

A Sip...



A Torquere Press Short

Ratchet

By Chris Owen and Jodi Payne

Tobias let himself into Noah's apartment and made sure he locked the door behind him. It was already past four and there were a few things he wanted to do before Noah got home from work. Plus, an unlocked door would let Noah know that he was there, and that just wasn't right.

Tobias loved surprises, if he was the one setting them up. He wasn't so fond of being on the receiving end. That, he figured, was one of the essential reasons why he was a Dom and not a sub; it all came down to control and who was in charge.

He walked through the silent apartment and went to Noah's room, double checking that his sub's supply of lube was handy. At his own home, and out at his farm, there was never any question. But this was Noah's space, and Tobias wasn't as strict about such things in places he didn't own and manage for himself.

Assured that everything from that angle was taken care of, he went back to the living room, took off his coat and draped it over a chair, leaving his shoes there as well. Then he sat on the couch and waited, his fingers twitching. It was, he hoped, the only outward sign of his mood.

He hadn't seen Noah in three days, and it was more than time to work off a little excess energy. Tobias tended to get restless if he was without his submissive for too long.

Noah got off work at four o'clock. Tobias assumed that Noah took public transportation home -- the subway or a city bus -- but it occurred to him that he'd never asked. Four-fifteen went by, four-twenty; by four twenty-five he was pacing and looking out the window, as if that might bring Noah home faster.

The sound of keys jangling in the hall rallied him again and he hurried back to the couch and took his seat, draping one arm across the back and casually crossing his legs. He heard the deadbolt slide free and then the scrape and click of Noah's key in the door before the door itself opened. Noah stepped in and tugged the key free of the lock before closing it, his hat in one hand and his coat hanging open on his shoulders.

"Freeze," Tobias said quietly, not moving. "Take off the coat, set the hat down. Then come here."

Noah's head snapped around and he stared hard at Tobias for a brief moment, obviously startled. An instant later his fingers fell away from his firearm at his hip and his eyes lowered dutifully to the floor.

He said nothing as he followed Tobias' orders, taking off his coat and setting it on top of Tobias', along with his hat and his gun. A few obedient steps brought him to Tobias' feet where he knelt and displayed, arms crossed behind his back making his blue uniform shirt stretch tightly across his chest.

"Good afternoon, pet," Tobias said, studying him. He was beautiful, as always, but Tobias had a special fondness for Noah in his police uniform. Especially with his belt on. So many things on that belt. A flashlight, his holster, a pad for taking notes... his handcuffs. Tobias felt his already half-hard cock throb into full blood. "Did you have a good day?"

"Yes, sir." Noah replied. Though still submissive and respectful, Noah's voice often sounded a bit deeper and more authoritative when he was fresh off a shift. "A quiet day, sir, which in my business is a very good day. You?"

"Boring." Tobias reached out and touched Noah's cheek. "You smell good."

"Hm. Men's locker room, patrol car vinyl, city pollution... oh, and that hot dog I had for lunch," Noah shook his head. "That's quite a cocktail, sir. You, on the other hand, smell like toothpaste and surgical soap. Clean and fresh. Sexy. Irresistible." Noah was catching on, it appeared.

"Oh, there's nothing wrong with a little resistance." Tobias almost purred as he leaned over even farther, almost off the couch to kiss Noah hard. He held on to one shoulder, mostly for his own balance, and with the other neatly snagged Noah's cuffs from his belt.

Noah's hand made a grab for the cuffs reflexively, his professional training and instinct momentarily stronger than his sub training and his libido. He abruptly let go, however, jerking his fingers back and squeezing his eyes shut, as if he was mentally kicking himself. "I'm sorry, sir," he said, folding his arms behind his back again and bowing his head apologetically.

"Well, like I said. A little resistance can be fun." Tobias stood up and moved to Noah's side, looking down at him. "Not too much, of course. Then it's more work than it's worth to subdue the... well, you're hardly a criminal, are you? The playmate, then."

"With all do respect, sir, I believe that you would be the criminal were you to deliberately restrain a cop. And most officers I know are trained in resistance. Some," Noah cleared his throat, "more than others."

