

Dreamspinner Press Presents

NAP-SIZE DREAMS



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ZACH regarded his walled-off guy, one hundred percent certain that Jason was going to get up and leave any second unless he could convince him otherwise. He could imagine how nervous Jason was, because he was nervous himself; he could practically feel Jason buzzing next to him. The reason they were at this type of club was without a doubt adding to Jason's distress.

Zach peered around him and tried hard not to stare while he held Jason's hand tightly. These people were actually dressed like the pictures he'd seen on the Internet. The last time he'd seen this much leather and chain was at a biker bar he and Jason had gone to for drinks and music.

The social room of this "discreet gentlemen's club for those seeking the same gender" could have been anyone's living room. What made it totally surreal was this club was in the warehouse district of the city. He wondered if the companies around them knew this place existed.

They were sitting on a plush loveseat that angled away from the fireplace. A long, comfy-looking couch on the other side of them made a triangle, forming an intimate conversational area. Two couples, fully clothed, were sitting on the couch, and several groups of men in various dress and undress stood around the rest of the room. A few of the pictures on the wall were appealing to him, and, if he thought he could get away with it, he'd have hung them in

their own home. But since they did entertain fairly often, Jason would have been mortified to have their friends see such things.

Zach looked over to the couch where one of the couples was talking quietly, while the other couple was cuddling and kissing, their hands quite obvious about what they were doing down below. He wondered what they were there for: to role play? To be out in public having sex? To practice the Dom/sub dynamic? He was so new to all this and just had a hint of what it was all about. Zach wanted to watch the men some more, see what they were getting up to, but didn't want to be rude staring. He glanced to the curtain behind them and wondered what lay beyond. What did it look like back there? Were there chains hanging from the ceiling? Cages? Was it dark? Was it cold and damp?

Damn. He readjusted himself on the couch to get more comfortable when one of the men groaned deeply and then stilled his partner's hand from working him. Zach tried not to be obvious as he observed them from the corner of his eye. He hoped Jason was watching them and taking note of how aroused those two were. That might get him interested, and after all, that was the whole reason they were there. The people in the larger group behind them were talking with one another, laughing now and then.

Glancing again to the pictures, he wondered which of these men would be doing those things. Some of the positions looked extremely uncomfortable but at the same time totally arousing.

Zach had spent hours convincing Jason they needed to do something to get their sex life back on track. Ever since

the car accident over ten months ago, sex—or the lack of satisfying sex—had wedged itself between them. Zach had tried everything he could think of to keep Jason hard, but every time it got to those final moments, Jason would lose his drive, get frustrated, roll over, and fall asleep—or pretend to fall asleep—leaving him staring at the ceiling, cursing silently. And more often than not, Zach ended up in the bathroom bringing himself to an unsatisfactory orgasm.

It had become a vicious cycle. The more often Jason couldn't reach orgasm, the more frustrated he became, until it got to the point where he stopped initiating sex altogether. When Zach had tried, he felt like he was making love to a cardboard box, and that left him feeling hollow and angry. He craved Jason's touch, but what he missed most of all was the emotional connection they'd shared all the years they'd been together.

Jason felt responsible for the accident. Time and again he'd told Zach that if he hadn't been so hell-bent on taking the trip that Zach had said they should wait on, they wouldn't be in this abyss of pain and uncertainty. And Jason carried the guilt around with him every single day.

No matter how hard Zach had tried to convince him that what had happened had been totally out of his hands, Jason wouldn't be swayed to think otherwise.

During the recovery, Jason had also become body-conscious. He'd taken to dressing and undressing where Zach couldn't see him. The scars that traced his body were a physical reminder of his willfulness and his need to have his way. There was no hiding them unless he kept his clothes on and the lights off. He couldn't see, or maybe didn't want to

see, that he was still very desirable to Zach. Jason was convinced he never would be again.

After months of convalescing, Jason was in better physical shape than he'd been before the accident. The only lingering effects from his ordeal were his fear of having sex and letting Zach down and his refusal to show his naked body.

Zach had taken what he could for as long as he could, but he'd had enough. He wanted his heart-and-soul guy back, in and out of the bedroom. He'd racked his brain trying to think of what could be done. And he'd remembered something.

In Zach's quest to bring them together again, he'd tossed around ideas with some of their closest friends about what he could do to get his partner out from behind his protective prison. In the past, he and Jason had indulged in some quiet, playful experimentation in bed. Jason had given up his will and choices to Zach and had let Zach play with his body in any way he liked. Zach had loved the feeling of being king of the hill, but there'd been more than that going on. Not from words but from the look in Jason's eyes and the obvious, utter contentment of his body afterward, Zach could tell that Jason had found fulfillment in his submission.

When Zach had hesitantly brought up the subject of going to a place where people were allowed to practice BDSM publicly, he'd expected Jason's strong reaction against the idea. It was "Nope" at first. Then it was, "Hell, no. Are you fucking crazy? Not gonna talk about it. Not gonna happen. Not gonna do it. Period."

Zach could have wept with frustration.

But Zach forced himself past disappointment and set out to persuade his stubborn partner that they needed this. They both did, because what they had was worth preserving. Didn't Jason want things between them back the way they used to be? Over the next week, Jason hadn't budged, and Zach's hope began to fade. Finally, one night, in real desperation, he'd turned to Jason in bed and reached for him in their old way. With one hand on Jason's shoulder and their faces just inches apart on their separate pillows, he'd looked into Jason's eyes and whispered, "I love you. Please. Do it for me?"

Jason had stared at him, unblinking, for what felt like forever. His eyes closed, and he pressed a kiss on Zach's wrist. "Let me think about it," he'd said.

And the next morning, he'd said yes.

That morning had led to this night, where they were sitting side by side on a couch at The Sanctuary, waiting for what Zach hoped would bring them back together. He ached for his Jason, naked and needing, in his arms again.

Getting access to the club had been a long shot, but Zach had been willing to try just about anything. He had to make several calls to people who had connections, and he was finally granted permission to join. He wanted Jason to get over his hang-ups so they could be a complete couple like they used to be. He wanted to top his guy once again so he could look deep in those green eyes and revel in Jason arching up under him, impaled by his cock, whispering, "I love you more."

What did he have to lose? Every time he'd thought about this night, a thrill of excitement and anticipation had shot down his spine and made him hard as a wood post.

Jason rested his forehead against Zach's neck, his lips on Zach's collarbone. Zach drew in a breath; Jason was shouting, in his own way, that he wasn't doing so well.

"This is the worst idea. I feel like an idiot, and I'm not sure if I really want to go through with this," Jason grumbled as he sat up straight. "Why're we here again?"

"Calm down, all right?" Zach said softly.

"We could do this at home just fine. Don't like all these people here watching something that should be private."

"Aw, come on." Zach ran the back of his fingers up Jason's arm. "That's half the fun, yeah?" He leaned in closer and said in his sexiest voice, "It's taboo, and it's naughty. It's being exposed, yet being in your own private space in a crowd of people that makes this so intense. Besides, we both agreed that we need to do this."

"Thought you liked the sex we have just fine," Jason whispered.

"I did. When we were having sex." Zach crossed his arms over his chest.

