



COLLARED  
TURQUOISE  
and  
*Leather*

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Turquoise and Leather

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

**Collared**

# **TURQUOISE AND LEATHER**

**Kim Dare**

## *Dedication*

To my parents, who always believed I could do anything and  
always encouraged me to write.

## Chapter One

The twirling spotlight hit the table dancer for one perfect moment. George McAllister stalled on the edge of the dance floor, savouring the view. The light moved on, leaving a shadowy outline in its wake.

George held his breath. One bright flash, a glimpse of an open white shirt and black leather trousers, and darkness returned. Mesmerised by the sway of the young man's body, he blindly moved closer, his eyes slowly adjusting to the intermittent darkness.

Another arc of light found the right spot, displaying blond hair and tanned skin for his appreciation. He stopped to admire the brief image before it disappeared again.

Sidestepping dancers, George moved a few paces closer. A flash of light illuminated the dancer's face. Eyes closed, lips slightly parted, the dancer threw his head back and gave himself over to the pounding beat of the music. Undulating to the rhythm, the dancer's hips traversed intricate patterns, begging for a partner to complete them.

George swallowed and altered his stance, allowing his rapidly growing erection more room in his trousers. He was only vaguely aware of the rest of the club until someone barged into him. He spared one brief glance for the man who collided with him. That was the trouble with these new clubs — too many bodies all crowded together and not enough good manners to go around. George thought back to the way leather clubs used to be — back before leather turned into a damn fashion statement rather than a sign of dominance and submission. There was a lot to be said for formal rules and everyone knowing their place.

The song ended. He looked back up to the table. A red headed man climbed the ladder onto the high pedestal and filled the now vacant spot.

At six foot four George was tall enough to see over most of the crowd, but he was still half way across the dance floor. He couldn't make out a blond head of hair winding its way through the press of people.

A new song and a faster tempo brought rapid bursts of light to the dance tables. Every few seconds the whole room lit up then plunged back into darkness. George nudged people out of the way as politely as possible, searching for the dancer.

The music pounded through the room in a thumping, rutting rhythm. In the middle of the song, George spared one glance up to the tables. He found him. The dancer hadn't descended. He'd merely migrated across to another table top, connected to the first by a narrow platform. With his back to George, the dancer lifted his arms and pushed his hands through his hair. His white shirt lifted and exposed his back, revealing tantalising glimpses of golden-brown skin.

As well as George could judge from his position several feet below the platform, the dancer was close to his height. But he was of a far slighter build. His cut off shirt sleeves revealed muscular arms. For a brief moment he turned and showed a well developed torso with defined abs. It was the lean muscle of a runner rather than the bulk of a gym junkie. He was just George's type.

George stopped again, hypnotised by the dancer's movement. A little voice in the back of his mind piped up, telling him a thirty-year old dominant should have more self respect. He should be ashamed of acting like a submissive teenager at his first school dance. His cock didn't give a damn. It reverted wholeheartedly to teenage enthusiasm.

For the first time in years, George could ignore the loud music and jostling crowd. In his mind's eye, he saw the table dancer spread out on his bed in his apartment. Golden skin sprawled against crisp white sheets. Black leather wrapped around the dancer's wrists and ankles. In the silence of the fantasy, he heard a hush broken only by his lover's frustrated whimpers as he teased him to the edge of his orgasm. George felt the smooth bare skin under his hands. The dancer arched into his touch, begging for more.

George's fingers twitched. He imagined burying his fists in the thick blond hair, holding him in place so he could take his pleasure as he wished. His cock jumped again. He pictured the dancer kneeling submissively in the middle of an empty room. The dancer's breaths coming in gasps, he broke their silence to whisper just one word — *Master...*

He hadn't felt such an instant pull towards another man in years. For all his sarcasm about the leather hook up spot, the club eliminated any need for subtle questions. Everyone was gay. Everyone was kinky.

The dancer was obviously submissive. No dominant would advertise his availability on top of a table. And a skilled observer could judge his preference for catching rather than

pitching from the way his hips moved in the dance, pushing back against an absent partner on every beat.

Best of all, he appeared completely at home on the table. He wasn't new to the scene – he'd know what he was doing.

George smiled. It had been too long since a well-trained submissive knelt at his feet. Stepping forward in each moment of darkness, looking up in each light opportunity, he made his way to the base of the dancer's table and stood by the bottom step of the ladder as the song ended. The brief pause between songs brought black shoes and leather trousers down the ladder. The dancer turned and jumped the last step, landing snugly in George's arms.

"What the-" The dancer fought to keep his balance, pressing himself tight against George's body. Strong hands grabbed at his shirt. Big blue eyes looked up at George, full of surprise and confusion.

He was slightly shorter than George had guessed, barely scraping the six foot mark. They fitted together perfectly.

A shocked gasp, a quick inspection of his unexpected crash mat, and the dancer smiled. "Hi."

He didn't rush to pull away. George rested his hands possessively on his new friend's waist. Pushing back the cotton shirt, he trailed his fingers over the skin and leather.

George scanned the bare skin from the low slung waist and up over the lightly defined muscles, admiring his unblemished prize. Then he saw the leather around the younger man's throat and the blue-green stone suspended from it.

With a silent curse, George stepped back. "Sorry, I thought you were someone else."

Turning away from the beautiful young man, he stalked to the bar. All the good ones might be gay, but damn if all the good ones weren't taken too. The thin leather collar around the guy's neck didn't leave anything open to interpretation; neither did the turquoise hanging from it.

Just his bloody luck. The man was beautiful and kinky and he was already marked as someone else's lover.

"So, who do I remind you of?"

George looked over his shoulder. What? Oh, yes. He said he'd mistaken Eric for someone else. That had to have been the singularly most inane line George had spouted since his balls dropped.

"An ex?" the blond wriggled his way between George and the bar so they stood face to face. The crowd pushed them together, letting George feel the heat and strength in the dancer's body.

"No." He didn't remind George of anyone but the submissive he wanted to take home.

"Good." The dancer smiled again. "It's always off-putting when a guy screams someone else's name during sex. Mine's Eric, for future reference." Eric held out a hand.

George shook it automatically. Expecting soft skin and a gentle touch, he found calluses and a grip equalling his own. Eric might have a dancer's body, but he didn't have a dancer's hands. Interesting, but... The small silver loop attaching the turquoise stone to the leather caught the light.

"Like I said, I thought you were someone else." George turned away again.

Eric's grip tightened for a moment before he let go.

George shook his head at himself. He liked to think he possessed better principles than to screw around with a marked submissive, but Eric was too tempting for his peace of mind. George found a quieter part of the club. These men were probably closer to his age group anyway. Eric couldn't be much past twenty-one and that put almost ten years between them.

He tried to convince himself there were lots of very good reasons why he shouldn't want Eric, but George knew none of them mattered. The only thing stopping him from taking Eric home was the collar. George sat down at the furthest corner of the bar.

"You know, tall, dark and handsome only buys your way out of so much weirdness. Your dimples give you a bit of leeway — but not enough to get me walking after you twice." Eric put two bottles of beer on the bar and slid onto the barstool next to him. "Wander off again, and even the fact you're hung won't keep me chasing after you."

As if any dominant would want to be chased after like prey! George looked him up and down with an expression guaranteed to send any uppity little submissive scurrying off with his tail between his legs.

Eric laughed. "It's no good looking all offended, honey. You catch a man when he jumps and he's more than entitled to cop a feel on the way down."

He'd been called a lot of things by submissives over the years, but... "*Honey?*"

"You could tell me your name, if you prefer I call you that?"

Someone obviously shouldn't be let out to play unsupervised. "Does your master know you throw yourself at other men when he's not around?"

"My master?" Eric's big blue eyes opened very wide.

George shrugged. "Your owner, dominant, master, protector, whatever he prefers you to call him."

Eric looked at the untouched bottle in front of George. "Maybe you've drunk enough already. I don't know what you're on, but the only person who owns me, is me."

George considered Eric for several long seconds. He looked sincerely bemused and quite worried he'd followed a psychopath across the room.

"If that's true, you should be far more careful who you accept jewellery from. Someone is marking you as private property." He nodded to the necklace.

Eric frowned and touched the piece of turquoise at his neck. "This?"

"Leather means possession. Turquoise traditionally represents protection. Together they mean you belong to the man who put it around your neck."

Eric fiddled with the pendant and studied George, obviously trying to work out if he was being wound up. He studied Eric's hands. Short nails, strong fingers, lots of little nicks and scratches — a working man's hands. Not what he expected on a marked submissive who looked like Eric. He certainly wasn't some rich man's pampered pet.

It seemed increasingly possible someone sought to warn others away before they had that right. "If you go around marked as someone's submissive, no respectable dominant will touch you."

"No one bought this for me," Eric said, his fingers stroking the blue-green stone.

"You collared yourself?" George asked, appalled by such a breach of form. Obviously a newbie on the scene. George gave a mental sigh — no more to his tastes than a marked man. George knew what he liked and it was someone who already had a clue. He didn't have the time or patience to train a submissive from scratch.

Eric's spine stiffened and George chided himself for not controlling his tone of voice. It wasn't Eric's fault he didn't know what he was doing. He probably didn't even know what

sort of club he was in. It wasn't as if there was a sign above the door saying "kinky guys only".

"What you're wearing around your neck means something. It's not to be treated lightly," he said, trying to soften his correction.

