"

"Oh, just the one... beer," he clarified.

"Good, I want you sober. And I do want you, Luke." His hand dropped low onto Luke's stomach and pushed him back so his arse pressed tight against a flourishing erection barely restrained behind Justin's jeans.

Luke nodded.

"Now," Justin added.

Luke tried to remember how to do something other than nod as Justin started to rock his hips behind him. He failed, but apparently a verbal answer wasn't required. Justin was ready to leave. He led the way through the club and out into the parking lot, barely looking over his shoulder to check that Luke was there.

Luke followed, as Justin knew he would, until he relaxed back in the passenger seat of Justin's beaten up old sports car. It wasn't far to Luke's place. The guard on duty in the

garage under Luke's apartment block knew Justin's car better than he knew Luke's. He let them in with a nod and a friendly wave.

Justin glared at the guard. Luke suppressed a smile. He wondered if he should point out the man on duty that night wasn't actually the guard he found creepy.

Luke whiled away the elevator time trying to guess what Justin would be in the mood for. Luke always tried to guess. He always got it wrong. Justin's moods were impossible to read.

As Luke opened the door to his apartment, he didn't expect anything specific. He could be pinned against the wall before Justin even shut the door behind them. Or Justin might make Luke wait for ages just to drive him mad with frustration, like he had not so long ago in his office.

Justin was a different mood again that night. The kiss in the hallway was almost chaste. Justin sweetly brushed their lips together, as if it was a first kiss, an initial taste of a mouth he'd fought to claim. Seeming to savour the gentle contact, Justin refused to cooperate when Luke tried to dirty up the kiss.

Keeping it a tease, closed mouths brushing together again and again, Justin made an inclination for a real kiss into a craving.

Luke tried every tongue slick trick he knew to push Justin to progress. He didn't object to screwing in the hallway, but Justin's gentle kisses left him stupidly out of his depth. They made him realise all over again how much he was losing by keeping their relationship solely sexual and entirely casual.

Gentle kisses gave a hint of the man behind the dom. They made Luke wonder what it would be like to fall asleep in Justin's arms only to be roused in the middle of the night by those same kisses if Justin woke up from a sexy dream with a hard on.

Justin led the way slowly to Luke's bedroom. He ceased the kisses, but he wouldn't let a rush take their place. Luke looked down at their joined hands.

Justin could always take Luke with him into whatever mood he occupied. With Luke in his most lethargic of tempers, Justin would make him crave the same high energy acrobatics he desired. When Luke practically bounced off the walls with pent up desire, Justin somehow made slow, controlled sex the exact compliment to it.

In the bedroom, Justin drew the curtains across the huge picture windows and switched on a lamp next to the bed. With the shade tilted as it was, it barely provided definition to the shapes and corners of the furniture.

Justin turned his attention back to Luke. Not one to fumble with fastenings, he soon had him standing naked in the middle of the room. He allowed Luke to return the favour, slowly dropping each item of his clothing to the floor around them.

Guiding Luke with soft caresses, he positioned him on the bed.

Stretched out on the satin sheets, Luke tried to get the party started. Justin replaced Luke's hands on the slippery black material. Bondage was nice, but not strictly necessary for the submission he enjoyed so much to take hold.

Luke knew to keep his hands flat on the sheet until told to do otherwise. He knew that Justin was serious about it too. If Luke took his hands away, everything would stop. Justin was in control and Luke couldn't mess with that.

Luke couldn't think of one corner of his body that Justin hadn't memorised over the months, but he went over each inch of him again. Stroking his skin, Justin coaxed nerve endings to plead for his attentions and ignored the obvious in favour of the neglected. Luke wriggled under the caresses, trying to hold himself back even at that early stage, so he'd have a better chance later on.

While his erection inevitably attracted its fair share of stimulation, Luke hadn't realised how sensitive the skin behind his knees was – or how lapping kisses could drive him crazy when they concentrated there for an unreasonably long time. He didn't realise that Justin knew his body and his reactions better than he knew them himself.

From the small scar behind his right ear to the birthmark under his left foot, Justin's careful attentions drove him crazy. And Justin hadn't done anything Luke considered to be real sex yet. Hard and leaking pre-come onto his nice clean sheets, Luke tried to recite sports stats in his head. He couldn't think of more than three football teams and he didn't care how they played.

Finally, Justin lost interest in teasing and positioned Luke on his side to spoon behind him. Luke took a deep breath. Staying the night was certainly an acceptable activity for someone who was dating. And the idea of them both falling asleep right there afterwards and in exactly that position, appealed to every fibre in Luke's body.

Confident Justin would look favourably on an offer to stay the night, Luke only needed to come second to be wholly in favour of it himself. He wanted it so badly he could taste it with every breath he took.

Stroking the lube inside Luke, Justin took the opportunity to tease a little further. Luke thought about penguins in the Antarctic, his old math teacher in her underwear and the humiliation of coming first again.

Eventually Justin was satisfied with his preparations. Slicking his condom covered erection with more lube, he positioned himself tight to Luke's back and rocked his way into his body in frustratingly tiny increments.

Luke was on the edge by the time Justin took up a rhythm, thrusting slowly, making sure Luke felt every inch of his shaft inside him. One fist crept around and took Luke in hand, Justin began to kiss his neck, high up next to his ear where he was most sensitive and where it was most convenient to whisper his compliments.

Mindful of Justin's earlier instructions, Luke's hands still rested on the bed sheet. If he could just reach out and move Justin's hand off his cock everything would be so simple. His fingers curled into the material, scrambling for his control. Justin continued to whisper. "You feel so amazing, Luke, so tight and hot around me. So perfect."

And everything would be perfect with Justin, Luke was sure it would. All he had to do was not come and perfect was right there waiting for him.

