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# MASKED

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Masked

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The man was back again tonight. For the last five weekends, since Abyss' Halloween House opened, he'd been there, watching from behind the black mask. What Thor couldn't figure out, was why. Why did the man stand there, his eyes following every move Thor made? The man didn't leave, didn't go to the bar for a drink, didn't go upstairs, he simply stood outside the ropes of Thor's flogging station and watched.

Thor looked around the downstairs, or at least as far as he could see from his station. He hated Halloween parties. And that's what the whole month of weekends had been. One big Halloween party. Lifestylers, kinksters, and goths of all kinds flocked to the two-century old three-story house on the outskirts of town that one of the partners in Abyss had bought, gutted and renovated to be the perfect kinky playground. It was opened up each year for the month of October. During the week it was a haunted house, on the weekends it was where the Abyss clientele gathered to indulge in their deviances and play.

Three flogging stations, the violet wand and fire play station, and one of the bars all occupied the first floor. This is where Thor's station was. His St. Andrew's cross and other equipment was set up in what used to be the parlor. The second floor had at one time held four bedrooms, but now it housed only three separate rooms. To the right of the staircase, were the massage station in one room and the second bar in another. To the left, was what used to be the other two rooms that were now converted into one and was available for dancing. The third floor was where the private rooms were, three of them. Once upon a time, the upper floor had been attic storage, but the renovations had included turning the one large space into three small, well equipped and functional rooms.

Thor loved the house and wished that Abyss could move there permanently, but the partners owned a warehouse in a quaint, artsy section of town that worked very well for the needs of the club's members.

He turned to Mick, the other dominant that shared the room with him. They helped one another set up and take down, cuff people to the crosses and allowed each of them time to take a break when needed. "Do you have anyone left on the list?"

Mick looked down at the sign-up sheet and shook his head. "No, I think we're done. Seems to be an early one tonight."

Thor was glad of that actually. He would be able to get home before three and into bed before dawn. Truth was, he'd been dragging the last couple of weeks and his day job as a construction worker was suffering. If he had the time, he could sleep for a week and probably still not catch up.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the masked man shift from one foot to the other. The man wanted something, Thor just couldn't figure out what. There was something about the man that seemed familiar, but for the life of him, Thor couldn't figure out what it was. He couldn't see the man's face save for his clean shaven jaw and the two gold hoops through his earlobes. The eye cut-outs framed thick, dark lashes, but the low light of the room kept Thor from being able to tell what color his eyes were.

He was as tall as Thor and not quite as broad, but he looked solid enough, his arms well defined in the short sleeves of his t-shirt. Straight, dark hair brushed the nape of his neck. He was exactly the type of man Thor liked. Which was odd, even for him. Thor very, very rarely ever indulged his preference for men. Oh, he liked women well enough, dated them, loved fucking them, but his preference was and always had been men. He wanted a male lover, but he'd kept that a secret unto himself. However, this man in the mask, turned him on, made him hard inside the leather pants he wore, and Thor cursed.

He packed up his floggers and paddles in his bag, cleaned up the table and wiped down the cross one last time. He would likely leave it until later in the week before he needed to show up to the warehouse again.

When he couldn't put it off any longer, Thor crossed over the rope and walked over to the man. The look that passed between them was one of hunger and lust. It hit Thor straight between the eyes and the force of it shocked him.

"Do I know you?" Thor hoped his voice didn't give his sudden surprise and arousal away.

"Yes."

"I can't seem to place you with the mask on. Take it off?" Along with every piece of clothing you have on.

"No. I'm ready for that yet."

The next question simply begged to be asked and Thor couldn't resist the lure of what the answer might be. "What are you ready for?"

A slow, sensual smile formed on the man's lips. Thor could come just from looking at those lips and that smile. The man was every sexual fantasy Thor had about men and the mystery surrounding his identity only made him more so.

"A spanking."

"Oh?"

"I've watched you give floggings to everyone that has come to you. I want something different, something more..."

"Go on."

The man's eyes lowered for a moment before he looked back up at Thor. Something had changed in that brief second of time. The mystery man was tying Thor into all kinds of knots.

"I want you to take me upstairs to the private rooms and spank me."

"I doubt any rooms would be available. They are reserved rather early in the month."

"I reserved one on the first weekend for tonight. Please say yes."

Shit. What dominant could resist their heart's desire saying please? And right then, right there, the man wearing the black mask was just that. "Lead the way." There was no fucking way he was going to say no.

