

*A Sip...*



*A Torquere Press Short*

***The Morning After***  
***By Cassandra Gold and Beth Wylde***

I was enjoying the most wonderful dream involving my mate, a can of whipped cream, and some loving attention to my cock. Dream-Adam was just explaining why my balls needed to be thoroughly covered in Reddi-Whip, too, when a sharp pain in my ass pulled me instantly awake.

I bit back a growl as I realized it was Adam's knee tucked up under my rear that was the cause of my severe discomfort. The sting brought back memories of how we'd spent last night, previously unused muscles and my overly tender backside wailing in protest.

I looked sideways to find Adam still sleeping peacefully, his hands pillowed under his head and a smile on his face as he lay curled on his side in an almost fetal position. An immediate plan for revenge on my lover formed in my mind as I recalled all the details of our unusual tryst.

I'd come home from work like any other evening to find Adam cleaning out a scalded frying pan of what remained from his heartfelt attempt to cook dinner. Adam could do many things, but creating edible food was not one of his talents. Give him a computer or a cock and he's a genius at work, but even the simplest of snacks, like peanut butter crackers, were a disaster waiting to happen.

I found him bent over the trash can in his boxers and couldn't help but stop and fondle his assets a bit. It was nice until my fun was interrupted by the fact that Adam thought I'd forgotten our anniversary. In truth, he'd been the one in the wrong. He'd miscalculated by a week, using the human calendar instead of the lunar one. I can only guess that the stress and humiliation of such a mistake is what pushed him over the edge and into action.

While I must admit that being topped by my bottom was an unexpected and surprisingly enjoyable treat, it had still been a somewhat painful experience, and my inner beast wasn't completely happy with the incident. I felt the need to prove my dominance. The lion inside of me demanded to reassert itself as the Alpha in our relationship, and for once the human side of me was in total agreement with my beast. The mental image of Adam bent down on all fours, begging me to fuck him, really had me turned on. The rock hard erection I was currently sporting was a testament to how randy I was feeling. I was hard as stone and ready to treat Adam to a morning I knew he'd never forget.

I pulled back the covers and crept out of the room as quietly as possible, determined not to wake Adam until I had everything ready. I had something truly spectacular in mind. I headed down to the basement first. It took me a bit to find what I was looking for, since we hadn't had an out-of-control member of the Pride need to be restrained for a long time. The third box I opened revealed the reinforced silver chains I'd had made right after I'd taken over as Alpha.

The previous leader had let the lions run wild during the full moon with no concern for attacks or injuries on the humans who happened to be nearby. It was one reason the Pride had grown so large. I wasn't nearly as lenient. I knew what would happen if humans ever found out about us. Being captured and dissected in a government lab held absolutely no appeal.

I grabbed the chains, the special coating over the silver ensuring that the shifter handling the metal as well as the one being restrained wouldn't be burned, though the captive's powers to change shape would be completely nullified by the precious metal. I wrapped them around one arm like you'd carry a fire hose and headed back upstairs to the kitchen where the rest of my tools for revenge lay in wait.

My next stop was the freezer. I filled a large bowl full of ice cubes, rummaged in the junk drawer until I found several votive candles and a book of matches, then set my sights on something to use as a blindfold. My fingers brushed against something silky and soft. I pulled it out and found myself holding a woman's silk scarf, decorated with some sort of floral pattern. I paused to wonder why on earth our junk drawer contained a woman's scarf, but I decided I didn't care. The piece of material would make the perfect blindfold. With my shopping complete, I trotted off down the hall toward my unsuspecting lover. My excitement had me all but ready to burst, my cock standing completely at attention as it wept against my belly.

I pushed open the door to find Adam had changed positions. He'd taken full advantage of having the bed all to himself and was sprawled out on his back with both legs and arms flopped out to the side. I didn't have to worry about being quiet anymore because he was snoring so loudly a brass band could have been playing and he'd never have heard a thing. For a minute, I contemplated finding something to use as a gag, but decided I'd rather stuff myself down his throat instead of a rag. My cock jumped at the thought as I went to work.

The blindfold went on easier than I'd expected. It was the chains that proved to be the major obstacle. Once I started putting them on, I knew I had to work fast. That was where my werelion speed came in handy. I chained his arms to the headboard with plenty of slack so I would have room to maneuver later if need be. By the time I hooked his feet together, Adam was just starting to come around. I smiled. Things were right on schedule.

I tugged on the long chain binding his ankles. "Wake up, sleepyhead. I've got a surprise for you."

"What the--?" Adam's body tensed up and he began to fight the restraints. I didn't want him hurt, just humbled a bit, so I stroked one hand up and down his leg, trying to comfort and arouse him at the same time. With each pass my hand reached higher and higher, stopping just shy of his groin. He halted mid-curse and turned his face towards me, his nostrils flaring as he scented the air since his vision was suddenly impaired. It made me proud to see him relying more on his animal senses.

