



A Russian Bear - I

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A Russian Bear

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by CB Conwy

Chapter 1

It wasn't like he was in the habit of finding his subs in bars; Mischa really preferred to hunt at the club. There, the rules were straightforward. Doms were Doms and subs were for flogging, fucking, and bossing around. This was a nice, upscale hotel bar, and the only sub they'd ever heard about was probably the sandwich. He missed his leathers, too; far easier to look his part as a badass Dom in those.

He impatiently looked around to see if he could spot the boy. He tried half-heartedly to remember the name -- Tim something? That was another annoying thing; Mischa normally didn't bother with names. In his opinion, "boy" worked just fine. He never had more than one scene with a sub, and he had far more important things to do during that time than learning their names. Making them scream, mainly.

Toby had described this particular boy to Mischa, but "dark-haired, slender, sexy" fit a lot of guys. Toby might have said a few other things, too, but Mischa always concentrated on the important part -- the kinks.

However, Toby's description did fit a young guy sitting at a table in the corner. It had been a long time since Mischa had had a scene with anyone, and perhaps that was why the attractive, dark-haired man caught his eye as soon as he turned toward the corner. Or perhaps it was the young man's age; he was easily thirty years younger than the tired salesmen and conference participants in the bar.

Mischa watched him blatantly flirting with an older man who didn't seem the least bit responsive to the young guy's efforts. The chubby guy didn't exactly look the part of a master, but if there was one thing Mischa had learned during his years as a Dom, it was that they came in all shapes and sizes. Mischa frowned; if this was his date, it wasn't very smooth to hit on someone else when the boy really had a date with Mischa.

The guy looked up and caught his eyes. Oh. Definitely interest there.

The chubby man said something and got up. Dark-haired and sexy tried to hold him back, but the man just smiled apologetically and started to leave, going to the bar to pay their bill.

The boy looked after him with a despondent look on his face, and his eyes caught Mischa's again.

Mischa smiled. He was almost certain that this was his boy. His focus never wavered as he crossed the floor until he was standing next to the young man "Hi."

The boy hesitated, then he smiled. "Hello."

"Are you Tim?" Mischa really hoped that he had got the name right.

"Tom." The young man looked confused.

"Oh, sorry. I'm Mischa. Would you like a drink?" Again, not something he normally wasted his time with when he interviewed subs, but Toby had told him to go gently on this one.

"He's not used to the scene yet," Toby had said, "but his old Dom is a friend of mine and wants to make sure he's feeling at home in Boston."

So now Mischa's job was to make the young man feel at home, and he had every intention of doing so. His playroom could be downright cozy, in his opinion.

The boy hesitated, still looking a little insecure. Then he seemed to make up his mind. "Okay, but only a mineral water. I have papers to grade tomorrow."

Mischa nodded approvingly and got two mineral waters -- he never drank before a scene and didn't want his sub to, either -- and went back to the table in the corner.

"Are you a teacher?"

"Yes. Well, a TA, so I'm the lucky owner of a bunch of opinionated undergrads with opinionated midterm papers."

"That sounds -- challenging." Mischa smiled, drinking from his glass.

Tom shrugged. "It's a nice way to make a little extra, though, and it sharpens my skills."

For a moment, Mischa hesitated. Could this be the wrong guy? This boy wasn't exactly getting straight to the point. Then Tom leaned in, smiling conspiratorially. "Of course, I like to sharpen my skills here as well." He winked.

Mischa laughed. "Well, it's always good to be... diverse." He liked Tom; the boy was a nice contrast to the slutty subs

Mischa met sometimes. Okay, all the time, then. And he liked the boy's straightforwardness, too.

"So, what do you do for a living?" Tom inquired.

The boy really wasn't getting to the point. "I own my own business." Mischa decided to push things along a bit; even though small talk was nice, he by far preferred to spend his night in the playroom.

"So, tell me what you like. I can string you up and whip you 'til you scream, or you can get down on your knees and suck me off with your hands tied behind your back. I will fuck you, though."

He saw the incomprehension on Tom's face change to shocked surprise and knew that he had fucked up. Big time.

What the fuck? This guy thought he was some kind of slave boy?

Tom had been at the bar pretty early, meeting up with Robert. The man had really been letting himself go since Carl died.

Tom missed his uncle, too, but it was almost a year since the man passed away; Robert had to get back to the world of the living.

That had been Tom's mission this evening. There was a faculty party tonight, and Tom had charmed, begged, and chided Robert to go, ordering him to meet Tom here at the

hotel bar so that Robert was already out of the house and therefore at least dressed.

It was a hopeless battle, though, and Tom had been about to leave when the stranger had said hi. He knew he should have gone straight home, but the guy looked friendly enough, and he had a serious thing for kind eyes and just a little gray at the temples. And how the hell did the man know Tom's name?

The stranger had been flirting outrageously, and Tom had been flattered. So flattered that he was seriously considering breaking his rule about one-night stands. Okay, granted, he hadn't exactly been in any situations in which to uphold that rule in the first place, but anyway. Principles were principles.

And a little flirting had never hurt anyone.

Now he could feel his jaw drop to what was bound to be an unflatteringly low position. He snapped his mouth shut and put down his glass, hard.

"What the fuck makes you think I'm willing to be your slave boy?" Tom snarled now. Not polite, but he was angry. The man -- Mischa -- looked horrified.

"Oh God, I'm so sorry, I'm really sorry. You're not the guy I was supposed to meet, are you?"

"I don't fucking think so! But I thought you already knew who I am? And just how the hell do you know my name, by the way?"

Mischa looked more than a little flustered. "I don't, I mean, I'm bad with names, and I was going to meet someone here, Tim or something. And I thought... I mean, you said you liked to practice your skills, so I thought..."

"Not those skills!" The couple sitting at the table next to them looked up, and Tom lowered his voice. "I meant my flirting skills! Hell, I'm not even that experienced." He started to get up.

"No! I'm sorry, I'm really sorry. It's just that I saw you with that guy, and you're way out of his league, and you were flirting with him so openly and he turned you down, so I thought..." The poor guy was talking himself further and further into a corner. Tom would have found it hilarious if he wasn't still so offended.

He sat down again. "You thought my dead uncle's husband was some sort of slave master? Are you out of your mind?"

"Your dead...?" His would-be Dom blanched. "Oh, fuck. I'm so fucked."

Against his own will, Tom giggled. Mischa looked at him, puzzled. "Oh yeah, you're so fucked."

Mischa looked a bit relieved. Probably from not having his teeth knocked out yet. "I'm really sorry, I can't say that enough."

"Nope, you can't." Tom wasn't going to make it easier than necessary. Not even if the guy was so flustered that it was almost cute. In a rather predatory way, of course. And with those eyes and that hair... Tom tore himself away from his drooling. Being offended, now.

"If it's any consolation whatsoever, the description fit you perfectly. Young, dark-haired, and hot." Mischa gestured helplessly as if that said everything.

Hot. Huh.

"And so you assumed that I was your date? It didn't occur to you that your description fit a lot of people along with me? And that the name didn't?" Tom nodded to Robert as his uncle's widower left the bar. Probably to go home to an empty house. Again. Tom sighed inwardly. Well, one battle at a time. Right now, he was busy defending his virtue.

"I'm sorry! The description fit and you're really hot and I'm really horny..." Mischa's voice faltered, and he wouldn't meet Tom's eyes. "I guess I was thinking with my dick."

"I guess you were. And not very clearly."

Mischa snorted. "No, this is probably not its brightest moment." He took a sip of his water.

Tom smiled sympathetically. "Perhaps not." He took a sip, too.

The silence was getting a little awkward. Mischa most of all wanted to flee the place and try to save what little was left of his dignity. He almost didn't hear it when Tom spoke. "Tell me about him?"

"About who?" Mischa looked up, confused.

Tom blushed. "Tell me about the guy you... were supposed to meet. How do you do that kind of thing?" Tom sounded curious, and Mischa guessed that he at least owed the guy an explanation.

"Well, do what I just did, but make damn sure you have the right person in front of you." He made a self-deprecatory gesture and took hold of his coat; better get out of here before he made more of a fool out of himself than he already had.

"That's all it takes?"

Mischa stopped and watched Tom. The boy was casually playing with a napkin. To Mischa's astonishment, he realized that the victim of his blunder wasn't offended; Tom was... at least interested. Mischa sat back again, slowly assessing the young man in front of him.

"Well, as I told you, I had a date. A friend of mine asked me to hook up with a young guy who's new to the city and to the scene. I promised him to meet the boy here and, well, I suppose I didn't. Meet him, that is."

"I thought there were... places to meet when you have that kind of... interest?" Mischa had to work hard not to smile; Tom was trying so hard to not offend and still sate his curiosity.

"There are. There's a club I like to visit, and I have a playroom at home, too."

"And you take men there, and they get to be your slave?"

That was an interesting phrasing -- like it was something you obtained. Something you liked. Mischa shook himself inwardly. "Well, I don't really like the term 'slave.' They're submissives, and they allow me to do what I want to them."

Tom nodded slowly. "I guess I can see the attraction."

Now it was Mischa's turn to be curious. "How do you mean?"

Tom was blushing now. "Well, isn't the point that you're... obliged to do what your partner wants?" The boy tried to keep his cool, but his voice broke on the last word. Mischa thought it was really cute.

"That's a turn on for you? Surrendering power to your lover?" Tom nodded reluctantly. It was such a long time since Mischa had had someone new to this that he had forgotten the thrill of pushing and probing.

"Is it the submission that attracts you? The obedience?" Mischa asked, keeping his voice carefully neutral. No scaring the boy off.

Tom obviously tried hard to explain. Judging by the bulge in his pants, his brain couldn't get enough blood at the moment. "I guess so. If I go with you, then I have to do what you say." He looked horrified by what he'd just said.

Mischa nodded slowly. "I get it." He hesitated. "Is it something you'd want to explore?" He felt his nerves disappear, and he sat back, relaxed and very... ready.

This was going way faster than Tom had ever imagined. He had to clear his voice before any sound came out. "You mean, with you? Now?" Okay, maybe there was a hint of a squeak in his voice there. Maybe it was more than a hint.

Mischa nodded, looking self-assured. Sexy. "Yes. If you want to."

Tom felt as if he was balancing on an edge, wanting so much to take the step that would bring him into the unknown.

He nodded abruptly. "Yes."

Mischa smiled a slow smile. "Good. Then come with me." He got up, waiting for Tom.

Tom looked up at him, not getting his point.

"This is a hotel bar, remember? They have rooms upstairs."

Tom slowly got up. This was suddenly very real, and for a moment he was close to bolting. But there was no way around admitting to himself how excited he already was, so he followed Mischa, keeping close while the man got them a room.

In the lobby, Tom felt Mischa's hand slide around his back, guiding him in the right direction. It made Tom's breath hitch and his dick harden. Mischa smiled knowingly and got them into the elevator, never letting go of him. They were alone in there, and Tom felt Mischa's hand glide down and squeeze his ass. This time it was definitely a squeak.

Mischa laughed and gave Tom's butt a smack. Then the doors opened and Tom was led down a long hallway. Mischa only let go of him long enough to open the door, then followed Tom into the room.

It was a standard hotel room. Nice and clean and very anonymous. So this was where he would learn about submission. Even the thought made his cock leap.

Mischa stopped in front of Tom and looked at him, serious. "I know that this is your first time doing this, so I'm going to establish some ground rules." He sat down in the chair. Tom kept standing. The difference in power made him breathe faster.

"You're going to have a safeword and a slow word. Your safeword is 'red' and it stops everything, no questions asked. Your slow word is 'yellow' and it gives you a breather. It's like the traffic lights and should be easy to remember. That means that you can live out this experience and still get out of it if you get scared. Okay?"

"Isn't it easier if I just say no?" The whole safeword thing seemed a little... contrived to Tom.

Mischa smiled his slow smile again. "Oh, you might say no. A lot. But that isn't going to stop me; only your safeword is." He got serious. "This gives you the opportunity to yell anything you want at me and still know that if you say 'red' everything stops. We use it to make you feel safe, and it's important that you remember it. Okay?"

Tom nodded. It made sense.

"The other thing to clear up is what you want to do. You said that you weren't that experienced?"

Tom blushed furiously. Did they really have to do this?

Mischa answered his silent question. "Negotiations are the beginning of every scene, you know. Now answer me. How experienced are you?"

Fuck. He took a deep breath and decided to be honest. "I've messed around with a few guys, handjobs and some blowjobs."

"Giving or receiving?" Mischa seemed to be enjoying this.

"Both with the handjobs, receiving blowjobs." Could he get any more embarrassed?

Oh, yes, he could. "Anal sex?"

He shook his head.

"Why not?"

Tom ducked. "I... I tried it once, only with a finger, but it was too much. I couldn't do it."

"Do you want to?"

There was no way he could speak.

Mischa got up and grabbed Tom's chin in his hand.
"Answer me."

He managed to look up. "Yes!" He swallowed. "Yes, I'd like to."

"Tell me. In a complete sentence."

Did the man have no mercy? Tom steeled himself.

"I'd like you to fuck me." There, he'd said it.

"Good. Because I will. I'll also be in charge, and I might make it hurt if I feel like it, but nothing more than that. No toys, no whips." Mischa sat back on the bed. "Are you ready to begin?"

Wait, just like that? Mischa looked not-so-patiently at him. Apparently so. Tom took a deep breath. He had to say this.

"I. I might not be... good." He looked up, insecure. "I've never done it before."

Mischa stepped close again, caressing Tom's cheek. Tom closed his eyes and sighed, leaning into Mischa's hand.

"That's why we're doing it, baby. To teach you. Now, are you ready?"

His mind was racing. If he accepted, then this was it. He was going to be fucked, and he was going to do everything Mischa told him to do. In a split second, Tom thought he was going to come. Then he laughed at himself; if he could be this excited just thinking about it, then to hell with his worries. He was going to do it, and he was going to do it right. He straightened up and looked at Mischa.

"I'm ready. What would you like me to do?"

"Undress. Then I'll teach you how to give a proper blowjob, and afterward, I'll fuck your ass." God. The man wasn't making it easy for him, was he?

Tom had never felt so exposed in his life as when he started to undress himself. Mischa sat back on the bed, fully dressed, and watched him.

He didn't have any problems with his body, but Mischa's stare still made him a little self-conscious. He hesitated when he came to his briefs.

"I want them off, too." Mischa's voice was firm, self-assured. Tom's cock liked it.

He took a deep breath, took off his underwear, and turned around to face Mischa again. He refused to cover his dick.

"Nice." Mischa got up and let his hand slide appreciatively over Tom's chest and abs. Then he returned to the bed, leaning back on his hands.

"Now, come over here and get on your knees."

For a moment, Tom couldn't move. This was so hard. Mischa's eyes got softer.

"You're doing fine. Now, kneel in front of me."

He managed to make his legs work, took the three longest steps of his life, and sank to his knees in front of his... master. Even just thinking the word made a shudder go through Tom. He lifted his eyes.

"Very good. Very obedient." Mischa stroked his hair.
"Open my pants."

He reached for the button and then carefully lowered the zipper, getting the hard cock out through the slit in Mischa's boxers.

"Jesus!" Tom blushed. "Sorry! It's just... It's kind of big." Mischa didn't seem to take offense; there was an amused expression on his face.

"The balls, too." How could the man sound so normal in this situation? Tom did as he was told.

"Now, I want you to lick it and kiss it. Do what you feel like."

He took a deep breath to brace himself and got the scent of aroused man. Intrigued, he inched closer, sniffing again. He could hear Mischa's gentle laugh and blushed. Then he tentatively stuck out his tongue, getting his very first taste of dick.

His first thought was that it tasted nice. He let himself explore some more, leaning in to lick up and down the shaft, kissing it a bit.

"The head, too." Mischa had started breathing a little faster. At least Tom was doing something right.

He gingerly licked the head of the cock, catching the drop glistening in the slit. Mischa moaned, and that gave Tom the courage to take the entire cockhead into his mouth.

He let his tongue swirl around it, finding that spot underneath the head that was a serious sensitive spot for himself. It seemed to be for Mischa, too; the man jerked and grabbed Tom's hair.

Tom experimentally tried to go a bit lower. He couldn't take much before he gagged. Disappointed, he withdrew and looked up at Mischa.

"Breathe through your nose. You'll get used to it soon." Mischa gently pushed Tom's head back down. "Cover your teeth with your lips and use your tongue to make it good for me. Oh, yes, like that."

Encouraged, he tried again, going a little deeper. He gagged again, but this time Mischa held him down, only letting him up after a while, coughing and drooling.

"Shh, you're doing fine." Mischa stroked his cheek. "I wanted to show you that, even if it feels that way, it won't kill you. Just breathe and accept it, and you'll be fine."

Tom swallowed and nodded. He really wanted to be good at this. He took a deep breath and took the cock into his mouth again.

He worked his tongue around the underside of the dick, going up and down a bit and stroking the shaft with his hand. When Mischa forced Tom's head down to the point where he started to gag, this time he tried swallowing. It made it a little easier, at least for a while, and Mischa definitely liked it, if the groaning and the jerking hips were anything to go by. Tom withdrew again, coughing and catching his breath.

"So good, boy. You're so eager. Play with my balls, too."

He obeyed, thrilled with the praise and his own need to please. He sucked down the shaft again, bobbing his head up and down. He still gagged when he got down too far, but he stubbornly kept on, all the while gently playing with the big orbs in Mischa's sac.

There was no doubt that Mischa liked it. The man had both hands buried deeply in Tom's hair, moaning each time Tom's tongue hit the slit or Tom swallowed around his dick. Mischa's hips started moving, and soon he was fucking Tom's mouth.

Tom did his best to keep up, swallowing and gagging and rubbing the part of Mischa's dick that he couldn't get into his mouth. Mischa grabbed his hair again and forced himself all the way into Tom's throat, coming in long, jerking strokes. "Fuck yes, boy!" Mischa shouted, while Tom struggled to breathe. Finally, Mischa let him up, the last stream of come hitting Tom across his face.

Mischa grabbed Tom's face, pulled him up, and kissed him deeply. Tom surrendered, letting Mischa plunder his mouth. He had started to rub against the muscular leg under him when Mischa finally let him go.

"Oh, no, boy, you can't come yet." Tom was pushed back down on his knees. Suddenly, he felt extremely exposed, being naked next to a fully dressed man. Well, not entirely dressed. Mischa's semi-hard dick hung out of his pants, and the man looked very satisfied. Tom felt a pang of satisfaction and excitement going through him at the thought that he was responsible for this.

Mischa smiled knowingly, as if he could read Tom's mind. "You liked that, didn't you?" Tom blushed, but nodded. He had never been coy. And his very hard cock made it impossible to lie, anyway.

"You did well." Mischa leaned forward and kissed him again. "Still up for round two?"

Tom felt nervous and unbearably excited at the same time. "Fuck, yes."

Mischa laughed. "Good boy." He stood up, moving away the covers. "Get up here while I undress."

Tom got into the bed. At first he felt a little exposed, being there alone and naked. As soon as Mischa started undressing, though, he forgot it in favor of staring.

Mischa was even better looking naked than in his suit. He was kind of wide, but without much fat on him, and he had a presence that made it impossible for Tom to look away.

"Like what you see?" The satisfaction was barely hidden in Mischa's voice.

Tom could only nod. His dick hadn't once lost its hardness since their conversation in the bar.

Mischa walked toward the bed, his posture that of a predator ready to attack. Then the look on his face got softer, and he lay down next to Tom. "You really did do well." He gently stroked Tom's cheek. Tom closed his eyes, enjoying it. "We can stop now if you want -- I don't have to fuck you if you're scared."

Tom opened his eyes. "I am a little scared, but that only makes it hotter, you know -- knowing that I'm going to do it anyway. That you're going to fuck me no matter what. So yes, I still want it. A lot."

"You like this, don't you?" Tom thought he was going to drown in his embarrassment. Mischa just smirked.

Mischa bent over to get something from his pants. Lube and condoms. "I'll open you up and use lots of lube to ensure that you won't be harmed, but I do want you to feel me taking you. It will hurt, but you can scream or cry if you need it, okay?" Tom nodded. "And if you're worrying about the noise, then don't. I asked to get a room with no neighbors. I like to watch TV at night, you know." Mischa sniggered.

Tom didn't know what scared him most -- Mischa's words or the way they excited him. Mischa seemed to know, and the man took Tom's head between his hands and kissed him.

"From now on, everything is okay. Don't hide your reactions. I want to hear you, even if you don't think you can take it or you hate me for doing it to you. I'll make you anyway." He kissed Tom again. "And I'll take you through it."

Tom groaned and leaned into the kiss again. This was almost too much. For the first time, Mischa reached down and grabbed his cock.

"Oh, yes, you like this." Mischa kissed him again, stroking his cock slowly. Tom whimpered and tried to move faster,

to get more friction. It only made Mischa let go of him entirely, and he moaned in frustration.

"Now, we can't have you coming too soon, can we?" Tom really thought they could. No problem. Mischa laughed at him, clearly reading his mind. "I decide when. And that will be when I'm inside you, fucking you hard."

Tom moaned out loud, reaching for Mischa. "If you keep talking like this, you're going to make me come."

"You can't come until I tell you to."

"Fuck." Tom stared, but didn't protest. Mischa didn't sound like a man who would like to be contradicted, and Tom nodded. "Okay."

"Good boy. Now, let us get started."

Tom had to take a deep breath. Suddenly, the nerves threatened to overwhelm him. Like before, Mischa seemed to read his mind.

"It's okay, you'll be fine. Don't worry."

Easy for Mischa to say after the speech he made before. But Tom let himself be rolled onto his back, Mischa leaning in to kiss him. The soft kiss eased Tom a bit, made him remember why he was here. To be fucked. Suddenly he felt the excitement come back.

Mischa smiled that crooked smile again and reached for the lube, bending over Tom's chest to nuzzle his nipples at the same time. Tom shouted, back arched with the feeling.

Mischa sucked and nibbled, and Tom was going to explode if he didn't get off soon.

Looking like the cat that got the cream, Mischa didn't try to hide his smile. "Looks like you have a lot of potential to explore here another time." Tom was panting, unable to say anything coherent. Mischa gave Tom a quick kiss, and then he lubed up his fingers while Tom watched.

With a feeling of going beyond the point of no return, Tom lifted his leg and let it fall to the side to give Mischa access to his ass.

"The other leg, too, baby." Feeling so exposed, Tom spread his legs even more. Mischa took a pillow and placed it under Tom's ass, making him feel really vulnerable. He smiled nervously, trying to exude confidence. Mischa frowned and kissed him.

"Remember, I want to see you. Don't hide any reactions, you hear me?"

Tom nodded. "Sorry. I'm nervous."

"That's all right. Knowing that I make you feel that way makes it better for me. So no hiding."

"I won't. I just... ahh!" Mischa's fingers touched Tom's asshole, making him clench involuntarily. Ignoring Tom's protest, Mischa rubbed his fingers over Tom's hole, and Tom automatically squeezed tightly around Mischa's hand.

"Oh! I... Ah." One of Mischa's fingers pushed in a bit on their way past Tom's hole. He tried to get away from the strange feeling, pressing his hips down. There was no

escape from the exploring fingers, and Mischa kept rubbing and stroking, adding more lube. The wetness felt strange and a little nasty on his ass.

On Mischa's next stroke, he pushed his finger into Tom's ass. The invasion was too much, too strange. "Ahh! No. No, please, it's... Oh!" Tom grasped the sheet with both hands. Mischa was relentless, though, pushing his finger in deeper where it felt so strange. "Fuck! Can't do this. Mischa, I really can't." There was no way.

Mischa gently kissed Tom, starting to move his finger in and out. Tom grasped his shoulder, gasping into the kiss. There was no way. But Mischa still did it, and when he ended the kiss, Tom was panting and staring, but not panicking.

"So well done, Tom." Mischa praised him, all the time moving that finger in and out of Tom, beginning to stretch him. Tom writhed, but let it happen, accepted the feelings it gave him. He was rewarded with a fierce kiss, Mischa's lips and tongue almost making him forget the feeling in his ass.

It was impossible to ignore the feeling when he got a second finger, though. The burn was deep and searing, and he made a sound halfway between a groan and a roar. "Mischa!" Tom grabbed Mischa with his other hand, too, clinging to the man and riding the burn, panting with it. Mischa started finger-fucking Tom right away. The movement made Tom grunt and then whimper.

"Oh, yes, you feel it now, don't you?" Mischa looked down at him, triumphant and excited. Tom was far beyond words and only concentrated on getting enough air to make the sounds that he had to make to get through this. His ass ring

contracted in a spasm, desperately trying to cope with the intrusion. Mischa moaned.

"Fuck, even with my fingers, this feels so good. Your ass is going to feel even better around my cock." Mischa scissored his fingers and made Tom yell with the burn. "Oh, yes, soon." The stretching went on and on, and Tom found himself riding it to get more, not to avoid it.

Mischa withdrew his fingers and moved away, forcing Tom to let go of him. "No! Don't. Don't stop now." Tom knew he was begging, but he couldn't stop himself.

Mischa laughed, a little breathlessly. "Oh, I'm not going to stop. You'll get my dick next." He opened the small package and rolled on the condom. "I could give you three fingers first, but I'd rather stretch you with my cock." He slathered the lube all over it. "Would you like to get it now?"

"Fuck, yes! Please, Mischa, fuck me. Now, please!" If he had to wait much longer, Tom was going to lose his mind.

"Spread your legs for me." The command made him squeak in embarrassment, but he opened himself up for Mischa. For Mischa's cock to fuck him. Mischa pushed in between Tom's legs, teasingly rubbing himself up and down Tom's crack. Tom groaned and closed his eyes, just floating with the sensations.

"No, look at me." Tom opened his eyes. "I'm going to take you now." Mischa kissed him. "You're going to take my dick, and it will be difficult for you, but I'll make you do it." Tom whimpered into the next kiss. "It's okay for you to

scream, but from now on, I won't stop. Remember, I'm in charge."

Tom desperately grabbed Mischa's shoulders again, holding on and trying to make Mischa take him. "Please, please, now, please do it." His begging was a litany.

"Yes. Now." Mischa grabbed Tom's hair with one hand, holding him down, and Tom felt Mischa's dick at his entrance. Then Mischa thrust.

The shout was pushed out of Tom as the cock breached him, the pain deep and searing. It made his eyes water, and he only stopped shouting long enough to get enough air to do it again. Then Mischa pushed unbearably far, opening Tom wider than he could take. He screamed and clawed at Mischa's back, at the unmoving hips, trying to make Mischa withdraw, make this stop.

"Ahh! Please, no! Please, no, no more." He was almost sobbing, the pain spreading from his ass and burning through the lower part of his body. Mischa didn't move, still holding Tom's head down, and kissed him. Tom's frantic pleas were drowned by the kiss, but bubbled up as soon as Mischa let him go. "Please, Mischa! I can't do this, you're too big, I can't..."

"Shh. You're doing fine. Now, take a deep breath."

Tom shook his head. There was no way, no way he could...

"Listen!" The grip around his chin was hard. "Listen to me. Take a deep breath and let it out." He tried. Mischa put a hand on his stomach. "Down deep. Try again. Deep breath, hold it, and then let it out."

Tom did a little better this time, and it made his ass relax a bit. He did it again, and again, the feeling almost bearable now. He panted and looked into Mischa's eyes.

Mischa smiled and kissed him. Then the man withdrew and pushed back in. Tom yelled, his back arching and everything going tight with need. Just like that, the pain had been pushed into the background by the pleasure. The burn was still there, so bright that Tom could only pant around it.

"Yes!" Mischa's voice was triumphant, and he drove himself a little deeper this time, taking Tom's breath away.

Mischa started moving, making the burn flare and Tom whimper. The man thrust a little bit deeper every time, making Tom grunt when the cock inside him went too deep, making it hurt. Then Mischa ground into something inside Tom, causing him to shout. Mischa set up a steady movement, hitting the sensitive spot every time and making Tom cry out from the pleasure. Tom suddenly realized how hard Mischa was making him.

All of a sudden, Mischa held still, looking into Tom's eyes. "I'm far in you, but I still have two inches to go." He dug a bit deeper, making Tom groan. "Taking the last of me will hurt. Probably a lot." He looked searchingly into Tom's eyes. "The choice is yours. Do you want to take me? I know you can -- or, rather, that I can make you."

Tom was panting. This was an impossible choice. It had hurt so much already. But there was no way he could leave here without taking all he was offered. The answer came easily.

"Please, take me. Make me scream."

Mischa's eyes glinted, and he moaned. "Good boy. Now, breathe deeply. Hold it, and let it out."

Tom did as he was told, and, on his second exhalation, Mischa grabbed his shoulders and pushed all the way into him.

At first, Tom couldn't even get a sound out. Then he screamed, and screamed, and screamed. Mischa began to fuck him, all the way into the deep pain every time. The Dom ground into Tom's prostate every time, too, and had started stroking his cock.

Tom had never been in this much pain or pleasure before, and he couldn't tell the two apart. With a last scream, he came, his back bending and his ass clenching tightly around Mischa. Mischa roared and thrust into him, jerking and crying out. He held on to Mischa, whimpers turning into sobs. Mischa held him tightly, gently kissing him while he cried, crooning soothing noises to him.

When Tom had cried himself out, Mischa carefully moved inside him, bumping his prostate again. The feeling zinged through him, way too much to endure. He protested feebly. Mischa smiled and withdrew. Tom whimpered at the emptiness. Then he saw that Mischa was rolling on another condom, the man's cock never having gone soft.

"No! Mischa, there's no way I can--" Mischa silenced him with a kiss, gently pushing into him again. He had to moan at the feeling, couldn't be quiet. It was so... right. He was sore and aching and he had to have this.

Mischa held Tom's head, making Tom look at him. "You've had me once, and I gave you a lot of pain. Now I'm going to give you only pleasure." Mischa started moving, and Tom, exhausted, couldn't do anything but accept it. He had to lie back and take it, every thrust, every grind against his prostate, every stroke to his dick. In the beginning, it was too much; then he sank into it, closing his eyes and floating on it.