The man turned and Thor followed. Soon they were standing in front of the private room at the far end of the narrow hallway on the third floor. Before they walked in, Thor stopped the man by putting a hand on his arm.

The contact seared him in ways he couldn't explain and didn't want to think about. "What's your name? At least tell me that."

The man lowered his eyes and hesitated for a moment before answering. For that small interval of time, Thor expected him to deny the request.

"Bobby," he answered softly.

Thor nodded. "Thank you. You may open the door now." Nervousness swamped him in a way he'd not experienced since the first time he'd been with a man. Dominance came natural to him, his skills with floggers and whips had been honed to perfection under the tutelage of a friend and mentor, but this feeling of excited arousal was quickly growing out of control.

Bobby walked into the room and stood in the center of it while Thor looked him over from head to toe. He closed the door behind him and leaned back against it.

The black leather mask covered half of Bobby's face and his mouth held a sensuality that gripped Thor between his legs. As he'd noticed earlier downstairs, the man's build was very close to his own and the incredible familiarity about Bobby drove him nuts. Thor couldn't pinpoint where he knew him from, only that yes, he did know him.

"You want a spanking?"

"Yes."

“Bare assed?” Thor began stalking toward him.

“Yes.”

“Bare handed?” The duffle dropped on the end of a small bed, the headboard of which sat against one wall. On one side of the bed was a spanking bench, dark walnut wood and padded red leather arm and knee rests. On the other side of the bed was a chest of drawers. Toys, plugs, lube, cuffs, collars and a variety of other fun and torturous implements were housed there. When the rooms were designed, they were created to be sound proof and Thor had yet to test that out. Perhaps tonight he would.

“Yes.”

“Hmmm. What about a paddle? Say, one like the mine from downstairs. Long, thick polished wood with holes in different places. Would you like that?”

Red tinted what Thor could see of Bobby's cheeks and his eyes widened. Was it fear? Thor stared into the dark eyes and realized that no, it wasn't fear. At least not the kind of fear that would keep Bobby from saying yes to the paddle. It was the kind of fear submissives felt when they might not get something they deeply desired, when the whim of the dominant might lead them in a completely different direction.

“Yes, but...”

Thor walked around him, let his gaze run over the man. What would his ass feel like clutching Thor's cock? What would his mouth feel like as Thor poured his seed down Bobby's throat? What would it feel like to take this man over and over again until both were so sated they couldn't walk, muchless remember their own names? What would it feel like to sleep with a man when he hadn't slept with one in so long he ached to think about it?

“But what Bobby?”

Bobby licked his lips and Thor wanted that tongue in his mouth, kissing him deeply. He wanted that tongue licking at his balls and the shaft of his dick. And as much as he liked women, the forbidden lust for a man held him enthralled, held his interest unlike anything he'd ever known. Only one woman had caught his eye in recent memory, but she was off-limits to him and in reality, he was fine with that. Especially in light of this, of Bobby.

He lifted his eyes and looked straight at Thor. “But I want to feel your hands on me.”

“Then strip. Everything off.” Thor backed away from Bobby and turned away from him as he undressed. He didn't trust himself at the moment. He wanted to rip Bobby's clothes off him,

wanted to push him down on the bed, and mount him. He hadn't said he wanted that though, only that he wanted a spanking from Thor.

At the door to the room, Thor flipped a light switch up that would turn on a small light in the hallway above the door letting others know the room was occupied. There was also a window in the door that he slid the covering from. Both the light and the viewing window were safety measures, however the window was also there for voyeurs. Everyone that used the rooms knew that others could peer in and look at anytime, but no one could walk in and join unless invited.

When he turned around, Bobby was naked, his cock hard and the crown, a very deep reddish purple. The length, nice. The width, impressive. He'd love to see that cock with a cock and ball device. He'd love to see that sexy mouth with a ball gag stretching the lips. He'd love to see the legs spread with a spreader bar, the wrists cuffed, a plug inserted deeply in that ass. All of this he'd love to see while flogging Bobby, making him tremble, moan, hunger.

For now though, he'd settle for what Bobby asked for...a bare hand to bare ass spanking. He'd try to keep his erection from breaking through his leather pants and Thor counted to ten in an effort to stop his mind from directing his hand to reach out and wrap his hand around Bobby's cock.