Tobias clicked his tongue and played with the cuffs, opening both bracelets up. "Oh? And how is your training, pet?" He studied the cuffs, obscenely glad that Noah didn't use zip tape instead. That wasn't nearly as much fun in situations like the current one. Zip tape had its place, though, and Tobias made a mental note to use it soon.

"I get by, sir." Noah said, grinning broadly though his eyes remained steadfastly forward. "But I'm told resistance is more difficult when overtaken from behind."

"Oh, really? I had no idea," Tobias said, rolling his eyes. In a rush, without any hesitation at all, he dropped a hand to Noah's shoulder again, gripped him hard and shoved. Backwards. As Noah started to go, in the instant before he knew what was happening and resistance could kick in, Tobias was on him. From the front.

Noah grunted, definitely surprised. His back hit the rug but before they lost momentum Noah tangled his fingers in Tobias' lapels and tugged sideways, rolling them both over. Tobias ended up flat on his back with Noah stretched out on top of him. It was almost comical how difficult it was for Noah not to meet his eyes in this position.

"Not bad," Tobias said, grinning at Noah. He braced his leg and shoved back, not trying to roll them at all, just get to Noah's hand. Oddly, he managed it, and the sound of the cuff ratcheting was huge in the room. By the way Noah jerked his other arm away, it looked like it was going to be a struggle to use that move again.

Noah's fleeting grin was unmistakable, but it was quickly followed by a gasp and a look of mock

horror. "Naughty, sir!" He pinned Tobias' shoulder with his free hand and planted a kiss on his lips. It seemed like an easy task to grab hold of that wrist but when Tobias reached for it, Noah rolled off of him and got to his feet. He held the wrist with the cuff closed around it in front of him, the empty, open cuff dangling from it. "I'm sure there is something illegal about this, sir," he said in a teasing tone.

"More than likely," Tobias agreed, rolling to his feet. "Not to mention undignified. Fun, though, and I assume I've made my point?"

"Oh, I've got your point." Noah reached up and tossed a few of the bulkier items from his belt onto the couch; the heavy flashlight, a couple of pens and his utility knife all hit the couch one after another. The keys to the cuffs, however, he hung on the corner of his entertainment center. "Just so you know where they are, sir," Noah told him, stepping close again. "In case you have any objections."

Tobias felt cold metal as the other half of the set of cuffs locked with a familiar ratcheting sound around his own wrist. "Interesting," he said, looking down to where they were now attached, right wrist to left. "Two stripes for wrecking my plan and you have four seconds to get rid of your pants without any help from this hand." He lifted his arm high and smiled. "Don't fall, or you'll make me cross."

Tobias was an inch or so taller than Noah, so Noah had to go up on his toes to keep from hanging by his wrist. Four seconds was an unreasonable expectation and the fact that he knew Noah wouldn't be able to do it just made Tobias all the more smug.

"No fair, sir!" Noah pouted, but he didn't waste any time popping the button at the top of his pants. He fought with the thick zipper while he kicked off his shoes and then pushed at the waistband of his pants, but it was stuck under the heavy utility belt. "Shit," he muttered and lifted the belt up, jumping a couple of times until the uniform finally fell to the floor.

Tobias tried very hard not to laugh, but he knew his lips twitched. "Positively stunning," he said, looking down at Noah's hips, the belt dangerously close to injuring one of his favorite parts of Noah's body. "I swear I've seen this movie before."

"I haven't," Noah said with a sigh. "Thankfully." He started to try to remove the utility belt, but the longer he tried, the less it seemed to be a one handed job. "Some help would be good, sir."

"I was almost enjoying watching you try," Tobias said, lowering his arm and bringing his free hand into play, helping Noah to undo the belt. "But this is more fun." He palmed Noah's balls and squeezed lightly before giving Noah another kiss, slower and sweeter than before.

"Fun is good." Noah sighed, sounding happy to have Tobias' lips back. Noah returned the kiss, and seemed to be enjoying slow and sweet, though his cock was decidedly firm and poked Tobias in the thigh. The two of them pushed and pulled at the belt until Noah finally snuck his cuffed hand in and undid it himself. He let it drop to the floor where the heavy clunk was muffled by his pants. "Sir," he breathed into Tobias' mouth as he shifted their joined hands away

from his body and into Tobias', rubbing the back of his hand against Tobias' fly.