"Shaun? Is that you?" He stretched out his hands where they were linked together. "What's going on?" He paused for a minute and then dropped his bound wrists back down. "Shit. This is about last night isn't it? You must really be pissed."

"Not too much, just feeling the need to remind you who the Alpha is." I cupped his balls in my right hand, massaging the soft skin and rolling the delicate orbs in my palm until he groaned.

He shivered visibly, whether from fear or desire I wasn't sure. The goose bumps on his arms and his rising erection made me think he felt a little of both. I smiled, even though he couldn't see me. He was at my mercy, and he knew it.

His voice trembled when he spoke. "What are you going to do to me?"

I laughed; I wasn't about to ruin the surprise by telling Adam what I had planned. "You'll find out soon enough."

The anticipation was killing him, I could tell. To wind him up a bit more, I took my time arranging the items I'd gathered on the bedside table. I added lube, and a vibrator from our nightstand, in case I thought he needed more stimulation.

He twitched every time I moved. When I brushed against his erection accidentally, he whimpered. "Shaun, please."

I loved hearing him say 'please.' My smile widened. I'd have him begging in earnest soon enough. The lion in me rejoiced in his submissive behavior.

Rather than speaking, I lit one of the candles. His nostrils flared again, and I knew he had smelled the acrid scent of the match. He tilted his head toward the table, but didn't say anything. A quiet Adam was not something I saw often. I knew his silence wouldn't last long, though.

The candles were small and quick to melt. The one I'd lit already held a small pool of melted wax near the wick. I lifted the candle and held it high above Adam's right nipple, letting a tiny line drizzle onto his body. He cried out and arched, and I don't think even he knew whether he wanted to get away from me or get closer.

"Oh, fuck, that burns," he gasped.

In reply, I moved the candle to his other nipple and repeated the process. He let out a string of muttered curses. His voice increased in volume as I dripped wax down his chest, into his belly-button, and lower. I stopped just shy of his pubic hair. His shaft strained upward and slightly to one side, as if begging for stimulation and shying away at the same time. As he writhed and panted through each new splash of the wax, I could smell the combination of fear and arousal coming off him. The idea that I might actually cover his cock in hot wax had him both hot and hesitant. The knowledge made me want to do it, just to see his reaction.

Instead, I skirted his genitals in favor of sturdier territory to play on. His thighs would be a good place to start: sensitive, but not too much so. Fortunately, I'd chained his ankles with shackles loose enough to allow me access to his inner thighs. I pushed his legs apart as far as the chains would allow. Then, without giving him time to get used to the idea, I poured a stream of wax along the inside of each thigh. The skin turned pink immediately, and the sound that emerged from his lips could only be described as a whine.

If what I'd already done had him whining, my next move was sure to drive him crazy. I grabbed an ice cube and stuck it in my mouth. Then, having saved the best for last, I used the remnants of the candle to drizzle a waxy figure-eight on Adam's delicate sac.

He jerked. "Shaun!"

Before he could adjust to the heat on his balls, I took one of them into my mouth. The ice cube hadn't quite melted, so the inside of my mouth was frigid. I ran my icy tongue along the path of the wax, sucking the loose skin past my lips to soothe his heated flesh.

He hissed, turning his body toward me as much as the chains would allow. "Oh, God, Shaun, please. Please!"

I lapped at his balls a few more times. "Please what?"

"Please suck me. I can't wait any longer."

My voice dropped lower, and a lusty growl ripped forth. "You'll wait as long as I say you have to."

Although I chastised him, I didn't really want to wait. I fumbled for the bowl and captured another ice cube. I rolled the cold cube around in my mouth several times before I leaned forward and took the head of his cock between my lips. He tried to thrust upward, but I held him down, keeping him from taking control of the icy blowjob.

He shivered under my ministrations. "That's so good. I need more. Your mouth is so fucking cold. Jesus. Suck me harder, deeper. Please!"

He was starting to babble. I liked it. I grinned at the results, but I wasn't quite finished. I still hadn't fully paid him back for last night. I reached out for the vibrator and the lube, planning an orgasm of tremendous proportions for Adam before I tossed him onto his stomach and fucked him until I exploded.

While I fumbled to open the tube of lube, I forced more of him down my throat, slicking up my fingers as he got closer and closer to the edge of no return. I wasn't about to let him get off so quickly, however. I pulled off until he was completely free of my mouth, sliding one greased finger back along the ridge behind his balls until I found his puckered entrance. As I teased the hole, he cried out, his body shaking. He hovered on the verge of orgasm, and I intended to keep him that way a bit longer.