"It's hydrated copper aluminium phosphate on a bit of cow hide. It's just a pretty bit of rock. It doesn't mean anything. But if you want to believe otherwise..." Eric shrugged. "Fine. Possession and protection. I own myself and I can defend myself if I need to." He tilted his chin up on the last phrase.

"Hydrated copper what?"

"I'm a geologist," Eric said with an easy smile. "Hydrated copper aluminium phosphate – turquoise. You don't look like the 'crystals have mystical powers' type. But if it rocks your boat, I know lots of things about lots of stones. Although I'm more likely to quote you the specific gravity than the appropriate chakra..." Eric frowned.

"I'm not-"

"I know turquoise is my birthstone," Eric interrupted, "I'm a Christmas baby. So, I'm a Sagittarius if you're into astrology too. I know lots about that. I dated a tarot reader a while back – he was completely insane. But yoga does give men wonderful flexibility – well worth reading my daily horoscope for."

George waited for him to take a breath.

When he finally stopped talking, Eric lifted his beer bottle. Wrapping his lips around the cold glass, he tipped his head back and swallowed the liquid down. George swallowed too, imagining semen rather than beer working its way down Eric's throat.

Eric's lips were made to be wrapped around phallic objects. He caught a drop of beer which lingered on the rim of the bottle. His tongue swirled around the glass and he smiled across the corner of the bar.

A smart man would walk away. No blow job, however good, was worth dealing with a novice submissive. But there was something about Eric that drew George closer, despite all logic warning him away.

He gave in to the temptation of finding out more about the other man. Not because he would let things get any further than a conversation, he was too sane for that, but a few

minutes talking wouldn't do either of them any harm. George waved a hand towards the dance floor. "If you're a geologist, I take it, this isn't professional."

Eric shook his head. "I never turned pro — I'm just an enthusiastic amateur." The quick smile gave George another glimpse of straight white teeth. "Same goes for the dancing — some things are too much fun to charge for."

So, there wouldn't be a bill on his nightstand if he did succumb to Eric's temptations. While George was glad of that, he found another possible explanation of Eric's behaviour wiped off his list. Even as he admitted to himself that Eric would drive him quickly insane if he was stupid enough to take him home, George found himself half smiling back. "Are you always this..."

"Flirty, slutty, bratty, silly?" Eric considered the matter carefully and nodded. "Yes. Some people find it endearing."

Eric desperately tried to stop talking, but the words tumbled out faster than ever. "You still haven't told me your name."

"George McAllister."

Eric held out his hand. There it was — that same spark making him tighten his grip around George's fingers. It was milder than the full bodied version he'd encountered earlier, but damn, he still didn't want to let go.

Well aware he wasn't a natural chaser, Eric was always very happy to let men come to him. Now, if he could just get George to co-operate they could have some fun, because the frown between George's dark brows screamed that he wasn't relishing his role as the pursued party.

"Eric Jordan."

When George let go of his hand, Eric resorted to fiddling with the turquoise stone at his neck. Maybe George didn't think he was kinky enough to keep up. Anyone so into the leather scene that they'd walk away from a bit of jewellery must be a serious player. Eric wasn't sure he could keep up either, but the sparks between them made him very willing to try.

"You're not into anything really bizarre, are you?" Eric blurted the words out the moment the possibility occurred to him, then tried too late to bite them back.

The older man raised an eyebrow at him.

Eric smiled nervously. "I don't mind a bit of leather, and I'll probably have a go at most kinks. But I'd like advance warning if you intend to strangle me or anything."

George didn't look impressed.

"You don't think we're ready for that talk?" Eric babbled. "After all, this is our third date."

"Our what?"

"Date number one by the dance tables." He ticked the points off on his fingers. "Date number two by the bar in there. This bar gives us date number three."

"You have a bizarre definition of the word 'date'."

"Suit yourself." Eric attempted a careless shrug. "But my definition is a lot more fun. Especially since I don't screw before the third date." Damn! He sounded like a slut. He supposed he was acting like one too, but Eric pushed his doubts aside. Everyone in the club was there to get laid. Eric was happy to accommodate George on that count. No point hiding the one thing that might count in his favour with the older man.

Another moment's silence from George left Eric with nothing to do but look at him. He must live in the gym. Nature might have given him his height and a chiselled jaw line, but it must have taken years of hot sweaty work outs for George to build up that physique. Eric licked his lips.

If he could convince George to say more than half a dozen words at a time, perhaps he could shut up before he talked himself out of getting laid. "What do you do when you're not catching falling dancers, anyway?" Eric asked.

"I own a property development company."

That was something he could legitimately ask a question about.

George raised his hand and covered Eric's mouth.

Eric's lips moved behind his palm for a few seconds. A tingle shot down his spine at the contact. He knew he should feel panicked. But George in his personal space felt too damn good. He wasn't going to waste time worrying about silly little things like the older man not wanting to listen to him, or the ability to breathe.

"Are you high?"

Eric tried to say no. George's hand absorbed the words.

"It's a yes or no question, Eric. Just nod or shake your head."

Eric shook his head.

"You're always this hyperactive?"

Eric nodded.

George smiled, but seemed wary, as if he was considering screwing him, but only against his better judgement. "Do you have a boyfriend, girlfriend, wife, husband, anyone who thinks they are the only person you are involved with?"

Eric shook his head and sucked against George's hand for breath. He couldn't resist the temptation to lap at the skin and steal a first taste. Salty, with a hint of spilled beer and another subtler taste he knew was just pure George.

"Don't do that, Eric."

Meeting his eyes over George's hand, Eric obediently stopped licking his palm.

"Have you done much kink?"

Eric shook his head.

George took a slow breath. He nodded, just once, as if reaching a decision. "I'm dominant, but I'm not sadistic. I like to control people, not hurt them. Is that a problem for you?"

Not being hurt sounded very good. Control, well, George was sure as hell in control right then and Eric was enjoying himself so far. Eric shook his head and hoped like hell he knew what he was getting himself into.

George considered him for several long seconds. "Since you've been throwing yourself at me for the last half an hour, I'll assume you want to have sex with me."

Nodding, Eric wondered if he would be able to speak again at any point.

George smiled — the first real, full smile since he saw the necklace. "I might let you speak. I might gag you. We'll see how it goes. But it would be a pity if we have to lose the use of your pretty mouth for the whole night, wouldn't it?"

Whatever enthusiastic expression showed in his eyes, it made George chuckle. Eric couldn't wait to show George he wasn't as clueless about sucking as he was about submitting.

"Do you have a coat?"

Eric shook his head.

"A car?"

He shook his head again.

"My car is parked two streets away. My apartment is three miles from here. I'm leaving now. Do you want to come with me?"

Hell, yes! Unable to say so out loud, Eric had to be content with nodding again. He mumbled something behind George's hand, not real words, just a sound to let George know he hadn't completely given up on the idea of talking just yet.

George kept a tight seal over his mouth, forcing Eric to breathe through his nose. His skin smelt good, so did his aftershave - fresh and spicy and undeniably male. Eric longed to wrap himself in the scent, wrap himself in George. Silence wasn't so high a price to pay if he could do that.

"I'm going to move my hand," George informed him. "You're not going to start talking right away. At least take a breath first."

He took his hand away.

Eric took a deep breath.

George stood up. Before Eric could do the same, George slid his hands around his waist and lifted him down from his stool. No one picked him up since his last growth spurt when he was nineteen. Instinct kicked in and he clung to George.

Fingers gripping George's tight, black t-shirt, tugging at the fabric, Eric tilted his head back and stared up into wonderful green eyes.

"Five seconds of silence in a row, Eric, I'm impressed." George's fingers slid against Eric's skin, pushing back his shirt.

Eric licked his lips, wondering if such good behaviour would earn him a kiss.

"For the rest of the night, you're mine," George whispered, close to his ear.

The hairs on the back of Eric's neck stood on end.

"You can nod."

Eric nodded. If George wasn't going to kiss him, he had to do something with his lips.

"Yes. I understand, I mean-"

"Eric?"

"Yes?"

"We're leaving. Come on."

George took Eric's hand and he led him through the crowds and out of the club. Hand holding was romantic — that went without saying — but Eric didn't feel wrapped in soft romanticism. George's hold on him was practical and possessive. The impatient tug through his shoulder made Eric smile.

Two streets away, just as George promised, was a black sports car. Sliding into the low-slung seat Eric wasn't prepared for the intense sensation of being in such a confined space with George. His presence filled the tiny car. It wasn't the first time he'd gone back to a stranger's place. But it was the first time in a long time that he'd felt like a nervous virgin at the prospect.

Eric sat on his hands to stop himself fidgeting, but nothing would stop his mouth. "I really like your car. It's the new model isn't it? What kind of stats does it have? You'd probably be appalled at my car — but I go off road a lot with work and it's always covered in mud and getting stuck in ditches and —"

Sliding his hands into Eric's hair, George jerked him forward and silenced him with a kiss. His fingers wound tight into Eric's hair, holding him in place as his tongue swept into his mouth. George deepened the kiss, allowing Eric no degree of control as he teased him into emitting a mewling whimper.

George pulled away. Eric moaned his disapproval and tried to follow him across the car. The other man wouldn't allow it. His grip tightened in Eric's hair.

"I'm too old and too tall for car sex," George said firmly. "And this car doesn't even have a back seat."