Jason glared at him and turned away, his hands tucked tightly into his armpits. Zach sighed and then asked more sharply than he intended, "What's wrong with jazzing it up some?" When Jason refused to look at him, Zach reached for him and pulled him back into his arms and held him for a moment. He gently blew warm air into Jason's ear, and Jason reacted by scrunching his shoulders, shuddering a

little. Some of the anxiety Zach had been carrying disappeared when Jason responded to him. He hoped his man craved and welcomed every bit of attention he was getting despite his grumpy demeanor. He blew, whisper-soft again. “C’mon. You want this, don’t you?” He nuzzled behind Jason’s ear, inhaling the man-scent he’d come to love, and then suckled at the tender skin, leaving tiny kisses behind.

Zach’s temperature rose unexpectedly as Jason squirmed again and blushed a sweet pink while pretending he didn’t like it at all. “Stop it. What’ll the others think?” Jason scolded, looking at the men around them.

Zach couldn’t help but notice what was happening below Jason’s belt. He raised his eyebrows in shock because he could see clearly just how much Jason hated this.

He was hard.

His erection was clearly outlined under the denim of his well-worn jeans. Zach leaned back against the puffy cushions and, when he placed his hand on Jason’s back, he could feel the tension through his long-sleeved shirt. Despite Jason’s protests, the proof of how his body felt was right there straining against his pants for anyone to see. Zach had a difficult time wiping the grin from his face. *This just might work out after all. Thank you, Jesus.*

“I want to go home,” Jason stated suddenly, staring into the fire.

Zach blinked in surprise. “No way, sweetheart. We’ve paid to be here, and we’re going to see this through. In a little while you’re gonna forget all about how you’re feeling right now. If I was a betting man, I’d bet that you—”

“Shut up, Zach,” Jason snapped, digging his fingers into his own thighs.

“You know it’s true.” Zach kissed him on the temple, fearing that this bright idea might not work after all.

“Why’d you have to wear that shirt?”

Zach refused to bite the bait Jason threw at him. No way was he getting into a fight with him, here, with all these men around. He looked down at his favorite black T-shirt that was stamped with “*Let’s Get It On.*” He loved the shirt and sometimes wore it to tease Jason. His man really hated advertising anything sexual, but Zach was pulling out all the stops. He could understand Jason’s feelings, but he thought the shirt fit in nicely with where they were. Zach hitched closer, intent on starting Jason’s slide into surrender, but he didn’t get the chance.

“Good evening, gentlemen,” a voice from behind them announced. Both of them twisted around to see that the Master of the club had emerged from behind the black and purple curtain. “Welcome to the Sanctuary,” he announced, staring intently at each patron.

Zach’s mouth dropped open in amazement. He hadn’t had any clear idea of how this man should look, but he wasn’t expecting an ordinary face. His eyes were intense and focused though, and Zach felt like he should sit up straighter and pay attention. The Dom’s posture was perfect.

“Shortly, we’ll be opening the doors for your enjoyment. You may use anything you see inside. Now is also the time to negotiate if you would like to be in a scene with anyone else besides the person you’ve arrived with. Once inside, I ask

that you be mindful of the others as they play and do not interrupt a scene with questions or comments. Be respectful to one another, and please clean up after yourselves when you finish. We have rooms in the back that can be used for privacy should you choose, but again, we ask that you leave the room in the condition you found it.”

There were unanimous nods, and then the Master continued in a friendly manner as he walked among the men. Zach had expected him to be domineering and fierce, but he looked like the kind of guy he’d hang out with on a Sunday watching football. “There will be no blood play and no scat play. I must emphasize this, gentlemen. Golden showers are permitted in the shower only. After you orgasm, please clean up, especially if you haven’t used a condom. And might I add that I hope all of you practice safe-sex techniques.”

He smiled and then continued. “And the most important thing I will leave you with before you go and play is to use your safe words. Red and yellow are universal and will be the house words as well.”

Zach couldn’t suppress his shiver of excitement or the anticipation that pooled deep and heavy in his groin. He scooted closer to Jason; was he imagining the heat that seemed to radiate from him? Yeah, the two of them couldn’t do this at home because it would be so easy to fall into their same routine, the tried and true that they already knew used to work for them; now nothing seemed to work. To aim for a new beginning after the accident, they needed some help. The Sanctuary.

Dropping his head again to the back of the loveseat, Zach took in a couple of deep breaths and tried to calm himself. He was already hard. But he needed to last, because he planned to take Jason to his limits. He would tear down those walls that separated them.

“If there aren’t any questions, the doors are open. Please have fun.” And with that, the Master swept his hand in invitation to the back room.

Zach stood and wiggled his fingers at Jason. “You ready, hon?” He stretched backward and grinned when Jason locked his eyes on his hard-on. “That’s for you.”

Any hope he had that Jason would stand up and follow him disappeared when he got a woeful look instead. He dropped to a crouch and placed his hands on Jason’s knees. God, he looked pitiful right then, like a cat that had been dumped into a tub of ice water. “You want a few more minutes, baby?” Zach asked softly. “Let those other guys get going so you won’t feel like the center of attention? That way when we go in, you can get a peek at what’s going on and maybe not be so nervous.” *Or self-conscious.* Zach ran his palm over Jason’s trembling thigh.

At the touch, Jason leaned forward and placed his forehead against Zach’s. “Yeah. I’m real nervous. Can we wait a bit? I know I said I was willing to do this, but now that the time is here? I’m not so sure.” He took a breath and then said, “You’re not mad at me, are you?”

Shaking his head, Zach said, “I’m not mad at you. It’s okay. We don’t have to go in there full throttle and with guns blazing.” Still hunched down, he looked around. “There’s still a few guys in here, probably feeling the same way.” Zach sat

next to Jason and put his arm around him. He loved it when Jason gave in and placed his head on his shoulder. They watched the fake fire a few minutes, and Zach made sure that his hand was stroking close to Jason's groin, occasionally trailing his fingers over the zipper. He could tell Jason had softened some, but the gentle touches he left behind were having the desired effect. He needed to keep Jason focused and, with each touch, his man was getting harder again.

Zach placed little kisses on Jason's jaw and then turned Jason's head toward him so he could kiss him deeply. Zach wanted to tell Jason so many things at this moment. *It's me who loves you more.* "Yeah, Jason, that's it. Just relax," Zach said against his lips. "Think about how good you're going to feel real soon. I'm gonna make you feel so good, get you warmed up real slow and easy. Get you harder than you've ever been before. Going to make you—"

"Zach," Jason wheezed out, seeking his lips.

Zach let Jason kiss him, relieved that Jason wasn't giving into his fear. The longer they kissed, the more passionate Jason became. Zach broke the kiss to suck on Jason's neck, marking him with a purple bruise as he pulled at the tender skin with his teeth. He licked at it and then licked it again before he returned to his slow torture around Jason's ear. He assaulted Jason's ear with his tongue, flicking it back and forth around the ridges, slowly fucking the canal with short, hard thrusts.

Jason was panting, his fingers clutching and pulling on the back of Zach's shirt. When Zach heard the barely whispered, "Please... I want this." He placed his hand on

Jason's chest and could feel the hammering of his heart. His own was beating just as fast.