Mischa fucked him with long, even strokes, and after a while Tom couldn't keep quiet anymore, didn't do anything to keep quiet. He was keening, babbling, singing, and when he came, it was an explosion of bright and quiet. He felt Mischa thrust into him with jerking hips, coming, and then there was only their breathing and the scent of sweat and sex.

They lay like that for an eternity until Mischa had to pull out. He got rid of the condom and came back with a warm cloth, gently washing Tom. Tom just lay back, letting Mischa take care of him. "Good boy," Mischa mumbled, patting Tom dry. Then he got into bed, letting Tom snuggle in and dragging the covers over them. Tom felt the man gently kiss his head. "Sleep now. You deserve it."

Tom was awakened by a hand caressing his hair. He sleepily opened his eyes, seeing Mischa smile down at him.

"Time to wake up, sleepyhead." He smiled back and leaned in for a kiss. A sharp stab of pain shot through his ass at the movement.

"Oh! Ow." He looked a little sheepishly at Mischa, who was laughing.

"Well, you're bound to be sore after last night. With any luck, you're going to feel it for days."

He moaned and kissed Mischa, suddenly as horny as he had been the night before. He wrapped his legs around Mischa and ground experimentally against the man's solid body. The ache zinged through Tom and made him gasp.

"Oh, fuck. I'm definitely not going to forget this any time soon." Mischa pushed Tom to his back and kept on kissing him. It was so good.

"Please, fuck me again." Yes, he was begging, and no, he didn't care.

Mischa laughed. "Oh, no, there's no way that ass of yours is going to be of any use today." Mischa kissed him again, ignoring his disappointment. "However, I do believe you could use a blowjob."

Tom meant the mixture of a groan and a moan as a "Hell, yes. Please!" and it seemed that Mischa spoke fluent Lust. At least, Mischa let his mouth wander down to Tom's nipples, where he started licking and sucking.

If Tom had any hope of being coherent, he lost it now, and with great pleasure. He had never known that his nipples could be this sensitive, and he moaned and sighed and tried to get more. And he got more; Mischa bit down on Tom's right nipple and held it between sharp teeth. The pain shot through Tom, and he shouted, trying to make Mischa let go.

"Ah ah." Mischa pushed down Tom's hands and kissed him on the mouth. "No pulling my hair. Do you like it?"

"It hurts like hell when you bite me!"

Mischa smirked. "That wasn't the question. Do you like it?"

Tom blushed furiously. "Fuck, yes, I like it."

Mischa looked way too pleased with himself. "Good. Then grab the sheets and take what I give you." He went back down and licked Tom's left nipple, making Tom sigh with the feeling. Then he clamped down his teeth. Tom yelled and clutched the sheets, the pain almost too much for him. Mischa let go and gently licked and nuzzled the poor abused nib. It was even more sensitive than before, and Tom couldn't keep quiet.

"Please! Yes, so good. Mischa, so good... Please, more." Mischa gave Tom a very self-satisfied grin, and, just like that, he bent and took Tom's cock in his mouth.

Tom cried out, feeling his dick going all the way into Mischa's throat. There was no way he could keep still, and he started fucking Mischa's mouth, going in deep.

Mischa took him, playing with Tom's balls and caressing Tom's thighs. Sucking furiously, Mischa let one finger stroke lightly over Tom's sore asshole, and that was all it took. Tom came, screaming as he pumped his seed into Mischa's mouth. When it was over, Tom lay on the bed, panting and sated.

Mischa got up and straddled Tom, stroking his own cock until he came with a shout, shooting long ropes of come over Tom's chest and stomach. Then Mischa collapsed next to him, gasping and reaching out to put an arm around Tom.

Tom just lay there, arms and legs limp and Mischa's come on his skin. Mischa reached down and rubbed it in. Tom's dick made a feeble attempt at rising again, and he laughed breathlessly.

"I don't think I can get it up anytime soon."

Mischa kissed him. "I hope not. Otherwise, I wouldn't have done my job very well." They kissed a bit more, and then Tom curled up close to Mischa, dozing.

After a little while, Tom opened his eyes. "I guess this is not exactly slave protocol?"

"What do you mean?" Mischa kissed him again.

"Spending the night, you giving me a blowjob."

"Well, as for the last, I think you have to please your master. And I like to give blowjobs." Mischa winked. "As for the scenes, they are as different as the people doing them." He got serious. "Are you okay with last night?"

Tom looked at him, uncomprehendingly.

"It's a long time since I've worked with an inexperienced sub, and I got a bit carried away. I know it hurt when I fucked you, and your first venture into BDSM didn't have to be quite that brutal."

Tom was astonished. "Brutal?" He sat up, looking at Mischa. "It did hurt, and there was a moment when I didn't think I could do it." He leaned in, stroking Mischa's cheek. "But that was the way I wanted it to be." He blushed but kept going. "I've been fantasizing about this for a long time, and last night was every bit as kinky as I had dreamed of. And good."

Mischa looked a little relieved. "So it was okay for you, too?"

"Fuck, no!" Mischa sat up, too, looking a little apprehensive. "It wasn't 'okay,' and you know it! You fucking blew my mind the first time you fucked me, and then you blew it again in a whole other way. It was way better than 'okay.'" He leaned over and gave Mischa a quick kiss. "And now I need a shower. Someone came all over me." He sauntered to the bathroom. As he turned to close the door, he got a glimpse of Mischa's face. The man looked unbearably smug.

Tom got dressed while Mischa sat in his robe on the bed, watching the boy and arguing with himself. When Tom was ready to leave, Mischa made his decision and got up, finding something in his wallet.

"This is my card. I'll write my personal email and number on the back." He put down the information, avoiding Tom's eyes. "If you want to do this again, then send me an email or call me. I don't want you to feel pressured in any way, but I'd love to make another appointment like this with

you." He looked up, anxious to see if Tom would take his card.

Tom did, and with a tender expression on his face, he stepped close, kissing Mischa softly. "I'll take it, and you will hear from me." He looked Mischa in the eyes. "Thank you for making my fantasy come true. I had a really, really good time." He turned to leave, and then hesitated.

"What is it?" Mischa asked.

Tom blushed. "It's just... Well, it's probably a stupid question, but... Was I okay?"

Mischa laughed out loud. "Hell, yes!"

Tom smiled. "Good. See you." He sauntered out of the room with the air of having just been happily fucked.

Chapter 2

It had been more than a week since he had met Tom at the hotel bar.

Mischa squirmed a bit; thinking back to that night inevitably made him very, very hard. Tom had been willing, compliant, and so excited to live out his fantasy. Mischa hadn't had anyone new to the scene for a decade, and it had been an amazing night. The memory of Tom with his head back in pleasure made Mischa's cock stir in the most inappropriate situations.

That memory was almost enough to drown out the little voice that kept pestering him with the fact that he had made a second appointment. He tried to squash it by telling himself that, first, it wasn't really a scene, and second, Tom had called him this time.

Mischa hadn't wanted to put any pressure on Tom by calling him. Hell, maybe Tom would be running away screaming once the boy realized what they had done. It hadn't been a real scene, but it was still far from vanilla. Maybe it had been too optimistic of Mischa to give Tom his number and email, but Mischa had still been fervently hoping to hear from the young man. And he had; Tom had emailed Mischa only a few days after their first encounter, asking him to meet up again.

And that was why Mischa was here at a cozy café on a late afternoon, reading the paper and waiting for his boy to arrive. They had an appointment, and that appointment meant going back to the hotel room to have sex. Kinky sex, if Mischa had anything to say about it -- which he, of course, did. That was kind of the whole point.

He had to cross his legs to cover the bulge in his pants. Maybe Tom was new to this, but seeing someone so lost in pleasure as Tom had been was still a turn on for Mischa. So much, in fact, that he couldn't help looking impatiently toward the entrance.

When Tom came through the door, Mischa barely recognized him. It wasn't just the warm jacket and the big scarf; he seemed different. Happy. Sexy. Very sexy.

Mischa wasn't the only one noticing that; while Tom scanned the room looking for Mischa, the blond waiter was eating Tom with his eyes. Mischa stood up and waved, catching the sour look on the waiter's face and grinning.

Tom lit up when he saw him. "Mischa! Hi." Tom went over to their table in the corner and gave Mischa a hug. "So good to see you again."

"Hi yourself. You look great."

Tom pinked but grinned. "I feel great." He started to untie his scarf and fight his way out of the jacket. Mischa smiled and liberated him from the last stubborn sleeve.

"Ready to let me fuck you again?"

Tom moaned and coughed and basically tried to swallow his tongue. Mischa rubbed his back, laughing. "I think my friend needs a glass of water," Mischa said to the waiter, who had arrived at their table. Tom was still out of breath when the blond got back, and he gratefully took the water, slurping it down in big gulps.

"Easy, now. We can't have you choking." Mischa hadn't meant for Tom to hear the added 'just yet,' but he wasn't sure he had succeeded.

"Wow. Please warn me next time you plan to say something like that." Tom finally put down the glass.

"Why, and take all the fun out of it? I think not." Mischa winked, and Tom laughed.

"Well, since I'm not exactly opposed to the idea, I shouldn't be moaning about it." Tom was blushing, but at the same time casually playing with his scarf so it now covered his crotch.

Mischa liked what he was seeing; their arrangement was apparently still a huge turn on for Tom.

"Oh, I'll try my best to make you moan." Talking dirty included.

Tom blushed and then made a visible attempt to regain control. "Do you have any plans for... tonight?" His fight to sound all calm and collected was very endearing in Mischa's opinion.

"I have plenty of plans. I thought that we could have an early dinner here first and then go to the hotel." He leaned over, ensuring that nobody could hear them. "Then I'll take what I want from you."

Tom moaned, gaze never leaving Mischa's face. Christ, the boy looked hot. For a moment Mischa thought about skipping this and going to the hotel straight away. Then he pulled himself together; he did like Tom and was curious to

hear how his sexy little TA had been since their last meeting.

Luckily, the waiter came back, strengthening his resolve. "I'll have the pasta, please, and water. What about you?" He looked at Tom, who seemed marginally more composed now. "The salad, please, with extra bacon. And I'll have water, too." The waiter, who had been smiling invitingly at a wholly oblivious Tom, sourly took their menus and left. Mischa chuckled.

"So, did your students survive their first papers? And, more importantly, did you?" Tom smiled and started telling Mischa about a first year student who had gotten Rauschenberg and Furstenberg mixed up. "The worst part was," Tom was giggling now, "that she went on and on about found objects and compared them to haute couture. Very strange. And unfortunately, very revealing of her mental attendance, since we covered Rauschenberg during the first week of my course and Furstenberg is to be found in a department store, not in the curriculum of any modern art course of mine."

Mischa cleared his voice. "Just to make it clear: Furstenberg is the dresses, right? And Rauschenberg is... not?" He wasn't ignorant; he did have an idea of what Tom was talking about. Okay, a very vague idea; Mischa had only ever bought one painting that really meant anything to him. The rest of the paintings in his home were merely decoration. They fit the color scheme nicely.

"Oh, sorry -- I always forget that not everybody is an art geek like me. And yes, she got a fashion designer and one of the greatest modern artists mixed up. Which is okay if you'd never heard about any of them before, but not so

okay if you have been following my class. At least it was one of the more entertaining papers."

Their food came, and they kept talking about what had happened since their last meeting. Tom had gotten a new roommate -- "who actually knows what shampoo is" -- which had completely removed the strange odor that had been lingering in his apartment for months now. Mischa shuddered and told Tom about a meeting earlier that day which had resulted in a new client.

"Congratulations! I must be good luck."

"Well, you were good, that's for sure." Mischa just loved the way he could make Tom blush. He got a little more serious.

"So, how have you been since our last appointment? It was pretty mind-blowing."

Tom smiled a slow smile. "I've been good. Really good." Mischa waited patiently. Tom put down his fork.

"I feel as if it... changed me a bit." Tom had a faraway look in his eyes now. "Of course, the first couple of days, my mind was still trying to recover from being blown to pieces. And so was my ass, for that matter." He blushed, but leaned over and continued. "I was so sore, and every time I moved it reminded me of what we had done. I was hard all the time."

Mischa swallowed.

"When I was in bed the first night, I put a finger in my ass while I was jacking off. I came so hard I saw stars."

Mischa struggled to keep his moan down.

"And it wasn't just the first couple of days. You know, I had my wildest fantasy come true because I risked doing it, admitting to you what I wanted and going with you to get it." Tom took a sip of his water. "That made me realize that I could get what I wanted in other ways, too. I got rid of my stinky roommate. Hell, I even had a one-night stand with a guy from my gym." Mischa would have thought that it would be impossible for the poor guy to blush any more, but no. "It may not sound like much, but I've always thought that I was way too plain to do anything like that."

"Was it good?" Mischa sounded a bit hoarser than he had intended.

"Oh, yes." Tom shifted the scarf to cover himself better.

"What did you do? Was it easier for you the second time?" Mischa had totally given up on the pretense of eating any more of his pasta.

"I fucked him." Even now, Tom seemed to marvel at that fact. "He said that I came across like a top. And hell, I wanted to try that, too." He winked. "And before you ask: yes, I made him scream, and no, I wasn't nearly as tough on him as you were on me."

The images in Mischa's head were enough to make him breathe harder. They were definitely going back to the hotel right away. However, he had to have one thing out of the way.

"Do you still want this? It will be easier for you this time, but I'll still fuck your ass. And I'll be in charge."

Tom was staring at Mischa. "Can we go now?" He blinked. "I mean, yes. Yes, I want to do this. I want it a lot."

Mischa nodded, waving at the waiter to pay. Then Mischa entertained himself watching Tom fight his way back into his coat, all the time placing his scarf strategically to hide what their conversation had done to him.

When Mischa had paid, Tom shot him a challenging look, waiting to see how he would get out of this without embarrassing himself. Mischa smirked, got up, turned around with his front toward the corner, and put on his long coat, which concealed his excitement entirely. Then he turned back. "See? I came prepared."

Tom burst out laughing and grabbed his arm, dragging him out of the café. Mischa shot the sulking waiter a triumphant look and followed. He was going to get laid.

They walked the two blocks back to his hotel -- the same as last time; no need to change a good thing -- and the staff was kind enough to give Mischa an end room with no neighbors due to his habit of watching TV at night. Or, well, performing other noisy activities, but no need to give out too much information.

On the way up to their room, Tom went quiet. Mischa placed his hand on the boy's back and heard the low gasp. He smiled to himself; there was no doubt that Tom was into

this. He kept his hand resting there possessively until they reached the room.

Mischa unlocked the door and put the key card on the table, then took off his heavy coat. He turned to Tom, who was standing in the middle of the room, still fully dressed. Nice. Mischa made sure that Tom saw him put the "Do Not Disturb" sign on the door, closing it and standing in front of Tom.

The bulge in Tom's pants was clear, and his breathing was fast.

"Good boy. Now, take off your clothes." He watched intently as Tom undressed in front of him. The boy's hands were shaking a little bit, but Mischa guessed that it was more from excitement than from nerves. His guess proved right. After stripping down, Tom turned around, revealing a hard cock with a touch of fluid in the slit. Too bad Mischa wasn't going to do anything about that yet.

"On your knees in front of me." Mischa kept standing in the middle of the room. Tom blushed, hesitating for a moment; it seemed that this was the hardest part for him. Then he got over it and lowered himself to his knees, looking up at Mischa.

For a moment Mischa only enjoyed the image of the naked boy in front of him, then he gave the next order. "Open my pants and take out my cock. Don't pull down my pants, just open them."

Tom fought to unbutton the slacks and then carefully lowered the zipper, fishing out Mischa's hard dick. Mischa noticed him taking deep breaths; someone had a serious

thing for the smell of aroused man. Well, all the better for him.

He realized that Tom was sitting still, looking up and waiting for orders. Mischa let him wait just a little longer, enjoying the kneeling sub's excitement and embarrassment. Then he took pity on the boy.

"Now, suck me. Start with the head and then go deeper."

Tom was so eager that he scratched Mischa with a sharp canine. "Watch it, boy!"

Repentantly, Tom withdrew. "Sorry, sir." Then he went right back to his task.

Mischa didn't know where that "sir" had come from, but definitely liked the implications. Not to mention Tom's mouth; it was warm and wet, and Tom was so eager to please. The boy still choked a bit when he went too deep too fast, but he had improved a lot. At this rate, it wouldn't take him long to make Mischa come. And that was exactly how Mischa wanted it.

Mischa grabbed Tom's hair, starting to fuck him deeper. Tom gagged a little, and the spasms made his throat contract around Mischa's cock. Mischa groaned and thrust deeper, holding himself there a little while. Tom was doing such a good job, accepting Mischa's hands and only fighting them when he ran out of air. Mischa let him up to breathe.

"You're doing so well." Tom was panting and had a stream of saliva down his chin. "Are you ready to take my come?"

"Yes, sir. Please." Oh, that was a nice touch. Mischa moaned and pushed back into Tom's mouth, this time fucking it in earnest. He soon lost any rhythm and jerked, thrusting his dick deep down Tom's throat. Tom swallowed and swallowed, and that was enough to pull the come out of Mischa's balls. He yelled and thrust again, and finally withdrew to let the last splatter land on Tom's face.

He panted and smeared the come around Tom's face with his dick, and then he sat down on the bed. "Christ, boy, you're getting good at that." Tom smiled, looking depraved with his hard cock jutting up along his stomach and Mischa's sperm on his face. Mischa got up again and bent to kiss him, hard.

"It's a good look on you, Tom. Horny and willing." Tom blushed but did not look away. He definitely had a backbone. Mischa liked it.

"Get on the bed." Mischa pulled back the sheets to make space for his boy. Tom obediently lay back on the bed. Then Mischa stood in front of him, starting to undress, never looking away from Tom.

Tom was breathing heavily, his hand moving down to stroke his dick.

"No!" Tom startled. "Don't touch yourself. I'm in charge; I decide when you come." Tom whimpered but let go of himself. Mischa noticed that his hands were entangled in the sheets, though.

Without much ceremony, Mischa got undressed and lay down next to Tom. The boy suddenly looked insecure, his body tensing up. Mischa looked at him, taking in the naked

body and enjoying Tom's fight to obey. Then Mischa took pity on him. "Come here, Tom." Tom made a small sound and wrapped his arms around Mischa, surrendering fully to the kiss. It went on and on, Tom yelping into Mischa's mouth when Mischa found the boy's nipples and squeezed them.

Mischa lifted his head, smiling. "You really like this, don't you?" He pinched harder, making Tom buck and whimper. Oh, yes, the boy liked it. "Well, too bad." Mischa let go and bent over to retrieve the lube and the condoms. "I decide what we do. And I want to fuck you." God, if the mentioning of who had the power would get that reaction out of Tom every time, Mischa would keep on repeating it. Over and over again.

Tom had gotten his breathing back under control when Mischa opened the lube and got the slick ready. "Spread your legs." Tom willingly opened himself up, uncovering his little hole. Mischa decided to push a little more this time.

"Grab your legs and pull them back. Open yourself up for me." Tom was blushing furiously, and for a moment, Mischa thought he was going to balk. But he managed to do as he was told.

Mischa hesitated and just watched. Tom held onto his legs under his knees, his asshole revealed and his hard dick resting against his stomach. Embarrassed or not, he hadn't gone soft for a second. Impulsively, Mischa bent and kissed him. "You like it?" Mischa asked softly, stroking Tom's hair away from his forehead. Tom nodded, unable to speak.

Mischa got back up and into his role again. "Nice position. Hold on to it." Tom made one of those little noises that said "fuck" and "too much" and "I'm so horny" all at once. Mischa smirked and finally rubbed his fingers against Tom's asshole.

"Ah! Oh. Sir, so good..." He loved Tom's reaction to something that simple. Mischa didn't stop but kept on rubbing, now and then letting a finger threaten to breach the tight ring of muscle but never doing so. Tom never stopped talking, moaning, begging, and soon Mischa gave in, pushing a finger into the tight heat.

"Oh, fuck! Ah!" Tom was just as tight as last time, and there was no doubt that he felt it even with a single finger. Mischa didn't give him any time to adjust, but started fucking him with one finger immediately. It seemed that the boy was right with Mischa on that plan; Tom moaned and started moving his hips a bit, trying to get more.

"I think you're ready for one more." Mischa added more lube and pushed two fingers right into Tom.

"Unngh! Sir, please wait, wait... Slow, please." Tom almost lost his grip on his legs, desperately trying to accommodate the new feeling. Mischa didn't give him any time, though. Spreading Tom wider, the Dom leaned in. "Take it, Tom. Just lie there and take what I give you." Tom let out a long whimper, nodding and panting.

"Good boy. Take it, now." He was relentless, fucking Tom deep and fast. The boy was beginning to ride the burn, moaning with it and still so hard. It was beautiful to watch. Mischa decided to raise the odds.

"Now you're getting three fingers." Tom moaned pitifully. The conflict between need and nerves was written on his face, making Mischa harder than ever before. "Look at me. I want to see it on your face." Mischa put on more lube and added a third finger to the two already inside Tom.

Tom screamed and clung to his knees. "Ahh! Oh, burns, sir, it burns! Oh, fuck..." He writhed, trying to get away from the intrusion. Mischa let Tom have a few seconds to get used to it and then started moving his fingers in and out.

Just like the last time, Mischa could see the exact moment when the discomfort was replaced by Tom's need to ride the burn and enjoy the pleasure it gave him. Tom started up a litany of pleading, asking Mischa to stop, to keep going, to give him more, to slow down. It was beautiful and made Mischa hard as stone. He really started stretching Tom's ass, and when Tom only reacted by pushing down, trying to get more, he knew he could go on.

Mischa withdrew his fingers, drawing a protest from Tom. He didn't pay any heed to it, just sat back on his haunches, rolling on the condom and slathering a generous helping of lube on it. He took his time, taking pleasure in the way Tom was panting, harder than nails, but still oh-so-obediently staying in position. It would have made a weaker man come on the spot.

He got into position, supporting himself on his arms and looking into Tom's eyes. "I'm going to fuck you now, and you're going to take it because I tell you to." Mischa gave him a hard kiss, drowning out Tom's whimper. The boy looked both nervous and so aroused.

Leaning in, Mischa pressed against Tom's hole, pushing his way past the tight ring. Tom shouted, sounding almost surprised, then hissed and panted.

Mischa started penetrating the tight passage, searching for that little knot of pleasure. Tom yelled as Mischa hit it, the boy losing control and wrapping around Mischa. Mischa stopped. "Oh, no. You hold your position, now. Do as I told you to do." He gently spread Tom's legs again and made the boy get back into the position. Tom was totally incoherent now, pleading and moaning.

Mischa set up a slow, steady movement in and out. Tom's head fell back, his eyes big as saucers but his body accepting the invasion. Mischa moaned at the easy surrender, bending down and kissing him, still churning in and out.

Going a bit deeper, he was drawing a gasp from Tom at the end of each stroke. His sub still didn't protest, though, not even when Mischa was thrusting almost all the way into Tom and he could see the wince on Tom's face. On the contrary, Tom started begging. "Please, sir. Oh! Please, take me, make me do it... Ah! Please."

Mischa started losing his rhythm. On the next thrust, he pushed all the way in, eliciting a deep yell from Tom. Mischa grabbed Tom's cock and started stroking it, suddenly in a hurry to make Tom come before he did himself. He pushed in deeply again, and then again, and let his thumb slide over Tom's cockhead. That was all it took, and he could pump his seed out in the condom while his boy came, screaming, and then grunting a few times as Mischa thrust as deep as he could.

He stayed there, panting and looking down at Tom. The boy had a dazed look in his eyes.

"You can let go now." Tom loosened his grip on his legs, and they fell to the sides as if broken. Mischa gently slid out of his body, and Tom protested with a soft whimper. Mischa got rid of the condom and leaned back in, kissing him softly before pulling the covers over them and letting the boy snuggle in.

"So, how was your second meeting with kink?" Tom moaned and hid his head in the pillow, for a moment grinding into Mischa. Mischa even felt Tom's dick make a feeble attempt to harden again. Mischa laughed. "Well, I'll take that as a sign of a positive experience."

"You always know how to push me, don't you?" Tom asked a little later. "I thought it would be easier this time -- and less mind-blowing -- but you keep surprising me."

Mischa smiled, feeling very, very smug. "I do my best, boy."

Chapter 3

Mischa had been thinking. Quite a lot. When he did that, he usually made a lot of money. Only in this case he had been thinking about Tom. That usually made him come a lot, but not this time.

It wasn't that the memories of his sweet little TA with the kinky fantasies weren't a huge turn on for him. They definitely still were. It was just that he had a hunch that Tom's fantasies were a lot more comprehensive than the boy knew.

Mischa hadn't gone easy on Tom; on the contrary, he had made the boy scream. And that had been so very hot for them both. He had pushed the boy to do things that were challenging, not least to Tom's virgin hole. It had been a hell of a ride.

At the end of their last meeting, Tom had said something that had made Mischa think, however. "You always know how to push me." It wasn't that difficult to push an almost-virgin, but Mischa hadn't even started. In fact, they hadn't even had a real scene yet. Mischa refused to think about what to call their last two meetings. They weren't scenes, because he only did one scene with a boy. Ever.

But he was quite sure that Tom wanted to be pushed. Needed to. It might still be a subconscious wish, but it hadn't escaped Mischa's attention that Tom had used the pushing as an example of how good their meetings had been for him. Tom needed a real scene, not just a hard fuck with a strict lover. Mischa made a decision and picked up his phone.

"Hi, Mischa!" Tom sounded so happy on the phone. "Are you calling to set up another meeting?"

"Hello, Tom. Well, kind of. I have a suggestion for you."

"A suggestion?" Tom sounded a little wary now.

"Yes. I want to do a scene with you."

Tom was quiet for a long time. "And by 'scene,' you mean something far more kinky than what we've been doing, right? I mean, whips-and-handcuffs kinky?"

"I'm not sure we'll do the whole nine yards, but yes. I'd like you to come out to my place so you can get an idea of what BDSM really is. Then you can decide if you want to explore it further." See him being all constructive without breaking one of his rules.

Mischa let the suggestion hang in the air. He really had thought that it would be impossible for a human being to blush on a phone line, but Tom's cheeks never let him down.

"That would..." Tom paused. "That would make it... real."

"What do you mean?" Now Mischa was curious.

"Well, our meetings were more... casual, weren't they? If we do this, then it's for real."

Mischa agreed. "It would be real. I know that you like what we've already done--" he could have sworn that his phone

itself was blushing now, "--but there's one more thing." Toby would have called him a tease with that cliffhanger, but Toby wasn't there, so who was going to complain?

"And what is that thing?" Okay, the sweet little boy was also a clever academic who didn't let anyone boss him around outside the bedroom.

"It's going to be harder this time. I like pain. Yours, not mine." He could hear Tom's fast intake of breath. Score.

"What do you mean, pain?"

"I'll show you what BDSM's all about. In detail. That includes making you hurt."

"Okay."

"Okay?"

"Okay, I'd like to try." Honesty when it came to his own needs was definitely one of Tom's most attractive qualities. Mischa realized that he was very much looking forward to seeing Tom in his playroom.

Tom was nervous. Really nervous. On his first dates with Mischa (even just thinking about it made him blush, so much in fact that the woman at the table next to him in the café looked at him), he hadn't had much time to think about what he was doing; they were still relatively innocent hook-ups. This time, he had a hunch that it would be nothing like that.

Even their conversation on the phone had been... different. Mischa was bossy, no doubt about that. The man hadn't made it easy for Tom, either, wanting to know everything about him: what he had done and what turned him on and why. In detail. Tom had been sweating when he finally hung up. Of course, he had also been hard.

And there wouldn't be a hotel room this time. Mischa had demanded that they meet first in this café. Something about making sure that this was really what Tom wanted. And yes, demanded; the man wasn't beating around the bush anymore.

The call had been almost a week ago. Six long days for Tom to wonder if he really did want this, if he could take what Mischa was going to do to him, if... A polite cough disrupted his nervous thoughts.

"Hello, Tom." He looked up; he had forgotten how sexy Mischa was. Tom had started to think of the man as his Russian bear; that was what the name meant, after all. Mischa didn't look very... well, Russian, and he didn't look bearish, either. He was a bit taller than Tom, with a solid body and short, dark hair with a little gray in it, even if he couldn't be much more than ten years older than Tom. It was Mischa's eyes that made Tom stare when he saw them again. They were dark, stern, but with a glint in them that promised... Tom blinked when Mischa looked searchingly at him.

"Hi! Sorry about that, sorry, I was a bit..." Occupied with imagining how you look in the bedroom. Naked. With a whip in your hand. He stood up and shook Mischa's hand. Mischa smiled, which transformed the man's rather stern

appearance completely. Tom was sure that he wasn't gawping. Much.

"That's all right. Let's sit down and have a coffee." The bossiness seemed to come to the man quite naturally, even outside of the bedroom. The lady next to them left, leaving them room to talk without being overheard. Hearing Mischa's next words, Tom was extremely grateful for that.

"So, this time it's going to be really kinky, you know." Tom could only nod. Damn his blushing cheeks.

"Why do you want it? It will be a lot harder than what we've already done." And Tom had thought that Mischa was without mercy before. He had a hunch that this was going to be entirely different than their first dates. Hotter, for one. He got a grip on himself. No need to start off a scene with Mischa thinking that Tom had a focus problem. Even if he kind of did right now.

"I like that I'm not in charge." He wasn't going to hide what he liked. He was too proud for that. And he had a feeling that Mischa would know if he held anything back. "I liked when you told me what to do, made me do things that I didn't think I could do."

"Yes. Those are power games. What about pain?" Mischa's eyes were direct, neutral. God, this went fast.

"I... I don't know." It was difficult to answer this honestly. "It hurt a lot when you fucked me, and I was very excited, but I don't know if the two are connected, you know?"

Mischa smiled. "And if you let that sharp, analytical brain of yours rest for a while and instead answer me from what

you're thinking about when you're jerking off at night -- do you like pain then?"

"Yes." The answer came without hesitation. Tom had thought about this. A lot. "But I'm inexperienced, so I don't know how I'll react when it gets real."