Eric looked back and saw it was indeed a two-seater. He nodded, licking his lips for the lingering taste of George.

George kissed him again, softly and with more obvious control. "Do you only stop talking when you have something else to do with your mouth?" he asked between teasing touches of lips.

"I... Yes... I mean... No, but... Ye..." Eric never managed to get a whole phrase out without being distracted by another kiss. In the end he gave up trying, turning himself over to the enjoyment.

"I'm going to have to keep your lips busy, aren't I?"

Eric nodded enthusiastically.

George smiled between kisses. "Let's get you home so I can enjoy you properly."

The moment George pulled back, Eric opened his mouth to speak.

George put a finger tip against his lips. "No. It's a short drive. It won't do you any harm to keep quiet."

Eric nodded his understanding, but he couldn't resist flicking his tongue out to catch the taste of George's finger.

George shook his head, but when he turned back to the road, Eric caught the twitch of a smile on George's lips.

Silence wasn't easy. Knowing he chattered a lot was one thing, but Eric never remembered this all consuming need to speak before — not to communicate, but just to say words, any words at all.

If the car's windows were more deeply tinted, he would have found something far more interesting than words to fill his mouth with. Eric glanced across at George's lap. There would just be enough room to work between his body and the steering wheel.

Dominant, that's what George said he was. Eric was willing to take his word for it. Would a dominant man have enough self control not to crash during automotive fellatio? Eric shifted in his seat. He closed his eyes for a moment, picturing it. Licking his lips, Eric could feel the velvety smooth skin of George's cock sliding into his mouth, he could taste the salt on his tongue, feel the stretch in his throat as he took his whole length.

He imagined George's hand on the back of his head, setting his rhythm as his foot pressed down on the accelerator, pushing Eric and the car to go faster and faster. Eric held back a whimper.

Jerking open his eyes, Eric looked back at George. His eyes were on the road. As the lights of the city flashed past them, Eric kept his eyes open. Coming in his pants before they even got there would not make a good first impression. Without a fantasy to distract him, Eric had to think about what would happen when they reached George's place.

Eric bit his lip, worrying the sensitive skin between his teeth until he drew blood. That wasn't good. No one wanted to kiss someone and taste blood. Glancing across at George, Eric resorted to an old habit.

Hours picking through mud and having perpetually dirty hands cured him of biting his nails a few years ago. His hands were scrubbed temptingly clean now, but his nails were so short he could barely find a corner large enough to catch with his teeth.

“Don’t do that, Eric.”

He glanced across at George and dropped his hand. Out of other options he went back to biting his lip as gently as he could, trying not to draw blood again.

Soon, George drove into an underground car park connected to an apartment block near the water front. Eric tapped his feet and picked at the seam on his trouser leg.

If Eric was desperate to talk, George seemed determined to be the strong silent type. Eric was all in favour of strong. Silent might push him towards a nervous breakdown by the end of the night.

Neither of them spoke as they walked to the elevator. George rested his hand on Eric’s back under the loose shirt, guiding him along and stroking his skin.

Pushing his hands into his pockets, Eric tried to convince himself he didn’t want to bite his nails. Riding in the elevator, he saw their reflections in the mirrored walls.

George didn’t look as if he was past his mid-thirties, but he had an old fashioned manner that suggested a much older man. His casual clothes couldn’t quite conceal the fact he was more used to business suits and ties. Lifting his eyes further, Eric caught George watching him.

Eric looked quickly away and towards his own reflection. What did George see? Not too bad for a geology geek, Eric decided. But not the confident reflection he was used to seeing either. Anyone would think he’d never gone back to another guy’s place. Standing straighter, Eric squared his shoulders and tried not to look quite so uncertain about everything.

He caught George’s eyes again. The expression in the green eyes changed. It almost looked as if George was pleased with him. Great, now he was going insane. Eric jumped when the elevator beeped, reaching their floor.

There was only one door. Swiping a card through a reader, George stepped back and let Eric walk into the penthouse apartment first.

Long habit made Eric kick off his shoes and leave them neatly to one side of the door. Walking barefoot on the cream carpet, he crossed to the wall of windows looking over the city lights.

"Great view."

George said nothing.

"Is this one of the properties you developed?"

No response.

Eric turned to face George with his hands still buried deep in his pockets. Was it too early in the evening to resort to begging? "Are you going to say anything at all?"

"I'm thinking."

Eric let out a breath he hadn't realised he held. Words, at last! "What are you thinking about?"

"I was wondering if you have any other kinks waiting to be discovered."

"Like I said at the club, I haven't really done much, but —"

"I'm not interested in what you've done. You haven't brought your kinks out to play, that doesn't mean you haven't got any."

"Me?"

"I've known you less than an hour and I can already name three."

Eric blinked at him.

George raised an eyebrow. "Speechless at last."

He shook his head. "What kinks do you think I have?"

"Submission is the most obvious one."

Eric shifted his weight back and forth, curling his toes into the thick carpet. "I'm not really, I mean..."

"You let me silence you," George pointed out, stepping closer, "you let me limit what you were allowed to do. My dominance over you doesn't make you uncomfortable. In fact, I'll bet your cock swells just a fraction more every time I order you about. You didn't freak out when I said you were collared."

Eric's hand went to his turquoise pendant. "No one else put this on me."

"But you merely said you own yourself, not that you didn't want to be owned," George slid an arm around Eric's waist, settling his hand on the small of his back, stroking up and down his spine.

Eric looked down. "And that means I'm submissive?"

"It's a good indication." George pushed Eric's hair away from his face with his other hand, threading his fingers through the fine blond strands.

"I'm not really into whips and chains and all that," Eric whispered. He pushed his hands deeper into his pockets. He wasn't sure if he was more worried George wanted something really bizarre or the possibility he would nod and go along with it.

"That would be masochism and bondage, not submission."

Automatically nodding his agreement, Eric licked his lips.

"Submission doesn't have to involve either. You just have to enjoy doing as you're told." George whispered the words softly in his ear. The hushed tone promised he would enjoy following any orders George gave him.

Eric nodded again.

"For tonight, you're going to do whatever I say, aren't you?"

A touch of sanity remained. It jumped up and down in the back of Eric's mind, waving a red flag. "That depends what you tell me to do."

George chuckled. "Smart boy."

The hand in his hair pulled back so Eric tilted his face up to him. George brushed their lips together, but it was such a teasing brush. Eric pulled against George's hand, demanding more.

George wouldn't allow another kiss. "Has anyone ever mentioned you have an oral fixation?"

"A what?"

"An oral fixation. That's your second kink."

Eric opened his mouth. He closed his mouth. He cleared his throat. "What makes you say that?" George couldn't possibly know about his car fantasy. "I don't have any sort of fixation."

"Let me tell you a little bit about yourself, Eric." George stopped teasing his spine and stroked his lips instead, letting one finger brush across his bottom lip again and again.

Eric's eyes drifted closed and he flicked out his tongue to taste.

"You talk a lot — especially around anyone you're attracted to. You have to keep your lips moving. You're always trying to break yourself of bad habits like biting your nails or chewing the ends off your pens. You just can't resist putting things in your mouth." George caught his bottom lip between thumb and forefinger, tugging gently.

Eric whimpered.

"You love kissing. You'll happily stay on first base longer than any man you know, because you love the feel of a man's mouth against yours. You'll spend hours making out with someone and enjoy every moment, even the ones that drive you insane with frustration. I'll bet no one ever spends enough time just kissing you, do they?"

Eric blinked his eyes open as George took his fingers away.

"And you like oral sex."

"Everyone likes oral sex," Eric said with complete conviction.

## Chapter Two

"But you like *giving* head." It wasn't much of a guess. George had practised reading people's kinks before Eric was legal. And Eric's submissive inexperience made him delightfully easy to read. "You like the feel of a man's cock in your mouth. You love swallowing him down, the friction against your lips, the taste of him on your tongue. You always try to make it last forever, not for your partner, just for your own pleasure."

Eric stared up at him, lips parted, absorbing every word. He didn't deny any of it.

George stroked his lips again. They were fuller now, where the blood rushed to capture the sensations. "Have you ever come just from going down on a man, Eric? Have you ever come, completely untouched, just from the feel of his cock in your mouth?"

Eric shook his head, but the blush that rose to his cheeks told a different tale.

"You've come close, haven't you?" George asked, abandoning his mouth to caress the heated skin.

The blush deepened.

"Eric?" George prompted. "You've come close. You suddenly needed to finish him off quickly, using every trick you know, because you weren't sure who would tip over the edge first."

Eric nodded. He bit his lip, catching the sensitive skin between the straight white rows of teeth and nibbled at it.

George saw the point when Eric realised he was out of his depth. The quick moment of panic in his eyes as Eric met his gaze, the step back driven by pure instinct.

He released his hold on Eric's hair.

Eric didn't go far. One step back and he stopped.

"Are you some sort of amateur shrink?" Eric demanded, finally taking his hands out of his pockets. He pushed his fingers through his hair, wiping away George's touch, visibly reclaiming some mental space.

George itched to pull him back, kiss him and make him forget anything except the touch of lips on lips. He resisted the temptation. "I like to observe people, certain people."

"Yeah, well, I thought you were interested in screwing me, not screwing with my mind." He shifted his weight, caught between walking away and coming closer, caught between the panic and the kink.