"C'mon, baby, let's go. Let's get this started. I have a powerful need to be with you." Zach helped a trembling and fully aroused Jason to his feet and hugged him tight, thrusting his own hips forward so Jason could feel how aroused he was. He was more than turned on; he was on fire. His cock was throbbing, and he wanted Jason to feel it, to know that this was all for him, his beautiful man, scars and all. He grasped Jason's hand and pulled it roughly to him, anchoring Jason's hand tight on his mound, making Jason squeeze it for him. Jesus, it felt good. It was past time now for them to start, because he was moments away from tearing Jason's jeans off and bending him over the back of the couch. He wanted to make him pant and beg and then listen to him yell as he came, but he doubted the Master of the club would appreciate that display in the social room.

He wheezed into Jason's ear, "You have no idea how much you make me want you," and then moaned into Jason's mouth as he was kissed savagely. A surge of gratitude welled up in him at Jason's response to him. He hated to do it, but he severed the kiss, breathing like he'd just run a marathon. "Time to play, sweetheart, and you'll do as I say."

Jason nodded, his eyes serious and fixed on him. Zach could see he was ready, so he walked his stiff-legged partner toward the playroom.

Zach held Jason's hand in reassurance as they entered, and they walked across a large, tiled foyer to a long, red-padded railing. Zach leaned forward to place their hands on

it, Jason close at his side as they took a moment to take it all in. The room was dimly lit, like a dungeon, but not cold or damp at all, with different stations set up along the walls. The whole area had a medieval feel and look about it. Chains, handcuffs, harnesses, cages, armor, and even swords were in sight as well.

Some of the stations were furnished with chairs; others had benches, couches, and slings, and several had crosses mounted on the wall. It was a hard decision for Zach, and probably Jason too, on where to look—or not to look—first. The stations weren't separated in any way from each other and were completely open.

Jason jumped suddenly when a whip cracked off to the left of them. Zach turned with him to watch a lone man dressed in black leather pants, his hard penis exposed and tied with lacings that attached to the waist. He snapped a bullwhip repeatedly, aiming for a mannequin, making it spin as he set the whip into motion. His bare chest glistened with sweat, and he was breathing heavily.

"Damn," Jason murmured. He stood mesmerized, and Zach was fine with giving him enough time to absorb the eroticism of the scene. It was getting to him too. They watched for a few minutes, and Zach smiled when Jason turned to him. "That sound makes me crazy. I just love it. Look at how well-controlled his arm is. It's not all over the place."

Zach kept his eyes on his man, glad that Jason wasn't so uptight that he couldn't say anything. Instead, he seemed at least willing to take in the scene. The fact that they were talking, communicating, was a very good sign to Zach. He

hoped to be communicating in a totally different way soon. “Hate to be on the other end of that whip, ya know?”

“Same here, but there’s a lot of power there,” Jason whispered in awe.

After watching the man work for a few minutes longer, Zach turned to walk on, eager to see what the other men were up to. But he was tugged back by Jason, who discreetly pointed at two men off to his right. One naked man was cuffed to the wall, his legs in shackles. A ball-gag had been inserted in his mouth, and clothespins clamped his nipples, with some on his belly too. His partner was flicking them, the man was moaning loudly, and his cock looked like hard steel, stretched as large as possible.

Zach drew in a breath and tentatively asked, “Want me to do that to you?”

Jason shuddered at his side. “Maybe.”

He turned red when Zach said, “I know how sensitive your nipples are. I bet you would really enjoy that. You always loved it before when we... you know. I’ll get you where you can’t move. Maybe blindfold you.”

“Jesus, Zach.” Jason looked around wildly to see that nobody was paying them any attention. “Damn. You got me so fucking hard.”

“Good,” Zach said. He wanted to punch the air in triumph that Jason was responding sexually to all this, and with Zach right there too. “All the better.” Zach hardened his voice, trying to sound commanding, because that’s how it was going to be between the two of them for the rest of the

evening, and they were going to start now. “And you stay that way too, you hear?”

Jason gave a nod, and they moved on, holding hands again when Zach stopped to watch a man tie up his nude partner. He stayed quiet as he observed, with Jason draped over his back as he looked on too. The rope work was beautiful. Lines of rope crossed one another repeatedly to form an intricate pattern over the man’s chest, and his arms were bound behind him. His legs were also tied, with more rope attached at the waist, shoulders, and ankles. Then the Dom hoisted the man into the air and had him suspended from the hooks so he looked like a table-top, his face looking at the floor. Zach could hear the Dom talking to his partner in a soft voice, checking the rope around his ankles and chest.

“Ain’t that something,” Zach breathed out. “Never seen anything like that before. I didn’t even know it was possible to do that.”

“Bet that’s a great feeling to be hanging like that. You could totally let yourself go.”

Zach noticed Jason’s relaxed posture and looked at his dreamy face. It had been almost a year since he’d seen a look like that, and, if he had his way, from this point forward Jason would be looking like that regularly. He made a note to himself to research the pleasures of real physical helplessness when he had a chance. Judging by Jason’s expression, he wanted to learn as much as he could. Zach closed his eyes as his heart skipped a beat. This was progress. Zach could’ve dropped to his knees to kiss Jason’s feet, he was that relieved.

With two fingers, he turned Jason's face around to him so he could kiss his lips. All around them were noises. Grunts, moans, hard panting, the rattle of chain, and the snap of the whip every once in a while, all that was exciting and a little unnerving at the same time. But Jason's lips under his were familiar: the way he tasted, the way his mouth softened to let Zach in. This was the Jason Zach had fallen in love with years before, when they'd been college roommates, and the partner he missed so much. Maybe this trip to The Sanctuary would be what they needed, so they could be better lovers again. Zach was going to find and give to Jason every one of his unspoken longings, maybe even the ones he didn't know he had.

Jason pulled from the kiss, his eyes bright with lust. Zach reached up and cupped his cheek, running his thumb over Jason's still wet lips. He was so afraid to make a move because all of this might disappear.

But Jason reached for his hand, twined their fingers together, and then looked off across the room. He was still acting shy, but Jason's eyes were everywhere. All around them were men with a partner in the most intimate ways they could be. It was Jason who brought his attention to the man who was fucking and flogging his partner at the same time. Both were groaning loudly, and the sounds of sex filled the air. Zach's knees almost gave way when he watched the man pull out and then slam back home, and Jason just about crushed his fingers as they watched the man twirl the flogger over his head and then bring it down on the man's back with a quick snap of his wrist.

"Shit," they said in unison. It was their first time actually seeing live sex in action, and Zach thought he might

bust a nut right then and there. Jason was sucking in air, too, and when Zach glanced at him, his eyes were dilated and riveted on the pair.

“Holy shit,” Zach said under his breath as he pulled Jason along with him, leaving the two to their business.

Zach spotted a curtained-off area that offered semi-privacy, and he aimed for that. He was able to adjust the heavy fabric to make the space a little more secluded. Zach liked it. Looking up to the ceiling, he noticed handcuffs attached to a trapeze bar hanging from chains, and the height of the bar was adjustable. This would be perfect for Jason. It would be easy on his shoulders, wouldn't pull too badly at the scars on his belly, and he could turn Jason in whatever direction he needed.

Jason stood next to him, but the side curtain was at Jason's back. His breathing was labored. “You okay?” Zach asked, squeezing Jason's butt-cheek in his hand.

“Yeah. Seeing some of that stuff out there and watching those guys... they don't have a care in the world about what's going on around them. They're so focused on what they're doing, we may as well not exist.”