Mischa nodded. "That was an honest answer. Let me be just as honest with you." The man let the waiter put down their coffees, then went on. "I like sex, I like pain, and I especially like to combine the two. It's going to be good for you, but it's also going to hurt. And I decide when you're going to feel what." Tom swallowed and discreetly placed his old friend the scarf so he wouldn't embarrass himself. Mischa saw it and smiled.

"I'd like our session to be a longer one, so I want you to spend the night."

Tom nodded. "I can do that. I have to be back around noon tomorrow, though; I have class Monday, and I need to prepare."

"That won't be a problem. You can follow me out to my house and drive back tomorrow."

"I don't have a car."

"You don't?" Tom shook his head. Mischa looked a little dissatisfied. "I'm not entirely happy taking you home with me when you don't know me well and can't leave. But we'll have to work with it. You'll call a friend while I'm listening and tell him that you'll be at this address until tomorrow." He took out a business card with his name and address on it and gave it to Tom.

"During your whole stay, you'll have a safeword and a slow word. Do you remember those?"

Tom nodded. "You told me about them when we were first together -- 'red' and 'yellow,' right?" Mischa nodded. "But I'm not sure if I would remember them in the middle of... well, everything." He blushed. Again.

"You will remember them when you are with me." Mischa sounded as if there could be no doubt whatsoever about that matter. "I am going to push you, and I need to be able to trust you. That's why it's so important that you use your words when you have to."

Mischa leaned in, his voice matter of fact. "The word 'red' stops everything, no questions asked. Well," for the first time, Mischa looked a bit self-conscious, "being the nosy bastard I am, I will make sure that you are okay. If you say 'yellow,' I'll let up on whatever we're doing, let you breathe and tell me what's wrong, and then we'll continue. Using 'yellow' will assure me that I can trust you -- and it can make the scenes a lot better, because we both get what we want. So, it's important, okay?"

Tom nodded. "I'll do my best to remember to use them."

"I can't ask for more." Just like that, Mischa put a couple of bills on the table and got up. "Let's go." Tom fumbled with his coat and scarf, scrambling to keep up. He thought he saw a hint of a smile on Mischa's face as the man's eyes wandered down to Tom's crotch. Tom sighed. He really had to get himself a longer coat.

The boy hadn't looked spooked, even when Mischa had put on his most bossy demeanor. Well, as bossy as he could be in public without attracting unwanted attention. Mischa was fascinated with Tom's obvious arousal at the mention of the things they were going to do. Or rather, the things he was going to do to the boy, Mischa corrected himself, smiling inwardly. He was going to give Tom a thorough introduction to the world of kink. It might just be a single scene, but Mischa was known for his imagination.

They reached his car, and he opened the doors. When they had climbed into the car, Mischa turned to the boy.

"Do you have a phone?"

Tom looked up. "Yes?"

"Then make your call now. Tell whoever you call where you'll be until tomorrow. I want you to feel secure at my place."

Tom looked a bit impatient, but he obediently made a call. Having done that, he looked at Mischa. "Satisfied?"

Mischa knew that he wasn't supposed to stand for any cheek, but this was important. "Yes, I'm satisfied." He put the car in gear and started driving. "During a scene, it's common practice that I confiscate your phone." He turned onto the road leading out of town. Tom had started to look for his phone again. "Since you don't have a car, however, I'll put it on the table inside the door. It will stay there until you leave my house. That way, you can always call somebody and get a ride, okay?"

Tom nodded. He seemed to have decided to go with the flow now. A very wise decision in this lifestyle.

"Do you have any questions for me?" The car was a nice, safe space; Mischa was more likely to get Tom to speak up here than in the playroom. If they made it to the playroom at all. Mischa's plans were to test the boy's tastes in a more neutral environment. Then Tom could take it further with somebody else if he wanted to.

Tom didn't seem to have any problems speaking his mind, though. "I don't know what to call you?"

Mischa nodded, satisfied with the question. "During a scene you'll call me 'sir.' You can also call me 'Master,' but that's normally not done until the Dom and the sub know each other a bit better." Until the sub had learned enough about him to appreciate his mastery in this art. "Outside of a scene, you can call me Mischa as usual."

"I'm sorry to be rude, but isn't that a girl's name? I know that it means bear." Mischa laughed. The boy was a funny blend of being all flustered and blushing and then being straightforward and curious. It was... refreshing.

"Not to a Russian, it isn't. My real name is Mikhail, or Michael in English, but my uncle called me Mischa when I was a kid, and it stuck. He grew up in Russia. And by the way, it doesn't really mean bear; it's like calling a cat "kitty" in English."

"That's really interesting. Do you speak the language?"

"A bit. I think I could brush it up pretty quickly if I had to. But I work with numbers and don't really have any use for it."

"You do? What do you do?" They kept talking, making the ride to his house outside the suburbs fly by. Mischa remembered that he simply liked Tom; the stubborn TA was so different from the subservient twinks Mischa was used to working with. He tried to keep his expectations down. Maybe Tom wasn't into this at all. But something told Mischa that he would be.

They got out of the car, and, as always, Mischa enjoyed the quiet countryside where he lived. The only noise out here was the wind going through the trees. He didn't really surround himself with much luxury, but this piece of land was some of it. So was his playroom.

Tom had stopped talking, looking a little nervous. Good. It showed that he took this seriously.

Without a word, Mischa led the boy into his house. "Phone." He held his hand out, and Tom gave the phone to him without protest. Mischa put it in the center of the narrow table inside the door. Then he took off his coat and turned to his boy. Tom was still nervous but held his head up high. It was a good look on him.

"Undress." The boy blinked but obeyed immediately. He looked for a place to put his coat, and Mischa pointed to a spot on a larger table. Tom quickly folded the coat up, and the rest of his clothes followed. Then he stood in front of Mischa, naked. His cock was hard, and he did nothing to hide it.

Mischa walked around him, looking at Tom and enjoying both the sight and the boy's reaction to him. Then he stood in front of Tom.

"Are you ready to obey me?"

Tom blushed furiously but stubbornly kept his head up, his cock jerking. Mischa smiled.

"Yes, sir." The honorific came naturally.

"What is your safeword?" Mischa asked the first question, finding peace in the ritual.

"My safeword is 'red,' sir." Tom's voice was clear and sure.

"What happens when you use it?"

"Everything stops, sir."

"And your slow word?"

"My slow word is 'yellow,' sir."

"What happens when you use that?"

"I get a break, sir."

Satisfied with Tom's answers, Mischa stepped close and grabbed Tom's hair, twisting his head back. Tom gasped with surprise. He was still rock hard, though.

"You're here to do as I tell you to." The words made the boy whimper, his cock jumping. Mischa smiled inwardly but kept up his snarl. "I'm going to do with you as I please,

whether you like it or not. Did it hurt when I fucked you?" Tom gasped when his head was forced into an awkward angle, but he didn't struggle. Interesting.

"Yes! Yes, it hurt, sir. A lot."

"What else hurt?" Mischa was hard, enjoying this simple questioning so much.

"When, ahh, when you bit me. When you bit my nipples. Sir."

"Did that hurt?" Mischa leaned in, enjoying the boy's scent of sweat and arousal.

"Yes. It really hurt."

"Like this?" He let go of Tom's hair and grabbed the boy's nipples, pinching them both in a hard grip.

"Ahh! Oh, ow. Yes, sir, like that." He squeezed a bit harder, making Tom yelp and arch, desperately trying to lessen the pain. It didn't escape Mischa's attention that Tom was every bit as hard as before, though.

"Good. Then you know what to expect." Mischa held the grip a bit longer, wanting to see if Tom would fight him. Tom didn't; instead, the boy let his pain out in a whimper that turned into a keening noise.

"You're doing fine. Now, I'm going to count down from ten, holding the pressure while I do it. When I reach zero, I'll let go. Okay?" Mischa was quite aware that his sub would probably have preferred a shorter explanation. He couldn't say that he cared much.

"Yes, sir!" Tom tried to press his lips closed around his whimper, but failed.

"Good. I'll start now. Ten, nine, eight..." The sound got louder, but Tom accepted what was done to him, trying to cope with the pain. "Seven, six..." His sub was sweating now, and Tom's noises were only interrupted by gasping breaths. "Five, four, three..." As always, Mischa tightened his fingers on the last five counts. It made Tom yell, arching and going up on his toes. "Two, one, zero." Mischa let go, eliciting another loud groan from Tom and catching him when the boy swayed away from the pain.

"Good boy." He rubbed the sore nubs, making Tom jump and moan a bit. "Good boy." Tom was wide-eyed, breathing fast, and looking a little shell-shocked. Mischa wrapped his arms around the boy and drew him into a hug, letting Tom breathe and relax and feel how hard he had made Mischa. To his astonishment, the boy was still hard, too. Oh, yes, he had been right; this had every chance of being a great scene.

Mischa let go of the boy and smacked his butt none too lightly. "So, boy, let's go eat. A nice bit of nipple torture always makes me hungry."

Tom was a bit dazed. Just a little. Okay, a lot. He hadn't made it farther than the front room before Mischa had started torturing him. God. It had hurt like hell. He wasn't quite ready to think about how that had made him feel.

Mischa brought Tom to the kitchen where he took a pizza from the fridge, putting it in the oven to heat. "I made it earlier today. I didn't want to waste our time by cooking." Mischa's smile was definitely close to a leer. Then he set the table in the kitchen, and now they were on the grand tour of the house.

Mischa showed Tom the living room, the dining room, the very nice bathroom, and his bedroom. They had passed a couple of other doors, and Mischa had told Tom that they were his office, his playroom, and guest rooms. Tom couldn't help but wonder. He had been shown the bedroom, but not the office? Well, he guessed that the tour had served its purpose; the bedroom was where he was going to end up later on. The tour had finally made his dick go down, but that thought was enough to make it twitch a bit.

He caught Mischa smirking at him, but his host didn't comment on Tom's arousal. Instead, Mischa closed the door to the bedroom. "I think the pizza is done now -- let's go eat."

Tom nodded and turned to get his clothes from the front room. "Where do you think you're going?" Mischa's voice was low.

Tom stopped. "To get my clothes, of course."

"You won't need them until you leave tomorrow."

Tom was speechless. "But I can't eat without any clothes on!" Okay, maybe not so speechless.

Mischa laughed at Tom. "You can have your nipples pinched, and you can take the grand tour of my house without any clothes on, but you can't eat naked?"

"Of course I can't!" You didn't eat without your clothes on. That was just... weird.

Mischa stepped close, and suddenly Tom could smell the man again. It was the same scent he had caught when Mischa had pinched his nipples. Mischa smelled like... power. Tom's breath caught in his throat.

"You can, and you will." Mischa stared at him.

"Yes, sir." Tom's voice wasn't much more than a whisper. Of course his fucking cock was shouting what it felt about this.

"Good!" Just like that, Mischa let up, slapped Tom's butt, and turned. "Let's go eat."

They had been eating in the kitchen, talking and laughing, and all the time he had been naked. Mischa, of course, was fully clothed. Tom didn't know why having dinner without his clothes on made him so conscious about his nakedness, but it did. It was confusing, making him feel vulnerable and a little lonely.

At the same time, Mischa was good company. There was absolutely no question about his authority, but it almost seemed as if he could turn his powerful energy off and on. Or at least to high and low. When it was low, like it was

now, he was kind, funny, and seemed genuinely interested in Tom's opinions.

Tom realized that he was forgetting his nakedness, feeling more and more comfortable in Mischa's company. It didn't feel awkward anymore, it felt... right. As if this was the way it was supposed to be. It was very different from their earlier sessions.

He didn't get much time to think about his revelation. "Let's clean this up," Mischa said, and got up. "I'll tell you what I want to do to you, and then we'll take it to the bedroom." Tom felt his nerves flare, but nodded and helped make the kitchen nice and tidy again. Then he followed Mischa into the living room.

"Sit down." Mischa pointed to the sofa and sat down next to him, turning so the man could watch Tom. "Are you nervous?"

Tom could only nod. He had suddenly realized that this was it; he was going to do things that he hadn't done before, things that might make him scream in pain. For a moment, he wanted to get out of there. Then he remembered how hard Mischa's nipple torture had made him. He might be scared, but he still wanted to try this.

"That's okay. Remember your words, though. I trust you to use them if you need to." Mischa looked at him with a stern expression.

"I will." Mischa's insistence on this point made Tom calmer. He did have a way out if he couldn't cope, didn't he?

"We'll go into my bedroom in a minute. We won't use the playroom this time, and I won't use any toys, either. I want to keep it basic and see what you like and where your limits are."

"Okay." Tom didn't even know what a playroom looked like, so the plan was okay with him. He relaxed a little.

"I don't usually tell what's going to happen during a scene, but I'm going to make an exception today. It makes it a little less scary for you. Well, unless the scene scares you." Mischa's eyes were intense; Tom found his look just a little wolfish. "And the first thing I'm going to do to you might scare you. I'm going to play with your balls."

Tom looked at him uncomprehendingly. Why was that scary?

Mischa smiled a slow smile. Oh, shit. That look didn't bode well. "It's called CBT."

Tom still didn't understand anything but the predatory look on Mischa's face.

"That's short for cock and ball torture. It means that I'll squeeze your balls 'til you scream. Then I keep going a bit, just to let you feel it. It's a favorite thing of mine."

Tom could only stare, his mouth suddenly gone dry and his heart beating very loudly. Mischa was going to pinch Tom's balls like the man had done with his nipples? Tom instinctively tried to protect himself.

Mischa laughed and pulled away Tom's hands. "Oh, no, don't cover yourself up. I know that it's scary, and it will

hurt. But remember how hard you were when I pinched your nipples. You liked that, didn't you?"

Tom swallowed. "Yes." Impossible to lie about that. But his balls...

"When I've done that, I'll fuck you. If it'll be painful for you or not depends on what I feel like in the situation. I might decide to open you up a lot."

Tom nodded. A hard fuck he could cope with. He drowned out the little voice that pointed out that screaming orgasms didn't exactly fall under the category of 'coping.'

"Tomorrow morning, I might fuck you again, if I feel like it -- and if you're able to do it. And, of course, I'll take a blowjob any time I feel like it." Now Mischa had that predatory look in his eyes again. "You will get a spanking, though, so you can be sure to have that to look forward to."

There were way too many thoughts in Tom's mind right now. "A spanking?"

"Yes. An old-fashioned, over my lap spanking. You've never had one of those?"

Tom could only shake his head, not entirely believing what he heard. "Never, sir."

"Then it will be a new and no doubt exciting experience." Mischa sounded far too cheerful. "Now, let's go into the bedroom."

Tom got up and followed, for a moment dizzy with nerves. His head cleared, though, and he steeled himself, following

Mischa into the bedroom. Mischa had already pulled down the covers, only leaving a couple of pillows on the large bed.

"Lie down," Mischa commanded. With an effort, Tom followed the order, his heart beating so fast. It suddenly seemed like there wasn't enough air in the room. He didn't take his eyes off Mischa when the man undressed, needing to think of something other than his own fear.

The Dom looked strong and confident, like someone capable of using his body exactly like he wanted. It was sexy; the only problem was that what he wanted right now scared the shit out of Tom. Mischa walked toward him and climbed onto the bed, sitting down next to him. "Spread your legs."

Tom obeyed, his breathing and heartbeat almost drowning out Mischa's words. He gulped for air. Mischa bent over him and took hold of his balls. Tom's breath caught in his throat, and suddenly he couldn't breathe. "Wait! Yellow! Yellow!"

Mischa quickly let go of Tom's balls and lifted the boy's upper body, easing his wheezing breathing.

"What's wrong, Tom? Tell me what's wrong," Mischa ordered. The boy got a couple of real breaths into his lungs, and then Mischa suddenly had a gasping boy clinging with all his might to Mischa.

"Scared! So scared, sir."

Mischa sat back, hugging Tom in a firm embrace. "It's okay, boy, you're fine now." Tom's breathing was easing up a bit, but he was still gasping, and Mischa gently rubbed his back. "Just breathe for a bit. You'll be fine." The boy held on a little longer, and then he tried to get loose.

"No, just sit with me for a bit." Mischa held on. "How do you feel?"

"Stupid, sir. I'm really sorry." Tom was mumbling into Mischa's shoulder, hiding his face.

"No, don't answer with your brain, boy, answer with your body. How does it feel to sit like this?"

Tom was quiet. "It feels really good, sir. Safe." His voice was soft.

The honesty hit something deep inside Mischa. Something he refused to think about right now.

"You did so well."

Tom leaned back, and this time Mischa let him. He looked disappointed. "I didn't do well at all. You didn't even get started before I freaked out. I just got really scared."

"You did, and you used your slow word. Don't you realize how important that is?"

Tom looked uncomprehendingly at Mischa.

"It means that I can trust you to tell me when you can't take any more. It means that you're honest to me about what you

feel and not afraid to say stop. It takes a lot of people a long time to get there."

Tom still didn't look entirely convinced. "So... I didn't screw up?"

Mischa pulled him into an embrace again. "No, boy, you didn't screw up."

Tom hid his head in the crook of Mischa's shoulder again. Mischa let him hide, stroking his back and letting him wind down. Tom mumbled something unintelligible. Mischa pulled back. "I didn't hear that?"

Tom looked a little insecure. "Don't you ever... kiss when you do this?"

Mischa's heart melted. He could almost feel the puddle around his feet. "Would you like a kiss, Tom?" He kept his voice gentle.

Tom blushed but nodded. So lovely. Mischa leaned in, softly letting his lips meet Tom's. He let his tongue lick along Tom's lower lip, caressing. Then Mischa probed deeper, and Tom opened up, surrendering completely to him.

The kiss went on and on, and soon he had Tom clinging as fervently to his body as the boy had done before. Tom was hard, and Mischa felt his own erection against his stomach, too.

Tom had started making little noises and moving his hips when Mischa finally broke the kiss. "Are you ready to go on?"

For a moment, Tom looked completely dazed. Mischa savored the look; he would definitely try to bring it on as often as he could until tomorrow. Then the boy apparently remembered what they were about to do, looking a little nervous. Mischa decided to help him.

"Are you ready to do as I tell you to?" He let his hands slide up Tom's thighs, teasing, caressing. "To let me make you scream? To make you take what I do to you?"

Tom's head fell back, and Mischa cheered inside: he had the boy now. Tom wasn't going to balk.

He lowered his boy down, resting Tom's head on the soft pillow, giving his sub one last kiss. Then he gently spread Tom's legs and sat down between them. Mischa looked down, watching his boy waiting for him. He took in the sight. Tom was flushed, hard cock lying against his stomach and head resting on the pillow. Their eyes met, and Mischa leaned forward, his hands closing around Tom's balls. "Ready?"

"Please, sir." Oh, that was lovely. Mischa's heart didn't stand a chance today.

Mischa tightened his grip slightly, and Tom yelped, writhing a bit. Sensitive. Tom's nerves probably had something to do with that. Mischa tightened his hands.

"I... Sir?"

He kept his grip. "Yes, Tom?"

"Should I... Do you want me to be quiet, sir?" Such a good boy.

"No, I want to hear you. Everything. Even if you get mad at me." Tom looked skeptical. He would soon learn otherwise.

Tom nodded, gasping through the discomfort. Mischa made the grip tighter, knowing that he was close to crossing the border between discomfort and pain. Tom automatically twisted his hips, but put his head back and panted.

"Good boy. Breathe through it." Mischa tightened his grip again, and he knew that he was causing Tom pain now. The boy was gasping, long, rasping breaths with a whimper now and then. Mischa enhanced the pressure, reveling in Tom's fight to contain the pain. When he did it again, Mischa had Tom shouting, the boy's shoulders leaving the mattress and hands flailing. Tom didn't try to grip Mischa's hands, though, his sub's submission too thorough.

"Back down. Lie down." Mischa didn't relent, didn't make it easy on the boy. Tom's head fell back down, and he was groaning, hands clutching the sheets. Oh, how Mischa enjoyed this, cock hard and heart swelling from watching the struggling boy.

"I'm going to increase the pressure again in a little while." It was difficult to tell if Tom's moan came from the pain or the dread of what was coming. "This time, it's going to be hard for you to take, but you can scream or cry if you need to. Then I'll count down like I did when I played with your nipples, remember?"

Tom nodded, his breathing sounding labored now.

"Okay, here we go." Mischa tightened his fingers to what he knew was going to feel unbearable for Tom.

The boy screamed, his body arching to contain the pain. He was sweating and writhing, but his hands stayed clutching the sheets. Mischa started the countdown.

"Ten, nine, eight..." Tom kept screaming, a desperate note in his voice now. "Seven, six, five..." Mischa tightened his hands just a bit, and Tom's head went up, the boy shouting and keening. "Four, three..." He could see the desperation in Tom's eyes now, the pain almost too much. "Two, one, zero." Mischa let go, Tom falling back in the bed, panting and whimpering. He leaned over his sub, grabbing Tom's hair and kissing him hard.

Mischa didn't allow Tom to catch his breath, didn't give the boy any time to think that he couldn't do this. Tom had gone soft from the pain, but as he lost himself in the kiss, he hardened again.

Mischa rubbed against his boy's stomach, letting Tom know how much Mischa enjoyed this. Then he sat back up, grabbing his hard cock and looking down at his boy. "Do you see what you're doing to me?" He stroked himself and moaned from the pleasure. His sound was echoed by Tom's. Mischa bent down and kissed him again, hard. "And you liked it, too."

For the first time, Tom looked rebellious. Mischa smirked and didn't even let him open his mouth.

"Oh, yes, you liked it. It was so good in the beginning, and then the pain blew your mind. You didn't like the last part,

but you still need it." Tom looked crestfallen. "Did I get that right?"

Tom searched Mischa's eyes for a long time, and then nodded reluctantly.

"Good boy!" He gave Tom a kiss as a reward for being that honest. Then Mischa kissed him again, wanting to keep him hard and needy. Tom responded beautifully, moaning into the kiss, cock hard.

Mischa pulled back, stroking Tom's hair off his face and looking into his eyes. "So, you liked it, and that's why we're going to do it again." Mischa waited for the protest, but Tom managed not to speak. The boy showed an impressive level of insight into his own needs.

"Only this time, you're going to ask me for it." Tom started protesting, and Mischa hushed him. "You're going to ask me to begin, and then you're going to ask me for more, until it hurts as much as it did before. And don't worry; I'll know when it does from your screams. Then I'll start counting down again. Understand?"

Tom was wide-eyed now. "I don't think I can, sir. It... it hurt really badly."

Mischa smiled. "Oh, yes, you can. Because I want you to do it." Tom held Mischa's eyes, and then Mischa could see the change go through his body as he accepted what was going to happen. He was still breathing heavily, but his cock was hard, and he lay back on the soft mattress. Mischa felt satisfaction rush through him at the sight.

"I'm ready, sir." Tom's voice was quiet and sure. Mischa had to fight to keep his moan back.

"Then we'll start." He grabbed Tom's balls, making the boy jump. He looked into Tom's eyes, waiting.

"Please, sir. Please make me hurt." Oh, this was better than Mischa could ever have hoped for. He started to tighten his fingers. Tom sighed and closed his eyes, riding the feeling. It was amazing to see that the sub already knew this first part would be good, and then he just went with it.

"More, sir, please." Mischa didn't waste any time in increasing the pressure, going straight for the pain this time. Tom felt it, a whimper accompanying each breath. He opened his eyes and looked pleadingly at Mischa. His words were exactly what Mischa wished for, though.

"More, sir. More pain." Tom cried out as Mischa tightened the grip around Tom's balls, the sweat starting to sheen his body. Mischa kept the pressure steady, enjoying the sight of Tom's fight to manage the pain. Mischa caught his eyes, taking in his pain and waiting for his words.

Tom whimpered. "It hurts so much, sir." He arched and pushed his head back.

"As much as before I started to count down last time?" Mischa knew it didn't; the Dom just wanted to see how far Tom was prepared to go to preserve his honesty.

A long way, it seemed. "No, sir, not as much. Please, give me more." Mischa did, and Tom screamed, his hands flailing to find a grip on the sheets, his pillow, anything.

Mischa kept pressing hard, knowing how much this hurt. He was willing to start counting now if the boy told him to.

"Are you there yet?" Tom sobbed, whimpering. Then he shook his head. "Not... not yet, sir. A little...Ah! A little bit more." Mischa couldn't help feeling admiration for that level of honesty. Of course, it was going to make his boy scream. He tightened his hands until they were as tight as last time.

Tom screamed and screamed, his shoulders leaving the bed and his hands scrambling, briefly closing around Mischa's wrists and then letting go again. Mischa reveled in seeing him fighting the pain, desperately trying to cope.

"I'll start counting now." The boy couldn't be that far from his limit, obedience or not. "Ten, nine, eight..." Tom's sounds were deep yells, each one dragged out of him by Mischa's hands. "Seven, six, five..." There were tears in Tom's eyes now, the boy so close to crying. Mischa closed his hands just a bit tighter; the tears would be good for Tom. "Four, three, two..." Tom stubbornly held on, keeping it together, refusing to give in. "One, zero." He let go, and Tom made a hoarse sound, more animal than human.

Mischa lay down, scooping the boy up in his arms, willing Tom to let go. Tom was tense, protesting the embrace. He was gasping, almost sobbing, but stubbornly refusing to cry. He still had one hand clutching the sheet, and he was sniffing almost angrily to keep the tears away. Mischa only held on, rocking him and gently stroking his back.

After a while, Tom got calmer, and Mischa lowered him on the pillow. He gently stroked his sub's hair, caressing the soft skin. Tom persistently refused to meet Mischa's eyes.

Then Mischa gently grabbed Tom's hair and jaw, turning his boy's face so Tom was forced to look into Mischa's eyes.

"Do you need another countdown?" Mischa spoke softly, kindly. Tom's eyes widened, and the boy was about to protest when Mischa stopped him. "No, think about it. Do you need another countdown?" If the boy answered no, Mischa wouldn't push. But he hoped that Tom would say yes.

Tom was staring and didn't try to talk when Mischa moved his hand. Then Tom swallowed around a sob.

"Yes, sir. Please do it again."

Mischa immediately bent down, rewarding Tom's insight with a kiss, comforting and soothing. Then he leaned back up, smiling. He stroked Tom's cheek. "Well done. I won't make you ask again." He moved down between Tom's legs, gently caressing his sub's prone body on his way. "I won't increase the pressure gradually this time; the pain will be there from the start, and then I'll count down from fifteen." Tom's eyes got nervous at the higher number. Mischa wasn't worried; it would hurt more, but it would be a pure pain, free of the fear and anxiety of the ever-increasing pressure. And Tom needed it.

Mischa waited until Tom nodded, then grabbed his ball sac tightly, immediately giving him the full pain. Tom roared, and Mischa started the countdown. At twelve, Tom was still shouting. At ten, he went quiet, and Mischa knew that he had gotten to the point where he couldn't understand the pain anymore, couldn't work around it. At seven, he finally

started to cry, and down to zero his sobs were long and hoarse and hardly human.

Mischa let go, and this time, Tom came easily into his arms, the sobs wracking his boy's body. Mischa hugged him, stroking and petting him and letting him weep. Tom cried for a long time, and the Dom let him, rubbing Tom's back until the boy had cried himself out. Mischa grabbed a blanket and pulled it over them. Then he kissed his boy's hair.

"Rest a bit. You did so well. Now relax." Tom sighed and let go, falling asleep just like that. Mischa kept his arms around Tom, holding the tired boy. It had been a first scene exceeding anything he could have hoped for.

Tom was woken slowly by the gentle caresses to his back. He was lying on his stomach in a soft bed, and he felt as if he had been sleeping for a week.

The touches turned into a massage, and he moaned quietly with the pleasure. He heard Mischa chuckle and turned his head after the sound, opening his eyes.

"Hey, sleepyhead, welcome back."

"Good morning, sir." He snuggled into the touches.

Mischa laughed. "Well, you did sleep for a long time, but not that long. It's still evening." Tom sat up, surprised.

"Really? I feel like I've slept forever." Still half asleep, he reached down to scratch his balls. "Oh! Oww. Oh, I'm sore."

Mischa smiled. "Well, I did do a pretty good job of it, if I have to say so myself."

Tom stared at Mischa speechlessly. Then he giggled. He tried to regain his composure, but he couldn't keep it in and burst out laughing.

"Here I am, in serious pain, and you're proud of it?" Tom really tried to keep up the outrage.

Mischa frowned. "Serious pain? Really?" He looked a little worried.

"Okay, serious tenderness, then. It's the principle of it." It was really difficult to keep being offended when Mischa was that close, though. And those gentle caresses were downright cheating. Tom gave up, closing his eyes and leaning into it.

Mischa chuckled, but indulgently kept stroking Tom. So good. Then Tom got a hard slap to his hip. He opened his eyes and was about to protest, but Mischa silenced him with a kiss. This man was efficient in everything he did.

"Enough of this. Let's go talk." Mischa got up, put on a robe, and went into the living room. Tom followed, walking a little bowlegged from his sore balls. He refused to admit that it felt pretty good.

Mischa stood by the couch, watching him with a smile. "You feel it?" He sounded only a little teasing.

"You bet I do. Sir, I mean."

Mischa smiled his crooked smile. "Sit down. I'll get us something to drink." He was back a minute later with sandwiches and something to drink. Tom drank thirstily, grabbed a sandwich, and then sank back in the soft cushions. Mischa pulled him closer, so Tom leaned against Mischa.

"How do you feel?" It sounded as if Mischa was genuinely interested in the answer, so Tom took a minute to think about it.

"Surprisingly good, actually." He really did. "I really hated you that second time, you know." Tom blushed; he hadn't meant his words to come out quite that bluntly.

"I know. What you need is not always the same as what you want. You coped well, though."

Tom turned his head and stared. "First, I freaked out, then I refused to acknowledge what you did to me, and last, but not least, I started bawling. That's a criterion of success in this world?"

"First, you hit a limit and told me that, so I could work with it, then you tried your best, and, in the end, you surrendered, trusted me enough to push you like you needed. Yes, that's a criterion of success." Mischa's voice was so sure.

Tom pondered the answer. "Well, when you put it that way..." He gave up on his attempt to be cocky. "The middle

part wasn't very nice." Suddenly the memory of his confusion and the pain was so clear.