George waited with forced patience, watching the thoughts and emotions flash across Eric's face. It was always a risk when the other guy was a novice. Anything could freak him out. Anything could make him run. Some guys just weren't as kinky as appearances suggested.

Someone like Eric couldn't just be thrown into a scene. He was too unpredictable. George would have to be careful and gentle and patient and temper the dominance in a million little ways. A trained submissive could state his limits and be expected to do anything that fell within those limits. Eric couldn't.

"What was the third one?"

George raised an eyebrow, snapping his attention back to Eric.

"You said I have three kinks. What's the third?"

George relaxed. His reading of Eric's submission was correct. He was there for the night.

"What was the first thing you did when you walked in here?"

Eric frowned and looked out over the city. "Admired the view? It's impressive, but I wouldn't call it fetish worthy."

"What else?" George pushed. Did Eric even notice?

The frown deepened, Eric thought for a few more seconds. "Glanced around your apartment? I know there's a cliché to live up to, but if you think I know who designed what, you've got the wrong guy. I can tell you the fire surround is slate, the bathroom floor is marble and the counter top over there is granite, but that's it." He pointed to the various examples of geology as he enumerated them.

George shook his head. "The first thing you did." He relented enough to give him a clue and looked across to his front door.

Eric still didn't get it.

"In my experience, the only men who think it's essential to get their *feet* naked the moment they walk into a guy's house have certain ankle height preferences."

"You think I have a foot fetish just because I took my shoes off?" Eric laughed. "I spend half my life in muddy boots. It's a habit, not an invitation to do funny things to my feet."

"And your socks," George pointed out.

"What?"

"You took your socks off too. Do they get muddy?"

Eric shrugged, slightly wary now, as if he might get tricked into a fetish at any moment. "Yeah, well, you have to take your socks off. Otherwise you might forget to take them off at all. And no one looks good stark naked with their socks still on. Forethought is not kinky."

George offered him a slight bow. "I stand corrected."

"Good, I'm glad we're both clear on that. Because if you decide to indulge this oral obsession you think I have, I'll be very disappointed if you offer me anything with toes on it. Do you have anything else I can suck on?" Eric asked, stepping closer.

George brushed a finger against his lips. Eric immediately murmured his approval and sucked the digit into his mouth. His eyes dropped closed. He swirled his tongue around the finger tip in perfect mimicry of expert fellatio. When he moaned, the sound went straight to George's cock, which didn't quite understand why the fingers were getting all the fun.

If Eric thought he could take control with a bit of playacting and finger fellatio, George wasn't inclined to let such thoughts linger in his lover's mind. He'd make some allowances for inexperience, but there was only one dominant coming out to play.

George briskly undid Eric's fly and slipped a hand inside, palming Eric's erection through his boxers.

A gasp of air around his finger and then sudden suction as Eric forgot to act out the artificially enthusiastic role he'd cast himself in. He forgot everything except the hand massaging him. Eric murmured around George's finger without any guile in his performance.

George slipped another finger into his mouth. Eric accepted it with every sign of enjoyment, stretching his lips to accommodate the intrusion. He might not have done much kink, but he'd evidently had a lot of practise at other things. No one was that talented a beginner.

His tongue slid, slick and eager against his fingers until George suddenly took both hands away. Eric whimpered, blinked and stared up at George in aroused bewilderment.

"Not here."

Eric stared at him, pupils dilated. He just stood there, waiting to be told what to do likely because he was past wanting to think for himself.

George smoothed his hair back, gentling him down a fraction. "The bedroom."

Eric nodded his understanding, and followed the direction of George's gaze to the bedroom door. A nudge prompted Eric to lead the way down the hall and into the bedroom.

Eric hesitated on the threshold. "You don't have curtains."

"No, I don't." The full length windows took up one entire wall by the bed.

"You didn't mention exhibitionism was one of my kinks."

"You were dancing on a table when I met you."

"Dancing — not screwing."

George slid his arms around Eric's waist from behind. Placing a kiss against his neck, he pulled Eric back against his chest and slipped a hand into his still open fly. "Dancing is just a vertical expression of a horizontal intent."

Eric leaned back against him, tilting his head and encouraging extra kisses to his neck. But his voice held no trace of compliance to his dominant's preferences. "I prefer my horizontal expressions to be behind curtains."

"But you like dancing up there, feeling all the men watching you, advertising yourself for them to all come and hit on you once you're done."

"It worked on you, didn't it?"

"Of course. You're amazing."

Eric hesitated, thrown off balance by the honest compliment. He bit his lip, studying the windows looking out over the river and the city.

"Do you own any rooms without glass walls?" Eric asked hopefully.

George relented. "They're reflective."

"What?"

"The outside surface is reflective — we can see out but no one can see in."

Eric considered the windows and the scene out over the city. "You're not winding me up?"

"No."

Eric swayed towards the view. "Want to make our intention vertical and against the glass?"

"No. But I want you naked. Now." He stepped away from Eric, giving him room to follow the order, and providing himself with a better vantage point to admire the view.

Eric turned to face him. With no trace of embarrassment, he shrugged off the shirt and tossed it on the chair in the corner of the room. Leather trousers down and dispensed with in the same direction, the boxers followed a moment later, leaving Eric naked.

He stood in silence.

George knew that wouldn't last long.

"Aren't you glad I took my socks off earlier?"

"Yes, I was just admiring your feet."

He really was stunning, his body covered in lean muscle with only a fine dusting of pale blond hairs to obscure the view. Released from his clothing, Eric's cock curved up towards his stomach, flushed with arousal and demanding attention.

"Turn around."

Eric did as he was told. Turning through the complete three hundred and sixty degrees and letting George see his rear, tight and perfect like the rest of him. He stepped forward when he faced George again and put his hand questioningly on the hem of George's shirt.

Keeping Eric naked and staying fully clothed appealed to the dominant in him. And it would help Eric keep the submissive mindset. But he wanted to feel Eric's skin against his when their bodies came together. George pulled the t-shirt over his head, dropping it on the floor at the end of the bed.

When he would have taken off his trousers, Eric covered George's hand with his own. "Let me?"

It was a request, not a demand. George nodded his consent.

Another step almost brought their bodies together. Eric leaned closer. Even while his hands found George's belt, it seemed he couldn't resist the attraction of his skin. He kissed George's shoulder. His hands fumbled on the leather but his tongue didn't hesitate to taste.

Eric lowered himself slowly to his knees. On the way past he tongued George's skin with caressing kisses. Favouring no one point, Eric murmured his appreciation of every

sensation against his lips. George watched every flicker of his tongue, every caress of Eric's lips, savouring the sight of a man who obviously loved to get down on his knees.

A tug at his waist informed him Eric had finally worked out the buckle, the belt, the button and the zip. Pushing the material out of the way as his knees finally touched the carpet, Eric immediately leaned in and lapped up the trace of pre-cum from the tip of George's erection. George tensed every muscle, forcing himself not to thrust into Eric's talented mouth just yet.

Eric tongued the slit, searching for more of the taste. When he couldn't find any, he trailed his attentions down the shaft, nuzzling at the soft skin. He traced the veins alternating flickering tongued expertise with enthusiastic puppy-like licks that owned nothing to trained technique.

George loved every touch. There was nothing like a submissive with an oral fixation. The power of putting a man on his knees swirled together with the pleasure of knowing the man in question didn't want to be anywhere else. He cradled Eric's head in his hands, cherishing the perfection of the moment.

Eric brushed his cheek against his hard shaft. His hair tickled as he moved lower to lick George's sacs. Eric took them into his mouth, one at a time, humming vibrations, making George jerk his hips.

Hard for what felt like hours, impatient as a man half his age, George longed to let Eric taste as he pleased, until he was ready to hold Eric still and thrust into his mouth, until he spilled out everything he possessed into Eric's throat. But there were other attractions to consider.

George pulled Eric to his feet and toppled him onto the bed in two swift movements. Kicking the tangle of boxers and trousers, shoes and socks from around his ankles, he followed him onto the crisp white sheets.

"I want more than your mouth." George leaned over him, spacing the words out between kisses.

Eric didn't miss a beat. "There's lube and condoms in my trouser pocket if you don't have any."

"Fetch them," George rolled away and lay on his back, admiring the view.

Eric dug through his pockets and pulled out his supplies. Confident of his welcome, when he returned to the bed, he swung a leg over George and straddled his waist.

While he had no objection to being ridden, the move brought something which wasn't so much to his taste back to George's mind. When Eric leaned forward the piece of turquoise swung on its leather cord, calling attention to his collaring.

"Take this off," George ordered, tapping the stone with a fingertip.

Eric frowned, his hand going to the stone. "My necklace?"

"Take it off," George repeated. Allowances for the untrained be damned. He wasn't going to screw someone wearing a collar, unless it was a collar he put on him.

"No."

George raised an eyebrow.

Eric continued to finger the blue-green stone. "I don't want to take it off."

George suddenly rolled them. Eric's back hit the mattress.

"What the-" Eric stared up at George in bemusement.

George leaned over him. He brushed their lips together, slipped his tongue into Eric's mouth and coaxed his tongue out to play. Slowly breaking the kiss, George trailed a line of kisses back to his ear. "Take it off for me," he whispered.

"No."

"It's just a necklace," George murmured against the sensitive spot by his ear.