"Come for me, Luke."

Luke shook his head. He was not going to come.

Behind him, Justin's attitude changed. "You will come when I tell you to or I might not let you come at all." Justin thrust harder into him, massaging his prostate until Luke's fingers ripped the sheet.

The submissive inside him screamed. It struggled against Luke's self control, demanding to be freed to do what his dominant wanted. Somehow Luke held back. He pushed the instinct down and shook his head again. Justin was close to his climax. He could hear it in his lover's voice, feel it in the breaths he took and the air dragging against his shoulder. Justin was almost there – even he couldn't last forever.

Eventually, when Luke was almost ready to give up hope, Justin's rhythm faltered. One thrust, another. He came deep inside Luke.

Luke closed his eyes savouring the moment of perfect bliss before he fell into another one of his own creation.

Justin's hand squeezed tight around Luke's cock.

Luke gasped and tried frantically to extract himself from Justin's grip. He only pushed himself back harder against Justin's still pulsing cock. Luke made a weak little noise of protest in the back of his throat. Kinky was one thing, that bloody well *hurt*!

A moment later, Justin's grip eased. He pulled away and deftly dispensed with the condom as if nothing unusual had happened.

The squeeze hadn't been hard enough to soften Luke completely, just enough of a shock to stop him from coming that instant. Trying to pull his thoughts together, Luke guessed it was the product of some unconscious muscle movement when Justin came and it would probably be best not to make a fuss about it.

He would have preferred to come with Justin still buried inside him, but Luke would take what he could get. He would think more clearly for their imminent conversation if he wasn't drowning in frustration. Luke wrapped his hand around his cock.

Justin grabbed his wrist. "No. I gave you a choice. You didn't come when you were told. Now you wait until I repeat the command. You will not touch yourself. You will not come. Do you understand?"

Luke nodded mutely. Not getting off this one time wasn't so big a price to pay for his success. And Justin wasn't sadistic enough to leave him hanging for long. Luke had every confidence he would come before Justin left the apartment, even if it meant waiting until tomorrow morning after Justin stayed the night for the first time.

That sounded good. Luke took a deep breath and stared at the ceiling. He tried to resist the temptation to grin. He did it. He didn't even cheat and he came second. He'd made the timing perfect, adding that last bit of perfection they needed in their sex life. Luke Anderson was back on form and he rocked!

Justin lay watching him. When the silence stretched out for several minutes Luke finally brought his mind to consider something other than his own self satisfaction. He wondered if he was imagining the undercurrent of tension in the room. Justin didn't usually waste time before encouraging him close. Luke glanced at him, trying to work out what he was thinking.



Justin studied Luke's flourishing erection, deep in thought.

It was obviously one of those times when Luke didn't have a say in the details. He waited for Justin to say something. He didn't. Justin reached out and ran gentle fingertips over Luke's cock.

Instinct took over. Luke thrust into the contact.

"Stay still!" The command cracked like a whip in the silence.

Luke stilled, every muscle in his body froze at that tone of voice.

Justin went back to petting his cock. He watched his own actions intently, as if he just discovered a new and interesting species of beetle under a rock and wasn't quite sure what he thought of it yet.

Luke tried to stay still. He couldn't hold back a whimper.

"Do you want to come?" Justin asked casually.

Luke forced himself to be polite rather than sarcastic no matter what the provocation. "Yes."

Justin raised an eyebrow.

Luke managed not to roll his eyes. "Yes, I do want to come." He thought about throwing a "sir" in there for good measure, but decided it was safer to stay silent. If Justin wanted an honorific he would order one.

"That's greedy, Luke," Justin said. The disapproval in his voice wasn't over emphasised like it usually was when he teased. He sounded serious.

Luke swallowed down a sudden rush of nerves.

"I gave you the opportunity to come a few minutes ago," Justin reminded him. "You didn't take it."

Luke didn't know how to explain it without sounding like an idiot. Okay, he was willing to admit to himself that he was an idiot. But sounding like one would spoil the moment. And the moment was too important to be wasted. He needed to get the perfection going properly right now.

"You didn't want to come with me inside you," Justin observed coldly.

"No!" Damn, why hadn't he thought about how it would look to Justin? "That wasn't it. I really wanted to. You have no idea how hard it was for me to stop myself like that!" he babbled.

“So, you were holding back from me?”

In hindsight, it probably wasn't the most submissive thing to have done. But it was a hell of a lot better to confess to that than to let Justin believe he wasn't enjoying himself.

“Yes,” Luke admitted.

“Why?”

Luke broke eye contact and studied the sheet. The truth wouldn't come to his lips. Why, wasn't the important question anyway. Luke only had to make sure Justin knew everything was fine between them. Justin wouldn't really care about some stupid idea of who came first—it was really best not to mention that bit of silliness.

“It wasn't anything you were doing,” Luke started to explain carefully.

“It wasn't me—it was you?” Justin swung away, to sit on the edge of the bed. “If you're going to say you want us to stay friends, at least save it until we're dressed.”

He grabbed his clothes up off the floor and got dressed faster than Luke had believed physically possible. Jeans on in three swift movements, Justin barely bothered with anything else. Snatching his shirt and his shoes from the bottom of the bed, he left the rest on the floor.

The bedroom door swung open before Luke could really believe he was leaving. By the time Luke reached the bedroom door, he heard the apartment door slam shut. He raced after Justin.

Halfway down the public hallway he realised he was still bare arse naked. “Shit!”

He rushed back into his apartment before anyone could report him for indecent exposure. The way his luck was running the creepy security guard would turn up to perform a citizen's arrest on him any moment. If he'd picked his own trousers on the way past, he might have caught up. Although the pace Justin strode at, he would have had to sprint all the way. Now Luke knew he'd lost his chance.