“You saw the shape some of those guys are in. Not all of them are buff and body-builder types. Just regular guys with guts, wrinkles, and saggy knees. And not all of them are young either.”

Jason said nothing; he just kicked at the concrete floor with the toe of his shoe. Zach really wanted Jason to take that in. The men were open in what they were doing, and it didn't matter what they looked like; it was about the

interaction between the partners and how they were connecting.

Jason seemed lost in thought, and Zach gave him some moments. Then Jason nodded in agreement, and Zach had no choice. He had to kiss him right then. Jason let it happen, and it was a slow, deep kiss. The kind of kiss that they hadn't shared in such a very long time. Zach loved how they were attached just at their lips; it was sexy as hell. His cock surged upward, and he wanted to fuck Jason silly. His guy was letting his barriers down.

Once within the protective arms of what he hoped would become their own personal paradise, Zach gently crowded him up against the wall, with not even an inch of space between them.

"You ready, lover?" Zach asked with a purr in his voice. Jason ducked his chin to his chest, but then he turned his head to the side with his bottom lip caught between his teeth. Zach's eyes devoured Jason's shy profile, and he lightly dragged his fingers down Jason's soft cheek. "Hmmm?"

Jason gave a small nod and whispered, "Yes, Zach. I'm ready for you."

"Look at me when you say that."

Jason looked straight into his eyes and said louder, "Yes, Zach, I'm ready for you and whatever you want to do with me. I want to make you happy."

"Good. That's what I want to hear." Zach could tell from Jason's eyes that he'd finally left most of his fear and anxiety behind. He was in the here and now. Zach brought his lips

close to Jason's so they were barely touching. "It pleases me very much when you give yourself up to me. You trust me, right?"

"Yes. I trust you."

"Makes me hot to hear you say that. Lets me know how much you want this." He licked a wet trail up Jason's neck to his favorite place. He loved his guy's ears. They were Jason's hottest spots, and Zach remembered when he used to spend long, arousing minutes playing with them. He framed Jason's face with his hands and pressed his hardness against Jason's. "I can feel you. I can feel your prick so hot for me." Zach rocked against him, his own need ramping up faster than he wanted. He was so close to the danger zone and wanted nothing more than to feel that sweet, sweet release, but he had to rein it in for Jason.

Zach stepped away and undid his belt, pulling it off and tossing it to the bench. Compared to the other men at this club, they were dressed very conservatively. No leather, collars, or leashes for them. After he popped the button at his fly, he adjusted his cock so that the tip was just exposed over the waist of his low-slung jeans. He caught Jason watching him and couldn't help licking his thumb and brushing it across his sensitive tip.

Jason slumped forward, bracing himself with his hands on his knees, his eyes never leaving him. Zach massaged his tip again, smearing the slick that had gathered there. Jason's hand pressed against his own hard-on. He was chewing his lip again, his eyes roaming all over Zach, and Zach felt his look as if fingertips were dancing across his

skin. But then Jason's eyes went wide and darted away, his hand suddenly abandoning his cock.

Zach was confused at his response and just about panicked. He looked over his left shoulder to where Jason's gaze had settled and saw some men gathered together, talking quietly as they looked at a beam with hooks attached to it that was suspended from the ceiling. One man in particular was peeking around the edge of the drape, paying more attention to them than he was to his group. Zach looked down at himself and pulled the zipper so more of his cock was exposed. Zach wanted to flaunt himself before the man in hopes of regaining Jason's attention and focus. He hoped this trick wouldn't backfire on him, but Jason's gaze shot back to him, then down to his partially exposed hardness. *Damn*, Zach thought. Between that look he was getting from Jason and being watched by a complete stranger, he was close to losing it.

Zach nodded to Jason and then stared at his groin. Jason picked up on his signal and started to rub himself through his jeans again. A low moan of satisfaction escaped as Jason frigged himself.

Watching Jason do that to himself while being observed by an unknown person had Zach squeezing the tip of his cock tightly. He took in several stuttering breaths as he staved off his need to come, and when he felt the urge subside, he let go of himself. He'd never thought being here with Jason and these other men, too, would be so intense, so goddamned arousing. His dick was throbbing, and his balls were so damned tight. Looking back to Jason, it seemed like he wasn't going to last much longer, the way he was working himself.

“Drop your hand,” Zach commanded.

So obedient his man was; Jason did as he was told and then banged his head against the wall in frustration. Yeah, Jason was more than ready to do this now, and oh, how sweet it would be when he finally could let it all go.

Zach took a step closer to Jason, his voice quieter. “You’re going to be begging me to finish you off fast, but you know what, Jason? Not gonna happen that way. Oh no. I’m gonna do you slow and sweet. Gonna make you burn and pant for me, make you forget everything that has happened to us since the accident.”

Zach watched Jason raise his eyes to the ceiling and swallow; his Adam’s apple bobbed up and down. He stepped even closer when Jason looked down; he swept his lips across Jason’s, just soft pressure. Jason trembled and looked as if he were ready to fall. Zach used his body to anchor him against the wall, and he could feel the muscles in Jason’s legs quivering. Zach wondered if he’d have to secure Jason with the cuffs already to prevent him from collapsing.

“You stand tall now, you hear? I don’t want to have to hold you up while we do this.”

Again, Jason nodded, swallowing hard. “Won’t fall down on you, Zach.”

“Good.” Zach kissed him with newfound passion and Jason kissed back. Not like they kissed at home, either, before everything went wrong. Way better.

His tongue danced with Jason’s, but then he pulled away and played hard to get. Zach sensed eyes on him, and

together, he turned with Jason, still kissing him, so he could see out of the corner of his eye. The man and one other had stepped over to get a better look at the two of them embracing. Zach applied pressure on Jason's side and severed the kiss, murmuring: "You're beautiful, and I love you, and you're mine. I want them to watch. He's looking at us. And rubbing himself. Let him look at how sexy my guy is." Zach turned again so Jason had no choice but to look at the men watching them.

He kissed Jason with big, wet, sloppy kisses while Jason's eyes were on them. Zach didn't care. Being watched like that made Zach feel powerful. Jason was his guy, not anyone else's, and if them kissing was this arousing to the stranger, he'd make sure to keep it that way.

Possessiveness flowed through him. With both arms around him, Zach turned them and guided Jason back to the wall. With both hands, Zach reached for Jason's wrists and hauled them over his head, mindful of Jason's past injury, and pinned them to the wall. Keeping them like that, Zach teased Jason with soft chaste kisses, backing away when Jason was seeking, and then plundering his mouth when Jason gave up the chase. Then Zach went back to sweet and gentle, then savage, then playful. Jason obliged, mouth open, kissing back for all he was worth whenever he could.

Zach moaned deep in his throat at how good it felt to finally be kissing Jason like this and not have Jason turn away from him. As the kiss intensified, he could hear muted moans of pleasure coming from somewhere out in the main room, and he matched them with one of his own.

He could hear the dull thwack of a flogger as it connected with its victim and then a sharp yelp of protest. Flogging wasn't something he wanted to pursue. Jason had been in enough pain to last a lifetime. The closest they had ever come to what was happening out in the room was when he had blindfolded Jason months before the accident. Jason had loved the feeling of suspense and helplessness. Zach had never cuffed or tied him, but he sure was thinking of doing one of those now. Bondage and restraints were more to his liking.