A shiver ran through Eric, but he still shook his head. It might just be a necklace to him, but he knew it was more than that to George. "If you really believed that, you wouldn't want me to take it off."

George pulled back.

Eric forced himself to meet George's eyes. "You think it's a collar. Taking it off would mean I don't own myself. I do."

I do, Eric repeated to himself. He didn't belong to George. He couldn't forget that, no matter how much he wanted to lose himself in the fantasy and pretend otherwise for an hour or two.

George frowned, his attention focused on the turquoise.

"You said I am yours for the night. I'm not giving up ownership of myself for that." Eric swallowed his doubts and pushed forward, willing George to give in on this one thing and let him keep possession of himself.

"You want something else?" George asked.

"I'd really like you to screw me," Eric said. "I think you'd enjoy that too. If not, I'd at least like to suck you off before I leave. I'm not asking you to want more than that, just let me leave my collar on while we have some fun."

George's frown deepened. He stroked Eric's neck next to the leather.

At some point, in Eric's mind, it stopped being a pretty bit of stone. Here, with George, it was possession. While the idea of being possessed by George held a curious appeal, Eric had to keep the necklace. He couldn't give up that much of himself on a whim.

Eric ran his hands over George's arms, enjoying the feel of his muscles, but he could also feel his tension. George wasn't impressed. He wanted the collar gone almost as much as Eric needed to keep it.

Finally George dropped his head and took another kiss. Eric was left with no illusions. The kiss was taken. Any polite pretence at equality between them vanished. Gentle teasing abandoned, the kiss told Eric that George could assert his dominance in ways which didn't require leather or geology.

If it was just a change in the angle of his body or just Eric's realisation his mood was different, George became bigger and more threatening. Eric's cock leapt. He dove into the kiss with reckless abandon, threading his hands into George's thick black hair and clinging for purchase. He tried to push his body up against George's. His feet slid against the sheets.

Regretfully taking one hand off George, Eric fumbled over the sheet, trying to find the dropped lube and the condoms. Damn, they had to be there somewhere.

George caught his wrist and pinned it to the bed. Moaning his disapproval into their kiss, Eric tried to pull his hand out of his grasp. George wouldn't allow it. Eric tried with the other hand, patting the sheet, hoping to find the lube on that side of the bed. George caught that hand too. He pinned it down on the other side of Eric's head. He deepened their kiss before he pulled back.

Eric gasped up at him, fidgeting as much as he was able under the unfamiliar restriction. He tried to pull his hands out of George's hold. It wasn't painful but it didn't let

up either. Eric got the message — he was stuck there until George allowed him to be otherwise. Eric swallowed down the mixture of panic and pleasure whirling inside him.

Resting his weight on Eric's wrists, George smiled at Eric trying to catch his breath.

"I'll set the pace," George informed him. "And when I want you ready for me, I'll see to it that you are."

Eric nodded. Getting off on the other guy being dominant probably meant he had to take the rough with the smooth and the frustrating with the bloody marvellous. George relented on the necklace. It wouldn't kill Eric to wait while the other man made his point.

A few minutes later Eric wasn't so sure frustration wouldn't prove fatal. He sent up silent thanks when George finally found the lube. Eric tried to take it.

George's hand closed around the tube.

Eric dropped his hand back to the bed and waited to be offered the lube when George was ready.

"Legs up," George ordered.

"What?"

"Pull your knees back to your chest," George said, flicking open the tube.

Eric shook his head. "I'll do that." He held out his hand again.

"No."

"No?"

"I said I would make sure you were ready."

"Yeah, but you could just give it to me and..." he trailed off when George raised an eyebrow at him. Or, Eric thought, George could just do exactly as he damn well pleased... Eric considered his options. "It would be quicker if you told me to prepare myself." He pitched his tone carefully. See, he tried to say, I'm not trying to take over. I just want you inside me right now. If George was half as frustrated as he was, it would be a persuasive argument.

George half-smiled. "Submission doesn't work like that — not with me."

"I just thought..."

"You can say no. I'll always respect that." George told him, seriously. "But don't expect to get your own way by appealing to my baser instincts. Underneath the surface layer of

dominance, is just another layer of dominance. And playacting submission that you don't feel only makes me inclined to stop altogether."

Eric swallowed down a shot of pure panic. George couldn't really intend to stop now. Without any idea what would fix it, Eric resorted to honesty. "I'm used to doing that myself," he said, looking from George to the lube and back again. The words came out more softly than he intended, a whisper unsure of its reception.

George's expression cleared and he smiled. "I'll take it slow."

Eric shook his head. He couldn't handle slow but he pulled back his legs. The lube was warm from George's tight grip on the tube. Eric looked away from George, unsure how to feel about the fingers thrusting inside him. It felt far more intimate than sex. George wasn't getting anything out of what he did. Eric didn't like being the only one enjoying himself, but his body adapted to the idea far quicker than his mind. From the first touch of slick fingers, Eric pushed back against them.

George couldn't have really meant it about going slow, he couldn't... Damn, he really meant it. Eric cast a pleading look up at the ceiling.

He could have prepared himself in a few moments. Ten minutes later two slick fingers still worked inside him, teasing and caressing him, stroking across his prostate again and again. Eric bit his lip and wriggled against the fingers as much as his contorted position allowed.

Finally, Eric had to say something, anything to convince George to step on the accelerator. "George," he said, with a heavy dose of false calm, "without in any way trying to take control or denying you are completely dominant... if you don't hurry up, I'll finish before you get started."

George laughed. "One day, someone's going to have to teach you some patience."

Eric didn't care about one day. The important thing was that George relented with his teasing. George tore open a condom packet and added lube to the latex. Placing Eric's ankles up on his shoulders, George pushed forward, sliding into him in one smooth movement.

He paused for a moment, letting Eric adjust to the full sensation. He needed those few seconds. Eric knew the burn would quickly ease into a pleasurable stretch, but for that moment Eric closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

"Open your eyes."

Eric blinked his eyes open. George held his gaze. The older man seemed to be able to read everything inside him so easily.

A moment turned into a minute and George still somehow found the control not to thrust. Just when Eric wondered how a submissive might tell his dominant he was so ready he would go crazy if someone didn't move, George set a rhythm.

There wasn't much Eric could do except cling to George from his position. And talk. His mouth was free. He couldn't quite resist telling George just how wonderful every powerful thrust against his prostate felt or how perfectly they fitted together.

With the vast majority of his brain set on automatic download, he didn't hesitate before he poured his thoughts out. The tiny bit of his brain clinging to sanity shook its head, covered its ears and knew he would regret it.

He'd been too close at the start. Eric knew he wouldn't last long. George adjusted his angle. Eric gripped George's shoulders. He was never going to set a record for stamina, but Eric was determined to hang on and give George a good run.

"Don't hold back."

Eric fell silent, momentarily running out of words.

"Don't hold back," George told him again.

He didn't need to be invited a third time. Trying to slip a hand between them to help himself over the edge, Eric found his way blocked by George's body.

"No, you'll come just from me inside you."

"But..."

"No," George repeated. "You come like this or you won't come at all."

Damn if his cock didn't jerk at George's tone. Eric whimpered.

"You're going to come for me, on command."

Eric blinked at him. He shook his head. How the hell was he supposed to...?

George adjusted his angle again and sped up.

Eric gasped.

George leant down so their lips were just a fraction apart.

Eric tried to catch a kiss.

George dodged.

Eric groaned his frustration, wriggled under George's weight.

George leaned in close again. His breath teased Eric's mouth.

Eric's tongue traced a line across his bottom lip. He whimpered, wondered if begging would work.

"Come for me, Eric." The demand in George's voice crept into his spine, bypassing his brain — pushing Eric right to the edge.

George finally allowed the kiss. That extra sensation, George's tongue working inside his mouth to the same rhythm as his cock in Eric's hole, pushed him tumbling into his orgasm.

Eric jerked, pressing himself up against George's stomach. He achieved the perfect friction to carry him through.

Clenching around George, he helplessly worked George's cock to bring him to his climax at the same time. George buried himself as far inside Eric's body as any man could get with a final series of sharp thrusts.

George collapsed onto the bed next to him. Eric soaked up the sated contentment. He could happily have found a comfortable spot in the middle of the bed and stayed there all night, but he'd had enough casual encounters over the last few years to know the drill. When he felt the bed shift and George move to dispense with the condom, Eric took his cue.

Shuffling to the edge of the bed, smiling at the pleasant soreness of those first movements, Eric looked around the floor and wondered where he'd put his clothes. A glance across to the chair jogged his memory. He'd thrown them over there.

"You mind if I use your bathroom to clean up?" Nobody ever objected, but it was polite to ask, probably even more so when the guy was a dominant.

"The en-suite is on the left. If you end up in a wardrobe you took a wrong turn." George pulled a pillow under his head.

Eric took a few moments to admire George. Spread out naked and entirely unselfconscious, he was gorgeous. With George's eyes closed, Eric found it easier to study him. Afterglow helped too, and knowing this might be his last chance. George might be dressed, or at least covered-up, by the time he came out of the en-suite.

Staring into the bathroom mirror, Eric tried to tell himself he didn't mind leaving so soon. He'd had a good time. George had a good time. It was over. He shouldn't want to

linger. Eric couldn't meet his own gaze in the mirror. Still, he pushed away any thought of asking to stay a while. Better to quit while he was ahead.