Trailing back to the bedroom, Luke slumped on the bed.

The bed looked big. It was big. But it never seemed too big for one person before. He really didn't want to sleep alone there tonight. He looked around his room, a frown marring his forehead.

His erection might not have flourished through the whole argument, but Luke was still half hard. There was no reason not to finish off now. Except Justin told him not to. He

didn't have permission to come. Luke guessed he should try to be on his best behaviour until Justin forgave his perceived disobedience.

Sighing, Justin snatched a pillow from the top of the bed and held it over his face, hiding from the world. It smelt of Justin's after shave. Luke took a deep breath, filling his lungs with the memory of his lover. It would be a long time until Wednesday and Luke's next chance of seeing Justin at the hook up club.

## Chapter Four

*Wednesday*

After work, Luke raced home for a shower and change of clothes. Then he was straight off to the club. He was waiting outside when the doors opened. Ignoring the strange look from the barman, he ordered beer before changing his mind and ordering a coke.

Justin hadn't been too impressed with him drinking alcohol last time. If he wanted Justin to take his apology seriously, he had to show he could learn from his mistakes. It wouldn't hurt to have their conversation sober either.

Unable to sit still, Luke wandered through the rooms as they started to fill with leather clad revellers. Nodding and waving to the friends who shouted greetings, he kept moving. The last thing he wanted to do was stop and talk. The way his luck was running that would be the exact moment Justin would turn up. And he would of course assume he was chatting some other guy up and screwing around behind his back.

Luke paced back and forth around the club, constantly scanning for a head of dark hair over the top of the crowd and rehearsing what he was going to say inside his head. Once Justin was willing to talk, he would explain how he'd developed some stupid notion in his head. Somehow he would avoid the details of what exactly that notion was. Then Justin would forgive him. He might make him jump through a few hoops first. That was to be expected, but Luke also expected to enjoy every moment of it. Justin might like to play games and play the dominant, but he'd never really punished him before. It was doubtful he'd start now.

Unlike any of his previous dominant lovers, Justin was always meticulous about making sure Luke enjoyed everything they did together. Luke sighed. Maybe it was just one of Justin's kinks—he liked to get submissives off. Luke took control of the decision. No wonder Justin was pissed.

"Can I buy you a drink?"

Luke barely switched his brain out of neutral. "Thanks, I already have a drink." He held up his full glass of coke as proof but didn't bother to look over his shoulder. He'd recognise it if it was Justin's voice and he didn't care who else it was.

The presence he felt behind him didn't leave.

Luke turned. His creepy security guard stood behind him. Luke forced a smile.

The security guard smiled back. "Are you here with someone?"

"I'm meeting someone."

"It's pretty late. Don't you think it's time to consider the possibility he stood you up?"

Luke shook his head. "I'm sorry. Even if he did, I'm still with him. Justin and I are exclusive." The words were out of his mouth before he thought better of them. They were a lot easier to say than he ever expected. There was no uncomfortable feeling in the pit of his stomach, no feeling that saying those words forced him to miss out on something better than he had, and Luke didn't think that was just because the security guard was doing that creepy staring focus thing again.

"The guy who keeps driving you home?"

Luke nodded. Where was the line between creepy and stalking?

The guard smiled. In spite of everything, Luke noted was kind of cute in a psychotic sort of way. "I just won fifty quid."

Luke blinked at him.

"I know the security staff shouldn't take bets on the residents, but I just knew you two were more than friends."

Luke closed his eyes. "You had a bet on me?"

The guard nodded. "Um, you're not going to report us or anything, are you?"

Luke shook his head, relief ringing through him. "No. But a bit of free advice?"

The guard nodded and waited to hear it.

"I was two creepy moments away from getting a restraining order on you. You want to take bets, take some lessons in subtlety first."

The guard laughed. "Will do. Oh, and if you could happen to subtly let Tommy from the night shift know you're gay and screwing the guy who keeps driving you home, it would really help me out. Fifty quid is fifty quid – you know?"

"I'll see what I can do," Luke promised. The guy walked off. Luke watched him go. He shook his head again. At least that was one less thing to worry about. Now his only problem was Justin.

Other guys approached him. Luke gave them all the same polite brush off. He was meeting someone there. By the early hours of the morning, Luke still couldn't admit to himself or anyone else that Justin wasn't coming. He stayed until the bouncer locked up at the end of the night.

Sitting in a taxi on the way home, Luke decided Justin's failure to show was nothing to worry about. Sometimes Justin couldn't make it on Wednesdays. He generally mentioned it the previous Saturday if that would be the case, but it might have slipped his mind with everything else and his sudden departure.

Luke wrapped his arms a little tighter around his torso. It was nothing to worry about. Even if Justin avoided the place on purpose, it wasn't serious. Justin only wanted to show him who was boss. Justin was the dominant. He set the rules. He set the time table. Luke shouldn't mess with it.

It was probably a punishment too. Justin had made it very clear Luke wasn't allowed to jack off without permission. Skipping a hook up night was a way of keeping him frustrated until next Saturday. If Justin liked getting his submissive off but wasn't inclined to let Luke enjoy himself right now, missing a hook up was the obvious way to punish Luke while not punishing himself.

Walking into his building he waved to the security guard on duty. As much as he would like to help the not so creepy after all security guard out, he first had to find Justin and convince him to cooperate.

Luke lay alone in his bed, staring up at the ceiling and repeating to himself over and over again that he was no longer a teenager. It wouldn't kill him to go a few days without getting off. Frustration wouldn't actually be fatal.

Luke sighed and turned over. It was his own fault for being a slut for so long. He wasn't used to showing restraint either with a guy or when he was on his own. Luke battered his pillow, trying to convince it to take on the shape of Justin's shoulder. It wasn't the same.