He threw back his head in protest. "Damn it, Shaun! This isn't fair. You enjoyed yourself last night as much as I did. Oh, fuck, please let me come."

I thrust one finger deep inside his ass and used my other hand to clamp down hard around the base of his cock. I was determined to keep him from coming, hanging in limbo until he couldn't take it anymore. Only then would I let him come.

He did his best to rock against my hand, groaning and growling as I inserted a second and then a third finger. Normally, that would be my cue to ease myself inside him, but I had something else in mind first. I pulled both hands free, his continued string of pleas and curses ringing out through the room like music to my beast. My revenge was nearly complete.

I moved up the bed and yanked off his blindfold. Then I held the vibrator up so Adam could see it. I waited until I was sure he was paying attention before I flicked on the switch at the base.

Adam's eyes widened as the toy buzzed to life. He realized quickly what I was holding and what I planned to do with it.

"Oh, my God! Not the Stimulator! I won't be able to hold out. I won't ever try to top you again, I swear."

There was no way I'd let him off so easily. I smiled. "You can try anytime you want. Just be sure you're prepared for the consequences."

Sweat was pouring down his face as he struggled to calm himself. I could hear his heart racing as I twisted the base of the vibrator and the small probe buried inside the tip extended to its full length. The toy was called 'the Stimulator' for a reason. It was the first sex toy specifically designed for male anal sex. The probe at the top was slightly curved and made to stimulate a man's prostate. Adam wouldn't last longer than a few minutes, if that.

I unlocked one of the shackles and tossed the chain aside. Then I rearranged his legs, lifting them up and back until his ass was completely exposed to my gaze. I took just a moment to tease his hole with the toy before sinking it fully into him. His whole body stiffened. His harsh breathing turned swiftly into pants as he fought to keep from coming. He knew as well as I did that the fight was useless. If the Stimulator didn't get you off, you were beyond hope.

"Please, please, please." His mindless chanting told me he'd reached the breaking point.

I nodded at my mate and twisted my wrist just slightly. The probe struck home and Adam came with such force that his seed shot nearly to the ceiling.

I didn't even wait for him to stop yelling. Teasing him had me too full of need for niceties. Instead, I pulled the toy out, flipped him over, and sank my dick into his body with one long plunge. His renewed cry was muffled by the pillow, but I heard it anyway, and gloried in the sound.

Even after a year together, the heat and tightness of his body amazed me. I wanted to take my time. Unfortunately, I knew that wasn't going to happen this morning. Hard and fast would have to do.

I set a brutal pace, pounding Adam into the mattress with deep, powerful thrusts an ordinary man wouldn't have been able to take. Adam could take them. He tried to push up to meet me, but the tangled chains held him down. I gripped his hips and lifted his ass slightly. He let out a sharp cry at the changed angle.

The new angle allowed me to push deeper than before. Adam's body gripped my cock like a vise, the friction driving me insane. I could feel my orgasm gathering. The best way to get there was to have Adam come while I was inside him. I grabbed his cock, which had hardened again,

and stroked in time with my thrusts. About five strokes in, Adam gave a choked gasp. His cock twitched in my grip, a small burst of semen trickling over my hand and onto the sheets.

The smell of sex, sharp and hot, and the rhythmic tightening of Adam's body were more than I could withstand. The orgasm I'd been chasing broke over me like a wave, sending pleasure streaking throughout my body. "Adam!"

The spines in my cock sprang out as I came, a sign of how close I was to the edge, but I managed to stay mostly in human form. I pounded into him a few more times, riding out the ecstasy flooding through me and letting the spines retract, before collapsing onto the mattress, drained. I managed to twist to the side to land beside Adam rather than on top of him. For several minutes, we both lay panting. My beast half rejoiced in my renewed dominance. My human half was too tired and sated to do much of anything.

Finally, I remembered the chains. Adam must have been uncomfortable, face-down and shackled, but he hadn't complained. I rummaged on the table until I found the key and unlocked the chains. "Sorry, love."

He rolled over, a sleepy, pleased smile on his face. "It's all right. That was only what I deserved, after last night. You owed me one."

I laughed. "Damned right I did. Do you remember who your Alpha is now?"

He wound his arms around my neck and pulled me down for a soft kiss. "I never forgot." He gave me a mischievous grin. "If I ever do, you'll just have to remind me."

My mate's combination of sweetness and sass never failed to amuse me. "Don't worry, I will." I kissed him again, putting all the love I felt for him into the brief contact.

When the kiss ended, he curled up against my side and fell asleep. Lying about in bed wasn't normally my style, but I decided to make an exception this morning. We'd had an eventful night, and quite a morning after. We both deserved a little nap. Wrapping my arms around Adam, I snuggled in close and drifted off to sleep.

The Morning After

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