"Because it hurt?" Mischa's voice was carefully neutral.

"No. Well, yes, it hurt almost more than I could take, but it wasn't that." Tom rubbed his leg, trying to put it the right way. "It was more... I felt really lonely." He couldn't look at Mischa. "I felt as if you were betraying me, giving me more pain than I could take, and I didn't understand why. It made me feel angry. And hurt."

Mischa hugged Tom, not contesting his words. "Did you understand afterward? When I made you do it again?"

Tom looked up at him. "Actually, I'm still not sure. I know that it felt really good to cry, to give in. I could give up fighting. I... didn't have to hold it together anymore." Suddenly, he felt choked again. Mischa rubbed his arm.

"You need the surrender." Mischa kissed his hair, holding him close. "And don't worry; it isn't going to be this tough every time. But sometimes a Dom will push you, and sometimes you won't know how to let go. That's what the Dom's there for."

Tom hesitated. "What am I here for?" He knew it was a strange question, but he had to ask.

"You're here to be pushed, to fight me, and to give in. And, right now, you're here to be fucked." Without giving Tom a chance to do anything, Mischa pushed him back on the sofa, kissing him until Tom had only a vague memory of his own name. Looking very pleased with himself, Mischa then got up.

"Bedroom, boy."

Tom blinked. Then he fumbled to get up, almost tripping over his own feet in his haste to follow. Maybe he didn't get high scores for artistic merit, but he had somewhere to be.

Mischa undressed and then turned to his boy. Tom was standing inside the door, his eyes not leaving Mischa's body. Mischa slowly walked over, not entirely faking the predatory attitude. The boy looked good enough to eat, flustered and hard.

He grabbed Tom's hair, not to make it hurt but to demonstrate who was in power here. He smirked when he heard the strangled gasp. Someone liked it.

"So, boy, you have been fucked before?" Not that Mischa didn't know. He just really, really liked this.

Tom tried to nod, but his head was held too tight. "Yes, sir," he managed to say.

"Did it hurt?"

Tom gasped, his voice strangled from the awkward angle of his head. "Yes, sir, it hurt. Especially the first time."

"Did you like that?" Oh, fuck, it was so hot to see his boy blush and stammer like that. Mischa tightened his grip, reminding Tom who was in charge.

"Yes, sir! I liked it." Mischa let go, smiling at Tom.

"Good. Because I'm going to fuck you again 'til you scream. Get on the bed." Mischa enjoyed watching Tom scramble to the bed and lie down, and then the Dom savored the moment when Tom realized that he was alone and vulnerable on the bed.

"Spread your legs." Mischa kept standing.

Tom blushed hard, but he obediently lifted his legs and let them fall to either side, opening himself up.

Mischa couldn't resist the temptation anymore but went over to the bed, grabbing the lube, the condoms, and a towel along the way. He let them drop on the bed next to Tom's head, wanting to remind the boy of what was about to happen. It worked; Tom sucked in his breath, and his dick twitched.

Mischa didn't talk; he just very, very slowly opened the lube, making sure that Tom caught every detail. He smeared the slick all over his fingers, being careful to get them all covered. Then he bent down and, barely touching Tom's butt cheeks, put a finger all the way into his boy.

Tom yelled, body bucking and arms flailing. Mischa held on to his hip, not letting him escape.

"Ah! Ah, ahh, sir, oh..." Mischa smiled contentedly. Incoherence was a good place to start. Not that he would let Tom get away with it. He started fucking his finger in and out of the tight hole, drawing a grunt from Tom and making the boy pant.

"Does it hurt?"

Tom looked up at Mischa, gasping, then let his head fall back and closed his eyes.

"I said," he smacked Tom's butt, "does it hurt?" Mischa pushed his finger in as far as possible.

Tom yelped, panting to get enough air to answer. "Full! Never... Oh, fuck... Never had it... Oh... In straight away."

"Good. Now, keep talking. Tell me how it feels." Mischa wasn't surprised that even taking a single finger was still difficult for Tom; he was incredibly tight around Mischa's finger, the muscle contracting involuntarily when Mischa moved.

"Sir. Oh. Feel you." Mischa withdrew his finger almost all the way. "No! Don't stop, please, sir." Tom was gasping. "Open me up. Please." The begging was so sincere, even if the boy fought to take only the single finger.

Mischa pushed in deep, searching for and finding Tom's prostate. When Mischa touched it, Tom arched his back and cried out. "It's... Oh, fuck. Sir. It's so good."

Mischa smiled. "That's the point, boy. Now you can take another finger." He pushed it in, just like that. Tom bucked up, intake of breath turning into gasping. Fuck, it was hot.

"Oh, sir! Burns! Shit, it burns." Mischa held Tom down with a hand on his stomach and started fingerfucking him. "Ahh!" Tom's shoulders lifted off the pillows, his eyes wide, watching Mischa with disbelief.

Mischa smiled down at him. "Remember, I said I would make you take it, didn't I?"

Tom let himself fall back down, groaning. "Yes, sir, you... Oh! You did, sir." Tom started to ride Mischa's fingers. It made Mischa smirk. Tom might complain of the burn, but the boy really seemed to like it. Mischa had Tom moaning and gasping by scissoring his fingers, making sure that the burn was kept sharp and searing. He brushed Tom's prostate now and then, but not more than that; he didn't want the boy to come yet.

"Do you like to be opened up?"

Tom cried out when Mischa opened his fingers more than before. "Fuck, yes. Sir! I... Please give me more. I need more." Well, since he asked so nicely... Mischa pushed another finger in.

Tom shouted, and for the first time, Mischa could hear the pain in the boy's voice, not just the discomfort. Mischa pushed his hand down firmly on his sub's stomach, keeping Tom in place. Then he started moving his fingers, giving Tom a distraction from the pain.

"Oh, sir, ahh, hurts! It hurts." Tom gasped, his eyes rolling a bit.

"I know it hurts. I want you to accept it. Lie back and let me hurt you." Tom's eyes found his, and Mischa held them, never stopping his fingers from going in and out. Tom's breathing was labored, and the fight showed on the boy's face. Then the magic happened; Mischa could see the exact moment that Tom surrendered.

"Yes, sir." Tom whimpered but held Mischa's eyes. "Please do it to me." Mischa didn't need to be told twice and started fucking Tom in earnest. The Dom could hear and feel the fight go out of the boy, his whimpering reduced to gasping and his tight-tight hole loosening up around Mischa's fingers. It was time.

Mischa withdrew his fingers, wiping them on the towel. Then he sat back, letting Tom see every movement as he unwrapped the condom, put it on his aching dick, and slathered it with lube. Then he got an idea. "Give me your hand."

Tom reached out his hand, confused. Mischa squirted a generous helping of lube in it.

"Now, lube yourself up." Tom blushed ten shades of red, and, for a moment, Mischa thought that he would refuse. Then the boy got a stubborn look on his face, and without breaking eye contact, he reached down and spread the slick around his asshole, breathing in sharply when he brushed his opening.

"Put it inside, too." Mischa was enjoying this so much.

Tom gasped as he pushed a finger inside, meticulously slathering the lube around. Mischa moaned out loud.

"Enough." Mischa leaned in, spreading the boy's legs a bit wider. He grabbed Tom's head with one hand and used the other to hold his cock steady as he pushed against Tom's opening.

Tom gave a low cry as he was breached. Mischa didn't stop but kept moving deeper, slow but steady, so deep that Tom

was wincing. Mischa pulled almost all the way back and thrust in again halfway. The breath whooshed out of Tom, but he didn't scream, didn't cry out. He seemed dazed, his eyes never leaving Mischa's.

Mischa kept his hold on Tom's head and started moving in long, steady strokes. Tom was still looking, breathing, mesmerized by him. Then Mischa started thrusting deeper. With a hoarse moan, Tom seemed to wake from his daze, wrapping his arms around Mischa.

Mischa was in deep now, almost to the point where it would hurt Tom again. He bent and kissed his boy hungrily, still moving in and out. He was in perfect control, but he wouldn't be able to keep that up much longer, the need to come burning in his gut.

He raised his head and looked at Tom. "I'm going to push all the way into you in a moment. Going to hurt you. Are you ready?"

Tom nodded, no hesitation.

"Good boy. You can come when I do." He took one hand away from his sub's face and grabbed Tom's cock, stroking. Then he pushed all the way into his boy, hard. Tom grunted and shouted and came, and suddenly Mischa couldn't hold back any longer. He pushed in again, hearing the pain in Tom's groan, and then again as he came deep inside his boy. He thrust one last time, desperate to hear the last painful grunt, and emptied himself in the condom. Then he lay over his boy, gasping.

Tom was as out of breath as Mischa was himself, nuzzling his neck, kissing and licking and whispering a litany of

words that Mischa couldn't hear for the pounding in his ears. At last, Mischa's head cleared and he heard Tom. "Thank you, sir, so good, sir, thank you, thank you."

Mischa turned his head and kissed his boy, for a moment aggressively, then gently, before he let up. "You're welcome." He smiled.

Then he had to pull out. Tom protested, and Mischa felt the same way, but there was nothing to be done about it. He got rid of the condom and fetched the towel, cleaning them up. Then he grabbed the quilt from the floor and pulled it over them. Tom snuggled in, clinging tightly to him, and Mischa stroked Tom's back, soothing him. He turned off the light, and the exhausted boy in his arms fell asleep.

Tom knew where he was even before he opened his eyes. The scent of Mischa filled his nostrils, and he snuggled in, enjoying the man's heat. Mischa pulled him in a bit closer, but didn't wake up. Tom tightened his ass experimentally and felt the sweet ache zing through him. His cock twitched, and he smiled with his eyes closed. Yesterday had been a good day.

He opened his eyes and watched Mischa sleeping. He looked younger, less stern in his sleep. Sweeter. Tom almost giggled; he didn't think that his gruff Dom would define himself as "sweet."

His Dom. Tom suddenly lost a bit of his cheer. Mischa wasn't his, and Tom wasn't anything but a casual fuck. That had been hot -- okay, very hot -- before, but what he had

done with Mischa the previous day had been very different. More... well, just more.

He guessed the things that Mischa had done to him should have scared him, but they hadn't. Granted, the pain had been frightening at times, and his breakdown had shaken him. He had felt so safe when he had cried in Mischa's arms, though, and the fuck had been amazing.

Now, he felt a little... fragile. There wasn't really anything wrong with him, he just felt sad. He snuggled closer to Mischa, looking for comfort. Mischa mumbled a little, starting to wake up. Tom stilled, not wanting to disturb him.

"I know you're awake, boy." Mischa sounded sleepy, and Tom opened his eyes.

"Sorry, sir, I didn't want to wake you up."

"That's okay; I like to wake up to a warm boy in my bed." Mischa bent and kissed him. Tom made a small sound and stretched into the kiss, Mischa taking his mouth and Tom accepting it. He wrapped his arms around Mischa. He knew that he was clinging, but he wasn't able to help himself.

Mischa broke their kiss and looked at him. "How do you feel, Tom?" To his own horror, Tom felt the tears start to fall. He hid his head in Mischa's shoulder and tried to stop crying. Mischa pulled him closer, holding him. "It's okay, you can cry all you need." The words loosened something in Tom, and he let go, let the sobs come out without holding back. He had no idea where it came from, and he didn't really care; he simply gave in. Mischa just held on.

Tom cried until he felt empty, purged of his sadness. Then he let himself be held, lying on Mischa's chest, listening to his Dom's breathing. Mischa started stroking Tom's back in long, soothing caresses. At first, it felt relaxing. Then Mischa's hands started going a bit lower, brushing his ass oh-so-lightly on each turn. They wandered to his sides, going up and down, making him sigh contentedly. Then they went back to his ass, going all the way over it and down to where his legs met his butt cheeks. Here they lingered, teasing and caressing.

Tom raised his hips a little to get more, and Mischa's fingers went back up, brushing the outside of Tom's crack on their way. Then they went back up to his shoulders, then down, going a little closer to his hole this time, up again, oh, so close when they came down again. There wasn't anything left inside Tom but the feeling of those hands, and when they finally touched his hole, he gave out a low cry, earlier tension turning into the good, warm feeling of need. His hole was throbbing from being fucked the day before, and all of his attention focused on having Mischa's hands touching him there again, making it ache and reminding him of the things they had done.

He spread his legs, opening himself up for the caresses, slowly grinding his hips on Mischa's thigh. Mischa never gave in and kept up the slow movements, only too seldom touching Tom's aching hole. Then that hand wandered past his hole, a nail scraping against his taint, and finally touched Tom's sore balls, the feeling just between pain and pleasure and so, so good.

"Sir! Oh, please..." He moved his hips impatiently, not knowing whether to try to get more friction to his dick or to

get that wonderful feeling back. He could hear Mischa's low chuckle.

"I think you're ready now." The words didn't make any sense. Mischa pinched his ass, and Tom yelped. "Come on, boy. I promised you a spanking, and I always keep my promises."

Tom blinked. Fuck. The spanking.

The other things they had done had been, well, not entirely what everybody else did, but they had still been fairly normal. And yes, he stubbornly refused to think about what Mischa had done to his balls. But a spanking. That was... kinky in a way entirely different from liking pain. Voluntarily bending over somebody's knee was submission, and somehow the thought of that was far more unsettling to Tom than simply liking pain.

He sat up, looking pleadingly at Mischa.

Mischa only laughed. "Oh, no, there's no way around it. I am going to spank your butt." Mischa got up and sat on the edge of the bed, waiting for him.

Tom couldn't move, couldn't even talk. Doing this was going to change everything. Who was he going to be if he submitted in this way? A... slave? He had fought hard to be the independent person he was today; he was no subservient twink. And even worse, what if he liked it? What would that make him?

He sat, paralyzed by his thoughts, by the enormity of this. He opened his mouth but didn't know what to say. Then he

tried again and finally got the words out. They weren't what he had thought they would be.

"I... I don't know what to do, sir." This was harder than anything.

Mischa smiled kindly. "That's all right. First, stand up and step in front of me."

Tom willed his frozen body to move and clambered off the bed, standing in front of Mischa. Mischa let his eyes wander over Tom's body, making Tom feel so exposed. But Mischa's eyes were shining and his cock was hard, and suddenly Tom felt a surge of lust. He made Mischa hard; he made Mischa feel that way. Still, Mischa's next order was so hard to obey. "Now, bend over my knee so I can spank your ass."

Tom couldn't move, he couldn't. But he did. He bent, letting Mischa guide him until he lay over Mischa's lap, his upper body on the bed and his dick between Mischa's legs. Mischa's hand gently slid over Tom's butt.

"Oh, yes, this is exactly how I like it. It's difficult to bend over someone's knee for the first time, isn't it?"

Tom's words were half strangled. "Yes, sir." Mischa stroked his ass, tapping his sore hole as a reward. He groaned, not knowing whether to push into it or avoid it.

"Yes, and that makes me so hard, knowing that you obey me even if it's difficult for you." Mischa kept stroking, and Tom felt himself relax, surrendering to the feeling and his arousal.

"I'm going to make your butt cheeks sore, just like your hole." Mischa's fingers tapped against Tom's hole again, a little harder, and it made Tom hiss, both from the tenderness and from the pleasure of it. "Yes, you're going to feel me here for the rest of the day. And you're going to feel me here," Mischa's hand wandered back to Tom's cheeks, "for a lot longer than that. Are you ready for that?"

And Tom suddenly was, wanted nothing more than feeling Mischa's hands on him for days.

"Yes, sir. Please."

The first smack came as a surprise, making him yelp. It stung, and he wriggled a bit.

"Lie still." The next slap hit him, less surprising but just as stinging, and he sighed with it. Mischa kept the blows coming, leaving too little time in between them for Tom to process them. Tom hadn't thought that it would hurt this badly, but Mischa wasn't pulling his punches. The smacks were hard, and Tom grunted when the next one hit him. The sting had turned into a burn. The feeling was intense, and he found himself sinking into it, thriving on it. Mischa hit him again and again, driving long sounds out of him every time. The pain was big now, but Tom couldn't do anything but be, here on Mischa's lap.

Then Mischa stopped. Tom whimpered, couldn't understand what happened.

"Get up, boy. You've had your spanking."

No. This couldn't be. Couldn't be over. Tom got up and stood, blinking and swaying, looking entreatingly at Mischa.

The boy was beautiful. Simply beautiful. He stood in front of the bed, teetering on the edge between his need to hide, his need to be comforted, and the sexual need that made him hard and flustered. He was almost trembling with desire. Mischa leaned back on his hands, waiting to find out which of Tom's needs would be strongest.

"Please, sir." Oh, the boy was hard. So was Mischa, but not so hard that he didn't want to draw out his pleasure in watching the boy. His boy.

"Please, what, boy?" Mischa was actually interested in the answer. What would be Tom's greatest wish when he was as conflicted, as vulnerable as he was now?

"Please fuck me, sir."

Mischa would have taken any of the Tom's choices and helped the boy through it, but his cock was very happy with this one. He lifted an eyebrow. "You're not making this easy on yourself, boy. You're already sore; if I fuck you now, you'll feel it for days."

"Yes." There was no doubt in Tom's eyes. Mischa almost moaned out loud but managed to keep it in.

"All right. Get a condom." He watched the boy fumble with the package, hands trembling with need. Mischa sighed

from the pleasure when Tom carefully rolled the condom down his hard cock, then slathered the lube on it.

"Open yourself up." Mischa looked Tom in the eyes. Tom blushed hard, but complied, slicking up his fingers. Then the boy ducked his head and reached around, moaning when he forced his finger inside his ass. He spread the lube around, adding another finger. Mischa watched him jerk at the burn.

"Easy, boy. Move your fingers, loosen yourself up a bit. I want you to take three fingers before I'll fuck you." Tom did as he was told, and Mischa watched every wince, heard every gasp and rejoiced in the things the boy would do for his master.

"Ready to take three?" Mischa desperately hoped so; he couldn't take much more of this.

Tom nodded, and then groaned deeply as he forced the next finger into himself. He stopped, his breathing fast. Then he looked Mischa in the eyes and started moving his hand, forcing the sounds out of himself. Fuck, that was hot.

"Deep breaths. Relax around your fingers." Tom closed his eyes, the gasps turning into moans.

"That's enough." Mischa watched Tom take out his fingers, stand there, panting, needing so hard.

"Come sit on my cock." Mischa could see the surprise in Tom's eyes, the brief reluctance to do something so out of character for him. Then the boy stubbornly raised his chin and came over to Mischa.

"Good boy. Now, straddle me and take me in. You can do it." Tom put his knees on the bed on each side of Mischa, then put one hand on Mischa's shoulder, and with the other, he grabbed Mischa's dick. Then he looked Mischa straight in the eyes and lowered himself on Mischa's dick. When he was breached, he opened his mouth, but not a sound came out. Mischa moaned loud enough for them both and grabbed Tom's hips. It was all very good to push a sub, but now Mischa wanted to fuck his boy.

He pulled Tom's hips down, forcing a groan out of his sub. Mischa did it again, and again, so turned on by his boy's sounds. Mischa pulled Tom in so their upper bodies touched all the way and kissed him, pushing into Tom's body. His boy was keening into Mischa's mouth, the sub's cock hard and wet between their stomachs.

Mischa looked Tom straight in the eyes. "Come for me." Then he grabbed the boy's sore cheeks. Tom shouted, his come spraying their stomachs. The sound and the smell were too much for Mischa, and he came, too, pushing deep and moaning with the pleasure.

They sat like that for a minute, trying to catch their breaths. Mischa kissed the boy, and then he smiled at Tom "Go get something to clean me up."

Tom pulled off Mischa's dick, whimpering as he did so. Someone was going to be sore. Mischa smirked.

He lay back on the bed, closing his eyes. Tom came back with a warm, wet towel and gently cleaned Mischa up. Mischa opened his eyes and watched his boy. Tom looked at peace, sitting on the edge of the bed. Mischa patted the mattress next to him. "Come here."

Tom immediately crawled into bed with him, sighing happily as the boy snuggled in. They could rest a little before Mischa would take Tom back.

"We need to talk." Tom looked just a little apprehensive when he heard those words. Mischa bent and kissed him.

"Don't worry. It's nothing bad, but I'm not going to do mind-blowing things to you and then kick you out of here just like that."

Tom nodded and followed Mischa to the couch without protesting. He didn't seem happy, though. Because he had to leave? To his own surprise, Mischa found himself hoping that that was the reason.

They had been pretty quiet while they cleaned up and had a late breakfast. It wasn't an uncomfortable silence, but Mischa had a feeling that the thoughts were churning in Tom's head. Then Mischa had told him to get dressed, and even though Tom had turned away, Mischa had seen how the boy's face fell.

Mischa sat down across from Tom, wanting him to feel free to speak.

"So, how was your first meeting with real kink?"

Tom hesitated. "I really liked it. God, that sounds stupid." He looked down, fiddling with his hands. "I mean, it was a lot more than just 'like,' wasn't it? And I hated you

sometimes, and I cried." He blushed at the memory of that. "I have no idea if I did things right."

Oh, there was no way Mischa could have a boy feeling alone and insecure like that. He went over and sat down next to Tom, pulling the boy into him.

"You did fine." Tom relaxed a little, leaning into him. "There are no rights and wrongs in this, of course. But you made me so hard, and you made me come. Several times. I think that counts as a success." There was a bit more to it than that, but Mischa couldn't admit that yet. Perhaps not even to himself.

He got a little more serious. "But it wasn't easy for you, was it?"

Tom was silent. Mischa had a feeling that he was turning into the academic again, analyzing and weighing his words to get them just right. "No, it wasn't. The funny thing is, though, that it wasn't the difficult things that were most difficult." Tom made an impatient gesture. "I'm not explaining myself properly. Let's take the CBT. The pain was really bad, especially because it was my balls, you know? You're just so vulnerable. But the hard part was trusting you enough to let go, to stop fighting to do everything right. That almost killed me." Mischa rubbed his shoulders, but Tom hadn't finished.

"It was the same with the spanking. The most difficult thing was lying down." He looked up at Mischa. "There was a line there. I mean, you had done the CBT to me, and even that last time, I could pretend that you had made me ask for it. If I lay down on your lap, then it was because I wanted it. Wanted a fucking spanking. And," he hesitated, "because

I wanted to submit to you." Even now he blushed. "And I lay down. I still don't know what that makes me."

"Very brave, for one." This was the most intriguing person Mischa had met in a long time. Mischa found himself being more attracted to Tom for every new thing he learned about the man. That wasn't necessarily a good thing. He had his principles about this.

"And now I don't know what to do." Tom looked lost. "This was... This has changed me." He took a deep breath. "I think I need this."

Mischa kissed him, fervently took his mouth. "You're so fucking brave. It takes guts to realize this, you know?"

Tom nodded, smiling weakly. "Yeah, I know. But what do I do now?"

Mischa looked down, suddenly at a loss for what to say. It should be really easy; Mischa always let his boys go after one scene. But it wasn't that simple this time. Mischa took a deep breath and spoke, choosing his words carefully.

"Well, as I see it, you can do one of two things. One option is to go to the clubs or online and find yourself a Dom who can teach you more about this."

Tom nodded, not looking happy. Mischa took a deep breath. Not only subs had to put themselves on the line. "The other option is to meet up with me again."

A slow smile spread over Tom's face. "You would do that?"

"I would love that. You weren't the only one who enjoyed your stay here."

Tom was beaming now. "Good." He looked relieved, almost a little giddy. "So, you want to set up a new date?" Mischa pretended not to see the blush on Tom's face when the boy realized the implication of his words.

"What about next weekend? Then we can have a couple of days to play. That is, if you want to have a bit more time." Blushing couldn't be contagious. It just couldn't.

"It sounds good. I... I could come here Friday if you'd like? I have time to spare at the moment." There, it was contagious. And they were behaving like fucking sixteen-year olds. If it weren't so nerve wrecking, Mischa would have enjoyed the feeling of being young and stupid again.

"It's a deal." Mischa got up and went for the car keys. "I have to take you back now if you want to prepare for your teaching." Tom smiled and got up, just the hint of a strut in his walk as he went to the door. Mischa smacked his ass, hard.

"Fuck!" Mischa laughed out loud at the outrage on Tom's face. Then he leaned in, grabbing his boy's sore ass and kissed Tom thoroughly. When he let go, Tom was hard and panting, looking completely dazed.

"There," Mischa said with a smirk. "Now you won't forget me before Friday."

Chapter 4

Tom had no idea why he was so nervous that he was just about to pee his pants. Okay, metaphorically so, but still. Anything else would just be gross, especially since he was standing on a very public street outside the café where they had met last time.

Even the thought of spending three days -- three days! -- with Mischa made the butterflies do things in his stomach which sincerely made him believe that they had secretly transformed themselves into bats. Or seagulls. Yes; big, noisy seagulls who were trying to claw their way out of his stomach.

If only he had been scared, then his nerves would at least make sense. But he wasn't. A bit apprehensive, yes -- the last session with Mischa had been both painful and mind-blowing. It was more that last time had been so... Well, mind-blowing. How could this time live up to that at all? And would he be able to be the way Mischa expected him to be, to obey, to relax enough to...

"Hi, Tom." Suddenly Mischa stood in front of him, smiling.

Tom blushed, feeling caught in the act. "Hi, Mischa. Good to see you again." Very good; Mischa looked even better than Tom had dreamed about. Before he fell asleep. And in the shower. Twice.

He desperately tried to shut out those images -- too short jacket -- and reached out and hugged Mischa. Mischa hugged him right back in a bear hug, and Tom felt some of his nerves disappear. At least Mischa was happy to see him, too.

"Had a nice week?" Mischa reached over and grabbed Tom's bag, walking them to his car.

"Yeah, not too bad. A bit busy." Tom had wanted to prepare for next week's classes and get some work done on his thesis so he could take time off this weekend without stressing over it.

"Yeah? I've had a really quiet week; not much happening in the market these days." They got into the car. "Of course, I spent a lot of time making plans for this weekend. How is your ass, by the way?"

"Are you going to ask me that here? In your car?" Tom didn't sound like a shocked old maid. Definitely not.

"Sure. I closed the door first, didn't I? So, have you been sore?" Oh, Mischa enjoyed this way too much.

"Hell, yes." Tom couldn't help but laugh; Mischa's joy was contagious. "I had a lot of work to do after you took me home, and that hard chair kept reminding me of the spanking." Just saying the word made him blush. But it was also a bit cool having the courage to talk about it.

"And your asshole?"

Tom turned in his seat, glaring accusingly at Mischa. "You really like this, don't you? Making me blush?"

"Oh, yes. You're lovely when you're all flustered. Now answer my question."

Christ. "I... I didn't even have to touch it. I could just clench it a bit and then I would feel you. The first couple of days were actually quite bad; I had to give up riding my bike to class."

"Well, you can't say I didn't warn you." Mischa sounded smug. And a little aroused.

"I can't. And it was so worth it." Tom could do smug as well as the next guy.

During the rest of the ride, they talked about their week, about an e-book Mischa had found on the Internet that Tom had already read, about the news. They arrived at Mischa's house in no time, Tom's nerves entirely gone. He had forgotten that, behind all the kinky games, he plainly and simply liked Mischa.

Tom got out of the car and looked around. "It's a really nice place out here. I didn't pay much attention last time, but it's so peaceful. Is it your land all around?"

"Yes. A client mentioned that he had it for sale, and I bought it. He saw it as an investment; I saw it as somewhere I wanted to live. I like my privacy." Of course, privacy made it far less problematic to have screaming subs in his playroom, too.

They went inside, the heat nice after the chilly weather outside. "Come on, sit down," Mischa said. "I'd like to talk about what we'll be doing this weekend."

Tom felt the excitement growing again in his stomach. The mood was totally different from the last time he had been here, though; Mischa was not in Dom-mode at all. It was...

comfortable. Even if it made him unbearably excited when Mischa ordered him around, it was nice to feel safe and grounded while they talked.

"First of all, I want to turn down the pain a notch. Neither your body nor your mind can do what we did last time for three days in a row. Not yet, at least." Tom felt a bit relieved; it had been one of his biggest worries.

"It doesn't mean that it's going to be less intense this time, though. It won't be easier -- just different." Tom guessed that it said a lot about him that those words made his cock jump. If nothing else, it meant that he was in the right place.

"We established some of your kinks last time, your pain threshold, and some of your limits. This time I'd like to introduce you to some of my toys. What kind of toys have you already played with?"

"I haven't." Mischa looked skeptically at him. "I haven't! I haven't got a dildo and all those other things... Well, they're not for real, you know."

Mischa blinked. "What exactly do you mean by saying they're not for real?"

"Well, I know they exist, of course, but nobody uses them outside of porn movies. They're just... fantasy material."

Mischa looked totally bewildered now. "But the book we talked about -- they're using toys all the time."

"Yeah, but that's fiction. It isn't real." Real people didn't have strange contraptions in odd colors in their bedside tables. They just didn't.

Mischa was speaking slowly. "I hate to have to break it to you, but those things are real. Not everybody uses all of them, but they are real."

No way. Tom blinked. "You mean, like the stuff they did in that book?"

"Yes. And in other books. Have you read anything else by that writer?"

Mischa thought that this was as good a way as any to introduce his apparently totally oblivious sub to the world of toys. He got out his laptop, finding the webpage with the e-books.

Tom pointed at a book. "Yeah, I read that one, and it was really hot, but you can't get those things anywhere."

"Yes, you can. I have one."

"What about the stuff they do in that book?" Tom clicked.

"Real."

"And that one?" Tom sounded a little hysterical now, clicking on one title after another.

"Hardcore, but real."

"And that one?"

"Honey, that book is about vampires. Those don't exist."

It didn't seem to reassure Tom. "You mean, you really... You do that? You'll do that to me?"

Mischa didn't know if he was supposed to laugh or be worried about Tom's reaction. This was like telling someone that Santa Claus didn't exist. Only the other way around. Whatever.

He decided to be straightforward. "Yes. I intend for us to play with my toys this weekend. In fact, I want to plug you now."

Tom stared. "Plug?"

"Yes. Like a dildo, only smaller. Listen, didn't you pay any attention at all to those books?"