Luke looked at his alarm clock and wondered at what point it stopped being pathetic to start counting down to Saturday night?

\* \* \* \*

*Saturday*

If the days leading up to the Wednesday were long, then those leading up to the Saturday stretched out to the horizon and back again. Luke kept checking his watch to make sure it hadn't stopped, flicking over pages in his diary because he was sure it couldn't still be Friday. Keeping his hands away from his cock wasn't helping. But more than not getting off, not seeing Justin was driving him slowly crazy.

Luke wanted his dominant. Almost as much as he wanted to get off, he wanted Justin to hold him close the way he always did after sex and tell him he was pleased with him and all was forgiven.

The line between what he wanted and what he needed began to blur. He *needed* Justin.

He was there when the club doors opened again. Just when he was starting to wonder if Justin would turn up at all, Luke finally saw him on the other side of the dance floor. Taking a deep, relieved breath, Luke moved across to the bar where he would be easily spotted and settled down to wait.

Justin glanced in his direction. Luke was sure he'd seen him, but Justin didn't cross the dance floor. He turned back to the man next to him as if he didn't know or care Luke was there.

Luke waited.

Justin was obviously having a good time. He laughed and talked to all the men in his group, Luke couldn't help but notice one man in particular received a great deal of Justin's attention. Attention which should rightly be his.

Luke narrowed his eyes and studied the man hitting on Justin. He was deeply tanned and dark haired. Tall and handsome, he had large soulful eyes that Luke knew, even from his distant vantage point, would be stunning when he turned them up to flirt with Justin through ridiculously long lashes.

Justin was making him wait on purpose. Luke didn't doubt it. He didn't like it either. It was nothing like those times in his apartment. That was fun in a frustrating way, there was never any chance Justin would go home with someone else when he was already in Luke's place. Luke squirmed on his bar stool, fighting down the urge to cross the room and remind Justin he existed and they were supposed to be bloody well monogamous.

When Justin finally turned towards him, Luke braced himself. Justin was evidently still pissed with him. He had a lot of ground to make up. But he looked forward to making up each inch, very slowly and with a great deal of friction on every inch. Luke's eager anticipation drained away when he realised Justin was bringing the other man with him. A threesome wasn't out of the question in the long run, but not tonight... no, not tonight.

Justin and his new friend stopped in the middle of the dance floor.

From firsthand experience, Luke knew Justin was an amazing dancer. He could have Luke hard and aching in moments when he led them to thrust together again and again to the beat of the music. Luke felt himself sway with the music, trying to follow Justin's moves from across the room as if he was in his arms.

Justin didn't even try to put any space between him and the man with the puppy dog eyes. For a brief moment, Justin looked straight at Luke. Luke dropped his eyes in instant submission. A few moments later Luke forced his gaze back up. Justin still watched him, his expression cold and detached.

They writhed together on the dance floor for ages. Justin would have had his balls on a platter if Luke let another guy rub himself all over his body that way. Luke bit his tongue and pushed down his jealousy until Justin finally disentangled himself. Stopping at the bar, barely a few feet from Luke, Justin ordered a drink.

Luke waited with false patience to be recognised.

Justin took his drink from the bar and turned away, as if he really would pass by without a word.

Luke stood up and put his hand on Justin's arm, desperation making him break all the rules and make the first move.

Justin looked at his hand.

"I know you're mad at me, but can we at least talk?" Luke asked.

"What do you want to say?"

Luke hesitated. He was good with words – his job demanded it, but his mind went blank and he couldn't think of anything Justin would like the sound of.

"Exactly, there's nothing to say."

"So that's it?" Luke demanded, anger welling up and pushing his submission aside. "I make one mistake and that's it?"



Justin closed the gap between them, stepping right into Luke's personal space. The movements of the air brought the familiar scent of his aftershave. It had faded from Luke's pillow almost a week ago. He'd missed it over the last few days. Luke took a deep breath and savoured its return.

"If you stopped getting off on us, I could accept that," Justin snapped. "But you didn't, Luke, you stopped *wanting* to get off on us. If you lost interest you could have just said so. You didn't have to provide me with a show and tell demonstration."

Luke shook his head. "It wasn't like that..."

"Just forget about it," Justin turned to walk away.

"Justin..."

Justin sighed and turned back to face him again. "It was fun for a while, it didn't work out. No hard feelings," he muttered.

"Wait, I..." Luke just couldn't get his words out.

"Luke!"

The words were delivered with so much force, Luke took a step backwards. He'd never seen Justin mad – dominant yes, but not genuinely furious. Justin closed his eyes for a moment. When he opened them he was visibly calmer.

"I'm trying to be reasonable," Justin said quietly. "I'm trying to be a nice guy about this. You lost interest. You dropped enough hints over the last few weeks. I didn't pick them up until it was too late. Maybe it's a submissive thing. You found it easier to act out than just say no to me. I don't understand that, but I've accepted it. But, damn it Luke, I was half way to falling in love with you. So right now, I'm asking you to give me my space and you should be able to respect that request."

He was half a dozen steps away when Luke grappled for any words at all. "I always come first," he blurted out.

The words were too loud. Several people turned to stare at him, but Justin turned around once more and that was all that mattered.

"What?" Justin obviously didn't know what he was talking about, but at least the confession brought him back to Luke's side.

Keeping his voice low, Luke knew he had no choice but to confess properly. "You're eighteen and I'm twenty three. I have been having sex for over half a decade. There is no way

you should be able to last longer than me *every single time*.” Well aware he sounded like a two year old having a tantrum, Luke still couldn’t keep a trace out the pout out of his voice.