Zach pulled out of the kiss and released his wrists, letting Jason's arms fall by his sides. He reached for Jason's shirt, grateful for the snaps. *Ah, Jason. Smart man. Despite all your adamant protests about this, you prepped yourself, didn't you?* Grasping the hem of his shirt, Zach pulled up, popping the snaps to expose Jason's naked torso until the shirt hung on his shoulders. Zach leaned in and took one of Jason's nipples into his mouth, tasting salt and sweat as he suckled, running his tongue over the nub until it became hard. Jason inhaled deeply and let out a strangled cry of pleasure.

"You like that, don't ya? You like it when I suck you, huh?" Zach moved to the other nipple and gave it the same attention, flicking his tongue again and again to bring the tender flesh to a tight peak. He bit it gently, worrying it with his teeth until Jason cried out louder this time, his head rolling side to side as Zach nursed on him.

He couldn't get enough of the way Jason was reacting to him; his dick was pulsing heavily in his pants. "Oh, yeah," Zach murmured as he stood straight, taking each nipple between thumb and forefinger, squeezing and releasing

them. “I’ve only just started with you. Gonna have you pleading for me to stop, pleading for me to go on, pleading for me to let you come.” He squeezed again, making Jason jerk violently. “I can tell you want this bad.” Zach let go of one nipple and cupped Jason’s hard-on firmly.

So far so good. His dominating attitude was working, because Jason’s hips bucked at the pressure, but then Zach removed his hand.

“Just a little taste there, fella. More of that later.” With his free hand, he made sure Jason was still against the wall. “Stay there like that and don’t move unless I tell you to.”

Jason groaned again, his hands reaching for Zach, who swatted them down, grabbed Jason’s shirt, and yanked it off his shoulders so that his arms were trapped by the fabric. A ragged scar stood out on his right upper arm. Zach bent his head so he could lick at the scar, kissing it all the way to where healthy skin met the puckered skin. Holding tight to the shirt, Zach went back to teasing Jason’s nipples with his lips and teeth, first one and then the other, back and forth, turning them bright red. He got them good and wet and blew on them. Jason squirmed and whimpered while he pushed his chest forward, wanting more, but then he tried to pull away when Zach sucked them again.

“Tender now, are they? Hmmm?” He licked one, and again Jason dropped his head with a hiss and struggled to get free from bonds that weren’t really there. Zach knew him well. Jason would never admit how much he liked this, but his body betrayed him and told the story loud and clear. Jason’s hardness strained against the denim of his jeans.

Jason surprised him then. “Fuck, Zach. Don’t stop. Please. You know I like when you suck my nipples.”

“Yeah, you do, don’t ya, baby? No, I’m done there now. Turn around now and face the wall for me.”

Jason did as Zach commanded, and Zach removed the shirt and tossed it to the side. He ran his hands over the smooth, sweaty back and then dragged his fingernails down to his waist, leaving behind ten red trails. He liked how that looked. “Raise your arms and put them against the wall. Yeah, like that. Don’t move until I tell you.”

Jason obeyed with his palms flat, his forehead resting against the smooth brick. “Doesn’t pull too badly?” Zach asked, concerned. Things were going so well so far, and he wasn’t about to do something to upset the plan he he’d set in motion. Jason responded with a muffled “I’m okay.”

Zach stood looking at his man, bare back glistening with sweat, his lean hips still clothed. He walked up to Jason then and bit the uninjured shoulder hard, enough to leave a mark but not break the skin. Jason’s breathing was ragged.

“Tell me what you want, Jason.”

“Damn you, Zach. You know what I want.”

“Tell me.”

“Fuck.”

“That what you want? Me to fuck you?”

“Christ.”

“Answer me, Jason. You want me to fuck you?”

Jason started to lower his arms, but Zach was right there and pushed them gently back up. He rasped, “Stay put.” Jason stilled, and Zach ground against him, his hips rotating in small circles.

“Huh, Jason? This what you want? Me, hard inside you, fucking you slow and deep? That what you want?”

“Please, Zach.” It was hard for Zach to hear him because his face was mashed into the wall and the men behind them had their own noisy scene going on.

“I can’t hear you.”

“Yes, goddamn you, that’s what I want. You gonna do it anytime soon, or you gonna keep talking shit?”

Zach laughed at that. Jason was at the point of begging. His dick surged against his zipper, and he pushed up against Jason again. “You really want me to drag this out, don’t you? Was gonna get to the good part, because I can hardly stand it, wanting to be inside you so bad, but no. You’re gonna have to wait.”

“God, Zach.”

“All your fault for smarting off to me. You stay where you are. Do not drop your arms.”

Zach was warm, so he pulled his shirt over his head and let it fall to the floor. He readjusted his cock so the head was still poking over his waistband. Sweat trickled down his spine, and the cool air felt good against his back and chest and under his arms, cooling his fevered skin.

From where he stood, he could hear the hitch of Jason’s breath and then a low moan of need from him. Soon he

wanted to hear Jason panting, wanted to hear his cries of protest when he didn't get what he wanted. He wanted to hear every sound Jason made as he played with him and made him whole.

He snuck up on Jason and placed his hands firmly on Jason's shoulder blades.

Jason jerked hard at the touch. "Shhhh, baby, it's just me. I'm going to take care of you." Zach lovingly smoothed his sweat-slicked skin and let a finger trail along the drops that were slowly making their way toward the waistband of his jeans. Zach was fascinated at how the muscles flexed and heaved at his touch.

"It's time, Jason. I'm going to position you in the cuffs, and then let you and me rest a moment. Then we get started."

"Like you haven't already started?" Jason accused.

"I haven't done a thing to you yet," Zach said as he reached around to Jason's belt.

Jason stiffened, and Zach said in a soothing voice, "Relax. Going to make this so good for you." He undid the buckle and pulled it from the loops, tossing it on top of their shirts that were in a heap on the floor. He then undid the pants button and slipped his hand inside, fingers brushing along the coarse pubic hair. He reached in a little deeper and found what he was looking for. It was tight inside Jason's pants, his hand and Jason's erection fighting for the same space. Zach spread his legs and nestled his prick in the cleft of Jason's denim-clad ass. He reached around with his other hand, unzipping Jason's jeans to give him much-needed

room. He wanted to stroke the silky hardness that throbbed insistently against his palm.

Zach heard Jason suck in a deep breath when he rubbed his thumb over Jason's crown. His body shuddered again as Zach gently fondled that hard length, lightly stroking him. Jason fucked his hand, setting a rhythm that would have him coming in no time. Zach released him.

"I told you, stay still."

"God, c'mon, Zach," Jason whined. "You're taking everything away from me that feels so damned good. I'm aching here. Bad. What do you expect me to do?"

"Stay still and let me do this." Zach bit his lip like Jason always did and sent up another prayer of thanks. His man was aching with neediness, harder than he'd been in months, and focused on what they were doing now.

He watched as more sweat trickled down Jason's back and leaned forward to lap at the small droplets, little feather licks that had Jason shaking and muttering. Zach rubbed his cheek back and forth across the damp skin. "God, you taste good."