"I didn't think it was something people do! I mean, I thought it was like that weird manga porn; it might be hot, but it would be really stupid to imagine it to be real." Tom sounded a little lost now. At least Mischa had a cure for that. He put his hand under Tom's chin, gently raising his boy's face so he could kiss Tom. Thoroughly. Enough to make Tom whimper a little and forget about Santa coming alive. Okay, Mischa so had to let that metaphor slide.

"It is real, and we're going to my playroom now. Seeing is believing, you know." Mischa leered at Tom. "Therefore, my boy, it's time to undress." He got up, wanting them to get into the mode.

"Phone."

Tom stared at him, obviously trying to process what was happening. Mischa stepped over, kissed him again, and stroked the boy's hair. "It might be easier if you stop thinking about everything so much," he said in a soft voice. "Just go with it. It makes me so hard when you surrender to me." He had a feeling that Tom was being turned on by the concept of submission as well as by the real thing.

"Now, deep breath." Tom did what he was told, and Mischa could see the tension drain from the tight shoulders, Tom's eyes never leaving Mischa's. Mischa reached out his hand demanding. "Give me your phone. Now."

Tom fumbled for it and gave it to him. Mischa put it on the table and slowly turned around, giving his boy some time to get into it. He crossed his arms and let his eyes wander up and down Tom.

"Undress."

Tom caught Mischa's eyes, and Mischa saw just a hint of a smile. Then the boy got up and started to undress. Tom wasn't teasing, but there was no doubt that he was aware of the effect he had on Mischa. Cocky kid. Wonder if he could do something about that?

"Come with me." He turned and went down the hallway to the playroom. He opened the door and turned to Tom, wanting to see the boy's reaction.

Fuck. Just... Fuck.

Tom's first thought was that those books were real. Very real.

Mischa's playroom was huge. The first thing he saw was the cross in the back of the room, complete with leather straps to tie... someone up with. Tom's brain did a very careful repression of the rest of that observation, and that suited Tom just fine.

He took a step into the room, then hesitated and looked at Mischa.

"Go ahead, have a look around."

He carefully stepped further into the room, forcing himself to look away from the cross. There were plenty of other things to take in. Right ahead of him there was an arched bench, and further into the room there was a padded table, a strange bench, and something looking like a gynecological chair. Across from the chair, there was a frame with chains hanging from it. There was even an open bathroom with a Jacuzzi and a huge shower stall in the far corner of the room. The only normal thing in here except for the cabinets on his right was the bed in the left corner of the room.

The atmosphere in the room was odd, though. With the light wooden floors and the space, it seemed... nice. Tranquil. There were even windows, although they were covered with white curtains.

Tom started when he felt Mischa's hand on his shoulder; he had almost forgotten that he wasn't alone.

"What do you think about my playroom?"

Tom hesitated. "Well, I actually like it. According to all those books, I thought it would be darker. Scarier."

"Yes, I'm not much for the conventional dungeons. Not enough light and not very hygienic." Tom stared. Nope, Mischa wasn't joking. Well, Tom had never tried to clean up a dungeon, so what did he know.

"When I built the house, I made this room a part of it from the beginning. A friend of mine had done the same thing, so I got in touch with his contractor. You don't exactly get this kind of soundproofing in a regular building." It might be private out here, but there was no reason to scare the wildlife.

Mischa came over, stood close behind Tom. Tom could feel the Dom's hard on push into the top of his ass, and suddenly his mouth felt dry. In a good way. Mischa gently stroked his shoulders and spoke in a low voice. "I promised you a plug, didn't I?"

Tom shivered; Mischa's rumble and his breath on Tom's neck went straight to Tom's cock. He turned his head slightly after the sound.

"Yes, sir."

"Then go pick one. Middle cabinet, first and second drawers from the top. I'm positive you'll find something interesting."

Tom pushed back, trying to get a little more of Mischa.

"Now, boy." Mischa smacked him. The sound was loud in the quiet room. So was Tom's moan.

Face burning, he went over to the cabinet, taking a deep breath and opening the top drawer. He stared.

There was everything here. The drawer had built-in compartments, and in each small space there was a toy. Some were colorful, some were realistic, some had remote controls, and one even had a strange, pump-like contraption. He reached out, but hesitated.

"You can touch them. Take them up, feel which one you'd like me to put in you."

The thought made Tom's breath hitch. He was going to have to take one of those things into him. He gingerly reached out, picking up a purple, oval plug. It was soft to the touch and a little wobbly, making him giggle.

"Those are nice and soft, aren't they?" Mischa was watching Tom examining the toys.

"I like the colors." Tom's cheeks were burning, but that was getting to be a recurrent condition when he was with Mischa. "And they feel..." Like something I could take.

"Sexy? Fuckable?" Mischa smiled.

"Good." He put the purple plug down and took up another, very realistic looking. It wasn't that exciting, and he tried another in hard, black plastic. "Isn't this one uncomfortable?"

"Well, it depends on what you want to achieve. It is hard to forget that you wear it, if that's what you mean."

Tom kept on probing, picking up and putting down. Then he took up a giant black thing. "Now this one, this isn't for real, no matter what you say. Nobody can take that."

Mischa had come closer, rubbing Tom's ass. "You know, your sphincter is just a muscle. It can be made flexible just like the rest of your body."

"Well, there's flexible and then there's Olympic gymnasts. This one belongs in the latter category."

Mischa laughed obligingly. "You'd be surprised what you can do, but I think you're right in not choosing that one today."

It was more like never, but Tom didn't see any reason to inform Mischa of that just yet.

"Open the next drawer, too. Those are my favorites."

Tom did as he was told and then stopped dead in his tracks. Those were... oh. He could feel his cock start drooling.

The drawer was full of glass and metal. The glass plugs were little works of art, smooth and with beautiful patterns and bumps. Tom absently let his fingers wander over them. His eyes were glued to the metal in the other end of the drawer, though.

The metal plugs were shiny, different shapes, and looked heavy. He picked one up and weighed it in his hand.

"The weight makes you very aware of them. Some of them are so heavy that you even have to work to keep them in. Especially if you've just been fucked." Mischa's voice was husky.

Tom let his fingers wander, fascinated by the feeling of them. To have one of them in his ass... He tried not to moan. Mischa chuckled. "Are you ready to pick one?"

Tom's hand went back to one he hadn't picked up yet. It was about four inches long, not too thick, and shaped like an hourglass. It felt cold and heavy in his hand, and Tom's cock twitched when he let his fingers slide over it.

"Oh, good choice. You won't have any problems taking it, but you will really feel it. Let me get you ready." Mischa put his hand around Tom, steering the boy toward the arch. Tom hesitated.

"Anything wrong?"

"Some of those things scare me like hell!"

"Yeah?" Mischa stopped pushing, listening.

"The cross. It's... Do you really whip people there?" Is that what I have to do to stay here?

"I have. A lot of subs are turned on by being tied up and whipped. That's not one of the things you fantasize about?"

"I..." How the fuck could Tom answer that question without being consumed by embarrassment?

Mischa rubbed his back. "How about we say that I won't make you take a whipping just yet?" Tom nodded, relieved. "I do think you'd like a flogger, though, from the way you took to the spanking."

Mischa took a step, gesturing to the rest of the things. "Is there anything else that scares you?"

"Well, it doesn't really scare me, but what do you use that table over there for?" Tom pointed at the gynecological table. Mischa smiled his predatory smile.

"Oh, it's excellent when you want full access to a sub. It's also good for the really kinky stuff. You'll find out."

"So this isn't kinky?" Tom stared at the shiny metal thing in his hand. That soon was going to be in his ass. Fuck.

"No, this is picket fence and Sunday dinners compared to what you can do in that chair." Mischa moved in close behind him, arms sliding around Tom and rubbing against his back. The man grabbed Tom's nipples, holding tight but not pinching. Tom went up on tiptoes, holding his breath against the threat of pain. "Oh, I think you're ready to take that plug now. Don't you agree?" Mischa held on a little tighter, making Tom gasp.

"Yes, sir. Very ready."

Mischa chuckled, letting his hands slide over Tom's chest and stomach, oh-so-casually avoiding Tom's hard cock. Then he strayed back to Tom's nipples.

"You liked it when I pinched your nipples last week, didn't you?" Mischa slowly rubbed the sensitive flesh, making

Tom arch his back. "Would you like me to do it again before I push that plug into you?" Mischa's words made Tom gasp.

"Yes, sir."

"Hard?" Fuck, Mischa knew exactly where to push, knew what Tom wanted and couldn't ask for and then made him anyway. He couldn't not.

"Please, sir. Ahhh!" Mischa's grip had tightened immediately, burning through Tom. Tom arched his back and let his head fall back into the curve of Mischa's shoulder, gasping. "Oh, sir, burns. Fuck!" Mischa crooned and tightened the grip, making Tom writhe and moan. The Dom didn't relent until Tom cried out loudly. Then Mischa finally let go, turned Tom around, and kissed him until Tom felt dizzy. Mischa pulled back and looked into his eyes.

"Are you ready to take my plug now?"

Tom felt drugged, dazed by the lust coursing through him. He was so ready.

"Yes, sir. Please."

Mischa put his arm around Tom and steered him toward the arch, grabbing a bottle of lube on the way. Tom leaned over the arch, but Mischa grabbed his ass unceremoniously and pulled him up to lie across the middle of it. His feet were dangling, and his cock went through the slit in the arch, making him feel vulnerable.

"I'm not going to tie you up this time. I want to know that you're staying put of your own free will. I know that it won't be easy; you're still so tight, and taking this plug will be a bit of work for you." Mischa leaned in, kissing Tom lightly on his neck. "But it's work that I can't wait to see. I can't wait to hear your sounds as you struggle to take this." The Dom rubbed the plug over Tom's ass.

Then Mischa got almost businesslike. "I'll lube you up first; you can't take it without being slick." The change in tone ripped Tom out of his daze. He suddenly realized how obscene, how horny he had to look, on display with a hard cock, waiting for someone to put a big plug in him. He couldn't help it; he moaned out loud. He was rewarded with a slap to his butt.

"Good boy. Now, relax." Tom got a wet finger directly into his ass. He arched his back, fighting the sudden intrusion. Mischa didn't protest, just kept on talking in that low, rough voice of his. "I won't give you more than a single finger; I want you to feel the full size of the plug. It might hurt, but it's not big enough to damage you."

When Mischa had finished opening Tom up, he pulled out his finger and wiped it on Tom's back. For some reason, that pushed a strangled noise out of Tom. Mischa chuckled. "Oh yes, you like being spread out like this."

Tom felt the cold metal on his ass and started a bit. Mischa placed one hand on Tom's back, holding him down. "Now I'm going to open you up with my plug. The first curve is a bit smaller than the next. Just breathe through it, then you'll be fine. And I want to hear you all the time." Then he pushed.

Tom could feel the pressure against his hole and tried to relax, to let Mischa penetrate him. The plug felt so much bigger against his hole than it had looked; there was no way he could take this. But Mischa didn't relent, and Tom felt himself opening up until a sharp pain shot through his ass and the first part of the plug went into him. He groaned, grinding his hips into the arch and trying to escape the feeling of being so impossibly full. "Oh. Sir, so full, so big."

Mischa teasingly let the narrow part of the plug slide a little in and out of his ass, making Tom whimper. "No, no, too much, I can't take it..."

Mischa only kept it up. "Yes, it's good, isn't it?"

"Good" wasn't exactly the word Tom would have chosen, but then, he wasn't up to the use of actual words right now.

"Now I'll give you the second part. I know it'll be difficult," Mischa pushed a little harder, making Tom gasp, "but I like seeing you fight to take what I give you. Ready?"

Tom managed to nod. "Yes... yes, sir." Then Mischa pushed, so slowly.

Tom felt his ass open up more and more, making it burn, and then the sharp pain was there again, only worse. Tom cried out, and Mischa held still, kept him in the middle of the pain. "Yeah, it hurts, doesn't it? You're so tight." Tom whimpered, fighting the hand on his back holding him down. "It'll be worse when I push it in, but after that it'll be really good."

Tom just groaned, letting his head fall down. "Good boy," Mischa whispered, and then he pushed the plug all the way in.

Tom shouted from the sharp pain, and then it was in. It felt so big, filling him so much right inside his asshole. It also made him more excited than he could remember ever being, the feeling too much to contain. There was no way he could take this feeling for much longer.

"Enough, sir, enough. Please take it out again. Too much." He was panting and sawing his hips, fucking the air.

Mischa bent over him, letting his hand slide over Tom's back and ass. "But that's not the point with a plug, boy. They're made to stay in." His other hand slid over Tom's hard dick.

Tom started whimpering. "No, no, no, no. Can't keep it in. Can't take it." He humped Mischa's hand. Mischa only laughed at him and started to help him up. Tom gasped when he slid down the arch, and when he tried to stand up straight, the feeling shot through him. This was unbearable, too much, too good. He bent over the arch again, panting. "Going to come. Take it out. Take it out of me."

Even in his wildest imagination, Mischa couldn't have dreamed of the reaction he was getting out of his boy. Tom was panting, keening, so close to breaking down from pure lust. It made Mischa so hard.

"No, boy, stand up straight. You're not going to come until I let you." Tom whimpered, clenching his fists and

obviously trying to obey Mischa's order. He managed to get up, making a deep, guttural groan as the move shifted the plug inside his body. Tom was panting and looking so depraved that Mischa had to moan at the sight.

"Come here, boy. I want you to suck me." And, oh, sweet heaven. Tom took a step, a shocked expression on his face as he moved, and with a whimper and a pleading look at Mischa, his legs gave out under him as he came. Tom shouted, the sound almost painful and so wonderfully fucking hot that Mischa came without even touching himself.

Mischa gasped through it, the sight of Tom's spent body too good to miss even through his orgasm. The boy had fallen forward, his legs still spread and kneeling to make room for the plug, his head and arms lying on the ground. He looked broken, totally wiped out by his orgasm.

With an effort, Mischa got himself back under control. "Get up, boy. I want you to clean me up." Mischa walked on not-entirely steady legs to the bed and sat down hard.

Tom stirred, groaning as he tried to get up. Mischa took pity on him. "You can take the plug out."

Tom reached for it, and with a grunt, he got it out. Then he got up and staggered to the bathroom, putting the plug in the sink and wetting a towel. Mischa had gotten out of his sticky pants and sat on the edge of the bed, waiting. Tom stood in front of him, looking uncertain.

"On your knees, boy, and clean me up."

Tom kneeled in front of him and carefully cleaned Mischa up, hands shaking. Mischa lay back in the bed while Tom put the towel away and cleaned himself up. Then Tom came back and scrambled into bed, his movements clumsy. Mischa pulled him in close and pulled the comforter over them.

Tom was the first to speak. "Wow, that blew my mind completely. Fuck." Tom chuckled, sounding amazed. "And sorry about the coming, but there was no way I could wear that plug and not come."

Mischa smiled and stroked his back. "It's the curve of it that does it; when you're not used to it, then a steep curve just inside your hole will drive you crazy. If you had chosen the oval one, it would have been far easier for you."

"Well, thank you for the warning!"

"Hey, it would be plain stupid to prevent myself from enjoying the sight of you with that plug in you. Fuck, you were hot."

Tom snuggled in. He was quiet for a long time.

"It sounds as if you're thinking very hard," Mischa teased him gently.

Tom smiled apologetically and withdrew a bit so he could see Mischa's face.

"It's just... You thought I was hot?" Tom blushed and looked down. "I'm not fishing for compliments or anything, it's just..."

Mischa hooked a finger under Tom's chin and brought his head back up. "It's just what? And for the record, you were so hot you made me come in my pants. I haven't done that since I was a teenager."

Tom's eyes lit up, and he relaxed a bit. "Good, because I thought it was hot, too. Very. But..." He made a visible effort to get the words out. "Okay, it's like this: The toys are real, and so is the... furniture in here. Does that mean that the rest of the stuff from the books is real, too?" He looked pleadingly at Mischa.

Mischa frowned. "I don't understand what you mean -- the rest of it?"

Tom gestured agitatedly. "The groveling. The subservient little slave who spends all his time on his knees and has absolutely no opinion whatsoever -- is that what I'm supposed to be like? Because I don't think I can be like that. And I don't think that I want to."

"You're really worried, aren't you?" Mischa moved back a bit. Then he sat up, arranging the pillows against the head rest. "Come on, sit up. This is too important to talk about like this."

Tom sat up, looking worried and a little resigned. The latter almost killed Mischa. He leaned in and kissed Tom, hard. "You're doing fine, okay? I don't want to change you; I just want to explore your kinks with you."

Tom looked relieved.

"Some people do have twenty-four seven relationships like the one you described, but I don't know many of them -- that's actually one of the things you mostly see in books."

"But that doesn't turn you on -- having someone being so submissive to you?"

"Yes, it does." Mischa answered before he had time to think, and he winced at the apprehensive look on Tom's face.

"Okay, let me explain." He pulled the comforter closer around Tom, not wanting his boy to get cold.

"I've been a Dom for many years now, and I've done hundreds of scenes -- that's what you call it when a Dom and a sub meet and do whatever we do. Some of those subs have been very submissive, behaving like you described -- and that turned me on. But it turned me on because it turned them on; either they were hard all the time, or they got something else out of it. They could come here all stressed out and insecure and leave calm and happy. That's a major turn on for me.

"But don't get me wrong here; I'm not a therapist. I enjoy other people's pain, and I especially enjoy seeing them struggling to do as I tell them to. I have a reputation for being a hardass, so not that many dare come to me in the first place. Most of those who do come are too well trained to do anything out of line. They come here, they take what I do to them, and they leave. It's hot while it lasts, but I can hardly tell them apart, they're so well trained and obedient. I know it sounds bad, but it's the truth."

Mischa took a deep breath and continued. "You're not any of those things, and that's why you make me so hard; it's not always easy for you to surrender. I want to push you again and again and see what turns you on." Mischa bit his own tongue before he could say more.

Tom was quiet for a long time, making Mischa more nervous than he should have been. He was just here to help Tom explore the boy's kinks. And even if that would take a bit longer than a single scene, that didn't change anything. At all.

"Okay."

"Okay?" Mischa had just talked more about his personal life than he had for years, and that was all Tom had to say to it? He had sort of prepared himself for a major emotional meltdown.

"Yes. It's hot, I'm not fucking up, and you want to see me again. That's three out of three as far as I'm concerned."

It struck Mischa that perhaps Tom wasn't the type to have a meltdown. That was something his spoiled subs did to get his attention. This was a whole other kind of game, and Mischa couldn't help feeling just a little out of his depth. He pulled himself together, though.

"Good. Because it is in my opinion, too. Now, let's go get something to eat. I'm starving."

Tom climbed out of bed, chuckling. "Kay. I'll just clean up that monstrous toy; it was gross." He wrinkled his nose.

"Why was it gross?"

Tom looked at Mischa, incredulously. "Because it had been up my ass? You do know what's up there, don't you?"

"Don't you clean your ass before you come here?"

Tom looked horrified. "You can't ask me that!"

Mischa blinked. "I can't? Why not?"

"Because it's... private! It's very private."

Mischa pondered. "So, I can talk to you about kinky toys and my personal life, but I can't talk about how you clean yourself?"

"No!"

Huh. Mischa guessed it was time to exercise some authority. He straightened his back and crossed his arms. Yep, full cave man mode. He noticed how Tom registered it right away. Oh yes, the boy was into it. They only needed to find a balance, and Mischa was quite sure that he could do that. Very sure in fact. Because he wanted both the sub and the man. And that was a thought that he had to look more closely at later.

"I ask you this, and I expect you to answer: how do you clean yourself, boy?"

Tom hung his head. Finally, he managed to speak. "With a finger, in the shower, sir."

Well, that explained it. Now Mischa knew what their next scene was going to be. He relaxed and nodded.

"Okay. Clean up the toy and come out to me in the kitchen, then we'll make dinner."

Tom put on clothes to make dinner with him; Mischa wasn't sure how to react to that. He had envisioned having Tom naked the whole weekend. But it did change the atmosphere remarkably well, and Mischa found himself enjoying working alongside Tom, talking and teasing all the time.

After dinner, Mischa took Tom into the living room and stopped him in the middle of the floor when Tom went to sit down. Even if Tom was dressed, the boy needed to know that he could still let go, that Mischa was still there to exert his will over him.

Mischa sat down on the couch, eyes wandering slowly over Tom and letting the boy see him rubbing his cock through his pants. Tom had caught on at once, straightening up and staying still.

Then Mischa ordered him to undress. Tom did so, unhurriedly, but with a cock already starting to harden. Mischa told him to kneel, and the Dom saw that sweet moment when Tom fought with himself, trying to obey. Then the boy kneeled down in front of Mischa, opened Mischa's pants, and sucked him off. Mischa came in his sub's mouth with a shout, the sight of Tom bending to his will turning him on like nothing else.

He didn't let Tom come, just pulled the boy up on the couch and snuggled with him for the rest of the evening. In the

beginning, Tom tried to get release, pleading and rubbing his hard dick against Mischa's hip. Mischa stopped him. "I want you to feel like this. I want you to be on edge, to know that you feel this way because of me. Understand?"

And Tom understood; he didn't necessarily agree, but he did as he was told, relaxing into his role. It was lovely. Well, especially since Mischa wasn't the one with the blue balls.

The poor boy even woke Mischa a couple of times during the night, moaning restlessly and trying to rub off on the sheet. Another time, Mischa would put him in chastity; for now, he managed to keep Tom from coming. Mischa wanted him on edge, eager to please for the next morning's scene. Tom was going to need it.

Mischa fed Tom a light breakfast and took his boy into the playroom again where Tom stood, naked, facing the bathroom. It was time to play hard. This was probably going to be more difficult for Tom than anything else they had done so far.

He slowly walked around Tom, letting his hands brush lightly against his boy's skin, giving Tom a chance to find that quiet, obedient frame of mind the boy would need to be able to do this. Mischa had no doubts that Tom could do it; his sub was already more than half hard.

Still circling, Mischa started talking in a low voice. "I told you that this was going to be an intense weekend, and this scene will be very difficult for you." Mischa slid his hand over Tom's stomach, brushed a nipple. Tom was quiet, only

a slight gasp at Mischa's touch and a twitching dick showing how much the boy liked this.

"I want you to remember that you do this because I tell you to. The sensations are there because I want you to feel that way. Bend to my will. Trust me to push you and to know what you can take. It's a lot more than you think."

Tom had closed his eyes, breathing evenly. He took so perfectly to this. Mischa took a firm grip on Tom's arms and led him to the bathroom. Tom opened his eyes, but otherwise accepted Mischa's directions.

"I'm going to give you an enema."

Tom showed no sign of understanding. Mischa got out the bag and the tube. Still no sign of recognition. "I'm going to fill you with water, then let you hold it until I say you can expel it. Then I'll do it again. It will make you nice and clean for when we play later." Mischa leaned in, making his voice rasp. "And I'll be so hard, watching you struggle to take the water, keep it in you."

Tom looked horrified, taking a step back. "You're going to fill my ass with water? In front of you?"

Mischa grabbed Tom's shoulders, physically keeping him from fleeing. "I am."

Tom shook his head. "No. No way. I can't do that. I simply can't."

"Yes, you can." Mischa kept his voice low, stern. "You are going to take what I give you, because I tell you to."

Tom looked pleadingly at Mischa, tears starting to form in his eyes. "I can't do this! It's going to be so fucking humiliating. Why are you doing this to me?"

Mischa gently wiped Tom's eyes, letting his hands soothe his boy. "I want you to surrender to me. I want you to be embarrassed and still do it. Give me your embarrassment as a gift. The harder it is for you, the better is it for me when you do it anyway. Give that to me."

Tom looked at him for a long time, seeming to search for something in his face. Mischa didn't move, just waited for his boy. Then Tom nodded, hesitantly. Mischa kissed him, hard, letting Tom find solace in the excitement it gave Mischa. Then Mischa stroked Tom's cheek, smiling. "Let's begin."

He placed Tom next to the sink, and then started talking while he worked -- as much to give Tom something to focus on as to explain what was going to happen. "I'm putting a couple of towels on the floor. You'll be on your left side; that position will make it easier for you to take the water. I won't leave you. I'll lie with you and talk you through it."

Mischa started filling the bag. "I'm using warm water with a little salt added -- that way, the water doesn't interfere with your body's chemical balance. Cold water can feel good, too, but it makes you more likely to cramp and it can make you cold." He showed Tom the nozzle. "This one isn't difficult to take. I'll push it inside you, and then I regulate the stream here."

He put the bag on an IV stand and made everything ready. Then he took off his shirt; the body contact would calm his

boy. He turned to Tom, putting his arms around the tense body and leading the sub to the towels. There was no way his boy would be able to do this by himself, obedient or not.

"Come on, lie down." Mischa was coaxing Tom like one would a scared animal. Tom looked panicked, unable to move. Mischa kept his hands on Tom, gently pressing the boy down.

Then Tom made a strangled sound and let Mischa push him down. He lay on his side, moving a little restlessly, fingers clutching the towels.

Mischa lay down close behind him and hugged him. "Good boy. That was hard for you, wasn't it?" Tom nodded, and Mischa stroked his belly. "You're doing fine. Just relax and take it. I'm going to put the nozzle in you, and then your little belly is going to be all filled up with water."

Mischa took a bit of lube and smeared it into Tom's hole. Tom had stopped moving and waited patiently for what Mischa was about to do to him. His surrender made Mischa's cock harden.

"Now you're getting the nozzle. No water yet." Tom took a sharp intake of breath as the slick plastic slid into him. Mischa smiled; he had never met someone with such a sensitive ass. He soothingly caressed Tom's sides.

"Here comes the water." Mischa reached for the valve and opened it.

"Oh!" Tom gasped when the water started running into his ass.

Mischa chuckled. "Yes, it feels good, doesn't it?"

"Yes. Oh, fuck." Mischa put his arms around Tom; all he could do now was help his boy through it. His hand went to Tom's dick. Tom had gone limp when Mischa told him about the enema, but now his cock was more than half hard again. Mischa started stroking it.

"Oh, yes. Oh, this is so good." Tom moaned, moving a bit. Yes, it would be. It didn't take long until Tom's noises changed, though, and his breathing got a little labored.

"I think I'm full now." Tom writhed a little.

Mischa smiled. "No, you're not even close. It's just your rectum filling up. Now the water starts flowing deeper inside you, into your bowels."

Tom made a breathless little noise. "I have to take more?"

"Oh, yes. There's two quarts in the bag. Just relax and let the water fill you up. Remember, take it for me."

Tom was trying to take deep breaths. "I... I can't breathe properly." He sounded a little panicked.

"It's just your belly filling up. Breathe around it."

Tom took short breaths, obediently following Mischa's order. Then Mischa felt him tense up. "Oh, it hurts. Ah!" Mischa let his hand slide up to Tom's stomach, easing him through the cramp. Tom was panting now. "How... how much to go?"

Mischa looked at the bag. "You're around halfway through."

Tom moaned piteously. "Is it... Oh, fuck. Is it going to be like this the rest of the time?"

"No, you're only cramping now and then. Just feel, it's better now, isn't it?" Mischa let his hand slide down to Tom's cock again. It was hard; if it was because of the water putting pressure on Tom's prostate or because this turned him on, Mischa didn't know. He doubted that Tom knew, either.

"Yes. Yes, it is. I can do this." Tom was breathing heavily, but otherwise, he was composed.

"Good boy! You've almost taken all of it. Just a little more."

Then another cramp hit Tom. "Oh fuck! Ahhh, I can't hold it in. Ow, fuck." He writhed, trying to escape the pain.

Mischa put his leg over him, pinning him down and rubbing Tom's stomach. "Squeeze your ass closed. You can do it. Just a little more, and this cramp will be over."

Tom whimpered, but the cramp subsided, leaving him gasping

"You're doing so well. You've taken all the water; now I want you to hold it in."

"How... how long?" Tom was sweating now.

"How about we say through one more cramp? Then I'll help you up. Will you give me that much pain yet?" Mischa held his breath; Tom could very well break down now, begging him to stop this.

"Yes." Tom was staring straight ahead, panting around the fullness in his stomach. Mischa stroked his cock in reward.

They didn't have to wait long; Tom soon whimpered through the next cramp. Then Mischa slid the nozzle out of him, helping him up. Tom could hardly make it the few steps to the toilet, but he managed. Then he looked at Mischa. "I... You'll leave me now, right?"

"I'll never leave you."

Tom looked horrified. Mischa only stepped up to him and held Tom's head close to Mischa's stomach. Then Tom couldn't hold back any longer, and the water gushed out of him, making him moan.

"Shh, you're okay, I'm not leaving you." At first, Tom had been trying to push Mischa away; now he was clinging to Mischa while he released the water. Mischa held him, helping him through it.

Finally, Tom was empty. Mischa cleaned him up and helped him stand up on slightly shaky legs. Mischa steadied him; then the Dom leaned in and kissed Tom until the boy was clinging to Mischa, fully surrendering to him.

"That was beautiful." Mischa stroked the hair away from Tom's face. "Do you remember what I said in the beginning?"

Tom shook his head, still breathing hard from the ordeal and the kiss.

"I said I would do this to you once -- and then I would do it again. You're going to be filled one more time."

Tom stared at him. Then he leaned in, putting his head in the curve of Mischa's shoulder. The boy stood like that for a long time, just breathing. He then raised his head back up and looked into Mischa's eyes. "Yes, sir."

Oh, fuck. That went straight to Mischa's balls.

Mischa helped the boy down, put the nozzle in him again, and started to let the second bag flow into him. It wasn't much easier for Tom this time. He held out, though, letting Mischa help him through the pain and even through his release without fighting Mischa's authority.

Then Mischa took off his own pants and took Tom to the shower. He washed his sub gently and thoroughly all over and even washed the boy's hair. Tom just leaned in, letting Mischa do it. Mischa kissed Tom's head, and then he pulled back and gave Tom a crooked smile. "Let me show you something."

He got out a tube with a thin dildo head and attached it to the extra faucet. Tom looked worried. "This is mostly for fun. You remember that really nice feeling you got when the first water trickled into you?" Tom nodded hesitantly. "This is to play with that. Will you let me show you?"