“You... because I... you just wanted me to get off first?” Justin asked. Luke watched him struggle to wrap his mind around the concept. He’d never heard Justin falter over his words before.

“Yes,” Luke snapped. He felt the heat rise to his cheeks. If he really had to have this conversation then so be it, but having it in the middle of a club full of his friends and former lovers added a special brand of torture to the event. Justin kept his voice down. No one could over hear. Luke still saw them all around him and felt his skin crawl.

Justin considered him carefully for several moments. “It really bothers you?”

“No,” Luke said automatically. He sighed, the truth really sucked. “Maybe a bit.” He looked over his shoulder.

Justin took him by the wrist and led them through the crowd until he found a quiet spot in a dead end corridor. He turned Luke and backed him up against the wall.

That was promising. Luke looked up at Justin’s face. The dom was back full force in his eyes. There was something else, too. The anger had faded away to be replaced by a softer, warmer emotion. A fair bit of lust lurked in the pupils too. Lust was always a good sign in Luke’s book.

Justin’s hand stroking him through his leather trousers was an even better sign.

“Do you touch yourself like this?” he asked softly against Luke’s ear.

Luke shrugged. “Of course... sometimes.” He wasn’t going to admit he’d followed Justin’s instructions to keep his hands to himself unless he asked a direct question or threatened him with a harsh punishment – like not being allowed to come in the next ten minutes.

“Today?”

Luke shook his head. Apart from the temporary instinct towards excessive obedience, why the hell would he bother with his own hand when he expected to see Justin at the club?

“Do you ever, on the days we met up?” Justin asked, his fingers still stroked through the thin leather, outlining Luke’s erection, coaxing him harder.

Luke shook his head again. He still wasn’t sure where Justin was going with this and his hand was rapidly making it difficult to care.

"Do you think that might have something to do with it?"

Luke frowned and tried to pull his brain back up above his belt. "I'm not some teenage boy who has to jack off before a date so I can..."

He looked into Justin's eyes, saw the amusement there. Dropping his head back against the wall with a thud, Luke got it. "You do."

"Yes." Justin grinned, obviously very comfortable with that fact.

"I don't understand," Luke complained.

Justin smiled at him and dropped his eyes, not in submission, but to enjoy the sight of his hand against Luke.

Luke put a hand on Justin's wrist. He couldn't think while he did that. Justin stopped stroking but merely changed to cup Luke instead. His hand was wonderfully warm. It took all of Luke's control not to thrust into the welcoming heat.

"I usually jack off in the shower before I leave the house."

"Why?"

Justin chuckled. He met Luke's eyes without any trace of embarrassment. "Because I'm eighteen and I don't want everything over in as many seconds."

Luke hesitated. If that really was the case then... "Maybe you don't need to get off before we meet up."

"Unless you intend to get bad at sex any time soon, I do. Come on, you're not modest enough to deny you know you really are that good." He made Luke meet his eyes. "I want what we do to be good for you too."

"It is," Luke said quickly. He remembered the look in Justin's eyes when he hadn't come. The idea he couldn't please his submissive was just as hard for Justin as it would be for Luke to think he wasn't able to please his dominant.

Choosing his words carefully, Luke said, "What I meant was, maybe you don't need to get off before you meet me. You could still get off before you top me if you still wanted to."

Justin just looked at him like he was waiting for a translation.

"You wouldn't prefer my hand to your own?" Luke asked with a slightly teasing tone. "Or my mouth?" He paused to let Justin consider the prospect. "You wouldn't like me to get

you off on my knees first. And then make me work to get you hard again before I had any chance of coming with you buried balls deep in my arse?"

Justin stroked across Luke's lips with his thumb, back and forth, over and over again. Luke's eyes drooped and he flicked his tongue out to lick the digit. When his eyes fluttered back open Justin was watching him with obvious appreciation.

It wasn't a perfectly private location, but Luke had made do with a lot worse in the past. He was too aroused to be fussy. Still bracketed between Justin and the wall he lowered himself to his knees. Justin let him descend, but once Luke was there he tilted his face up and just stared at him for a long time. Luke swallowed and tried to look away.

The conversation left him feeling vulnerable in a way sex never did. He wanted his safe territory back again. He reached for Justin's fly, but his hands were moved aside. Justin was just as eager for it as Luke was. From his current point of view, Luke could hardly fail to notice that Justin was up for what he was offering.

Justin pulled him back up to his feet.

Anal here against the wall was more complicated, but Luke was willing to give it a go. He would have done anything right then.

"I'm sorry."

Luke blinked. In his experience dominants received apologies, they didn't issue them. "For what?"

"I obviously failed to provide the sort of structure you need."

Luke swallowed. The tone of voice was enough to make it difficult to concentrate on the meaning of the words.

"I've been far too lax in your discipline."

Luke shook his head. The teasing note in Justin's voice reassured him nothing was really wrong, but the words didn't make sense. He couldn't work out what Justin wanted from him and that scared him.

"I..."

"Hush," Justin soothed. He kissed Luke very gently on the lips. It was brief and chaste and over before Luke could even part his lips in invitation. Licking at his lips and trying to gain any taste of his lover's mouth, Luke obediently hushed.

"You need more rules, don't you, sweetheart."

Luke shook his head. He parted his lips only to be shushed again.

"I asked you before if you wanted more than sex with me. I want a proper answer this time."

"Yes," Luke whispered, "I want more."

"Good. From now on, you won't worry about who comes when or where or how. You will come as and when I tell you to do so. If you don't come on command, you will be punished. If you come at any other time, you will be punished."

Luke tried to sieve the words through his brain but they went straight to his cock and lodged there making him swell further until he ached. Luke shook his head. He wanted to clear it rather than refuse, but as a tiny portion of his mind made sense of events he realised he was in the middle of a negotiation and didn't know what he was agreeing to.