Tobias let him feel all he wanted to; after all, the entire goal of the game was to eventually get off. It would be nice, however, if he didn't do so in his trousers. Still kissing Noah, Tobias shifted their hands so Noah could feel him, and then attempted to undo his own fly. "I see the problem," he said dryly, looking down. "Little help?"

Noah bent his head and found Tobias's mouth again. "Uh-huh." He grinned against Tobias' lips and reached forward with his other hand to lower the zipper and slip the top button free. He got his cuffed hand under the fabric, while his free hand started to loosen the buttons of Tobias' shirt.

Tobias was about to help with the buttons when Noah's wrist tilted and the cuff slipped down, the cold metal brushing lightly against his belly. "Oh," he gasped, his skin flushing hotter and his stomach cramping with a jolt of pure lust. "Different than leather cuffs," he made himself say, hoping for a calm tone. It was ruined by the growl in his voice.

The cuffs may have been cold but Noah's fingers were hot as they circled around his cock. "Yeah. Harder," Noah growled right back at him, giving Tobias a light tug. His lips were traveling over Tobias's jaw. "Colder. Less... forgiving."

"You find me too forgiving?" Tobias returned the favor, working at a disadvantage as his dominant hand was cuffed to Noah's. "I can change that."

Noah rewarded his efforts with a low moan, and let his forehead fall onto Tobias' shoulder. For a moment, as Noah leaned against him, it didn't seem as if his boy was going to respond at all. But then Noah's cock jerked in Tobias's fingers and he groaned. "Need, sir. Need you. Need to be used. Need my Master."

Tobias felt the growl grow. "All right. I didn't come all the way downtown for mutual hand jobs, anyway." He dragged all of their hands away, the two confined by the cuffs being easy. "Over the couch, do you think?"

"Couch, rug, wall, anything." It was possible that Noah forgot their hands were bound together for a moment because he reached up to tug off his tie and dragged Tobias' arm up with him. "I like that you were here when I got home, sir." Noah said, unbuttoning his shirt. Neither of them were going to be able to get their shirts off, but access to skin was very nice.

"Couch it is," Tobias said, turning his sub around so Noah's back was to his chest, their linked arms crossing Noah's body in front of him. "Were you surprised?" he asked, easing Noah's shirt off one shoulder and biting down.

Noah hissed at the bite and nodded. "Yes. Like you'd read my mind." He rolled his head to the side, giving Tobias more room. "You can leave a mark," he whispered.

"Of course I can," Tobias whispered back, holding Noah tighter to him as he started to suck, scraping his teeth over damp skin.

Noah moaned again, and lifted their cuffed hands, raising them to the collar that was locked around his neck. He traced his fingers across it and then slipped his hand out of the way so that Tobias could touch the warm metal himself. "Sir," Noah said as his body arched, the word floating on a panting breath.

"Mine," Tobias whispered, sliding a finger under his collar. "All mine." With his free hand he shoved at his trousers, wishing he could just magic the clothes away. Not all of them, however; he rather liked having at least his shirt on in this case, it made things a little more decadent, a little indecent. "Tell me you have lube out here -- I checked the bedroom, but not here."

"You checked the bedroom?" Noah sounded pleased by Tobias' attempt at planning their evening. He started to point with his cuffed hand and the handcuff dug into Tobias' skin. "Sorry," he said in a raspy voice. "Bottle in the... CD, uh... thing." He was leaning back into Tobias' hips in a very distracting way.

"Interesting place to keep it," Tobias said, rubbing back. The storage unit was a few short steps away, but far enough to make things awkward. "All right, let's not break our arms." That would be far too hard to explain at the ER. With one last shift of his hips, the drag of his cock on Noah's ass making him break out in a light sweat, Tobias moved. It was indeed awkward, but he wasn't letting go for love or money, and with an unseemly grunt he fetched the lube. "As you were," he said, hurrying Noah back to where he'd been, handily draped over the couch, grateful he hadn't tripped on his own trousers.

"Only place it's hidden." Noah grunted as Tobias gave him a light shove into the overstuffed arm of his leather couch, the chain on the handcuffs making a metallic jangling sound as their hands tried to move in two different directions, mocking them both. "Oh, God." Noah shifted as he spread his legs, and his hips rocked slightly as he tried to rub his erection against the supple leather.