"Get on the bed, on your hands and knees." The order was followed without hesitation. Thor took his bag from the bed and put it on the floor. "Have you ever been spanked, Bobby?"

"Yes, but not by a man."

Thor shuddered in anticipation. He'd be the first man to touch Bobby. God. "Why now? Why me?" As he asked the questions, he lightly stroked one of his hands over Bobby's ass. The flesh trembled beneath his touch and with his other hand, Thor had to adjust his cock. He couldn't remember being so aroused.

Bobby looked over his shoulder and Thor saw smoky heat in his eyes, lust, desire. It had been a long time since he'd had a man under him, had a man's ass swallowing his cock and fucking back against him.

"I can't stop thinking about you. I watch you every time I come to Abyss. I can't help it. I want you."

Thor nodded. "I'm going to give you a safe word and a safe signal. Sometimes a word can't be heard, can't be uttered by the bottom, so I'm going to give you a signal as well. Mask is your word. Three slaps to the bed is your signal. Either one will cease the play. Do you understand?"

"Yes. Mask or three slaps to the bed. I understand."

Thor lifted his hand away from his cock and slammed it down on Bobby's left ass cheek. Bobby's back arched and he moaned as his eyes closed. He turned his head back around, facing forward and lowered it to the bed. Thor spanked Bobby's right ass cheek. The red heat showed up nicely on the one pale spot on the bottom's body. His legs were tan, his arms and back were tanned, but his ass, upper thighs and pelvic area were all pale. Bobby didn't sunbathe nude and something about that made Thor very happy. He wouldn't try to figure out why.

His hand made contact again, and again, and again until the spanking was a continuous pelting staccato echoing throughout the room. He stopped to wipe the sweat from his forehead and to re-tie his hair back into his normal ponytail after long strands had come loose to hang in his eyes.

The heat radiating from Bobby's ass made Thor want to groan. Instead, he leaned down and licked at the skin, feeling the heat against his tongue. He stood up and slowly began to massage Bobby's lower back, his hips, his reddened ass. Bobby relaxed under his touch and Thor smiled. This was something he did for all those that he played with, but it was different with this particular partner, more intimate, personal.

He lifted his hand and laid it hard against the lower edge of Bobby's behind, right in the middle of the two cheeks, down close to his balls, close enough that Bobby jerked, moaned and then pushed back, silently seeking more. Thor gave it. Another hard slap to the same place, and another and Bobby was begging.

"Please."

Thor laid his hand against Bobby's balls, lightly tapping them with the pads of his fingers. "Please what, Bobby?"

He groaned and tried to push himself further into Thor's hand.

"More. Don't...stop. I need more."

In his tone, Thor heard it. It was a need, but for something Thor didn't quite understand. "Why do you need more?"

"I want you. I shouldn't. For reasons... I shouldn't want you so much, but I do."

Thor spanked him again, twice on each cheek. "Why shouldn't you want me?"

"F...friends. And you're a man."

Bobby's ass got another spanking, harder this time until Thor's hand stung and Bobby's moan was long and drawn out. "We have friends in common?"



“Yes.”

Thor would let his brain ponder that one later, try to find the other puzzle pieces that fit. Right now he wanted to concentrate on the second part of Bobby’s statement. “Why is it wrong for you to want me because I’m a man?”

“The way I was raised. My parent’s voices in my head telling me it’s not right, not natural for a man to want another man.”

Thor’s palm was itching to slap Bobby’s ass again, harder and harder, but he couldn’t. Not right then when sudden anger infused him. Ignorance, intolerance. Thor hated it. People should be allowed to decide for themselves, grow up believing their own way. Sure, guidance was one thing, but telling others it was wrong to want or believe in something just because they themselves do not...that’s what was wrong.

“Turn around, Bobby.” Thor’s voice was tight, hunger threading through the anger as Bobby turned on his hands and knees, coming around to be at eye and mouth level with Thor’s zipper. With a gentle hand, Thor pet Bobby’s hair. “You wanted my hand spanking you. Do you also want my cock?”

“Yes.”

Again, an answer given without hesitation. Bobby might have been told he shouldn’t want a man, but deep down, Thor didn’t think the other man believed it. Or, at least he was fighting against it, trying to find out on his own what he believed for himself, what was right for him.

Thor unsnapped and unzipped his leathers and pushed them over his hips enough to get his cock out. “Take me.”