He shook his head again. "I'm a submissive, Justin, not a slave."

Justin stroked his cheek. "A submissive who could enjoy giving control to a man he can trust to look after him far better than he ever looked after himself."

Luke looked down. He took Justin's hand away from his crotch and tried to focus again. "I play games, Justin. I don't live the whole lifestyle twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. I don't want that."

"I'm not telling you how to run your life, sweetheart. I'm telling you that when you have sex with me, I will be in control, just as I have been from the start. The only difference will be that the rules I make about sex will apply when you are alone as well."

Luke hesitated. Taking Justin's hand away hadn't helped as much as he hoped. Justin was still there, still close inside his space. The subtle scent of his aftershave still hung in the air, tempting Luke to snuggle into his neck.

Justin kissed his lips again. "Try it and see what you think?" he suggested.

"And if I change my mind?"

"No problem. There wouldn't be any point in us doing something you don't enjoy, would there?"

No longer feeling like he was signing away control of his life forever, Luke nodded. If Justin wanted to try it then he would, at least then Justin would see he had made an effort.

"So until I change my mind?"

"You need my permission to come."

Luke nodded his understanding. It wasn't so different from normal. There was no reason to be nervous. He could do this. Luke pulled himself together and tried to sound like he knew what he was doing. He tried to think of something to say. Luke was used to Justin controlling sex. This shouldn't be so difficult.

Justin took him by the hand and walked towards the main entrance. Luke followed blindly until Justin took a wrong turn. Justin smiled over his shoulder when Luke hesitated.

"I want to dance."

Luke nodded again. As they reached the floor, a rare slow song sung out over the speakers. Justin pulled Luke close. For a while they just swayed together. Justin slid one arm around Luke's waist to hold him close. His other hand rested on the back of Luke's head, encouraging him to rest his head on his shoulder. Luke didn't need much encouragement, he'd missed being close with his lover too much.

However, the idiot inside him hadn't been quite killed off by his earlier mistakes. "Are you sure you wouldn't prefer to dance with someone else?"

Justin pressed a kiss to the accessible temple. "Jealous?"

"No."

"I would be if I saw you dancing with another man," Justin whispered to him.

"Maybe a little bit jealous," Luke allowed after due consideration. "He was gorgeous."

"I wouldn't know, sweetheart. I spent the whole time looking at you."

It was temptingly close to the truth. Luke had looked away so many times, but every time he looked back Justin's gaze was still on him.

"You didn't have to dance with him if you didn't want to," Luke pushed.

"I wanted you to regret breaking up with me."

Luke tried to deny it.

Justin wouldn't hear him out. "I thought you broke up with me," he rephrased. "And I wanted you to miss me."

"I did," Luke whispered, tucking his face more firmly into Justin's shoulder.

They continued to sway. Luke pressed his body again Justin's. It was reassuring to feel the evidence Justin was as turned on as he was. His dominant still wanted him.

The song faded out to be replaced by a slowly building rhythm. Justin began to dance rather than sway. He turned Luke in his arms so his back rested against Justin's chest.

Resting a hand low on Luke's stomach, Justin guided him into the rhythm he wanted. Gradually, his hand stroked lower until he massaged Luke's erection. He pushed himself into Justin's hand. He was so desperate for contact, he forgot about everyone around them. He forgot about everything but Justin's hand in front of him and Justin's body behind him.

"You look amazing like this."

Luke tilted his head to the side, trying to focus in on what Justin said.

"Everyone's watching you – watching me touch you. Are you going to come for me, right here on the dance floor with everyone watching?" Justin whispered.

"Justin?"

"Yes, sweetheart."

Luke decided a bit more of the truth wouldn't hurt if it sped things up. "I haven't come since you walked out of my room. You could sell tickets for all I care."

Justin chuckled and held him even closer. "Does that make you an exhibitionist or just extremely horny?"

"Both." Luke tried to turn around in Justin's arms. Justin wouldn't let him. Luke persisted and eventually Justin allowed him to do as he wished. "You want them to see we're together? You want everyone in this room to know how I submit to you? Give the command. I'll get down on my knees in the middle of the dancers and prove it to you and everyone else."

Justin seemed amused. "As much as I enjoy your mouth, do you really think you can manipulate me so easily?"

Luke blinked.

"You'd find that easy, wouldn't you, sweetheart? Showing off how talented your mouth is to all your friends would really turn you on. But the idea I could make you come when you don't choose to – that scares the hell out of you. I don't know why, but it does."

Luke stopped dancing. They both stood perfectly still in the middle of the swaying and grinding couples. Luke didn't know where the words came from. Without ever realising the thought was in his head, he found the words on his lips. "I'm not a detail."

"And I told you that you could veto the important things, but you have to leave the details down to me," Justin said softly. He smiled.

Luke looked away and frowned.

"Have I ever suggested that I don't care if you enjoy what we do together?" Justin asked.

Luke shook his head. This was stupid. He sounded like an idiot and he wasn't going to have a conversation that made him look stupid. "If it's what you want, if you want me to come on the dance floor, do it," Luke said.

"No."

Luke hesitated. If Justin really wanted that, he would go along with it. He knew he still had ground to make up with his lover and he wasn't going to make a fool of himself throwing a hissy fit over something he should find easy. "Why not?"

"Do I want everyone to see we are together? Yes. And do I want them to see you want me? Of course. But when I allow you to come, I will be the only one watching you."

Luke stayed perfectly still. Doing whatever you wanted was dominant. Not doing what you want for any reason was inherently submissive. Caring what other people saw sounded like an excuse not to do what he knew Luke didn't want.

But Justin didn't sound submissive. He sounded calmly certain about what he wanted. Something still felt wrong.