It looked as if it took Tom almost as much willpower to do this as to get down on the towel. Then he turned toward the wall without a word, offering his ass.

Mischa moaned. He got some lube and gently daubed it into Tom's ass. The boy writhed a little. "Yeah, the enemas make you sensitive, don't they?" Then Mischa put the showerhead into Tom's ass. Tom sighed and relaxed. Mischa turned on the water.

"Oh fuck!" Tom went up on tiptoes.

"Yes, it's good, isn't it?" Mischa let it run and then took it out. "Now let it out for me." Tom moaned, but obeyed, spraying the clean water out.

Mischa did it a couple of times, and then turned the water in the douche hose to cold. "Oh shit! Oh, fuck, feel it, good, ahh..."

Mischa got on a condom and lubed up his dick, using the slippery lube that wouldn't wash away. "Now, let it out, boy."

Tom obediently let the water out, and Mischa pushed inside instead. The breath rushed out of Tom. "Oh, yes, oh, sir. Yes, please, please, please..." Tom's words turned incomprehensible as Mischa started fucking him with long, even strokes, the water pounding down on them.

When Mischa came, his sub was crying out in long, drawn-out sounds, hardly human. Mischa pushed deep one last time and stroked Tom's cock. Tom exploded, shouting and jerking, ass contracting around Mischa's cock and making his orgasm go on and on.

They sank to the ground, sitting against the shower wall under the hot water. Then Mischa heard a strange sound.

He looked over at Tom, who giggled again. Then the boy broke out laughing, the sound good and strong and contagious, and Mischa couldn't help but laugh with him.

Finally Tom stopped, trying to catch his breath. He leaned over and gave Mischa a kiss. "Fuck, Mischa. You just don't do anything by halves, do you?"

This time it was Mischa who giggled, and they stayed like that, sitting under the water and laughing like loonies.

"I have a reward for you." Mischa was looking at Tom, a mischievous look in his eyes.

They had dried each other, and Mischa had taken him to the couch. Tom felt a little unsteady, and his stomach hurt. Mischa had soothed him, made him drink some juice, and snuggled with him on the couch. His big, dangerous Dom liked to snuggle, and Tom appreciated that. A lot. Tom had felt so many different things during their last scene, and he relished just lying on the couch, letting Mischa take care of him.

When Tom felt a bit more composed, Mischa had taken him back to the playroom and given him a massage on the padded table. There was nothing sexual in it, but it made Tom feel good, back in his body again. Afterwards, Mischa had ordered Tom to the kitchen. Tom had gotten up and stopped Mischa on the way, kissing the Dom until they were both hard, showing his gratitude. "Thank you, sir." Then Tom smiled and went to the kitchen.

Now, it was after lunch and Mischa definitely looked like he had plans. Of the kinky kind.

Tom was back in the playroom, standing nice and straight in the middle of the room. Him and his dick both. It made him blush, but he took it stoically. It just seemed stupid to hide that he liked this, since it was what he came here for -- and since it made Mischa hard, too.

"You like being sore, don't you?" Okay, there was stoic and then there was embarrassed beyond speaking. Mischa laughed knowingly at him, rubbing Tom's hole with a single finger. Tom jumped a bit, still feeling the fuck Mischa had given him in the shower. Then he finally managed to speak.

"Yes, sir." Because he did.

"Good boy!" Mischa stood behind him, arms caressing Tom's belly. "I like it when you admit to liking this." Tom felt Mischa's hand around his dick, stroking it and fondling his balls. He let his head sink back, resting against Mischa's shoulder and enjoying the touches.

Still moving his hands, Mischa kept talking. "I want you in the chair, legs up and ass open for my toys. Then I'm going to tease you for hours, loosen you up, and make your little hole so sensitive. Do you like that idea?"

Tom supposed that his half-strangled moan pretty much conveyed his "oh, fuck yes, please." At least Mischa let him go, smacked his ass, and laughed. "Off you go, find some toys. Cabinet on the right, top two drawers." That man really liked smacking Tom's butt. Of course, Tom liked it, too, so who was he to complain?

He went to the drawer. After yesterday, he knew what to expect, but he was still astounded by the collection of dildos in there. All colors, materials, and, of course, shapes. Tom stroked and touched, but had absolutely no way of choosing between them. He looked at Mischa.

"I don't know how they're going to feel, sir, so I can't really choose. If... I'd really like it if you would choose some for me. Then you would be in charge of how I feel." Tom blushed but kept his head up. This was what he was there for.

Mischa smiled. "That was a good choice. And don't worry; I'll pick out something to drive you crazy." Tom hadn't been worried. Until now, that was.

Mischa quickly picked up a handful of different things from some of the drawers, too fast for Tom to see. Then Mischa guided him toward the chair, putting the toys on a cart and covering them with a towel. "Now, hop up."

Tom had that moment where he simply couldn't do it because it would reveal how eager he was to do this. Mischa seemed to understand, and Tom was gently pushed until he gingerly climbed into the chair. The stirrups were padded all the way, and Mischa lifted his legs up and spread them until they were resting on the soft leather of the stirrups. Then the Dom looked down at Tom. For a moment, Tom was entranced by the look of him; Mischa was so aroused and yet fully in control of himself.

"Do you want to be tied down? It will make you feel more vulnerable, more in my power."

Tom took a deep breath and nodded. No need to hide his desire, he reminded himself.

"Excellent." Mischa sounded very satisfied. Then the Dom moved Tom's hips down a bit, fully exposing his ass. A solid leather belt was fastened over his hips, pinning him to the chair, and his hands were cuffed next to the belt. Then his legs were strapped down around his ankles, just above his knees, and around his thighs. Tom blinked a little; he had had no idea that Mischa would be this thorough.

Then Mischa opened the stirrups wide, locking them in a position that exposed Tom completely. It made Tom feel very vulnerable; if he hadn't been strapped down so thoroughly, he wasn't sure he could have done this.

Mischa bent down and took Tom's cock in his mouth. Tom shouted and tried to buck, but the straps didn't give an inch. Mischa got back up, nodding to himself. "I think that means that you aren't going anywhere." He pulled over a swivel chair and sat down between Tom's spread legs, adjusting the cart so he could get to the toys.

"I'm going to start opening you up now. I want to keep you on edge, but you can't come. If you get close, say so." Mischa fastened a leather strap around Tom's dick. "This will help you." Then he took out the first dildo, a sleek metal rod. "This isn't much thicker than my finger. It's going to feel great." He lubed it up and pressed it in.

Tom gasped, trying to escape the invasion. The straps didn't give him any room for movement at all, and he could only lie there and take it. The thought made him so hard, and he gasped again.

Mischa smiled knowingly. Then the Dom pushed the rod further into Tom, and Tom winced when it hit something inside him. Experimentally, Mischa pushed deeper a couple of times, making Tom gasp. "You're not very deep; that's something we'll work on as well as loosening up your tight little muscle."

Mischa pulled out the rod, showing Tom how far it had been in. To him, it looked very far. Mischa took out the next toy, a long, flexible-looking thing.

"This is a probe. Actually, it's a medical one, not a toy, and it's going to go far into you. It will feel really strange. Just lie back and take it." Fuck, it excited Tom when Mischa said things like that.

Tom took the thin probe without any problems; after it had breached him, he could hardly feel it. Then he felt something deep inside him, and he moaned. Mischa kept up the pressure, and Tom thrashed, trying to accommodate it. Then the pressure lifted and he could breathe. "Yes, good, take it." Mischa sounded a little out of breath. The strange feeling came back, and Tom whimpered; it didn't feel good at all. "Is it difficult to take?"

"Yes, sir! It doesn't feel right." Tom gasped around it, feeling the pressure let up again.

"That's because I'm so deep inside you, pushing you where you've never been pushed before."

The feeling of the probe moving deeper and deeper made Tom grunt. Mischa let go of it and let his hands slide up and down Tom's thighs, comforting. "It's so deep in you now." His hands caressed Tom's stomach. "It's in here,

under my hands." Tom stared, couldn't believe this. Knowing that Mischa had put something that deep inside him was mindboggling.

Mischa brushed Tom's cock and went back to the probe, starting to pull it out. It came easily, but Tom was almost scared when he saw how much he'd taken.

"You did well." Mischa rubbed Tom's stomach and looked under the towel. "Now we'll begin to open you up." He took out a long, silicone dildo in a crazy blue color. It was curved like the plug Tom had taken earlier, but the curves were a lot smaller and there were more of them. Mischa lubed it up and started pushing it into Tom.

The first curve made him gasp. Mischa drove it in and let the dildo rest at the first narrow spot. He teasingly moved it in and out, making Tom pant a bit. "Yes, you like it, don't you? Now take another ball."

Mischa shoved, and Tom strained to take it. "Oh, starting to feel it, sir." Tom took a deep breath, trying to relax around it. He got another curve with no warning, making him gasp again, and then another, making him cry out. "Ahhhhh, sir! Fuck." Tom jerked his hands in the cuffs, fighting them as well as the feeling.

The dildo was slowly pulled out, the feeling making Tom whimper. "Feels so good, sir. Please, again." He was shameless now, any thought of modesty or restraint forgotten.

He got what he wanted, Mischa starting to move the dildo in and out of him. The curves gave so much more sensation, making him moan each time the thick part

passed his sphincter. Then Mischa pushed the fifth curve into him, and Tom hissed, feeling it deep inside him.

Mischa rubbed Tom's stomach with one hand. "Yes, it's in deep now, isn't it?" With the other hand he rocked the dildo back and forth, forcing the sounds out of Tom.

"Yes, sir! It hurts when you push it in deep. Oh, fuck." It wasn't so much the pain, more the fact that it felt so wrong, so deep in his stomach.

"I know. Do you want another ball?" Mischa kept up the gentle rubbing and the sliding of the dildo, never letting Tom forget that if he accepted this, it would hurt.

"Yes, sir. Please."

Mischa stood up, getting a tight grip on the dildo. "Look at me." Tom kept his eyes trained on Mischa's. "Take a deep breath and let it out. Yes, like that." Mischa's hand kept rubbing Tom's stomach. "Now do it again, and I'll push it into you."

Tom took another breath and held it, afraid to let go. Then he did, and Mischa pushed the pain deep into him. He grunted and thrashed his head around. "Sir! Oh, sir, hurts so bad." He whimpered, his breathing harsh, and Mischa leaned in and kissed him. Tom gave the Dom his sounds, his groans, while Mischa held the dildo buried deep inside of Tom. Then Mischa finally let it out, making Tom cry out from relief.

Mischa didn't hesitate, but took another dildo, this one a bit thicker. He pushed it in, making Tom gasp from the width, and started to fuck him. He continued like that for a while,

keeping his pace nice and even, only now and then changing the dildo for a thicker one.

In the end, the dildo inside Tom was thicker than Mischa's dick, and Tom was moaning and sighing constantly, unable to form words. It went on and on, and Tom sank into a state of complete arousal. He didn't notice anything but his ass, his desire, and Mischa's eyes and hands, seeing him and giving him what he needed.

Then Mischa pulled out the dildo, making him cry out in frustration. Mischa only laughed.

"I don't want you to come yet, boy. Let's get you something that'll make you fight a bit harder." Mischa had that dangerous glint in his eyes that made Tom's dick twitch.

The next toy from the cart was a plug with a pump attached. It slid in easily enough, and Tom sighed and closed his eyes when it rested inside him. "So nice, sir." Then he felt a peculiar feeling, like it grew. Tom opened his eyes widely, seeking Mischa's.

"It's an inflatable plug, boy. It feels very good now, but I can fill you so much that you won't be able to take it." Mischa chuckled. "It's definitely a favorite toy of mine."

Mischa pumped a couple of times, and Tom moaned as he was filled. "It feels so good to have it get bigger inside me, sir."

Mischa did it again and again, teasing Tom by slowly filling up the plug. Tom was relaxed and moaning until he got another pump, this time pushing a bit too much inside him. He made a little worried sound and got another push,

making him tense up. He tried to move his body, fighting to accommodate the plug. Mischa pressed the pump again and made Tom groan, the fullness inside him close to pain. He anxiously looked at Mischa.

"Starting to be full?" Mischa rubbed Tom's stomach, around his hole.

"Yes, sir. It's so big inside me."

"Yes. From now on, it's going to be harder for you." Mischa pumped again, pressing the pain into Tom. He gasped, fighting to relax enough to contain the plug. He succeeded, only to have the plug extended again. Tom grunted, lifting his head. The pain went down a bit, but not entirely. Then the plug grew again, and Tom groaned out loud. Mischa's eyes were shining, and the Dom had opened his pants, stroking his hard cock.

Tom was panting now and got another pump, so quickly after the first. The pain was sharp now, the size of the plug unbearable. He started begging.

"Please, sir, let the air out." Tom groaned, desperately trying to cope. He got another pump, making him shout. "Sir! I can't take it, too full. Oh, it hurts, it fucking hurts. I'm so full!" Tom was keening now, couldn't keep it in. Mischa made the plug expand further, made him scream. Then Mischa leaned in and stroked Tom's still-hard cock, while he counted slowly down from fifteen. Finally, Mischa let the air out.

"Oh, fuck, sir, thank you, thank you." Tom tried to get a grip on himself again. "Can I have a kiss, sir?" Tom

blushed, didn't know where he had found the courage to ask that. But he was a little shaken, and he needed it.

Mischa walked around Tom's leg and leaned in, gently kissing him. It made Tom feel even more vulnerable, lying like that without Mischa between his legs. Then he felt the plug grow, and he sighed into the kiss. It felt so good.

The first five or six pumps made it feel better and better, and then it started feeling tight, full. Tom tensed up a little, moaning into the kiss. Mischa kept filling him, though, into the pain and the unbearable fullness. In the end, Tom was almost incoherent, Mischa gently rubbing his sides while he screamed.

Then his Dom walked the painstakingly long way back between Tom's legs again and finally let out the air before he pulled the plug out. Mischa didn't say anything while Tom whimpered with relief, just got out a condom, put it on with calm movements, covered it with lube, and then pushed all the way into Tom.

Until then, Tom hadn't known how much he had needed this, how much he needed Mischa to take him. Now he cried out, loud moans being forced out of him every time Mischa moved deeply into him. All he could feel was Mischa's cock in his ass, the long, steady movements driving him out of his mind. Tom didn't even register when Mischa loosened his cock ring, just felt his orgasm build up and flood him, sensing Mischa push deep and hearing his Dom shout in pleasure. Tom shook and quivered and panted his way through his climax and then fell back, totally spent.

It was quiet, Mischa lying over him, the only sounds their labored breathing. Then Tom turned his head, kissing Mischa on the neck. "Thank you, sir." He couldn't get out more than a whisper. It didn't matter; he was sure that Mischa got it.

Mischa was almost too spent to get up. The way Tom took to the pain, to the things he made the boy do, was enough to make Mischa come so hard he saw stars.

He did get up, though. Of course he did; he had a boy to take care of. He kissed Tom softly, bringing his sub back down. Then Mischa cleaned him up, and Tom relaxed, quietly accepting what Mischa did to him. The trust was beautiful.

Mischa loosened the straps one by one, and Tom wrapped his arms around Mischa while Mischa washed him. Then Mischa took him to bed. Tom fell asleep at once, not waking up until dinner time.

The rest of their evening was quiet. Tom stayed naked, and Mischa reacted like he always did when he had a naked sub, being protective and possessive. Well, maybe the possessiveness was new. And maybe Mischa had something he needed to think through during the next week.

They were on the couch, watching television. Mischa had wrapped them up in a large quilt so Tom wouldn't be cold, and they snuggled and enjoyed being close.

Mischa hesitated, then he spoke. "I wonder if you'd like to learn a little bit more about kink?"

Tom looked up. "I thought I'd already learned quite a bit about it?" He winked.

Mischa smiled. "You have, and you liked it." That would teach the boy to sass. He pretended to ignore the blush and went on. "I did mean in a less hands-on way. If you get what I mean." It was his turn to wink exaggeratedly.

Tom laughed out loud. "Yeah, maybe I would appreciate a less... taxing way of learning. What do you have in mind? Oh, wait -- is now the time for you to reveal your huge porn collection?"

"Impertinent boy!" He pinched Tom, hard. Tom yelped, but didn't look in the least repentant.

"No, I thought about taking you to my club. There's a party next Saturday, and you're bound to see almost any kink you can dream of there. And a few beyond that, probably. I want you to see how many different ways there are to do this. Some of it might be a bit overwhelming for you, but I'm not bringing you to show you what you can expect. It's more so you can see what other people enjoy."

Tom definitely looked curious. "I don't know anything about it. Am I supposed to come naked and on your leash?"

"Would you like to?"

"I don't think so." That wasn't a straight no. Interesting.

"You can wear a pair of jeans and a t-shirt, or you can dress up in full BDSM costume. That's entirely up to you. I'll probably wear black trousers and a black t-shirt." Mischa liked black. It made him look predatory.

"Should I... You know, in the books, there are all kinds of rules. Is it like that in reality? Because I don't want to mess up." Mischa had a feeling that humiliation would be the biggest punishment for Tom. Not that he intended to use it; it was a cruel weapon.

"You will probably see some pairs who follow those rules, but I don't expect you to do it. I can walk you through them before if you want to? Then you'll at least know what they're about."

"Okay. I mean, thank you, sir. And yes, I'd like to go. It sounds interesting."

"I don't know if 'interesting' is the correct term, but it will be hot and probably mind-blowing for you." He kissed Tom soundly. "I can't wait to take you."

After breakfast Sunday, they had the morning to play before Tom had to go back. They had had lazy, Sunday morning sex. Well, lazy, Sunday morning oral sex; Tom was predictably very sore. And equally predictably very aroused by it. Mischa couldn't help being just a little bit smug at the thought of how Tom had screamed and come when Mischa put a finger up Tom's ass while blowing him.

Now they were in the playroom again. Tom was in what Mischa was already thinking of as the boy's usual position;

it hadn't taken Mischa any time at all to get used to having Tom in here.

Mischa was relaxed, purposely letting a bit of his authority go. He wanted to suggest their last scene, not order Tom to do it.

"You were scared by the cross." It wasn't a question.

"Yes, sir, I was."

"I'd like to give you a flogging anyway, tied to it."

Tom took a deep breath, looking questioningly at him.

"First of all, this is not an order; if you don't want to do it, we won't. And if we do it, you have your words. You can stop what we do at any time."

Tom nodded. He seemed sincerely interested in hearing Mischa's arguments. He had come such a long way since Friday.

"I want to do it because it scares you. Not like the enema; this isn't a gift for me, it's a gift for yourself. Because I think you'll like it."

Mischa waited, letting Tom think about it. The boy took his time, and Mischa was proud of him; Tom was no pushover. Then Tom cocked his head.

"Can I... I came without permission yesterday. I'd like to do this, but it still scares me and I'm not sure I can. Can the flogging be my punishment?" Tom met Mischa's eyes, stoic even if his cheeks were reddening.

"It depends. Do you feel guilty about coming?" Tom looked a bit embarrassed, but shook his head no. Mischa suddenly got it.

"You want to experience how it is to be punished?" Tom nodded solemnly.

"Okay. But remember: you still have your safewords." Tom nodded again, still looking calm. Only his hardening cock gave him away.

"Good. Come with me and choose your cuffs." They went over to the cabinets, and Mischa opened the door where the cuffs hung. It didn't take Tom long time to choose the sturdy double wrist and hand cuffs. "Good choice. They will keep you tight and give you something to hold on to at the same time."

Mischa opened the drawer and studied his whips and floggers. "I won't let you choose here, since you don't know how they feel." He took out his favorite flogger. "This is a simple flogger. The difference between a flogger and a whip is that a flogger feels much more like a slap than like a whiplash. You liked the spanking, and that's why I'm choosing this one for you. Next week, I'm going to paddle your ass; I have a feeling that may turn out to be your favorite thing." Tom nodded, accepting Mischa's choices.

"Stand up straight. Give me your right hand." Mischa would give Tom some time to get in the right headspace before he tied his boy to the cross.

Tom reached out, his breathing deep and even. Mischa fastened the cuff, getting the clasps closed around Tom's

hand. This cuff did not just keep him tied up; it also prevented him from even clenching his hand. The weight and the inflexibility of the heavy cuff clearly affected Tom, and he had started breathing a bit faster. When Mischa had finished with his other hand, Tom was hard and ready.

"Good boy." He led Tom to the cross. "First, let's walk around it. Touch it."

Tom reached out and let his fingers glide over the padded leather. "It's soft." He sounded surprised.

"It is. And very solid." Tom pushed, but it didn't budge an inch. The sight of his boy, hard and tentatively touching his cross, made Mischa's heart leap. So sexy.

They came back in front of it. "Still scared? It's just a piece of furniture. A sexy one in my opinion, but no more than that."

Tom nodded. "Yeah, I get that. Now I'm mostly worried about the flogging. Sir."

Mischa let his hands wander over Tom's body. "Do you still want to do it?"

"Yes, sir." There was no hesitation.

"Good. Step closer." Mischa tied the boy to the cross for the very first time, watching everything to memorize it: the hitch in Tom's breath when the boy first felt his hand tied down, his hard cock, dripping and jerking when Mischa touched the cuffs, his moan when Mischa pushed his legs farther apart so the Dom could tie them to the bottom of the cross.

Then Mischa stood up, taking the flogger and getting in position. "I want to hear you. Don't hide from me. And it's okay to fight. That's why you're bound."

Tom looked surprised. "Sir?"

He stepped in close. "It's not all about being obedient. Sometimes it's also about fighting me. Do what feels right for you." Mischa stepped back. He could see his boy tense up. The first stroke was always the worst, even for an experienced sub. He let it fall.

"Ah!" The outburst was more surprise than pain. Mischa knew; he had made it even lighter than when he spanked Tom. He hit the boy again, drawing a sigh out of Tom. Then again, setting up a steady pattern of strokes to Tom's buttocks, legs, and back.

At first, Tom struggled to stay still, to be quiet. Then he started letting his breath out with a sound, getting louder each time, and soon Mischa's boy started writhing, trying to escape the pain.

Mischa held up his rhythm, never deviating from it. Tom was getting hoarse, the sounds from him becoming more and more guttural, primal. It sounded beautiful, and Mischa didn't even notice how hard he was himself. He did see Tom's erection, though, and after a last, powerful stroke, Mischa freed his own cock and stepped up close to Tom, rubbing against his boy's sore backside.

Tom cried out, and Mischa reached around and grabbed Tom's cock, letting his thumb slide over the head. "Come for me," Mischa said, and ground his hips into Tom's ass.

With a shout, Tom obeyed, come spurting on the floor. Mischa forced the last sperm out of him. Then the Dom grabbed his own cock and groaned while he covered Tom's red ass with his come. It was a beautiful sight, making Mischa shudder as his balls tried to turn themselves inside out.

He stayed like that for a moment, kissing and nuzzling his exhausted sub. Then he pulled back, and with a firm hand, Mischa rubbed his come into Tom's reddened ass. Tom moaned quietly, and his boy's cock twitched and forced out a last trickle of come. It made Mischa moan, too, and he had to restrain himself from starting all over again. It wasn't the right time for it; Tom was inexperienced, and there was only so much one man could take in a weekend.

Mischa cleaned himself up and untied the cuffs strapping down Tom's legs. Then he leaned in, undoing the wrist cuffs, ready to catch if Tom should fall.

Tom swayed back, but stayed upright. Mischa gently lowered Tom's arms, making him moan. Then the boy turned around and pushed into Mischa's arms. Mischa held on, letting him breathe. They stood like that until Tom almost timidly kissed Mischa's neck. "Thank you, sir." His voice was quiet.

"You're welcome, boy. Let's get you cleaned up." He took Tom to the padded table, making him lie down. Tom rested his head on his hands, sighing contentedly.

Mischa gently washed him, making him writhe. The oil followed, and Tom relaxed under his hands.

"You did so well, boy. Good job." Mischa let his hands slide over Tom, heavily in the beginning and then making his movements softer, less intense, bringing his boy back into the real world. "Ready to get up now?"

Tom smiled and nodded. He sat up carefully and winced when his tender butt hit the table.

Mischa laughed. "Come down and let's take a shower. Then I'll rub some cream into that red ass."

In the shower, Mischa let his hands slide over Tom's skin, keeping his movements light. "How did you like your first flogging?"

"I liked it. Which surprises me, but I did. It was such a heavy feeling, and the level of pain was just enough to make me hurt but not enough to be too much. I... kind of like to make those sounds." Even through the water, Mischa knew that Tom was blushing. He couldn't not be.

"I thought you would. It has been a really nice weekend. Thank you for coming to see me." He kissed Tom gently.

"You're welcome. I really liked being here. And I'm really looking forward to next weekend."

"Good. That's good." Mischa suddenly couldn't find any more words. He leaned his forehead against Tom's, closing his eyes and letting the water fall over them. It had been a very, very good weekend.

Chapter 5

Mischa was somewhat apprehensive. The thing was, he was a forty-year-old investment manager, very successful at what he was doing. He was also a hard-ass Dom, equally successful, if his screaming little subs were anything to go by. None of these things went very well with being teased. Nonetheless, Toby hadn't even tried to keep his laughter at bay.

It had begun very innocently. Mischa had called Toby, saying that he was coming to the party and that he was bringing someone.

"Sure, sounds good. Do you want to reserve a room or do a scene?"

"No, not yet. Tom is new to this, and I'm basically showing him what the lifestyle is about."

"Tom?" Mischa knew right away that he had fucked up. Even so, he wasn't about to admit it.

"Yes. That's his name."

"I see. And this Tom -- is he even into kink?" He could just hear how much Toby was enjoying this.

"He is. Otherwise I wouldn't bring him." Watch him being stubborn.

"No, of course you wouldn't. I'm just interested in hearing about the man who has broken your 'boys don't have names' rule. You have been very consistent about that, you know."

He had. Hell, he didn't even remember half the names of the subs he'd had. He remembered their sounds and what turned them on, but their names? Not really.

"Yes, well, this one has." Mischa wasn't going to be teased.

"He sure has. And I couldn't help notice that you said 'not yet.' Does that mean that you're planning to break your equally longstanding tradition of never doing more than one scene with a boy? 'One boy, one scene,' you call it, as far as I remember." Damn Toby and his clever mind. Trust him to catch something like that.

"I might." No need to tell him that Mischa, technically, already had broken that rule. Not since Toby was already laughing out loud. Okay, he was being teased. Damn it.

But Toby wasn't mean, and he had sounded genuine when he said that he looked forward to seeing them Saturday. Well, he probably was, being the curious bastard that he was.

So, Mischa didn't really feel all that master-ly and tough. It didn't help that he had actually given in to temptation and called Tom. After trying hard for more than two days not to do so.

"Hi, Mischa! It's so good to hear from you." Tom had sounded surprised, happy to talk to him. It had made Mischa feel a bit less foolish.

"Hello, Tom. How are you?"

"Oh, I'm fine. Working my ass off, as usual, to have time to be with you on the weekend." Tom suddenly sounded

worried. "Are we still on? Did you call to say that something came up?"

"No, no, everything's fine. I just called you to say that I've told the owner of the club that we're coming." Yeah, right. That was the reason he called. Not to hear that happy voice. Nope.

"Okay. I can't wait to see you in your natural environment." Wait. Was he being teased again?

"I mean, on the prowl along with other predators like you." He was. And he couldn't even help taking the bait.

"I won't be on the prowl, you know. I'll have you with me." Mischa was even growling. He was way too easy.

Tom's voice went all husky and low. "You will. I'm thinking about wearing a pair of jeans and then going without a top. Or maybe I should just borrow some leather from you?"

Mischa really, really tried to keep back his moan. And failed miserably. "I have a pair of black leather chaps you can wear. Bring your jeans and a black jockstrap, then you can try them on and we'll decide what you'll wear."

The only consolation for his own lack of control was the little squeak Tom made. "I will, sir."

Mischa quickly ended the call, not wanting to have it end up in phone sex. Which was where he was heading if he had to listen to Tom's voice for much longer.

So, Mischa had some serious worries about his reputation. The odd thing was that those worries didn't apply to Tom. Yes, he was the reason for the whole mess, but the boy was also the sweetest thing that had happened to Mischa in a long time. And one Mischa didn't want to give up.

Mischa started. Was it as simple as that? All his principles going to hell over a graduate student fifteen years younger than him? The scary part was that the answer seemed so simple. He snorted; maybe he had even learned something about going with the flow from Tom. Maybe it could be that easy. It sure felt like it.

It was Saturday morning and they were in the playroom. Tom had had an emergency meeting the day before, and they hadn't gotten to Mischa's house until late in the evening. Mischa had made the boy undress and suck him off in the hallway. Tom had fallen into his headspace naturally, and even if his hard dick made the boy moan with need, he didn't complain about going to bed without coming. It was a rush for Mischa to see him take to it this easily.

Now Mischa was walking around the boy, circling him in his most predatory manner. Tom was hard, had been all morning. The boy was stubborn, though, standing proudly upright, head held high. Mischa let his finger brush Tom's slit ever so lightly, but even the light touch made Tom whimper. He was ready.

"Today, you're going to get your first paddling. It's going to hurt, but it's the kind of pain that you like. You'll enjoy it so

much." Tom was blushing, of course he was, but his cock was hard as nails.

Mischa walked him to the bench and bent him over it. "Put your legs on the ledges here. Good." Without warning his sub, Mischa strapped Tom down, hands and legs and waist, making the boy gasp. As he had thought, Tom was excited enough to react just right to the rougher treatment, moaning and rubbing against the bench. Mischa chuckled and opened the bench from beneath, making sure Tom wouldn't come before Mischa wanted him to. Tom whimpered but tried to comply. Beautiful.

"Stay here. I'm going to get a paddle." He knew how vulnerable it was going to make Tom feel, being alone and tied up. Of course, the boy wasn't alone at all -- Mischa never took his eyes off him -- but Tom would feel that way. It would make him think; make him realize what they were doing. Mischa wanted to hear the result of that.

He deliberately dragged out time, choosing the heavy leather paddle and then just watching his boy. Tom was pulling at the cuffs; not fighting them, just ensuring that they were tight. Mischa had a hunch that Tom would like to fight. But that took trust, and they weren't entirely there yet.