"Not yet," Tobias growled, getting the lube open with the thumb of his free hand. "And really, how often do you have guests in?" He tipped the bottle and tried his best not to spill lube all over the leather couch, only dripping a bit. "Don't forget to wipe that up," he added, pushing two fingers into Noah's ass and smearing lube all over the place.

Noah gasped and ducked his head forward, and Tobias realized with a grin that he wasn't going to get an answer about Noah's social life just then. Noah arched, and pushed back, wanting in that unapologetic way that Noah had. "Good, sir," he told Tobias between moans. His free hand clenched and opened again against the arm of the couch trying to get a grip.

"It'll get better," Tobias promised, fingering him a little more and getting everything absolutely wet and messy. "Don't come until I say."

"No, sir," Noah assured him, slipping against Tobias' hand. "Not until you say, thank you, sir."

"Thank me now," Tobias said roughly, gasping as he pulled his hand away and shoved his cock

in instead, plunging deep with the first thrust.

Noah cried out with the breach, his free hand reaching forward unsuccessfully for something to brace himself against. He whined in frustration and drew in air audibly, though apparently just enough to speak. "Thank you, sir!" he shouted and then gasped again. "Fuck. Yes."

Tobias felt Noah try to counter thrust, but he had Noah's hips pinned into the couch with his weight. Their joined hands, the cuffs locked tight around their wrists, were braced together near Noah's hip, giving Tobias plenty of leverage but Noah, none.

"Nice," Tobias told him, the word more moaned than spoken. Noah's ass was tight around him and Noah's complete lack of any control made Tobias feel all the more powerful. He bent his knees slightly and thrust again, fucking Noah with purpose, hard and deep, following his own need.

Noah grunted and moaned with each thrust, still trying to gain some ground for himself and failing. His shirt rode up baring his lower back and bunching a bit around his shoulders. "Master!" Noah tossed his head once, then tried to lift it, but ended up giving up again, bending around the arm of the couch and cupping the back of his neck with his free hand.

Using his hands to drag Noah back onto him, Tobias moved faster, slamming into his boy. He was getting close already, the friction and control both getting to him. "Mine," he said again, letting go of Noah's hip to reach around and grab his cock. "When I say."

Noah nodded again and thanked him, or at least Tobias thought Noah tried to thank him, it was hard to be sure with all the gasping and moaning his boy was doing. He could feel how close Noah was, though, and when Noah's hips grew stiff and his back arched hard, even the little whisper he made was unmistakable. "Oh, God," he said as his body shook, his hips tense in Tobias' fingers. It was followed by a long whimper. "Oh, God. Sir. Master, please. Please."

It was the please that did it. It was often the please that did it, Tobias thought in the very brief moment of rational mind space he had left. "Now," he barked, stroking Noah firmly and circling his hips, tension coiling in his belly and a low ache rising to a burning pain of need in his balls. "Come for me, now."

"Oh, fuck! Thank you!" Noah grunted through what sounded like clenched teeth as his whole body shuddered. Tobias felt the wave of Noah's pent-up orgasm overtake his boy, starting somewhere in Noah's gut and moving outward. "Ah! Sir!" He felt the pulse and jerk of Noah's cock in his grip as Noah's shoulders hunched and rounded and his knees gave out.

"Mine," Tobias roared again, shoving into him, holding Noah up and fucking him right through his orgasm. The tension didn't so much uncoil as snap, and Tobias knew he was shaking as hard as Noah when he finally finished shooting, his cock still twitching and throbbing inside Noah's body.

Noah was breathing hard, his body curled and hunched with the sofa taking his weight, and to

some extent Tobias' as well. "So good to me, Master," Noah told him, as his boy often did when things ended up like this, both of them spent and slick and gulping air. Noah's free hand reached back and his fingers curled into Tobias' thigh, his thumb stroking gently over still-trembling muscle.

"Good boy," Tobias praised Noah, easing out when he thought he was able to stand. "Such a good boy." He kissed Noah's shoulder, licking over the spot he'd marked. "Love you."

"Me too, sir." Noah nodded, standing with him and leaning into his chest. Noah made a satisfied, contented sound. "I love you, too."

"Good," Tobias said, lifting his hand and looking significantly at the cuffs they wore. "Because I think I'm going to order some of these. And possibly hide the keys."

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