Zach licked some more, slowly crouching while pulling Jason's jeans and boxers down over his slender hips, letting the denim bunch around his knees. Zach licked at the sweat that covered Jason's lower back, and Jason arched forward so his dick touched the cool, smooth stones of the wall.

"Oh, no, you don't." Zach pulled Jason's hips away from the wall and held him steady.

“My arms, Zach, can’t feel them. Please. Can’t I bring them down for a minute? Pleecease? There’s no feeling in ‘em.”

“Okay, bring them down but keep your hands away from your dick. That’s mine.”

Jason brought his arms down, a sigh of relief easing out while he shook the blood and feeling back into his hands. Zach pressed closer, pulled Jason so that his back was to his chest, and just held him. “Put your arms around my hips and rest a moment.” God, he loved how Jason felt to him right then. He was solid but still thin, and it seemed like his skin was charged. He left a small kiss at the base of his neck. “Take some time. There’s no rush. Okay?”

“Yes, Zach.”

“Ah, Jason,” Zach murmured as he wrapped his arms more securely around him, “this is working out so well. I love holding you. Missed this so much.”

Jason turned his head and rubbed his cheek against Zach’s. “I’ve missed this too. Tell me again.”

“I missed this so much. I’m going to give you everything you need, baby. You can count on me for that.” The way Jason was touching him, the words that were passing between them had a very arousing effect on him. He held his pelvis still against Jason’s back, and he could feel the heat surging between them. His dick hardened with renewed need.

The sounds around them weren’t overly loud or distracting; they added another dimension that suited him just fine. Soon he wanted to hear Jason panting, wanted to

hear his cries of protest when he didn't get what he wanted. He wanted to hear every sound that Jason made as he played with him.

Surely, not gently, he pushed Jason up against the wall again. He slowly rode his fingers along Jason's flanks to his armpits, and then he nudged Jason to bring his arms up as he glided up to Jason's wrists. He held them with one hand and then released him, confident that Jason would get the message and stay as he'd put him.

Jason bucked when Zach gently brushed the slick tip of his cock again.

"Gonna come, Zach."

Words he'd been waiting to hear for so long.

His throat constricted at the sudden emotion that overcame him. He gave himself a few seconds to relish the announcement and then snatched his hand away and held onto Jason's hips. "Don't you dare. Not until I tell you to."

Jason made a noise of protest, and Zach could feel him straining. He gripped his hips tighter to steady him. "Not yet, baby. Don't give in to it."

"I'm so fucking close. Could come just standing here like this."

"Stay still." Reaching up to the cuffs hanging from the trapeze bar, Zach said, trying to distract him, "Put your arm up and let me latch the buckle. Then we do the other arm."

After he cuffed Jason, he checked the tension and the height of the bar. He adjusted it slightly so the bar was just resting on the back of Jason's shoulders.

“Too much strain there?” Zach asked as he touched the jagged skin at the shoulder joint.

“It’s all right.”

He kissed Jason’s ear and went back to licking Jason all over his back, leaving small bite marks here and there. The pink welts he made faded quickly but seeing them left Zach feeling territorial. Then he spun him so Jason was facing him and proceeded to lick his chest, teasing his nipples into hard nubbins again, kissing the long scar that ran down the center of his abdomen, making a bend around his belly button, and then straight down to his pubic bone.

Jason was twisting from side to side, muttering, “Zach. Oh, God, Zach. I can feel you there, but not. No feeling on the scar at all, but I feel you everywhere else.” His jeans were still at his knees, his erection sticking straight out from his body, bobbing up and down as he moved.

Zach turned Jason again so he was facing the wall. He parted Jason’s butt cheeks. He knelt down and pressed his nose into the crevice and licked there, slow and light.

Jason reacted as he’d hoped he would. He jerked hard and cried out, his fingers clutching at the chain.

With his tongue, Zach teased Jason’s hole for a few more minutes, wringing small pleas and whimpers out of Jason. Just as Jason started to pump his hips once more, Zach stopped.

Jason rotated his body around, but his feet remained in place, and Zach saw the glare fierce in Jason’s eyes.

“I told ya, Jason. Got to be still, or I’m gonna quit what I’m doing.”

“Fucking asshole.”

Jason got a smack on the ass for that remark. “Now, Jason. Is that the way you talk to the one who loves you the most, huh?”

“Knew this was a bad idea, coming here,” Jason bit out, returning to face the wall.

Zach snickered, then stood, and wrapped himself around Jason, his hands resting flat on Jason’s abdomen. He bit his neck and sucked up a big deep purple spot to match the one on the other side. Then he was at Jason’s ear, licking and nibbling. Zach sighed in contentment when Jason stilled. He was catching on fast, it seemed. To reward him, Zach nosed around his ear, gently taking the lobe between his teeth, tonguing it, and then licking and nipping along the edge. Zach could feel the perspiration from Jason between them as he worked Jason into a frenzy, alternating between biting and licking at him.

“Zach, please. Touch me there. Please touch me.”

“Oh, honey. You sure you want me to?” Zach teased, his hands sliding down the front of Jason, stopping short of their destination. Jason’s lower belly puffed in and out like a bellows. Zach sensed the surge of blood that filled Jason’s dick as his hands stopped; he could feel a heavy pulse under his fingers. It was an amazing feeling to him. That dick was alive. Jason was alive, and that was the very best thing of all. At that moment, if Jason decided he couldn’t take it anymore and wanted to stop, Zach thought he could do that. This moment brought it home to him that it was Jason and his beating heart that he needed. But Jason wasn’t showing any sign that he wanted to quit. Zach’s passion rose even higher

as he said, “Lift your foot so I can get your shoes and your jeans off.”

Jason’s forehead banged against the wall when he was completely nude, his whimpers coming loudly now. Zach wasn’t sure if it was because he’d lost the last bit of defense he covered himself with or because he was that far gone with arousal. Whatever it was, Zach wasn’t stopping. He could hear the others playing in the background, and he brought that to Jason’s attention.

“Listen. You hear that?” Zach paused as he cocked his head to the sounds beyond him. “You sound just like them. Bet they can hear you too.” Zach rubbed Jason where his legs met his torso, staying clear of Jason’s straining cock and ball sac. “You’re so fucking needy, aren’t you? I can tell you are. I love those sounds you’re making. Got my blood boiling. Yeah, baby, that’s right.”

Still standing behind him, Zach closed his eyes as his hands roamed over Jason’s lower stomach, tracing the scar, and down his thighs, feeling the downy fur tickle his fingers. He brought his hands back up, fingers this time lightly grazing over Jason’s sac. “Widen your stance so I can get to you better.”

Jason did and bucked wildly again, a string of curses filling the air.

“I’m not going to scold you this time for reacting like that. But damn if you don’t act like you’d been hit by lightning.” Zach hefted Jason’s balls with his fingers. “Balls are tender, hmmm?” He knew Jason was hypersensitive now; with every touch and kiss, he squirmed and twisted. “Yeah, Jason. You’re so hard. I can feel the heat coming off

you. I feel your dick pulsing, can feel your heartbeat... right there.” Jason cussed out loud when Zach skimmed a finger along the big vein that stood out, engorged, then flicked his finger against the reddish-purple tip, and let his hand hover over the jutting organ.

“Zach,” Jason shouted. “Fucking hell. Just touch me, goddammit. I ain’t fooling.”