He went back to Tom, letting his hand glide over the boy's back. "Ready for your paddling, boy?"

"Yes, sir, please. Please paddle my ass. Please make it hurt." In the last minute, Mischa managed to transform his moan into a sigh. If this was what his boy wanted, then Mischa would gladly give it to him.

"Don't worry, boy. I will." He didn't waste any time and let the first slap fall. The air rushed out of Tom. Mischa hit him again, making him jerk and adjust his legs. Mischa didn't hold back but gave him slap after slap of hard, solid whacks. Tom lifted his ass a little, seeking more feeling. That was so fucking hot, and Mischa kept up his paddling.

He held a steady rhythm of hard slaps, and after a while Tom started to writhe. Mischa could sense the pain getting worse, could hear it in Tom's labored breathing that was turning into gasps, then to moans. The boy's cock never went down, though.

Mischa added another hard blow to the reddened ass, and Tom cried out. "No! Sir, it hurts, it hurts." He didn't sound panicked, though, and Mischa just kept up. Tom started begging, his words almost incomprehensible, asking for more, to stop, to let him come. Mischa smiled.

"Take it, boy. Take my pain." Mischa's words made Tom groan, and for a moment the boy lifted his butt, trying to get more. Then it hurt too much and he whimpered, using what little leeway the straps gave him to jerk and struggle.

"Stop fighting the pain. Accept it. Go with it." Mischa knew that Tom was at a limit here; not of how much he could take, but a line between fighting and hurting and then just accepting, flowing with the pain.

And Tom crossed the line, as easy as that. He was gasping now, his breath rushing out of him with every smack, ending on a keening noise. He was still hard, and Mischa knew that Tom had found somewhere he could stay in the middle of the pain. Mischa let the slaps get a little lighter; the aim was to keep Tom right here, and the sensitivity

from the earlier smacks meant that the boy would perceive this as the same pain level as before.

His boy was singing now, sounds flowing from Tom with no barriers, no attempts of forming words. It was exhilarating to witness, and Mischa wanted to keep him here forever. But that would damage Tom, and Mischa had to let his smacks get lighter, let the tension go down.

"No! Please, sir, please." It made Mischa's breath catch in his throat hearing his boy ask for more, to let it go on. He put the paddle down and grabbed Tom's ass, squeezing it. Tom yelped, panted.

"You like this, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, I like it. Please, give me what I need." It was the biggest turn on for Mischa, hearing his boy beg like this. He smacked Tom's butt, enjoying the strangled noise from Tom. Then he let his hand find Tom's cock.

"Oh, you're still hard, aren't you?" Mischa brushed the hard member lightly; if he gave Tom any more sensation, the boy would come on the spot.

"Yes, sir, so hard for you. Please, take me. Please, sir." Well, Mischa hadn't really planned to, but Tom was begging so prettily. He found a condom and lubed himself up.

He quickly put a finger in Tom's ass, then two. Mischa didn't want to be gentle; he wanted Tom to take him and his pain and his arousal. Tom just hissed and pushed back, trying to get more.

Mischa took out his fingers and placed his cock at Tom's entrance. Then he pushed in, making Tom shout when Mischa breached the boy's tight opening. Mischa didn't let up, but pushed all the way in, making Tom grunt and groan when Mischa bottomed out.

Mischa didn't take his time, couldn't; he needed to move and did so, taking his boy deeply, pushing himself inside and shouting out with the pleasure. He ground his hips into Tom, ripping the sounds from the boy and pushing the pain deep into him. Then Mischa had to move, and he started slapping his hips into Tom's tender ass, forcing the shouts out of his boy like he did with the paddle. It was too much, and Mischa came, yelling and shaking, his hips moving in spasms while he pumped his seed into the condom deep inside his boy's body.

He let Tom take his weight, panting for breath. Then Mischa had to pull out, Tom whimpering as he did so. Mischa fumbled for his boy's dick and felt it hanging limply under the bench.

"Sorry, sir." Tom sounded a bit sheepish.

"I didn't say you couldn't come, did I?" And hell, it did make Mischa feel smug to make Tom come like that.

"I guess not." Tom moved a bit, head turning to follow where Mischa went to get a towel and some cream. Mischa cleaned himself up and turned back. He had to stop for a moment, taking in the sight of his boy. Tom's body was limp on the bench, ass red and looking so obscene that Mischa moaned.

Tom blushed and smiled, shyly. "I... I look okay?"

Mischa went over and let his hand glide over the red ass, none too gently. Tom gasped, hips shivering under Mischa's fingers.

"You look fucking hot. If you hadn't just made my balls turn themselves inside out, I would fuck you again."

Tom sighed, accepting the sting of Mischa's caresses. Fuck, the boy was a natural.

"I take it that I was right -- you did like this?"

Tom laughed out loud. "Oh yes, you have every right to say 'I told you so!' God, that was good. Please do that again next weekend." Then Tom blushed and bit his lip.

Mischa smiled. Tom had been very particular about not demanding more of Mischa's time, of keeping it casual. It was nice to know that Mischa wasn't the only one wanting more of it. "I will, don't worry."

Tom looked relieved, and Mischa bent down and kissed him. Then Mischa helped him up, laughing at the shocked expression on the boy's face as Tom felt the sting on his butt. Mischa leaned in and smacked it one last time.

"Ow, fuck!" Tom jumped. "I mean, sir. That stings."

Mischa just laughed and winked at him. "I know."

Mischa wanted their afternoon scene to be light; he didn't want to blow Tom's mind before the party tonight. On the other hand, he wanted Tom to be in the right headspace.

That was why he had Tom back in the playroom after lunch, leading the boy to the bench again. Tom looked a bit apprehensive; there was no doubt that he could still feel his sore ass if the color was anything to go by. Mischa didn't have any more paddlings in mind, though.

He helped Tom up but didn't fasten the straps. "I want you to keep yourself still for this. Did you clean yourself thoroughly?" Tom blushed, but nodded.

Without further explanations, Mischa went to the cabinets and got what he needed. He slicked the toy up and showed it to Tom. "Do you know what these are?"

Tom looked curiously at the bright blue beads. "Well, I think I can guess. They... They go up my ass?" He obviously had to struggle to get the words out.

"They do. And they're called beads. You can get them in all kinds and sizes. Some of them you can hardly feel, some of them are big enough to make you yell. And yes, I like them." Mischa let his hands glide over the soft material, the lube making the beads glisten. "These are five different sizes, two of each size. Even the big ones won't be too difficult for you to take. You'll like them. Now, bend over while I put them in you."

He could see the boy get all flustered by his brusque order; Mischa was giving Tom less and less time to adjust, pushing him a bit more. Tom bent over, though, and grabbed the cuffs to have something to hold on to.

"Good boy. Here comes the first ball." He pushed the little ball in, making Tom gasp. Mischa smiled knowingly.

"Yeah, it feels good, doesn't it? How about this?" He pulled out the ball again.

"Oh! Oh, that's good, sir." Tom ground his hips.

"It is. You're going to take the whole string like that: one ball in, out again, two balls in, and so on. Do you think you can handle that?" Mischa was almost grinning; he was quite sure that Tom could handle it.

"Yes, sir. Please do it." He did, making Tom gasp when the little ball pushed in again, and then the next. It was always the removal that got the biggest reaction, though.

The first four balls went easily, Tom gasping and moaning with it. The fifth was a bit larger, making Tom strain to take it.

"You can do it. Just relax." It wasn't very big; it was Tom's excitement that made him clench up around the soft silicone string and get all tight. He got the fifth, though, and the sixth, too. At the seventh, Tom started panting a bit. Mischa pushed it in.

"Oh! Oh, sir, I can feel it inside me."

"Yes, the string goes deep inside of you." Mischa pulled out the ball, pushing it in again and adding the eighth. Tom bucked, groaning out loud. Mischa took a little break, stroking Tom's back and gently tugging on the ring at the end. "Last one going out before the two big ones. You can

do it." He tugged it out and pushed it back in, not giving Tom any time to adjust. His boy whimpered, hands straining against the cuffs.

"Now the big one." Mischa pushed, but Tom's hole didn't budge. "Open up for me, boy." He kept up the push, and with a grunt, Tom accepted it. His boy arched, panting and trying to deal with the intrusion.

"Please, sir, do you have to pull that one out again?" Tom was gasping. It made Mischa hard.

"Of course, boy. That's how you get a string of beads. Only the last one stays in." Tom moaned piteously. The boy bent back down, though, and cried out when the ball was pulled out. Mischa pushed it right back in. Then he started pushing the last one in. It wouldn't go, but Mischa kept up the pressure and forced Tom to take it. Finally, Tom yelped, and it went in. Mischa bent over him and lifted him up, letting him lean back on Mischa's body.

"Squeeze your hole closed. Keep it inside you." Tom gasped, but followed his order. Mischa kissed him on the neck and held him, feeling the boy relaxing against Mischa's body. Tom was about to bend back down when Mischa helped him up.

"Come on up. The beads can stay in while I show you something." Tom got up, experimentally taking a step.

"I can hardly feel it, sir." He sounded surprised. "It was really tight in the beginning, but now I only feel a little full." Mischa smiled. It would be quite easy for Tom to take. For now.

"You never got the entire tour of my house, you know. I want to tell you about how I built it."

Tom blinked. "With... with this in me?"

Mischa relished the shock in Tom's voice. "Oh yes, you said so yourself that it doesn't bother you. Now, come on."

And he gave Tom the big tour of the house. The very big, very detailed tour. They were in every room -- except for his office, of course -- and he explained and showed and even found a blueprint at one point.

In the beginning, Tom looked genuinely interested. Then he started to squirm a little. Mischa ignored him. When they reached the second guest room and Mischa explained everything about the double windows, Tom gasped and bent over a little.

"Stand up straight." Mischa smacked Tom's red ass, making him jump.

"Sorry, sir. It's just..." Mischa didn't let him finish but led him to the bathroom. The Jacuzzi was so very interesting, wasn't it? Tom was openly squirming now, and for a moment Mischa thought about telling him that there would be a quiz on the tour later on. That would have been a hopeless endeavor, however, and Mischa took pity. He still showed Tom another room, until the boy finally broke down.

"Please, sir! I have to get it out!"

Mischa looked at Tom, keeping his face only mildly interested. "Yeah? You said that it didn't bother you."

"It didn't, at first, but now it's driving me insane. I... I don't think I can keep it in." Tom was blushing, clenching his cheeks.

Mischa smiled. Tom's body had to be trying hard to expel the intruder.

"Sure." Tom looked up, relieved. "Let me just show you the kitchen first. I'm really proud of that." Tom's face fell, and he moaned out loud. But he followed, only halting once to squeeze his buttocks together with his hands.

Mischa talked and talked until there wasn't a single detail left to tell about his kitchen. Tom was whimpering now. He was also very hard, of course. Finally, Mischa took pity on him.

"I'll take it out of you." Tom made an incomprehensible sound, so grateful.

"As soon as you've made me come." Mischa opened his pants and waited.

Tom looked at him disbelievingly. There was a moment there where Mischa thought that Tom would rebel and pull the damned thing out of himself. Then the boy whimpered and sank to his knees. He had to adjust his position to keep the beads inside his body, but he managed.

Mischa groaned out loud when he felt Tom's mouth around his dick. He had meant to drag this out, but Tom was sucking him like a Hoover, his boy's need to find release so big. Mischa relished it, but he had to give in. With a yell, he came down Tom's throat.

It took him a few moments to collect himself. It was Tom's continuous whimper that made Mischa open his eyes and put his cock away. Mischa bent and kissed him. "Good boy. Now, let's go to the playroom and get it out of you."

Tom didn't even protest the additional challenge of walking to the playroom. Mischa had to help the boy up, though, and his dick twitched when Tom moaned. He got Tom down on the bench and finally pulled the string of beads out of him. Tom cried out, so relieved.

"Thank you, sir, thank you so much. They were so... I just couldn't take them anymore. Thank you." Tom kept babbling, only relaxing into Mischa's long, slow touches after a while. His body needed it, though, and he got quiet, enjoying the caresses. Mischa could tell the exact moment, though, when the boy remembered his hard dick. Smiling, Mischa slid a hand around Tom's body, closing around the hard cock.

"You can come when you like to." It took Tom such a short time. Poor boy must have been out of his mind with need. Wonder why?

They spent the rest of the afternoon talking, cooking, and generally just hanging out. After dinner, Mischa sent Tom in to change. The boy came back out wearing only boots and a pair of low-hanging jeans. The sight made Mischa swallow. Well, no mauling the sub before they even got to the club. A man had his principles.

Mischa still showed Tom the chaps. Then it was Tom's turn to swallow. He came back out in them, wearing just a black jockstrap underneath.

"God." It was all Mischa was able to say. With his slender body, Tom looked like a wet dream come true in the leather chaps hanging low on his hips. The boy was blushing and a little self-conscious, and that only made him sexier. Of course, the bulge in his jock didn't hurt, either. Someone obviously liked leather. Then he turned around.

"Fuck." Okay, Mischa was very cave man right now with the one-syllable words. But how the fuck could he be anything else with an ass like that in front of him? It was still slightly red and so fucking cute. And he normally didn't swear, so this amount of the f-word? He was so fucked.

He got a grip on himself. "Do you like that? Because you look really good in it."

Tom moved a bit. "Yeah, I like it. But I'm almost naked."

"And?" Mischa had a very hard time understanding Tom's comment. On the other hand, he might not be thinking with the right head at the moment.

"Well, I just want to fit in. I won't stick out in this?"

Mischa laughed. "Baby, the only thing that could make you stick out would be wearing too many clothes. Believe me, you look just right." Tom smiled happily.

He looked quite happy when he saw Mischa, too. Mischa hadn't really dressed up, but apparently his black trousers

and fitted black shirt had the exact effect he wanted. Then he sat Tom down.

"So. Rules. The basic rule is that there aren't any -- apart from accepting the safewords. That's a given in all situations. But except for that, anything consensual goes.

"There are customs, though. One of them you already follow -- calling me sir. Some have complicated rules about when you should use it and with whom. In my opinion, it should come naturally." Mischa stopped himself, thinking. "I do think, though, that I would like you to call only me sir, not any of the other Doms." There it was again with the possessiveness. He had never had a rule like that before.

"Okay. And nobody will be offended because I don't use it?"

"No. You're with me; I decide what your rules are. Likewise, you don't have to kneel or keep your eyes down or stuff like that. If you want to, then you can, of course. Otherwise, go with the flow, and ask me if you have any doubts."

Tom nodded, looking confident enough.

"Wait. There actually is one rule." Tom waited, curious. "Don't laugh. You're going to see all kinds of people tonight, little clinging subs and big leather daddies and everything in between. Some of those people have strange kinks, and you don't make fun of that."

"I wouldn't." Tom sounded a little affronted.

"I know you wouldn't on purpose. But pony play or someone with a doggy tail sticking out of his ass just might seem a bit strange at first."

Tom stared. "You're joking now, right? Pony play?"

"No, I'm not. We had a sub who really liked a bridle." He had been hot, too.

Tom blinked. "Okay. I guess I can do that. And nobody is going to demand scary things of me?" He suddenly looked a bit nervous.

"No. We're just there to watch. If we want to play, there are private rooms or dark corners. But I haven't planned anything."

Tom leaned in and kissed him. "Okay. I'm ready."

Mischa grabbed Tom's hair, holding his head and looking him straight in the eyes. First, Tom smiled nervously. Then he relaxed, letting himself be held. Only when his breathing started to quicken did Mischa lean in and kiss him until he swayed.

"Yes," Mischa then said, "you're ready."

Tom sensed the atmosphere change in the car. Mischa had given him a long coat, so he wasn't really naked. He felt that way, though, aware of Mischa going into full Dom mode next to him. It affected Tom, too, making him go quiet. And hard.

When they had parked and were about to get out of the car, Tom grabbed Mischa's arm. Mischa looked at him, surprised.

"Can I..." He didn't know where these nerves came from all of a sudden. "Sir, can I keep close to you tonight?" Mischa's face lit up, and his Dom leaned in and kissed him. Tom leaned into Mischa's lips, giving the man everything he wanted.

"Yes, you can. In fact, I don't want you to go anywhere without me." Mischa got out of the car and went around to Tom's side, helping him out of the car. As they started walking toward the club, Mischa put his hand low on Tom's back. Tom relaxed into it, into the safety and excitement of being Mischa's. It was a heady mixture of lust and quiet.

When they reached the entrance, Tom could feel the butterflies in his stomach. Mischa seemed to sense it. "Remember, stay with me and ask me anything you like. I'll take care of you." That was all Tom needed to know. Taking a deep breath, he followed Mischa into the club.

The cloak room was quite normal. That is, if you didn't count the fact that people were almost naked when they took off their coats. Tom blinked, suddenly feeling insecure.

"Look at me." Mischa pushed him up against the wall with firm movements and looked into his eyes. Then the Dom slowly started undoing Tom's coat, one button at a time, Mischa's calm eyes never leaving Tom's. Tom let himself

go, let Mischa undress him so he could be almost naked for Mischa. Everything was for Mischa.

When the coat finally came off, Tom was very hard and very calm. Mischa nodded and went to stand in line.

While Mischa handed over their coats, Tom studied the room. His eyes caught a couple by the wall. A muscular man leaned against the wall while another man in a leather harness kissed and rubbed and made him moan. They were as close to full on sex as they could get without penetration. Surely they couldn't do anything like that right here? Tom looked around, and sure enough, the bouncer came over.

"Hey, boys, there's lube and condoms inside. You're going to need that soon, so get in with you." The guys grinned and went through the door to the club. Tom could only stare.

"Your first visit here?" He whipped his head around. A young guy in front of him smiled kindly.

"Ah, yes, it is." Tom fought very hard not to let his eyes stray down to the collar and the harness. The guy only smiled.

"Well, it can be a bit overwhelming at first. Don't worry, nobody bites. I'm Rob, by the way."

"Hi, I'm Tom." They shook hands, and Tom couldn't help feeling a bit odd, being half naked and still keeping up his good manners.

"Are you here with anybody, Tom? Otherwise you can come with us. I'm here with my boyfriend."

"Well, thanks for the offer, but I'm here with..." With what? His Dom? His boyfriend? If only. "I'm here with Mischa."

Rob's eyes got wide. "With Mischa? I didn't think he..." They were interrupted when Rob's boyfriend came back. His name was John, and he repeated the offer to keep them company after they had been introduced. Tom declined politely, and the couple disappeared into the club.

Mischa came back, seeing him smiling after John and Rob. "Already making friends?"

"Well, chatting, at least. People are nice here. His name was Rob, do you know him?" Tom was a little nervous and talking fast to let it out.

"John's Rob?" Tom nodded. "Yes, he is nice. I know both of them." Mischa turned to walk into the club. Tom hung back.

"Are you okay?" Tom could suddenly feel the butterflies in his stomach. Mischa came back and hugged him, just held on to him.

"Sorry, sir." He was whispering into Mischa's shoulder. "I don't mean to be silly."

"You're not. Remember, I'll stay with you all night, okay?"

Tom nodded. If Mischa was there, he could do it. They went through the door.

It was mayhem in there. Intense, decadent, depraved mayhem. Tom did read the books, but he never imagined anything like this could be real.

The club had two main rooms, and there were people everywhere, in leather and chains and naked. A lot of them naked. And they were doing all the things from the books.

The front room had the bar, a small stage, and tables, and it was relatively quiet. Which meant that Tom had only seen one blowjob, a sub getting fingered by his Dom, and two little slaves kneeling at their masters' table. The next room had a big stage, though, and in here there was every kind of kink known to man. Or at least to Tom.

Mischa's hand was still resting firmly on Tom's back. "I want to give you a tour, and then we'll get something to drink." Mischa was taking him through the big room to show him the private rooms in the back, but Tom kept seeing things that made him stop.

There were a lot of collars around, and yes, there were boys on leashes. In the far corner of the room, there was a whipping on the big stage, and in another corner a sub sounded like he was this close to coming, whimpering loudly and crying out. Tom couldn't see him because of the crowd surrounding him. Another was being fucked against the wall right there, moaning and so hard, and the biggest man Tom'd ever seen passed him leading another, almost as big as himself, by a leash from the sub's nipples. Tom could only stare at it all.

"What do you think? Do you like it?" Mischa sounded a little nervous. Tom turned, looking incredulously at his Dom.

"Sir? Look at my crotch."

Mischa's lips twitched, but he followed orders and let his eyes slide appreciatively over Tom's body. Tom's breathing got quicker; Mischa's gaze felt like a physical caress. And, of course, Mischa's eyes stopped at Tom's hard dick that was threatening to rip the thin jockstrap. Then the Dom stepped in, kissing him until Tom didn't even notice the room around them, entirely focused on Mischa.

"Mischa! So good to see you again. And this is your Tom, I take it?"

Mischa grumbled, but withdrew his lips from Tom's and turned around. He kept an arm protectively around Tom, though.

"Toby. Nice to see you, too. The place is busy tonight, isn't it?"

The man called Toby grinned. He wore leather and exuded the same alpha male-ness as Mischa. No doubt that he was a Dom.

"Yes, it's the best party in ages." He looked significantly at Tom.

Mischa sighed again. "Toby, this is Tom. Tom, Toby is the owner of the club and a friend of mine."

Toby held out his hand, and Tom shook it. "So good to meet you, Tom. Is it your first visit to a club like this, Tom?"

Tom was a little confused at the way Toby kept using his name. Mischa looked annoyed and a little bit sheepish. Or at least as close as a big, bad Dom could get to sheepish.

"Nice to meet you, too. And yes, it's my first night here." Tom pushed a bit closer to Mischa, needing the contact. He was talking to a stranger with his ass naked, for God's sake.

"I hope you'll enjoy it, Tom. And Mischa, let's have lunch next week." They set up a date, and Toby went out to the bar.

"What was that about, sir? Did I do something wrong by not calling him sir? He kept saying my name."

Mischa sighed. "No, he was just teasing me. Don't worry about it."

Tom didn't. Because Mischa said he shouldn't, and right now, he needed to just trust Mischa. Mischa comfortingly tightened his arm around Tom's shoulder, and Tom relaxed into it.

The crowd in the corner had dispersed, and now another couple went there, people starting to gather around again.

"This is going to be good. Come on, let's get closer." Mischa led him to the edge of the small stage.

It wasn't really a stage, just an area with a padded table raised ten inches or so above the rest of the floor. A big guy in his forties was helping a sub lie down. The sub was blond and young and looked really nervous while he was being restrained with heavy straps over his hips, legs and wrists. His Dom leaned down and kissed him before

opening a case with some strange-looking, thin metal rods. The sub whimpered.

His Dom just smiled and started to stroke the little sub's already half-hard cock, using lots of lube. Then he started pushing lube into the slit, making the sub gasp. Tom looked questioningly at Mischa.

"He's preparing him for the sound. See, the metal rod there? It goes into Pete's dick."

Tom blinked, unable to take that in. Then he turned to get away.

Mischa caught him, held on. "What's wrong?"

"I... I don't want to watch that. He's going to bleed. I don't want to watch that."

Mischa wrapped his arms around Tom. "No, it's not like that." He inched them closer, ensuring that Tom couldn't turn away. Tom protested weakly and tried to hide against Mischa's chest. Mischa held on, soothing, but still forced him to watch.

"I know Pete, and I know Andrew, too. This has been a fantasy of Pete's for a long time, and now he's finally gotten up the courage to do it." The Dom had gotten out the metal thing and started lubing it up. Pete's breathing was harsh, but his dick was still hard.

"The first inch or so can hurt, but after that it slides in almost by itself. The feeling is incredible." It wasn't so much the words as the tone in Mischa's voice that made Tom stay.

"You... you've tried it, sir?"

"I have. And it was mind-blowing. Now, watch his face."

Tom was oblivious to anything other than the scene. The Dom's hands were steady, holding the sub's hard cock firmly and forcing the slit open. Pete whimpered, sounding so scared. But he didn't safeword, and Tom, fascinated, watched the sound disappear into him. The sub's eyes went wide, and then he screamed while the sound slid into him. The Dom just held on and smiled, gently stroking his forehead. The sub started babbling, going on and on about how big it was, that he needed it out, in, more, less. The Dom pulled the sound back and let it fall. Pete screamed again.

"I need to come! Sir, please, please, please..." The Dom just did it again, driving the little sub out of his mind.

Mischa chuckled. "He can't come while the sound is in him. It can be... quite frustrating."

The little blond was frantic now, and his Dom finally took pity on him and pulled out the sound. He came immediately, spurting all over himself. The Dom loosened the straps and lifted him up, and the sub started crying, clinging to the big man. Andrew kissed Pete's forehead and carried him away.

Tom didn't know where to look, feeling shaken. He clung to Mischa. Mischa hugged him tightly. "Andrew is taking Pete to one of the rooms in the back where he can take care of his sub. A scene like that can be very emotional." Tom

held on, hiding his head in Mischa's shoulder. This was too much for him to take in.

"Is he okay, sir? Do you need anything?" The voice sounded familiar, but Tom didn't want to look up.

"He'll be fine, Rob, but I'd like some water, please." Mischa let his hands slide up and down Tom's back in long, soothing strokes. It helped Tom to breathe a bit easier, and he took a deep lungful of air and let it out.

"I... Sorry for being like this, sir." Tom suddenly felt so stupid. He should be able to handle this; he was a grown man.

Mischa kissed his hair. "Don't apologize. You're doing fine. It was an intense scene."

"Why do they do things like that, sir? He was screaming!"

"Yes, he was. So are you when we're playing -- all the time."

"This was different." It just was.

Mischa nodded. "It was intense. But did you see his eyes? And his dick?"

Tom nodded, too, mutely.

"And what did you see?"

Tom looked up. "He was so excited, sir." The sub had been. Driven out of his mind with it.

"Yes. Do you see why we use safewords -- and bondage? There was no way Pete could have taken that if he had had to lie still of his own will. But he could get out of it at any time if he had wanted to."

Tom had to acknowledge that. It wasn't so much the actual actions in the scene as the emotional outlet that had shaken him. The sub had been so... naked.

Rob showed up with two bottles of water. "Do you feel better now?"

Tom nodded again, smiling a bit sheepishly.

"Don't worry; it can be scary to see an intense scene like that. But Andrew is taking good care of Pete. He's probably fucking the boy's brains out by now." Tom burst out laughing, couldn't help it at Rob's straightforwardness.

Mischa had opened one of the bottles and held it up to Tom's mouth, cradling his head while Tom drank. Suddenly, there was nobody but the two of them there. Tom closed his eyes, sinking into the feeling of being cared for, thirstily drinking the water.

"I'll just..." None of them paid any heed to Rob.

The water helped, or perhaps it was the close contact with Mischa.

"That was wild, sir."

Mischa chuckled. "It was. Ready to see the rest of the club now?"

Tom nodded. He was.

Mischa was enjoying this immensely. Tom was wide-eyed and curious, asking questions and blushing at the answers. He got a lot of stares, and he was totally oblivious to them. It was very sweet.

Mischa let his hand glide down over Tom's ass. The boy jumped a bit. "Still sore?" Mischa grabbed hard and didn't let go. Tom went up on tip-toes.

"Ah! Yes, sir, still sore." And still turned on by it. Mischa put his arms around Tom with a hand on each buttock. Tom sighed and rubbed against him.

Mischa marveled at the ease with which the boy surrendered. "You would let me take you right here if I wanted to, wouldn't you?"

"Yes." The answer came without any hesitation.

"Well, I won't make you. Not on your first visit here." Tom didn't seem entirely convinced that he actually had to be forced to do it, but he obliged and looked around the room instead. They were still in the back room, near the large stage.

"What are those guys doing?" Mischa let his eyes follow Tom's. Brad had Daniel in a corner, the sub giving his safewords with two big guys in leather pants and harnesses as witnesses.

"Daniel is telling his safewords to his Dom with two witnesses. Some people make a ritual out of it before a scene. Baby, I don't think you should watch this." Mischa started walking Tom out of the room. Tom resisted.

"Why not, sir?"

"They play hard. Very hard." There was a very real chance that Tom would freak out if he saw this.

"Harder than the sound thing?"

"This is different. Daniel likes to fight back, to be forced, and to be whipped hard. It can look really brutal."

"But he still has his safewords, doesn't he?" God, Tom could be stubborn.

"He has."

"Then I'd like to watch." It was clear to Mischa that there was no talking Tom out of this. Well, Mischa would just have to do damage control if it became necessary.

They watched Brad kiss Daniel on the forehead. Then the Dom stepped back, and the two big guys came up on each side of him. Daniel crouched, looking ready to attack.

Brad leaped forward and slammed him into the wall. "No! Fuck you!" Daniel was shouting, kicking, and hitting as hard as he could. Futilely; he was no match for the two big guys who grabbed his arms while Brad held him pinned against the wall. He kept screaming and fighting while they half dragged, half carried him to the stage. Tom went to the edge of the stage, eyes glued to the scene.

Mischa stepped up behind Tom and hugged him.
"Remember, it's just a scene; he has his safewords." Tom just nodded, too engrossed to pay attention.

The angry sub was dragged to a padded table that stood at an angle to the room and forced down on it. One guy leaned heavily on his back to hold him down while the other tied down his feet. Then they grabbed an arm each and forced it down along the legs of the table. Daniel could fight, but there wasn't any chance of escaping.

Brad came up on stage, holding a heavy whip. Daniel went berserk when he saw his Dom.

"NO! I don't want to do this! Get away from me, you fucker." He fought and cursed. Brad didn't pay any attention to his protests and gave him the first stroke. Daniel shouted, and the guys holding on to his arms had to struggle to hold him down.

Brad hit Daniel again, and again, keeping up a steady rhythm while he beat his sub's back, ass and legs. He was relentless, paying no heed to the man's screams and shouts.

Daniel was incoherent, yelling curses and insults, his body writhing and fighting every time the whip hit him. Brad did not let up but kept hitting him, now forcing an anguished cry out of the sub with every stroke. That just made Brad apply more force, hitting as hard as the Dom could. Daniel's shouts turned into sobs, and during the last lashes he finally gave up fighting, lying limply over the table and crying.