A few minutes later, when he stepped back out into the bedroom, Eric found George exactly as he left him. Eric smiled. He was a sleeper then. Eric walked softly across the room and pulled on his clothes, trying not to make too much noise.

Even if he could leave him to sleep, Eric knew he should say something before he left. Perhaps he should try to pull the blanket up over him. George solved the problem by stirring and looking across to the en-suite door.

Doing up the last button on his leather trousers, Eric stepped forward. "I'm glad you woke up. I didn't want to leave without —"

George frowned. "What are you doing?"

Eric hesitated mid-step. "Getting dressed?"

"Why?"

With an easy laugh, Eric shook his head. "Your neighbours are so used to your dates walking out of here naked, no one bats an eye?"

Hoping George might mention meeting up again, Eric didn't rush away. He doubted George's dominance would approve if he made the suggestion, but he stopped by the edge of the bed, wondering if a good-bye kiss was out of the question.

"What the hell makes you think you're walking out of here?"

Those words in that tone should have made him wonder if he'd just screwed a serial killer. Eric's cock made a valiant attempt to rise again. He tried not to be turned on and lifted an eyebrow in fair imitation of George's 'who the hell do you think you are' expression.

"It was fun — a lot of fun — but I won't pretend either of us expects a declaration of undying love at this point." Eric shrugged. "Maybe you'll want to get together again sometime." That wasn't too dominant. He didn't make the demand, just hinted he wouldn't mind.

Standing up, George didn't look impressed. "I said you're mine *for the night*."

Eric nodded. No repeat performance then. He tried not to let his disappointment show.

"Look out of the window. What do you see?" George demanded, turning him to face the large glass panels.

Eric looked. The city lights reflected in the river, a few boats, lots of cars, nothing important.

George didn't wait for an answer. "When you see the sun come up you'll know the night is over. Until then, despite what you wear around your neck, you still belong to me."

"But..."

George put a finger tip against his lips. "Does someone expect you home tonight?"

Eric shook his head. He bit his tongue to resist the temptation to lick George's finger.

"Do you have work tomorrow?"

Tomorrow was Sunday. Eric shook his head again, moving slowly in case he should accidentally dislodge George's touch.

"Then take these off and get back into bed."

"You want me to stay the night?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Why not?"

"Because casual screws don't stay the night," Eric said simply. It was stupid to push, but Eric needed George to bring him back down to earth. He knew better than to wonder if George didn't feel entirely casual about him.

"I don't obey rules I don't make myself."

Eric slipped out of his clothes. When he stood naked at the edge of the bed, he realised he should have finished this conversation before he took his clothes off. "Don't mess with my head, George."

"What?"

"I know some guys get off on it — trying to make a casual screw fall for them, just for the fun of it, just to see if they can. So I'm asking you, very politely, don't mess with my head."

## Chapter Three

"I'm not playing games. If I say I want you here, it's because I want you here."

Eric took a step back as George stepped forward into his personal space. George wanted him. From the look in his eyes, he was very serious about that wanting. Cool! Eric took another pace back as George crowded against him.

The back of his knees hit the mattress. Eric caught hold of George to keep his balance. Pressed up close to George's body, Eric realised why George was keeping him around a while longer. The older man was already up, hard and ready for another round.

Eric grinned up at him. "You don't waste any time, do you?" He slipped out from the tiny space between George's body and the bed.

George twisted around and grabbed his arm before he went two feet.

Eric's smile didn't falter. "I'm not going anywhere, honey, not horizontally at least." He dropped down to his knees.

George let go of his arm only to settle his hand on Eric's shoulder.

Eric turned his head and kissed George's wrist. "I've never run away from an erection in my life, and I'm not about to start now. You don't have to hold on." He grinned again. "Although if you're worried I'll make you weak at the knees, you're welcome to sit on the edge of the bed. I like to take my time — no point in you being uncomfortable."

George didn't let go of him. For a few seconds, Eric thought he'd overstepped the mark and the dominant in George would refuse, but after due consideration of the idea he sat on the edge of the mattress.

Eric shuffled forward between his legs. Then he smiled. Why not take all three of his supposed fetishes in the same stride? Retreating only far enough so he had room to manoeuvre, Eric leant down and pressed a kiss on the arch of George's foot. George snatched his foot away.

"I thought you liked exploring my fetishes," Eric complained.

He met George's gaze. George rolled his eyes, but put his foot back within Eric's reach. From his expression, Eric had to guess the other man was more curious as to what Eric would do with his foot than turned on by any of the possibilities.

Eric looked at George's foot. He'd never given much thought to what people with that particular fetish actually did with feet. He leaned down again and pressed another kiss against the arch. George's toes clenched. That was interesting. Eric repeated the process, keeping his gaze firmly on George's toes.

He rested his hand on George's calf to get his balance. The muscle spasmed under his fingers. Eric smiled as a possibility occurred to him. Eric slid his hand under George's foot and picked it up off the carpet. Ducking his head, he pressed a kiss onto the sole, flicking his tongue out to tease the skin.

George shot back several feet across the bed. Snatching his foot out of Eric's grip, he toppled backwards on the mattress.

"You're ticklish!"

George glared at him. "I am not."

Eric grinned. He reached for George's foot.

George pulled it back.

Eric bit his lip, and tried to hold back his grin. "You can put your foot down, I'll be good."

"It would be a bloody first for you if you were," George muttered

Eric ran his hand up George's thigh. "I'll have you know I'm always good when I'm giving head."

Tension still coursed through George's body. It hadn't dented his arousal, but Eric realised that the dominant was too uncomfortable being out of control to enjoy the teasing tickle. Well, it couldn't be hard to make him feel completely dominant again.

Eric put his hands behind his back. Lowering his head he pressed a kiss to George's ankle. Without his hands to balance, the submissiveness of his actions suddenly hit him. A jolt of arousal shot straight through him. Eric swallowed. George had certainly been spot on about that kink. Eric closed his eyes for a moment and tried to get his equilibrium back.

The silly game started to mean something. A blush rose to Eric's cheeks. What sort of man got off by crawling on his knees and kissing another man's feet? He kept his gaze firmly

on the carpet. Pressing another kiss just above the ankle bone, Eric tried to ignore his own arousal and concentrated on George. He applied another kiss to George's calf.

The tension had drained from the muscle. George was enjoying himself again, relaxed and completely dominant over him. Eric licked his lips, moistening them as he worked another few inches up.

Reaching George's knee, he kissed the back of his calf where it creased into his thigh. He was high enough for George to reach him. The dominant ran his hand through Eric's hair. Eric glanced up at him. Behind his back, Eric's hand clenched and unclenched, not sure what would happen next.

George nodded to him, just once, as if in approval of his efforts so far. Eric couldn't hold his gaze for more than a few moments. He looked back down.

His gaze jerked up once more as George took hold of his necklace, right next to the turquoise stone.

"George..." Eric began. In that moment he wasn't sure what would happen if George took the necklace from him. Everything seemed to hang from the insubstantial bit of leather. George frowned at it. Taking care never to touch the actual stone, he moved it along the leather until it rested on the back of Eric's neck out of both their lines of sight. All that remained visible was a thin black line.

George nodded to him a second time, clear permission to resume.

Steering clear of any point where a man could reasonably be ticklish, he trailed kisses up the inside of George's thigh. George spread his legs wider, giving Eric plenty of room to work.

Eric hummed contentedly, letting the vibration build on his lips and seep into George's skin as he worked his way up to his cock. The further he got from the floor, the more at ease he felt. The anxious ball of submission settled inside him, turning into a more comfortable sensation. By the time Eric finally wrapped his lips around George's erection, he felt all was right with the world. He was doing exactly what he wanted. Feeling embarrassed about that was stupid.

George certainly wasn't complaining about the submission. Pre-cum seeped into Eric's mouth. Eric swirled his tongue, enjoying the salty flavour. As he swallowed that down, another flavour that wasn't so much to taste came his attention. Eric pulled back. Frowning

at George's erection, he began coating George's cock with long, flat tongued licks from base to tip all the way around the shaft.

George's hand, once more resting on his shoulder, tightened its grip.

Eric lapped at him again, testing the taste. "That's better," he murmured.

"Better?" George asked, raising an eyebrow at him.

Eric risked a glance up. "Latex – the condom taste kind of lingers around for a while after you take it off. It's all gone now. "

George nodded, but Eric still got the distinct suspicion George thought he was crazy.

"I like the way you taste," Eric offered, wondering if that would count as proof of his sanity. Anyone who didn't love the taste of George needed their head examined.

George stroked his hair back. His other thumb trailed over Eric's mouth. Eric kissed it. George offered a slight smile and took both his hands away, letting him get back to the task at hand, or mouth as the case may be.

Eric didn't need encouragement. Left to his own devices, he nuzzled and licked, tongued and sucked to his heart's content.

George shifted his position. Eric smiled around George's shaft. Everyone broke down and told him to hurry up sooner or later. He pulled away, breaking oral contact for the first time in over an hour, wanting to savour the words George was about to say.

Something stroked his cock.

"What the –!" Eric pulled his hands from behind his back.

"No!"

Eric froze, his hands half way around his body.

"Put your hands back where they were."

Eric hesitantly did as he was told, clasping one hand around the other wrist behind his back.

George moved his foot again, trailing his toes up Eric's erection.

Eric rocked his hips forward, trying to push his cock into the all too gentle contact.