"I'm possessive, but I'm not an exhibitionist, sweetheart. I won't share even the sight of you coming with anyone else. A real dominant knows when someone belongs to him. I don't have to prove the point."

Unable to think of anything to say, scared to part his lips in case unexpected words fell from them, Luke just nodded. The tiny movement restarted the world.

Justin led him back into the dance. He didn't make him come on the dance floor, but it was a close call at points. Justin took him right to the edge and made him hover there for what felt like hours. Each song wound into the next. Luke stopped listening to anything but the beat of his own heart, stopped registering anything but the rhythm of Justin's hips.

Even though he was aching hard and frustrated, by the time they left, Luke felt more level in himself. He was back on track. Nothing changed. It was sex. It was sex with dating. It was sex with Justin dominant. But when it came down to the bone it was still just sex. Luke knew what he was doing when it came to sex. There was nothing to worry about.

Sitting in the passenger seat as Justin drove them back to his apartment, Luke turned his head against the rest to watch the other man.



"You wanted me to tell you about the creepy security guard," Luke remembered. That caught Justin's full attention.

"He's not stalking me," Luke reported. "He had a bet on if we were screwing each other. He was watching me to win the bet. I told him we're screwing and we're monogamous. I think he wants us to make out in front of Tommy from the night shift to get his money."

Justin's lips twitched. "We'll see how it goes."

Luke could tell Justin was pleased with him for telling him. Some part of the tension drained from the car. The silence felt comfortable around them, and didn't change when they went up the stairs.

Luke couldn't help but remember the last time Justin was there. He'd been so slow and almost reverential with him. In hindsight, it was obvious Justin did everything he could think of to make sure Luke enjoyed himself. He really made it all about Luke during those weeks when Luke held back.

"What are you thinking?" Justin asked.

"You really thought I'd lost interest in you?" Luke countered, closing the front door behind them.

Justin shrugged. "It felt like you had trouble tipping over the edge."

Luke dropped the game, he dropped the submission. He leaned up against Justin and pulled him down for a slow, deep kiss filled only with honest desire. Justin allowed it and then smiled against Luke's lips as he took back control.

Submission and a preference for bottoming aside, Luke knew he wasn't a small man. Few of his lovers had been substantially bigger or stronger than him. That was his excuse for the yelp he let out when Justin picked him up as if he wasn't six foot tall with a fair layer of muscle over every inch of that height.

Justin laughed. He carried him through to the bedroom and tumbled onto the bed with him.

"And now I have you back, what should I do with you?" Justin leaned up on an elbow. He beamed down at Luke, appearing very happy with the state of his world.

"Out of ideas?" Luke asked. He had a few of his own if that was really true. He could be very inventive when he put his mind to it.

"I still have a few ideas," Justin reassured him. Trailing his finger tips up and down the front of Luke's black t-shirt, he burrowed under the material to stroke his bare skin. "And almost all of them involve you naked."

"Sounds good so far."

When Justin made no move to do so, Luke pulled his clothes off and dropped them off the side of the bed.

Justin made no effort to hide his admiration of the view. He studied Luke for a long time before he reached out to stroke his erection. "From now on, I'm the only one who touches you."

Luke nodded. Monogamy, they'd covered that.

"Including you. You don't jack yourself off without my explicit permission."

*Try it. Think about it. See if you enjoy it. You can change your mind.* Justin's earlier promise turned the demand into an invitation to give up control. And he knew Justin enjoyed getting him off – Justin really did give a damn if Luke enjoyed what they did together. The invitation wasn't a trick to make it all about what Justin wanted. Justin wasn't like most of the men he'd dated before – no matter how hard it was to remember that, he had to try.

Luke half nodded and then hesitated. "No masturbating," he agreed.

Justin raised an eyebrow at the change of wording.

"I'll still need to aim when I take a leak."

"I think I'll allow that," Justin chuckled. His finger tips traced lines along him. With great deliberation, he announced, "I'm going to screw you now."

Luke nodded his agreement. "Yes."

"You're not going to come."

The chances of that actually happening were microscopic. Luke nodded anyway. If Justin wanted him to aim for hoops he would never be able to jump through then at least he could enjoy himself while he made the attempt.

Apparently done with teasing, Justin put Luke on his hands and knees. He spent just enough time preparing him to make sure he was ready, but he didn't seek out his prostate. He didn't provide any stimulation other than what couldn't be avoided. When he entered

Luke, although he pulled him back close against his body and thrust as deeply into him as any man could get, the perfect angle wasn't achieved.

Luke tried to subtly shift his position.

Justin put his hands on Luke's hips and stopped him.

"Do you really think I made you come by accident, Luke?"

"What?"

Justin pulled him back so Luke sat astride Justin's knees while Justin knelt on the bed.

"Do you believe I found your prostate by luck? I know what you like, Luke. I know how to push you to the edge, and over the last few weeks you've given me a master class in what it takes to get you off."

He thrust up into Luke and rocked them together.

"But you haven't just taught me what you like, sweetheart. You've taught me dozens of different things I know you'll enjoy, but which I know you won't quite be able to get off on.

"You won't come without my permission, because you'll do as you're told. But at the same time, you won't come, because I won't give you the chance, Luke."

"You..." Luke tried to turn to face him while still impaled on Justin's erection. He couldn't twist far enough. And he couldn't think of a polite enough word to call someone who might take offence and not let him come at all. Uncertainty whirled inside him. He shrugged it off. Justin had earned a bit of trust.

Justin merely thrust up into him again. Luke gasped. It felt amazing. Every nerve ending tingled. But Justin was right. He wouldn't come from this. He would just become more and more frustrated.