And, Bobby did, swallowing Thor’s cock whole in one smooth move. A man might not have ever spanked him, but Bobby had sucked a man before. Thor could tell by the way Bobby wrapped his tongue around the sensitive crest of Thor’s cock, the way he relaxed his throat when he pulled every inch of the cock into his mouth down to the base.

The tug, the pull, the draw all gave testament to Bobby’s experience, his eagerness to please, his pure pleasure in giving. Thor wondered if Bobby was merely a bottom into the play or if he was submissive and into the lifestyle. He wanted to ask, but really didn’t see the point at the moment. He didn’t know if they’d ever be together like this again.

Shit.

That thought made him pause. He didn’t want this to just be a one time encounter. He’d like to see the man again, preferably without the mask, but, he’d take him anyway he could get him.

He drifted a hand through Bobby's hair and fisted it in the dark strands. If he wanted, he could pull the mask away and reveal Bobby's identity, but he wouldn't. He would wait until Bobby was ready, if he ever was, for that.

The mouth working on him was hot, wet, and driving him toward an orgasm. Though truth be told, he'd been close to an orgasm for most of the last hour. He started thrusting between Bobby's lips, pushing farther and harder until it was more a fucking than a sucking. Bobby didn't complain, didn't whimper in protest, didn't try to beg off. No, he gave as good as Thor did, and he took all that Thor gave him.

When he was close, ready to empty his balls, he pulled all the way out. Bobby did protest then, trying to follow the cock that had been taken from him. Thor wrapped his hand around the shaft and stroked himself and Bobby watched, his eyes never straying from the sight in front of him.

"Do you want it, Bobby? Do you want my come?"

"Yes," the man groaned, all but whimpering.

"Say it."

Bobby licked his lips and a slight smile curved them. Thor nearly came then.

"I want your come. Please."

Fuck yeah. "Open your mouth."

Bobby complied, his tongue sliding out over his bottom teeth, his eyes still trained on the motion of Thor's hand masturbating his own cock. Harder and faster, Thor gripped himself, jacked his cock, felt his balls swell and pull up against his body. His gaze raked over the man kneeling on all fours before him. Yes, he wanted to see Bobby again and often. He hadn't wanted a man like this in so damn long, hadn't wanted to step outside the closet and claim a man as a submissive until now.

His semen spilled out over Bobby's tongue, coating it. Bobby closed his mouth and swallowed, then opened for more. And more he got until the cock was pushed inside his mouth and he closed his lips over it, sucking every drop from Thor until Thor thought his knees would buckle from the pleasure.

Bobby suckled softly, nursed on Thor's cock. When Thor stopped seeing stars and when the edge was not so close, he slipped from Bobby's sweet mouth.

"Thank you."

Thor looked down and lifted Bobby's face up. He bent then and kissed him, sliding his tongue inside, sucking at the passion that flared between them, drinking it in. The kiss wasn't hard and rough, it wasn't slow and gentle, it was a kiss though of need, of lust, of more. "Thank you, Bobby," Thor whispered before he stood up again and righted his pants.

Bobby smiled brightly and climbed off the bed. Thor noticed his cock, how rock hard it was, how it had to be painful as shit. When his eyes met Bobby's again, the smile was still there as he was pulling his t-shirt back on.

"Do you want to come, Bobby?"

The other man grinned even wider and shook his head. "No. I want this feeling, this need, this hunger to last me through the week. I want the feel of anticipation floating through me until I see you again."

Such honesty. "So, you want to?"

"Yes."

"Good. I do as well. Tell me, are you submissive?"

"I think so. I think I want more than to just play in a club, but I'm still trying to figure it all out."

"Will I find out who you are next weekend?" Bobby tilted his head to side with a curious expression on his face. Thor knew he should know who the man was, but for the life of him, he couldn't place him while he was wearing that damn mask.

"No. I am not ready yet."

Thor nodded, doing his best to hide that small bit of disappointment. At least he would see Bobby again, get to touch him again, feel him again. Eventually, there would be no masks between them, but until then, Thor would be patient, he would wait, he would help Bobby figure out where he wanted to go within the lifestyle.

He picked up his bag and waited for Bobby to finish getting dressed. He turned out the light in the hall and covered the viewing glass again. He might hate Halloween parties, but he couldn't deny that this one might have begun to change his mind. He didn't believe Bobby was a trick of fate, but rather a treat that Thor would delight in savoring.

## **About The Author**

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