"Stay still, Eric," George told him.

Eric looked down, watching George's foot caress his shaft. It dropped down to press gently against his balls, slipping behind them to lift the tight sacs on the bridge of toes.

Eric licked his lips. They were already swollen from the friction against George's cock. The extra sensation did nothing to help him bite back his arousal. "I..."

"Speech is not required, Eric. You'll find it easier to finish what you started if I don't have to gag you."

Eric hesitated. His gaze dropped back to George's toes. How the hell could something that didn't even have an opposable thumb make him feel that good?

"I didn't tell you to stop sucking me off," George said.

Eric glanced up at him. It was a clear order. As his mind swirled with arousal and submission and confusion, he grasped onto the certainty in George's command and leaned back in to suck his cock.

The foot job didn't let up as Eric wrapped his lips around George's shaft again. Play time was over. Eric wanted nothing more than to make George come so he could have his turn. If George wrapped actual fingers around him, Eric was sure he would only take seconds to spill his semen all over his hand.

George held back. Eric knew he was on the edge. George could get off on what he was doing if he wanted to, but he was playing hard to get now.

Eric whimpered his frustration. He was not going to come first, not from a damn *foot* rubbing against his cock. He took the other man into his throat, swallowing around him and trying to milk his orgasm out of him.

It was impossible. All his well learned techniques abandoned him as George's foot found the perfect angle. Eric bucked against his sole, spilling himself over George's toes. He pulled his mouth away from George's cock, gasping for breath.

George's foot kept moving against him as he softened. Eric gripped his wrist as hard as he could, but nothing distracted him from that foot on his cock. He rested his head in George's lap, unable to do anything but fight for his breath as his heart raced.

As George's foot stilled, his hand stroked Eric's hair. Eric lifted his head. He stared blearily at George's erection, sure he should be doing something about that, but unable to pull enough brain cells together to work out what.

George put his thumb on his chin, gently encouraging Eric to part his lips. A large hand on the back of his head, guided Eric forward until his opened mouth brushed over the tip of George's erection.

Eric automatically lapped at it.

"That's right," George said softly. His other hand joined the first on Eric's head, supporting him and leading him to do just as George wanted.

Grateful for his guidance, Eric just went with it. No tricks, no technique, he just let him do as he pleased with his mouth. George's hands guided him to bob his head in time with the shallow thrusts.

It didn't take long before George came. Eric barely had the co-ordination to swallow him down. Only one drop escaped his eager mouth, coating his bottom lip as George pulled out of him. Before Eric could swipe it away, George caught it on his finger tip and slipped the digit into Eric's mouth to be licked clean.

Eric looked up and met George's gaze. He looked different from Eric's new point of view kneeling at his feet. George was completely in control — too much in control. Suddenly, everything that felt so natural when all his attention was on getting off seemed different too. Eric looked down. His eyes came to rest on George's feet and what coated them.

As he watched, George took a wipe from the bedside cabinet and reached for his foot. Eric pulled it out of his hand. It was bad enough he'd come all over George's feet, he could at least clean up his own mess. He ran the moist piece of tissue over George's foot, carefully making sure every trace of him was removed. God, but this was embarrassing. For once in his life, Eric couldn't think of anything to say.

George stroked his cheek. "There's nothing to blush about."

The gentle reassurance soothed Eric's nerves far more than it should have, more than he could allow in a one night stand. Eric tossed the tissue in the waste paper basket and rose to his feet.

"If two rounds are your limit, I really should get going this time," he said quickly.

George stood as well. He turned Eric towards the window for the second time that night.

"It's not day light, I get it. But I think it's still best if I go." He took a step back. George followed him. He took another step back. George took a step forward. Eric stepped back again. He spun around at a cold sensation on his shoulder.

The wall sized glass window was right there and as he looked down, so was the drop – from the penthouse all the way down to the pavement. He sprang away from the fall only to push himself into George's arms.

George smiled down at him, amusement flaring in his eyes.

Eric tried to step past him. "Sorry, I've never really liked heights, well, depths really. I don't mind looking up at high things, it's drops that do it to me. It all started when I was little. I fell off this really high slide in the play ground and –"

George kissed him breathless, stealing his voice and pressing him back against the window. Eric clung to him, half in fear of the drop and half in terror that George would actually let him leave.

"Stop babbling and get into bed."

"But..."

George raised an eyebrow. "I've made myself very clear on the subject, Eric. You're not leaving."

"You have a bloody funny way of treating a casual fling," Eric grumbled, giving up and retreating towards the bed.

George followed him onto the mattress. "Maybe I don't want to be so casual." He nudged Eric in the small of the back. "Move over a bit – you can have half the bed and half the blanket – don't push your luck by trying to hog either."

Eric reluctantly shuffled over a bit further so he no longer occupied the warm section where George had sat. "If not casual, then what?"

George snagged the blanket from the bottom of the bed and pulled it up over them both. "Do you ever stop talking?"

"Never, I talk in my sleep too."

George stilled behind Eric. What the hell was he getting himself into? "You're actually serious, aren't you?"

"Completely, sometimes I talk in French. I used to play these CDs when I was asleep - I think some of it sunk in. But I can't remember any of it when I'm awake - I can't even parlez-vous enough to get laid when I go to France on holidays."

"Good."

Eric looked over his shoulder at him. "Good?"

"Yes. Good." He didn't want Eric getting laid with anyone else, of any nationality.

Possessiveness welled up inside him. He never had liked to share his toys with other people. Eric was his. Common sense reared its head in the back of his mind and told him he hadn't any right to say that, but common sense wasn't any competition for the truth. Eric was his.

George settled comfortably on his side. He wrapped an arm around Eric's waist, pulling the slightly smaller man across the mattress until Eric spooned in front of him. Eric felt good against his skin. Absentmindedly stroking him while he thought, George made a decision. "The one night thing is not going to work out."

"Because I talk in my sleep?"

"Because I don't like the thought of you sleeping with anyone else. I want you to belong to me." The words hung in the air. They were too big to be snatched back, but George wouldn't even if he could have. The only way to get what he wanted was to tell Eric the truth. The thought of Eric wrapped in another man's arms, kneeling at another man's feet... hell, even Eric shaking another man's hand punched a fist full of possessiveness right into his gut.

Eric speechless worried George far more than Eric talking non-stop. Eric chattering at full speed already felt natural.

"What exactly would that entail?"

He hadn't panicked. George took it as a good sign. "You'd belong to me."

"And I wouldn't have sex with anyone else?"

"Right."

"But you would?"

"No. Not if I gave my word not to." George decided to be realistic. Eric might be as submissive as hell, but he wasn't a doormat. Any open relationship with him would be open in both directions. He'd never guarantee Eric's fidelity unless he promised his own in return.

Eric was silent for another few minutes. "I'd have to submit to you in everything?"

"Everything to do with sex, yes."

"But everything else?"

"Lifestyle submission? No. It's impractical, time consuming and not half as erotic as people assume. When I go to bed I want to take pleasure in another man's body. I don't want

to write a to-do list for someone who won't jump unless I tell them where, when, and how high. You do your own thing, but when you want to get laid, you play by my rules and do what I say."

Eric relaxed a little. "Like tonight."

"That's right. You can say yes or no, but everything else is my call." He could feel the interest in Eric, in the fluctuating tension and relaxation in his muscles.

"And you'd want to collar me?"

"Yes." George didn't do half measures. If Eric was going to belong to him, they would do things properly. That meant a collar around Eric's neck and a commitment from them both to respect what that collar meant. If he owned Eric, George was willing to provide whatever care that involved in exchange for his submission. That gave him the absolute right to enjoy the sight of his leather around Eric's neck.

"Marking your territory?"

George wasn't going to deny the blatantly obvious. "Yes." He tried to be at least a little polite about other possible opinions on the matter. "Does the idea bother you?"

Eric shrugged. "I guess it could be worse. At least you seem to have evolved past the point of dogs and lampposts."

George muttered "brat," under his breath, but safe out of Eric's line of sight, he smiled. Perhaps a man who didn't understand all the conventional rules of submission could be interesting. His previous lovers were all very well trained. But that made them all rather similar, predictable. George doubted Eric would ever learn submission by rote. But as the years went by, rote was becoming increasingly boring and Eric would certainly never be that.

Eric stayed silent for all of three seconds. "Do you switch?"

"I'd make a terrible submissive," George said honestly.

"No, I mean sex."

"Do I bottom? I prefer to top, but I don't mind switching on occasions."

Eric nodded.

George hadn't been on a job interview since he set up his own business. He'd never been interviewed by a potential lover, let alone one with significant claims to natural submission. He waited for Eric's verdict with barely concealed impatience.

"I want to think about it."

George frowned. He'd made his decision. It was a rash, impractical and foolhardy decision, based on primal want rather than common sense, but he'd made it. He wanted Eric to belong to him. "What's to think about?"

"I haven't decided if you're a psychopath yet." Eric yawned sleepily, snuggling back closer to the heat of George's body, pulling the blanket up more cosily over his shoulder.

"Bit bloody late for that," George muttered. Helping Eric tuck the blanket securely in place, his hand brushed the turquoise pendant. "Take this off."

Eric shook his head. "Not yet."

"You'll sleep more comfortably without it." George knew he'd sleep far more pleasantly if it was on the other side of the room, or even better — out of the window and in the river.