“All in good time, sweetheart, all in good time.” Zach pulled his hands away and suffered through another round of cussing and threats of him going straight to hell. Zach knelt down again and ran his hands down the back of Jason’s thighs, and let his fingers lightly massage the tender skin at the back of his knees. Jason was babbling now, alternating between curses and begging. Zach watched in fascination as a thin string of fluid hung long and glistening from Jason’s cock. He reached between Jason’s legs and pulled the slick toward him and, when it broke, he brought it to his mouth and sucked the pre-cum from his finger. He closed his eyes as he savored the bittersweet flavor.

Zach stood again, letting his hands glide where they would. Once more, he leaned hard against Jason and began tapping the underside of Jason’s straining erection.

“Ohhhh,” Jason wailed when Zach grasped Jason tight in his hand. He stroked up slowly and firmly and twirled his thumb across the head, smearing the slick around, coating it well.

“Yeah, Jason. God, you’re hard. Unbelievable how hard you are.” Zach continued to stroke as Jason keened loudly, his hips thrusting wildly. Zach pulled his hand away and Jason howled his outrage. The room behind them stilled and

quieted as Jason cursed Zach to hell and back. Then he ran out of breath, shaking his head in the sudden quiet.

“That’s right. They’re listening to you holler. So fucking hot.” Goose bumps peppered Zach’s skin when he thought about some of them listening in.

Zach returned to fondling Jason’s stiffness with light touches and alternated by using his fingernails. The slick oozed out in wire-thin ribbons, and Zach caught it, using it as lube as he stroked Jason. They found a pattern that worked for both of them: Enough for Jason because he traded his babbling for moans of pleasure, and enough for Zach to keep up the sexual torment. He needed to be careful with his strokes and touches, because it wouldn’t take much at this point to get Jason off.

When Zach felt Jason’s dick swell thickly, he stopped and stepped away. Jason tried to kick him and mewled like a kitten, his head shaking back and forth, making the chains rattle. If Jason were loose, Zach wondered if he would come after him and beat the crap out of him, and he was glad that he had him cuffed to the bar. His own dick was throbbing so hard it wouldn’t take much for him to be shooting his load too. Jason tried to thrash, but Zach caught him by the waist to hold him still. Cries of frustration escaped his lips.

Zach licked his hand and pulled on Jason’s testicles, rolling them around between his fingers. “So full... so heavy, Jason. Can you feel how heavy they are?” Zach never let up as he murmured and whispered, rolling the balls between his fingers. Jason clawed frantically at the air while Zach built his need up even higher.

“You want me to get you off? Bet you’d like that, wouldn’t you? Bet you want to feel that hot sweet throb of pleasure as your balls start to unload—”

“For the love of God, Zach, please, please, please, let me go.”

And he did. Zach let go and Jason just about cried.

“Not what you meant, I bet,” Zach said. “You want me to let you go... as in come. Not like this?” Plastered against Jason, he reached around for Jason’s balls and squeezed, Jason’s pleas becoming more frantic.

Zach took mercy on him. He brought his hand back and gave Jason three sharp pulls as he drawled, “Come for me, baby. Come.” On the last upward stroke, Jason shot hard, his whole body thrown into the orgasm, convulsing with the power and magnitude of it. Zach didn’t think there was anything more beautiful to him than to feel and be with Jason as he rode out his pleasure. He stroked him a few times more and whispered roughly into Jason’s ear. “Wish you could stay hard for me, ’cause I’m not done yet.”

Zach applied pressure to his spent dick, and Jason gasped, his breaths coming in short pants. “Zach.... Can’t take any more touching. Please let go.”

“Stay hard if you can. I want you so bad.”

Zach undid his jeans the rest of the way, kicked them off, and pulled at his aching length. He positioned Jason so he could thrust along the crack. “God... fuck... Jason. I got to be in you. You got me right on the edge. Had me about coming, watching you like that.” Zach bit his tongue and then rasped, “Holy Christ. Spread your legs wide so I can get

in.” Zach squeezed his eyes shut and then opened them. “Arch your back and stick out your ass so I can get to you.”

As Jason did as he was asked, he said, “Fuck me... want you in me....”

Zach just about came right then and there. Hearing Jason say that out loud, something else he’d missed hearing all these months... these were the sweetest words. He looked around urgently for some lube, like it would miraculously appear out of thin air, and he spotted a small bottle on a table. He took the few steps he needed and snatched it up, popping the top so he could coat his fingers and then himself. Squeezing out some more and striding back, he smeared some on Jason’s crack and hole. Jason was semi-hard, and Zach had to have a taste of that cock before he got to fucking, so he dropped to his knees and turned Jason for better access, the rattling of the chains making his mouth water.

Jason cried out as if he were coming again when Zach swallowed him whole. It been so long since he’d heard his man’s cries of pleasure. Zach knew he wasn’t coming, but that didn’t stop him from sucking him for a few minutes, savoring the salty, bitter taste that lingered at the tip, stroked the rubbery, spent dick. Jason moaned again, his hips trusting forward into Zach’s mouth. Zach’s brain turned off; he was on a mission. He got to his feet and positioned himself behind Jason. This was going to be rough—he was that far gone. He rubbed his tip in the lube he’d placed on Jason’s hole and thrust as Jason pushed back. He was in.

“So fucking hot. Christ... ah... you feel so fucking good.” Zach paused a moment and looked down at where he was

joined to Jason. “So tight. So fucking hot. God, I wish you could see how damned awesome you look with my dick so far up inside you.”

Biting down hard again on Jason’s shoulder, Zach pushed himself in deeper. He was in full rut now as he held tight to Jason’s hips; he thrust hard time and again. Jason moaned loudly, and Zach felt the sparks surge up his cock as he rocked harder, gripping Jason’s hips tightly. Zach was nearing the end, so he hooked an arm around Jason’s waist and hauled him in closer. He gripped Jason’s cock. “Mine. This’s mine. Always.”

“Only yours, Zach, no one else’s but yours,” Jason sobbed.

Zach sucked the flesh at the base of Jason’s neck when his orgasm rolled through him. He hung onto Jason for dear life, his hips pumping hard and erratically. He pushed in so deep he swore he could feel Jason’s heart beating against his prick as he emptied everything he had in his balls in white-hot jets of the most amazing feeling he’d ever had. He poured all that into his man. So long... such a long, long time since he’d been able to come like this. A small sob of his own escaped from him, and this time he let tears fall, wetting Jason’s shoulder. He reached up and undid the cuffs, and he then wrapped his arms around Jason as they sank to the cool floor, turning so they were in each other’s arms.

It took several moments for Zach to catch his breath and rein in his tears. He still clutched Jason tightly, who was breathing hard himself, and he felt the splash of a tear on his arm from Jason.

“You okay?” Zach wheezed, his face crammed against the side of Jason’s neck.

“Damn near killed me, you fool. Wasn’t sure how much more I could take, the way you were playing with me like that. I don’t think my dick has ever been that hard before,” Jason grouched. “You’re the devil, Zach. Ain’t never gonna let you do me like that again.”

“You loved it,” Zach said with certainty as his heart rate slowly returned to normal.

“Never gonna let you tease me like that again. Damn near went out of my mind.”

“Came hard.”

“Shit. I think my brains came out of me.”