And while Luke was held back, Justin wasn't trying to outlast anyone. He was free to enjoy himself at whatever pace he wanted. Luke rode him through his orgasm. He'd come second twice in a row. He'd proved his point. Luke was entirely comfortable with the idea Justin could outlast him at every single future encounter.

His problem was solved, a potential disaster was averted, sex was once more universally great.

Justin collapsed onto the bed next to him. Luke's hand crept to his cock.

"I told you not to touch, Luke."

*Damn.*

Luke dropped his hand back to his side. Looking over at Justin, the man's eyes were still shut. How the hell did he do that?

"I thought, since we understand each other now..." Luke began.

Justin smiled but didn't bother to open his eyes.

"I don't think you can count it as trying it to see if you like it, unless you give it a fair chance. Breaking the rules because you're a little bit frustrated is —"

"A little bit!" Luke yelled.

Justin chuckled.

"Nine days!" Luke reminded him. "When was the last time you came?"

"About two minutes ago."

"Before that," Luke protested.

"A few hours ago."

"You just screwed me without giving me the remotest chance of coming, you barely tuck your cock away between orgasms and you still have the nerve to call me *a little bit frustrated*."

He threw his pillow at his lover and flopped back on the bed.

Justin caught the pillow and tossed it back with a deep rich laugh.

Luke held it over his face, the same way he had a week before. It smelt of Justin's aftershave again. It smelt wonderful. Luke took a deep breath and savoured the scent. Justin was back. His dominant was back. If he could just come then all would truly be right with the world.

"Hey," Justin pulled the pillow away from his face.

Luke took in his cheerful expression and sighed. This was Justin's show. Luke would come when he was given permission.

"You wouldn't prefer my hand, my mouth?" Justin tossed his earlier words back at Luke with a grin.

If he'd still had the pillow, Luke would have tried his aim a second time. "I want you," he said. "In whatever form you prefer." It wasn't easy to give the impression of bowing while lying on his back. Luke managed it with a slow nod and a speaking look.

Justin laughed and lethargically made his way down the bed.

Dominants who didn't think an ability to give incredible head was submissive, were right up there on Luke's list of the wonders of the world. He hadn't had the practice Luke had, but he was a quick learner. Justin knew what he was doing down there.

He was also resilient once he decided on the mood. Yes, Justin had proved he knew how to control Luke's libido better than Luke did himself during anal. As he began to tease with his lips and tongue, Luke knew he was in for the second act of the play – how to wrap your mouth around someone in amazing ways without letting them come.

"Since I'm going to have my mouth full for a very long time," Justin said, breaking contact for a few moments, "and since it is very rude to talk with your mouth full. Just this once, you don't need to wait for verbal permission to come."

Luke sent a silent prayer in thanks giving up to anyone who was listening.

"You just have to wait until I do something that offers you that opportunity."

"You..." *Polite*, Luke reminded himself.

The humour in Justin's eyes made Luke sure he would take any insult he could throw with as much fun as he'd caught the pillow, but Luke wasn't going to take any chances.

Justin was giving him an excellent blow job. That was a good thing. But as Justin managed to avoid any stimulation that could provide satisfaction, Luke found it hard to remember that anything so frustrating could be a good anything.

Justin's tongue slid over him again and again, swirling around the head and stroking against the pulsing veins. Murmuring his enjoyment just to let Luke taste the vibrations, Justin made no attempt to hide how much the dominant in him got off on the exertion of control or how much the man behind the dominant thrived on giving him pleasure.

Luke almost reconsidered his earlier assessment and decided there was a hell of a lot of sadist mixed into Justin's personality when, with one last glance at him, Justin deep throated him and brought him to his climax just as easily as he'd corralled him at the edge for so long.

Good manners aside, Luke couldn't stop himself bucking into Justin's mouth. Justin rode out the movements without any trouble until Luke lay still again. Finally finding the energy to open his eyes, Luke looked across at Justin, now laying calm and content on the bed next to him.

"You look very smug," he accused.

Justin considered the accusation. "Yes," he allowed eventually, "I feel very smug indeed." He held out an arm and Luke quickly wriggled across the bed to lie in his embrace. He'd thought about this bit of the night more than he would ever admit out loud, he wasn't going to waste the moment by pouting.

With a half sigh, Luke had to admit he was exactly where he wanted to be, and he felt a little bit smug himself. Leaving Justin's arms for a brief moment, he pulled the blanket up over their cooling skin. Wrapping it snugly around their bodies, he cocooned them both in the soft white fabric.

"Do you need to go back to your place tonight?" Luke asked, casually. He would have a hell of a lot of trouble getting out the tangle of blankets if he wanted to leave in as big a rush as last time.

Justin idly stroked Luke's hair. "I can stay."

Luke nodded. The question was invitation enough. The actual words didn't need to be said... but something else did need to be said — or at least hinted at.

"Did you know there's a new Italian restaurant on Hamilton Street?"

Without looking up from his comfortable resting place, Luke knew Justin smiled above him. The hand continued to stroke his hair through a few moments of happy silence.

"Strange you should mention that," Justin said.

"It is?"

"We're going there tomorrow," he announced.

"We are?" Luke asked.

"Yes."

Evidently dinner was classified as a detail. Those were Justin's concerns.

Luke nodded and snuggled closer into his lover's embrace. "That sounds very, very perfect."

## About the Author

Kim is 25 years old, from a small town in South Wales.

After writing for years, Kim is finally editing some of the stories to share with the rest of the world. Kim writes both male/male and male/female stories that range from the dark and paranormal right through to the lighter, funnier side of life.

The only thing every story contains is a happy ever after for the two (or more!) characters that deserve it most. Oh, and kinky sex – there's always plenty of that too – but Kim takes no responsibility for any of that. It's all the characters' fault. Honest...

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