"I've worn it for years, it never bothers me. And you wouldn't say that if I was wearing your collar, so stop being a hypocrite."

"So submissive," George grumbled.

"You said I don't have to be submissive when I'm not having sex with you."

Curling closer around Eric's back, resting his head on the pillow just behind Eric's, George didn't intend to let his frustrations show, but he couldn't stop the low displeased noise escaping from the back of his throat.

Eric tried to turn around in George's arms to face him. "Did you just growl at me?"

"Stop wriggling."

"I can't believe you just growled at me. Maybe you are the one who should wear a collar — and a leash to go with it."

George nipped at his neck.

"Ow! Hey! No teeth."

"Hush," George chided, pressing a soothing kiss on the maligned piece of skin.

"You bit me," Eric protested.

Since he already tilted his head into the pillow to allow better access for the kiss, George didn't take too much notice of the complaint.

Eric whimpered as George continued to tease the patch of skin with kiss after kiss. When he stopped, Eric cleared his throat. "Yeah, well, just you remember who might be

spending a lot of time with his mouth, and therefore his teeth, wrapped around your cock before you starting biting at people.”

George chuckled and pulled Eric back closer against him. He couldn't quite believe Eric intended to sleep on his decision until Eric gave a sleepy sigh and fell silent. After a few minutes he threaded his fingers through George's. He pulled their joined hands up to the top edge of the blanket, resting them against his lips.

He didn't kiss George's hand, just brushed his lips against them. Eric gave another small satisfied sigh, and left them there when he fell asleep. George shook his head, but only slightly so he didn't risk waking Eric up.

Trust him to find a guy who could be so submissive and such a brat at the same time. Still, he was comfortable to curl up with. They fitted together very nicely. George pulled him slightly closer again.

A few minutes later, Eric murmured something. It sounded suspiciously like French.

\* \* \* \*

George reached across the bed, searching for a warm body. Where the hell was he now? After spending the night waking up to find Eric either wrapped around him like a cobra or migrated to the far side of the bed, taking the blanket with him, it felt strange to wake wrapped in his warm blanket, but without Eric cocooned in there with him.

Forcing his eyes open and peering at the sun pouring in through the uncovered windows, George wondered if Eric might have a point about curtains. The reflective outer surface of the glass did nothing to protect him from early sun rises.

A glance to the en-suite showed the door ajar and the room beyond it empty. George sat up and looked around the room as if Eric might jump out from behind a piece of furniture at any moment. There wasn't much there for him to hide behind, just the bed, the bed side tables and the chair in the corner.

The chair no longer held Eric's clothes.

Pushing away the blankets, George swung his legs out of the bed, a bad feeling settling in his stomach. Opening the doors to the closet and the en-suite, because George wasn't quite willing to rule out an impromptu game of hide and seek from a brat like Eric, he made his

way back into the open plan living area without bothering to pick up his clothes from the floor.

Eric's shoes and socks were gone from their place by the front door. George gritted his teeth. It seemed Eric decided one night was enough. George would have felt a lot more tolerant of the decision if the guy at least stuck around to say thanks but no thanks. He pushed away his anger. The kind of guy who'd leave while he slept wasn't worth regretting.

Pacing into the kitchen to get coffee, George decided he learned a valuable lesson. This is what you get for playing games with men who don't understand the rules of submission, dominance or basic good manners.

Eric wasn't ready for a relationship based on dominance and submission. He wasn't trained to it. It was a hasty offer he would have been sure to regret. He was stupid to feel sad things couldn't have worked out differently. It was a lucky escape. Eric would have driven him insane within a week.

Eric wasn't his type. He liked his lovers well trained and clued in.

A note sat on top of his coffee machine.

*George.*

*Your priorities are really screwed up. What's the point in a fancy designer kitchen if there's no food in it? Your fridge is empty and I can't work out the buttons on your coffee machine – there are people in NASA who couldn't work that thing out.*

*I've borrowed your key card and I've gone out in search of breakfast. I tried to wake you up, but you told me to bugger off. Someone is not a morning person – which is a pity because we both had morning wood and I really like morning sex.*

*Eric.*

*P.S. You better be intending to replace this with something good.*

Under the scribbled note lay a piece of turquoise on a leather cord.

George picked it up, weighing the stone in his hand while he re-read the note.

The front door banged. George looked across as Eric came in. At some point while George slept, Eric had acquired a sweater from his wardrobe to add to his own leather trousers from the night before.

Trying to push his shoes and then his socks off using only his feet, Eric balanced precariously in the doorway holding a cardboard tray with four paper cups of coffee and a box of something which smelled like sweet pastry. Smiling triumphantly when the second sock gave up and slipped off his toes, Eric looked across the living area. His smile broadened when he saw George.

"Cool – you found my note. I figured that contraption would be your first stop – you seem kind of over caffeinated. Do you always have breakfast naked? And did you know there's a really great café round the corner? Really sweet girl works there, her name's Lucy. She's studying for a degree in business administration."

He put all his purchases on the kitchen counter and stole a quick kiss.

"Lucy?"

Eric nodded and peered into the box. "I wasn't sure what kind of coffee you'd want, so I got the three that seemed most likely."

"Lucy?" George repeated.

Eric smiled, distracted by the imminent prospect of breakfast and obviously bemused by George's persistence. Then he laughed. "In case you haven't noticed, George, I'm gay. I'll go along with not screwing anyone else, but you're not going to make me feel guilty about chatting to a waitress. Anyway, she's getting married next year. His name's Garrett. They're a cute couple." He turned his attention back to the bakery box.

George attempted to speak, but he wasn't quick enough.

"Do you like croissants? I got a couple of different things so you should like something. Smell these. I'm not sure what they're called, but they smell fantastic. Do you think we're supposed to eat them as they are or put something on them?"

Eric offered something that looked vaguely like a croissant under his nose. George humoured him. It did smell nice. "You're a morning person, aren't you?" George said with resignation.

Grinning, Eric pushed the tray of coffee across to him. "Drink your coffee and you'll feel better."

Shaking his head, George examined the cups of coffee. "Which one's which?"

Eric leaned against him, peering over his arm and read the side of the paper cups. "That one's mine — decaf, four sugars and lots of cream. I tend to be a bit hyper if I have too much actual caffeine."

George took one of the other cups at random and let the hot coffee soothe his soul. He wasn't ready to consider the prospect of Eric any more hyper than nature made him. George still held the turquoise in his other hand. "I take it this means you've made your decision?" He held up the necklace.

Eric nodded. "Yep. But my neck feels bare without it, so anytime you're ready..."

George, well on his way to realising only an idiot would accept the dominance of a man he just met before Eric returned, tried to change mental tracks and failed. "You don't have second thoughts about giving so much control to a man you barely know."

"You seem like a nice guy," Eric offered. He took a bite of one of the pastries. "I think these are actually supposed to be eaten plain — which is good because I didn't buy anything to put on them. Try a bit."

Eric held out the pastry he'd been nibbling on to George.

"You'd take a collar from anyone you thought was nice?"

Eric took the pastry back and considered his answer for a moment. "You want to know if I've thought this through, if I'm taking this seriously? Yes — on both counts. You could be psychotic. But I don't think you are. I don't know if I'm cut out for submission. But you seem to be a hell of a good dominant, and I'd quite like to find out if we could have something good together, and..." He trailed off and stared at his breakfast. Eric took a deep breath. "And I don't usually feel this way about guys I have sex with, so I'm willing to take a risk on you."

George slid an arm around Eric's waist, hearing how much it cost him to make the last admission. The words appealed to the dominant in him. Eric was his. It was right that Eric should feel different about his master than he had felt about other men in the past. He loved knowing he was the only man the submissive side of Eric had ever really encountered.

The words appealed to the man within the dominant as well. Eric was a sweet guy to say the words out loud even though they brought a blush to his cheeks. Brushing their lips together, tasting sweet pastry and pure Eric, George decided morning sex did have its recommendations.

When George broke the kiss, Eric smiled up at him. "You know, your problem is you're a planner. Whereas I..." He lowered himself out of George's hold and onto his knees. "I'm more suck it and see."

"You are?"

Eric nodded and held his croissant up. "Hold this, for me."

George dropped it and the necklace on the counter.

He'd have to get a new collar for Eric. Something subtle he could wear without the whole world knowing, but which would definitely be a clear sign to other dominants to keep away.

Eric murmured enthusiastically as George's cock stiffened in his mouth. He'd paid attention the night before. He was already beginning to adapt his technique to what his master liked best. Slow and steady, making it last so they both could enjoy it for longer, Eric licked and sucked very gently at the tip, just the way he liked.

Eric's gaze stayed low. George was half sure it focused on his feet once or twice. He smiled at that, perhaps his first guess of a foot fetish had been right after all. George's gaze remained on Eric's neck. Dressed as he was in the oversized sweater, it was almost the only patch of bare skin visible. He'd have to get Eric naked once he was finished down there, but a bare neck was the most important thing right then.

George ran his fingers along the line where the leather had hung so recently. The style of the collar would have to change. He didn't want to give Eric a replica of a self bought collar. It had to be clear it was what his master wanted, what George chose for him. But as he stroked Eric's hair and watched his lips wrap tight around him, George decided he might keep the materials the same.

George was a traditionalist at heart, and you couldn't get better than turquoise and leather.

## **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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