Zach chuckled and then kissed his shoulder. “Let’s get cleaned up and wipe up your mess.”

Jason blushed and looked anxiously around the room.

“What’s the matter, baby?” Zach asked, standing as he pulled Jason up with him. He reached for his pants as well as Jason’s, handing them over to him. He slid his own on.

“Forgot where we were.”

Zach looked out past the drape, but no one was paying them any attention that he could see. “I did a good job then. Told ya. Think maybe we need to try some other things the next time we come back here?”

“One time was enough for me.”

“Whatever you say,” Zach said with a grin, “but I think I’m going to learn how to tie those knots and hang you from

that beam over there. Just like the guy we first saw when we came in here.” Zach turned to watch for a moment and then brought his attention back to Jason.

“Yeah, well....”

“God, I had you going. Hollering and cussing.” He wiped down the wall as he teased Jason.

“Zach, you’re embarrassing me.”

“You’re cute when you get all flustered.” Satisfied that everything was clean again, Zach went back to Jason and ran his fingers over the flush that covered his cheeks. “I’m not ready to go home yet. Need some quiet time with you after that. You want to go lay down for a while?”

“Yeah, sure. Sounds good, bud. I need it too.”

“Do up your pants.”

Jason pulled his jeans into place and picked up their shirts, shoes, and belts. They walked past the men by the beam and got a thumbs-up from the man who’d been watching them. Zach shrugged and headed to the private rooms in the back.

“What was that about?” Jason asked, looking back to the guy.

“He watched us the whole time.”

“He what?” Jason asked, shocked.

Zach gave Jason a wicked grin. “Guess he liked what he saw. Rubbed himself the whole time. Don’t know if he came or not.”

“God, Zach! He watched us? All the way to the end?”

“It was hot.”

“Fucking shit,” Jason said, wonder in his voice this time.

“What do you think about that?” They were standing outside one of the private rooms, and Zach had eyes only for Jason.

The room was tiny, with a bed and a small nightstand. Zach held back and let Jason enter first, and then he closed the door behind them, locking it. “Come here,” Zach whispered.

Jason stepped to him, and Zach kissed him, slowly and sweetly for several long, stretched-out moments.

Pulling out of the kiss, he asked, “What do think about being watched?”

“Uh, I’m not sure. I’m glad I didn’t know he was watching us the whole time, just at the beginning, otherwise I don’t think I could have been hard, or stayed hard.”

“Or maybe you would have been harder.”

Jason smirked. “Maybe.”

Zach tugged Jason down to the bed so they were sitting. “You want to watch next time we come back?”

Jason turned beet red.

“Nothing wrong with watching,” Zach said. “We can learn some, see how things are done. Maybe talk to a few of those guys, get some tips and pointers.”

“Hmm, maybe. But can we talk about it some other time? I want you to hold me like you used to do.”

At least Jason wasn't closing the door on this experience. But Jason had a good idea. He wanted to cuddle, too, and he wanted to lay with his man who'd made him so happy this night. "Same here. I've been waiting a long time for this to happen for us."

Jason pulled him down so they were lying nose to nose. "I'm sorry for how I've been. The accident... it took a lot out of me."

Zach could see tears in his eyes. "You cry if you have to."

Jason sniffed and then looked Zach in the eye. "No. No crying. Done way too much of that. Been feeling sorry for myself a long time, and I never once thought about how this whole ordeal was affecting you."

"It's been real hard for me, sweetie. You have no idea." Zach was quiet for a little while. "I have to tell you something."

"What?"

"Don't be mad at me."

"What? Tell me. I want to know. We need to start talking again."

"Yeah, we do. I... I went and saw some of our friends, talked to them about us."

"You what?" Jason asked. Then, sounding resigned, he added, "I'm not surprised."

"Shhhh. They didn't think anything of it and were happy to try and help." Zach threw his arm over Jason's waist so they were closer yet and whispered, "I just didn't know what

to do anymore, Jason. Every day you were getting farther and farther away from me. You hid from me, you wouldn't let me touch you...." He gulped back the well of emotion that was threatening to burst out of him.

"I'm so sorry for putting you through that, Zach. So, so sorry."

"No more. Don't push me away anymore."

He captured Jason's mouth and kissed him. Zach wanted this to be just a simple kiss, a let's-start-new kiss, but it never really was that way with them. The kiss became deeper and was all about them, together, for always. Zach felt himself harden and was surprised that he was able to; he wanted to go another round.

Jason was hard again, too, and he kissed Zach back with fury and passion. It had to be the place and the emotional state they were in making them act like teenagers, raring to go once again. He couldn't remember the last time he'd been this worked up. They undressed completely, and Zach let himself be turned by Jason so that he was lying on his side facing the wall, with Jason spooning him from behind, hot and needy.

"I ought to do to you what you did to me out there," Jason whispered into his ear.

Zach whimpered as Jason sucked up a bruise like the one he'd left on Jason's shoulder.

"Ought to torture the living shit out of you, but I won't."

"We don't have enough time, anyway," Zach panted out when Jason nudged his hole.

“Look in that drawer and see if there’s any lube.”

Zach did and came up with a tube. He passed it to Jason, who popped the cap, slicked himself up well, and then prepped Zach. Zach gripped the sheets tightly between his fingers as he raised his leg to give Jason some room. Jason slid into him easily. This had to be one of best feelings ever, to have his man deep inside him. This was one of those times when Zach didn’t mind bottoming. He wanted to say thank you to Jason this way, for making the choice to believe in them again, for choosing to get them through this nightmare they’d lived in for these last months. He wanted to thank Jason for other things—for sticking with him even without the sex, for trusting him enough to give up his own power during the scene they’d just played out, and finally, for loving him.

Jason rocked into him with no urgency. Zach knew Jason was finally making love to him. He’d missed this so much. As Jason pumped inside him, he reached for Jason’s hand and, together, they stroked him just the way he liked. When it got to be too much, Zach cried out as he came. “I love you, Jason, oh God... uhhh... love you so much!”

As Zach voiced his love, Jason came inside him, shuddering and quaking. No words between them were necessary. Exhausted, Zach fell into a blissful sleep with Jason snuggled around him.

He was dreaming when Jason shook his shoulder. An announcement was being made that it was time to wrap it up. Yawning, he rolled over, and Jason kissed him with his soul.

“I... I think I might want to do this again,” Jason said with meaning.

His Jason, the love of his love, was back with him again. They’d made it over the hurdle, using this place to help Jason with his fears. Zach smiled into his partner’s eyes and touched his cheek. “I’ll do it for you.”

ANNE DUDLEY has always had a dream of writing and having her work published. What got her dream off the ground was meeting two men who tried to make their love work despite all odds. The love between them lit a fire in her and prompted her to pursue her dream of writing so she could capture the beauty of two men together. To her, there is nothing more beautiful than two men in love and watching two men express that love, physically and emotionally.

Anne lives in Texas and works in the medical field. Her favorite form of relaxation is going on cruises and then heading off to Glacier Park, Montana, to stare at the mountains. Preferably with a glass of red wine in hand. Good food, good company, and a Friday night reading and writing about men are the best ways to start the weekend. There's nothing better than typing away on a new story with twenty pounds of purring orange cat in your lap.

Visit Anne's blog at http://anne_dudley.livejournal.com.



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