His feet had been untied by the men holding him down, and Brad threw the whip on the floor and went around the table. The Dom knelt down and lifted up Daniel's head. At first, the sub refused to look at his Dom, trying to keep his sobs in. Then he gave in, hiding his head in Brad's shoulder while he cried. Brad hugged him, rocking him gently. When the sub was calmer, Brad stood up and went around the table, trying to make Daniel stand. He couldn't, his legs collapsing when he tried, and one of the helpers supported him under one arm while Brad took the other. They disappeared through a door at the back of the stage.

"Wow." Tom blinked, looking as if he suddenly remembered where he was. The crowd had dispersed around them, leaving only Tom. "That was... Wow."

Mischa rubbed his stomach, still holding on to him. "I think that was an accurate description. Not many people play that hard, but they seem to have found a balance. Daniel needs it, and Brad is not afraid to give it to him."

Tom nodded, deep in thoughts. "Have you ever done anything like that?"

Mischa couldn't tell whether Tom would find that a good thing or not. "I have, even if it's usually not my style. I never do more than one scene with a boy, and a scene like that takes a lot of trust."

Tom turned his head and looked at Mischa oddly. Oh. The one-scene thing. Mischa had to think very hard about the fact that he was not a man who blushed. Tom didn't say anything, though.

Mischa let his hand glide down to Tom's jock. His sub's cock was hard and there was a wet spot on the fabric. Tom moaned a bit, leaning back into Mischa and letting him rub. The boy was blushing.

"Everybody can see us." Tom kept pushing into Mischa's hand, though.

"They can." Tom moaned.

"Do you want to come like this, or do you want to find a dark corner where we can be naughty?" Mischa ground his hips into Tom's behind.

Tom made a peculiar sound between a snort of laughter and a groan. "Yes, please. I would... Could you..." The boy was so fucking adorable when he couldn't get the words out.

"I probably can if you ask me." Mischa pinched Tom's nipples. He yelped and writhed.

"Oh, fuck, sir. I... God. Sir, would you please spank me? Before you take me?"

Mischa groaned. Jesus, this was hot.

"Yes, boy. I'll even paddle you." Tom's sigh was almost a whimper, his knees not quite steady.

"Private room or dark corner?"

"I... Dark corner is fine." You'd think the boy would be impotent with the amount of blood in his cheeks. But he didn't have any problems down there. Whatsoever.

Mischa took a paddle from the wall and dragged Tom to his favorite dark corner. People could hear what was going on, but they wouldn't be on display.

"Bend over, boy." He forced Tom to lean over, hands against the wall. Tom gave a little squeak and obeyed. Then Mischa paddled his boy in a steady rhythm, just enough to give Tom a nice sting and make the boy horny. It worked quite well; Tom was a sobbing mess when Mischa finally fingered him and pushed into him. Mischa shouted when the tightness gripped his cock, his sounds mingling with Tom's yelling at being opened up.

It didn't last long, it couldn't, but God, it was hot. Mischa roared and emptied himself into the condom, and then he rubbed Tom's bulge through the jockstrap until his boy came. Mischa stood for a moment, trying to catch his breath. Then he had to pull out, getting rid of the condom. He pulled Tom up, kissing his boy gently.

"Thank you, boy. That was lovely."

Tom just sighed, spent.

"Time to go home, don't you think?" Tom nodded, and Mischa put his arm around Tom and started walking them out. Tom hesitated before they stepped out into the big room.

"What's wrong?" Mischa knew, of course, but he wanted to hear it anyway.

"It's just... Everybody can see that you just spanked me. And I came in my underwear."

Mischa leaned in, nuzzling Tom's neck. "They can. They can probably see that you're well fucked, too, and smell your come on you. And they can see that I did it to you and that I'm taking you home now." Tom moaned. Mischa smiled and nipped his neck.

"Okay, sir." Mischa smiled and led his boy out through the club. And Tom was right, people did stare. Mischa enjoyed every minute of it, taking his boy home.

They slept in the next morning and then spent a long time over breakfast, talking about the night before. Mischa couldn't help but be just a little worried. Things might seem different in the bright light of day.

His instincts had been sound, though; Tom was intrigued with the club.

"I was so close to freaking out when I realized what that metal rod was for, though." Tom was eating melon and licking the juice off his fingers. The sight was almost enough to distract Mischa.

"I thought that there would be blood all over the place and a screaming sub. And not screaming in the good way."

"I wouldn't make you watch something like that."

"No, you wouldn't. On the other hand, not even you can control everything that happens." Mischa snorted. He had been pretty successful so far, and he intended to keep it that way.

"And then you made me watch, and it was beautiful. He was out of his mind with lust, and he let it all out. It was even a bit scary."

"Why was it scary?" Mischa needed to know.

Tom thought about it. "I'm not sure. Because he made himself so vulnerable, I think. Both in what he did and how he reacted to it. He didn't hold back at all."

"And the second scene?" Mischa was curious about this; Tom had been very adamant about wanting to watch that.

Tom was quiet for a long time. "I don't know how to describe it. I didn't know you could fight like that, that someone could give you that much. It was... really brave."

Mischa was a bit shocked at the insight Tom showed in the power dynamics of a scene; it had taken him a lot longer to get that far.

"It is. They know each other well, and Brad is very particular in picking the situation and his helpers."

They talked a bit longer, and then Mischa took Tom into the playroom for their last scene before Tom had to go back to the city. He told Tom to stand in the middle of the floor as usual and started circling the boy. Tom stood up straight, relaxed and a little aroused.

"I have a treat for you today: you can choose what the scene will be." Mischa was almost sure that Tom would choose a paddling and a fuck.

He didn't, though. Instead, the boy thought for a long time. Then he started speaking, hesitantly.

"Did you... did you enjoy giving me the enema, sir?" The boy's cheeks were already reddening.

Mischa was surprised. He still gave an honest answer.

"I did. I love to see you struggle, and I like knowing that I'm filling you with water."

Tom nodded. "You see, I didn't like it. It was so embarrassing that I really had problems obeying you. But I read this story last week." He was getting eager now.

"It was about a couple who was into this lifestyle. They had a friend over, and the Dom told him that his sub got an enema every evening, in a really humiliating way. When the friend asked why he did it, the Dom answered that the sub hated getting an enema and loved him for doing it to him anyway.

"Does it make any sense to you at all that I want it because I don't want it?"

Mischa's heart almost melted. He stepped close to his sub's back, nuzzling Tom's throat. "It makes a lot of sense. You want me to make you do it. And I will." Tom nodded, looking relieved about being understood. Mischa let him feel how excited he was when he rubbed against his sub's naked ass.

"Come, boy. Into the bathroom." He walked his boy to the tiled area of the playroom and let him stand in the middle of the floor, where Tom could see all the preparations. Tom

was half hard and looking nervous, apprehensive. Mischa put the towels on the floor and pulled over the IV stand with the water.

"Lie down, boy." Tom hesitated, fighting so hard with himself. Then he bent his knees, almost involuntarily, and lay down. Mischa lay down behind him.

"Good boy." Mischa lubed up Tom's ass and put the nozzle in him, turning on the water right away.

Tom gasped and jerked a bit, and Mischa reached around and started stroking his cock. Tom got hard fast, and he kept it up even as his breathing got labored.

"Oh, sir, getting full." Mischa knew; he could see the water fill the slender belly. Tom groaned, thrashing a bit. Mischa put his leg over Tom's to steady him and rubbed Tom's belly until the cramp passed.

The water went in quickly, and he only made Tom hold it through one more cramp. When Tom sat down on the toilet, the boy reached out for Mischa. Mischa was surprised to feel his breath hitch; it was such an act of trust. The clear water rushed out of Tom, who moaned and held on to him. Mischa didn't take his hands off Tom, stroking and caressing.

When Tom got up, he stood patiently in the middle of the floor, ready to take another bag if Mischa told him to. The feeling of his boy surrendering to him was heady, but Mischa needed Tom now.

"Into the shower, boy." Tom did look relieved, and Mischa couldn't help but smile. Then he undressed and stepped in

behind Tom. He washed his sub slowly and sensually, massaging the shampoo into Tom's hair and rinsing it out. With a crooked smile, he took out the lube. "Turn around, boy."

Tom sighed and grabbed the railing on the wall of the shower stall. He rested his head on his hands, letting himself be opened up, breathing through it and groaning when Mischa went too fast.

When Mischa exchanged his fingers for his dick, Tom only sighed and relaxed into it. The sub was so malleable, taking everything Mischa had to give him. The low sounds told Mischa that it still hurt him when Mischa went too deep, but Tom took the pain, grunting, but not fighting. Mischa fucked him forever, the warm water cascading over them and cocooning them in their own little world. He didn't want this to end, but it had to, and he stroked Tom's hard cock and pushed deep inside his boy's body. They came at the same time, Tom groaning quietly and Mischa shouting out his pleasure. Mischa pushed deep one last time and then just leaned on Tom. This was where he belonged, in his boy.

The thought didn't seem as shocking as it had before, and that in itself was enough to shake Mischa. He was quiet when he dried Tom, and then he took the boy to bed. He wanted to be close. He was gently stroking Tom's belly when Tom broke the silence.

"You know, the guys who did the scenes last night?" Apparently Mischa wasn't the only one thinking.

"Yeah? Which one of them?"

"All of them. I mean, they had so much trust in each other. It was amazing."

"It was." Mischa didn't know where this was going.

Tom was quiet for a moment, then he continued. "Is it like that for you? I mean, we don't know each other that well yet, but what happened when your subs stayed? When it wasn't just scenes."

"It always was." The answer came quickly.

Tom cocked his head. "So you haven't had any long-term relationships with a sub? They were just playmates?"

Mischa hesitated, and then realized that he had to be honest. "They were just playmates."

"Am I just a playmate?"

"No." Mischa had no idea how he could be this sure, but he was. He gestured helplessly. "No, you're not. I want to have more scenes with you. And I want to get to know you. Does it scare you away that I say this so soon?" He held his breath. This conversation had turned a lot more serious than he had expected.

Tom raised an eyebrow. "I'm not easily spooked, you know. Far too stubborn for that." He looked thoughtfully at Mischa. "Have you had other relationships?"

"Sure. Well, not that many, but I have had three or four long-term lovers since I was a teen." This was turning into a friendly interrogation that concentrated far more on Mischa than he liked, but he had a hunch that Tom wasn't

going to let go of him before the boy got some answers. It was almost comical that their roles were that quickly reversed. Well, it might have been funny if the conversation hadn't been making Mischa sweat, metaphorically speaking.

"Tell me about the last one."

"Well, what do you want to know? He was a contractor, a really nice guy, and we had a good time. It even ended well."

"But why did it end?"

"Basically, I wanted to push and he didn't want to be pushed. In bed, that is. Outside it, we were a pretty good match. We could argue for hours about everything. He never budged."

"So, why don't you just hook up with one of your subs if you need to be matched sexually?"

"They're boring." Once again, Mischa wished he would think before he talked. It wasn't a problem with anyone but Tom. On the other hand, he hadn't talked about these things with anyone but Tom.

"Your perfect, obedient subs that turn you on are boring?"

If Mischa had been prone to blushing, he would be doing so now. Which he wasn't. Nope.

"I'm sorry, that's just the way it is! I want someone I can actually talk with when we don't have sex."

"And your solution has been to have a totally compartmentalized life."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, believing that either you could have mind-blowing sex OR you could have someone to talk to in between the mind-blowing sex. Maybe you were wrong."

Mischa frowned.

"What do you mean, wrong?"

"Did you talk to your three or four guys about your sexual desires?"

"Yes, I told you so. They didn't want what I wanted." What did this have to do with anything?

"No, because the statistic is just against it, isn't it? Have you ever thought about going the other way?"

"I'm sorry, you've lost me." Mischa tried not to sulk; he wasn't sure that he did a great job of it.

"Finding someone kinky and then asking them if they had a brain? Of course, you had to take them down from the cross first."

Mischa stared. "I've never, ever met somebody like you before."

"What?" Suddenly looking self-conscious, Tom pulled the comforter closer around his shoulders.

"One moment you let me boss you around, and the next you're telling me what's wrong with my personal life?" Mischa didn't know if he was going to laugh or be insulted.

Tom blushed. Bless him.

"Well, that's basically what I'm talking about." Tom suddenly got serious. "I guess what I've spent a hell of a long time asking you is this: are you willing to have a sub with a brain? Because I'm not willing to give up mine. Not even for you."

The answer should have been complicated and hard to find. It wasn't.

"Yes."

"Yeah?" Tom lit up.

"Yes. I like you. You excite me. I don't see the problem."

Tom's obnoxious eyebrow went up again. "Huh. When you put it that way, cave man..." Mischa goosed him, and Tom yelped. Then he went serious again.

"How do we do it? I mean, I like calling you 'sir' and obeying you during the scenes, but I like this, too."

He shrugged. "Well, why don't we just do that, then? Sometimes the cave man solutions are the simplest *and* the best."

"How do you mean?"

"We have our scenes, just like before. I decide what's going to happen when you're here, both because I'm more experienced in figuring out what you need and because it excites us both when you give up control. The focus on our weekends is to give you sexual experiences. If we decide later on we want to go to the movies, then we do so. And then I won't be a cave man."

"Is it that easy?"

He shrugged. "I think it is; on the other hand, I haven't ever pulled a sub down from the cross before, so what do I know?"

This time Mischa got goosed, and he stared at Tom. No sub had ever... He pounced, making Tom yell and flail to get away. Mischa was relentless, tickling him and ended up having Tom cry out for mercy. He let his boy get up, smacking Tom's butt one last time, satisfied with having just a little of his bad ass authority back. At least, Mischa preferred to believe that's the way things were now.

Chapter 6

"I'm infested!" Tom sounded outraged. For a short moment Mischa couldn't help wondering if he had anything to do with it. But he was clean, he knew that, and besides, they had been careful. He forced himself to pay attention to Tom's rant on the other end of the line.

"My fucking kitchen is full of nasty little bugs, and it's about the grossest thing I've ever experienced." Mischa could actually hear Tom shudder. "And the landlord wants to do the extermination thing right away, which I really, really appreciate. But it means that I haven't got anywhere to stay for ten days, because all of my friends are either out of town or having their girlfriend and her puppy moving in. And *that* means that I have to go home to my sister, who hates me almost as much as I hate her, and I have a big assignment due in two weeks and I'm so fucked." The wind was going out of Tom now, and he sighed resignedly.

"Well, it's not as if I don't have anywhere to go. Even if I seriously considered crashing on the floor in a corner of the faculty library. Nobody ever goes into the Marxism/Formalism section anyway; I think I could set up camp there for weeks without getting noticed."

"You can move in with me." Mischa waited for the "oh, fuck, did I just say that" feeling, but it never came. Huh.

"Oh." Tom sounded astounded. "Fuck, Mischa, I swear I wasn't trying to set you up for that. You don't have to do that. I'll be just fine."

"I know you didn't, and I mean it. Hell, it's only for ten days. You can work here, and it'll be far better than staying with somebody you don't like."

"I can't do that. I don't want to fuck up what we have." Tom sounded very firm.

Mischa couldn't help being just a little pleased with Tom's reason for being stubborn. However, Mischa was the king of stubborn.

"Why would it fuck it up? I'll have work to do, just the same as you, and we can have a scene now and then if you want. If not, that's fine, too."

"But I can't let you do that for me!" Mischa found Tom's outrage highly entertaining. He got up and started walking around in his office, trying to keep his voice neutral.

"And exactly why is that?" Mischa worked hard to keep the amusement from his voice.

Tom sputtered. "Because... because that would be taking advantage of you."

Mischa was stunned. Then, with a great effort, he pulled himself together. "Tom. I'm an investment manager. I'm a very good investment manager, in fact. I handle extremely large sums of money for very rich people who listen to my advice. And I'm a Dom. Nobody takes advantage of me."

Tom still wasn't convinced. "But... but..."

"Nobody."

Mischa could hear Tom think. Really, he could. "Well, I guess not." The words came out grudgingly.

"Good. Now that we've established that, are you going to stay with me?"

"I guess so."

Mischa snorted. Okay, perhaps that wasn't a nice reaction, but Tom sounded so cute when he was pouting.

"Don't laugh!"

"Then don't sound like a ten-year old." That was easy, wasn't it? "When do you want to be picked up?"

They made their arrangements, and Mischa hung up. He was feeling unusually smug. Who said you couldn't have everything you wanted? You just had to work a little for it.

This was a strange situation. Not waiting for Mischa to come pick him up, but waiting with his messenger bag, a huge sports bag, and his computer. It felt like moving in. Perhaps because that was what it was.

Tom felt a thrill at the thought and tried to reason with himself. This was only for ten days, and it might end up being really awkward. He actually didn't worry that they wouldn't have anything to talk about; he knew they would. But how would they work all the practicalities? Would he have to be naked? Because that would just be too weird, doing research and grading papers with no clothes on. And would they be sleeping together, or was that only for their

special weekends? He knew Mischa had guest rooms. Perhaps the Dom expected Tom to stay in one?

"I can't believe you haven't been run over by something yet with the level of attention you pay to your surroundings." Tom started and then couldn't help the smile that spread on his face. Mischa. And the man was here for Tom. Tom leaned in and kissed him, not caring who saw them.

Mischa kissed him right back and hugged him. "Ready to go?" He bent down and got one of Tom's bags.

"I am." Tom fought hard to make the silly smile go away. He was just suddenly in a very, very good mood. Mischa didn't seem to mind, though, putting Tom's bag in the car and getting in.

"So, did you manage to rescue your clothes from the invasion?"

Tom shuddered. "I did. Fuck, it was so gross. It turns out that our next-door neighbor has a very relaxed attitude toward cleaning. Especially in the kitchen. The landlord described it in far too much detail. But at least I should consider myself lucky that he did something about it this quickly. And thanks again for letting me stay."

"It's not a problem -- unless you keep saying thank you. But then I guess I'll just have to teach you other ways to show your gratitude." Mischa leered exaggeratedly.

Tom laughed out loud. "Well, I think I can handle that." He so could. "Did you have a good week?"

"Yeah, not too bad. I lost about ten million dollars, but considering the market, that's actually quite good." Mischa didn't seem worried at all.

"You lost ten million? And that's a good week?" There was no way Tom could keep up his "I know all about this" attitude.

"With the market being like it is, yes." Mischa shrugged. "I work with unreal amounts of money in my job. Sometimes it's difficult to connect the numbers with real money. I mean, money is pretty much an illusion a lot of the time, isn't it? You work, you get the money transferred to your bank account, and you spend it with a plastic card -- sometimes on things like counseling where you can't even see any physical results. It's a really long way from Scrooge McDuck's mountains of gold, isn't it?"

"Yes. Except that the illusion gets very real when you don't have any money."

Mischa made a grimace. "You're right about that; student loans are just not the way to live a life in luxury."

"Well, I wouldn't know -- I don't have any."

Mischa looked over at him. "You don't? But you're on your own." They had talked about Tom's parents dying when he was nineteen.

"I just don't want them. With my subject, I probably won't get a well-paid job when I graduate, and the thought of paying off loans for the next twenty-five years is just too depressing. I'd rather be totally broke now. The last six months sucked, though; I want to concentrate on my thesis

next semester, so I've been working and saving up the money so I don't have to work then. I'm pretty much there now; I won't be rich, but I have enough to get by until I finish. And I only have the paper I'm working on this week to do before I can start working full time on the thesis. I've sort of started working on it already, but I can't wait to have more time for my actual work."

"That's pretty impressive."

Tom felt a little sheepish. "Oh, I didn't mean to make it sound that way. There wasn't anything heroic about going back to my sister's to work at the cookie factory for an entire year. I guess I'm just stubborn."

"You think so?"

Tom slapped Mischa's arm. Hard.

"Hey! I'm the one doing the slapping here." And here Tom thought that he was getting better at not blushing all the time. "Anyway, I'm happy to be able to save you from your sister. You don't exactly sound fond of her."

"She's an evil bitch from hell. The most annoying thing about her is that she wraps it all up in fake concern. You know, like, 'If only you'd reconsider your lifestyle, you'd be in far less risk of getting a disease.' Or my favorite: 'If you'd go out with women, you'd have a chance at a lasting relationship.'"

"Ouch." Mischa winced. "Well, I guess we'd better think seriously before accepting any Thanksgiving invitations from her."

Tom blinked. Mischa hadn't said we. He just hadn't. Tom decided that he was hearing with his dick. Which was a first, granted. On the other hand, you could think with it, so why not?

He glanced at Mischa, and he could have sworn that the man's cheeks were just a little on the red side. But Doms didn't blush. Rule number one in their book. Or something.

They were interrupted in their mutual attempt at pretending nothing important had been said by arriving at Mischa's house.

Mischa had taken Tom's bag again and let him enter first. Just inside the door, Tom stopped. He had no idea what the protocol would be now. Mischa made it a lot easier by simply taking Tom's bag into the master bedroom.

"You can use the shelves just inside the closet -- there should be plenty of space for your things." There was. Since the closet was bigger than Tom's entire bedroom.

Mischa went out and showed him one of the guestrooms. "There's a desk in here for you, or you can just use the dining room. That's up to you."

Tom nodded. Mischa seemed to hesitate. Then he said, very casually, "I don't think you've seen my office yet? It's in here." He opened the door.

So this was the mysterious sanctuary where millions were lost. And probably earned, too, since Mischa still had plenty of clients. The decor was quite different from the light colors of the rest of the house. The colors in here were

darker, and the whole room had a masculine and cozy feel to it.

"Oh, this is nice." Tom turned toward a desk to his right. "So this is where you lose... Oh, holy fucking mother of Christ." He froze, looking at the enormous painting on the wall. He took a step closer and then stopped again. It couldn't be.

"Is that..." He gestured helplessly toward the painting.

"It is. I'm really fond of it."

"Wow." Tom had no idea what to say. "I guess you really are good at what you do if you have one of her paintings on your wall."

"Well, I bought it right after she came to New York. A friend of a friend shared a studio with her and told me about this picture. Even though I know nothing about art, I had to have it."

Tom knew that he was staring, but he couldn't help himself. "I get that. It's so fucking good. It must be quite an attraction when you have visitors."

Mischa shrugged. "Not really. It's in my office; there's no need for my friends to go in here, and boys are not allowed." Then Mischa looked like he could use an effective tool for removing feet from mouths.

Tom cocked his head. "Is that a weird way of telling me that I have to get out of here?"

"No." Mischa looked him straight in the eyes.

Huh. "So, is this like the 'one boy, one scene' rule?"

"Yes." Maybe Doms didn't blush, but they did look sheepish.

"Aha." Tom crossed his arms, pondering Mischa's words.
"Okay." He turned around again and studied the painting.

Sometimes Tom drove Mischa crazy. Now was one of those times.

The boy was so fucking different from everything Mischa was used to. His subs were obedient or whiny or difficult, but they never were anything but subs. Tom was more, and Mischa had no idea how to handle that. The worst part was that Mischa didn't even know which part of Tom he liked the best: the man or the oh-so-sexy sub. Well, maybe that was the best part. Still, it drove him crazy.

Like now, when Tom didn't say anything after Mischa had fucked up. "No boys allowed in here." Smooth, really smooth.

"Mischa?"

He had a clear feeling that he had missed something.

"Sorry?" Mischa didn't blush. He didn't.

Tom looked just a little amused. "I asked you if you wanted to have lunch? We could eat and then work until dinner?"

"Sure, sounds good. I got some roast beef for sandwiches. It looked really good. Did you decide where you would like to work?" Now he was babbling on top of everything else.

Tom's mouth twitched, but he managed to stay serious. "I think I'll take the dining room if you don't mind?"

"No, that's fine. Let's go eat." Anything to keep him from blabbering anymore. Christ.

It hadn't been as strange working here as Tom had imagined. The dining room was nice, well-lit and really quiet, and he was so engrossed in his paper that he didn't even notice that it was getting late. Tom only looked up when he heard Mischa cough politely. He had a vague feeling that it wasn't the first time.

Mischa smiled at him and sat down in one of the chairs around the table. "You're really caught up. What are you doing?"

He felt a little sheepish at being caught like this. "Oh, the same as I always do, basically. Sex."

Mischa blinked. "Excuse me?"

Tom made a feeble attempt at correcting himself. "That's what my research is about." Because he didn't always think about sex. He was sure that there were times that he didn't. Almost sure.

Mischa looked amazed. "You can do an entire master's degree in sex?"

"Well, as long as you give it an academic title, you can do anything. My subject is sexuality in modern painting. This paper is about female artists' representation of their male subjects."

Mischa looked tickled. "When I interviewed you before our first meeting, you said that you were rather inexperienced when it came to sex."

"I was!" Tom nervously fiddled with a book. "I thought you meant hands-on experience."

Mischa laughed out loud.

"You know what I mean!" Nobody could tease him like Mischa.

"I do. So, you have studied sex for a long time?"

"Hey, just because I didn't meet anybody who really turned me on, I could at least still read about it. I'm a curious person!"

"You are." Mischa looked so sweet when the man bent forward and kissed Tom. The kiss was so tender that Tom lost himself completely in it. He was about to suggest they take it to the bedroom when his stomach growled, loudly. Mischa laughed and pulled back.

"I think we have to feed you before we do anything else. Come on, dinner should be ready."

Tom got up, feeling guilty. "You don't have to serve me like that, you know. If I'm engrossed in something, just call me and I'll come help."

"I did." Mischa put his arm around Tom's shoulder. "You were totally oblivious to anything but your computer. It was really cute."

"So, what's for dinner?" Tom's cheeks were going to suffer permanent damage if he didn't get the subject changed. It had never been so bad before he met Mischa. On the other hand, Tom had never done so many embarrassing things before, either. Hot things. Very hot.

He heard the very pointed cough again. "Sorry?"

Mischa didn't even try to hide his laughter. "Time to eat, my absentminded little scholar. Sit down before you forget what you're doing again."

Tom didn't even try to protest; he knew a lost battle when he was in the middle of one.

They had dinner and talked about their day. As always, Tom was amazed at how easy it was to talk to Mischa. He seemed genuinely interested in Tom's opinions, and he had some entertaining stories to tell about his clients.

After dinner, Tom managed to make progress with the huge stack of papers he had to grade. He brought them into the living room where Mischa was reading some business report, and they worked together, sitting on the couch. It was hours later before Tom finally realized how tired he was. He yawned.

"Ready to go to bed? You look beat."

"I am. I was up early to start the grading. It's going to take most of the weekend, I think."

Mischa got up, reaching for Tom and pulling him up.

"Then you need your beauty sleep. Come on."

They got ready to go to bed. Mischa was already in bed when Tom stopped in the middle of the floor, his pajamas in hand. Suddenly, he didn't know what to do.

"Anything wrong?" Mischa looked at him, questioningly.

"I... Do you need anything?" Was he supposed to be a sub now?

Mischa got up, only wearing his boxers. He slowly closed the distance between them, looking at Tom with a little smile. He let his hands caress Tom's sides, and Tom got goose bumps all over.

Mischa pulled Tom's shirt over his head and kissed him lightly. "Come to bed. I want to make love to you."

Tom quickly pulled off the rest of his clothes and got into bed. He suddenly felt shy; he was normally totally spent when they went to bed -- or Mischa kept him in a state of perpetual arousal and didn't let him touch himself. In a strange way, this felt like their first time.

Mischa knew, of course. The man pulled Tom in tightly and kissed him. The kiss was different, somehow. It was slow, not filled with the frantic desire Tom normally felt. It was good just to let it go on, to sink into it. Tom felt his

arousal grow, but slowly, not the immediate hunger he normally felt. He let go, gave up any attempt at controlling it.

Never breaking their kiss, Mischa rolled him onto his back. Tom felt Mischa's hand slide down his stomach, avoiding his dick. He arched for a moment, trying to get more. Then he sank back, allowing Mischa access to his ass.

Mischa's fingers were already slick, and Tom wondered for a moment how the man had managed that. Then the first finger breached him and he couldn't think anymore. It was so good, the touch so gentle that he moaned into the kiss.

It went on and on. Mischa didn't push; Tom was opened slowly, never struggling like he usually did. When Mischa had three fingers in him and Tom was moaning with every exhalation, Mischa's fingers were suddenly pulled out of him. Tom protested, but he had hardly opened his mouth before Mischa pushed into him. The air rushed out of Tom as he was filled with his lover.

He couldn't speak, couldn't tell Mischa how good this felt. He could only lay back, clinging to Mischa's shoulders and whimpering with the feeling of Mischa pushing into him in long, even strokes. Mischa cradled Tom's face, kissing his forehead, his cheeks, his chin, the corner of his mouth, all the time pushing the pleasure into him. Tom started making low, drawn-out sounds, unable to contain what he was feeling.

He could feel his orgasm build up so slowly, so inevitably. Mischa found his prostate, grinding into him with hectic movements, and Tom went over, the pleasure almost blinding. He could hear Mischa shout and jerk into him,

giving him just a little pain. It made the pleasure almost unbearable, and he cried out.

Afterward, they just lay there. Mischa clutched his face, breathing heavily, forehead resting against Tom's. It was so intimate, and Tom held Mischa tightly. This was where he belonged.

They set up a rhythm, working, talking over meals, and making love in the evening. Tom had started bringing Mischa coffee when he needed a break. Mischa had looked surprised the first time, but hadn't declined. Tom kept the breaks short -- he had his own work, and he didn't want to disturb Mischa. But it felt good, and he was more effective when he got back to work.

He worked like crazy during the next couple of days and managed to get the grading done and finish more than half of his own paper. He had felt a little insecure Saturday morning; he had no idea if Mischa still wanted to keep up their tradition with scenes during the weekend. But it had just been like the other days, and Tom was really grateful for the opportunity to get his work done.

Now it was Sunday afternoon, though, and Tom felt restless. He had been up early and managed to do the outline of the rest of his paper that morning, and he basically just needed to write the conclusion and polish the whole thing. He should have had a feeling of accomplishment after all of his hard work, but he still found himself wandering about the house. He found Mischa in the kitchen, reading the paper.

"Hey, baby. How's the paper coming along?" It always gave Tom a little jolt of happiness when Mischa used the endearment. Even that couldn't make him keep still, though, and he fiddled with the coffee-maker.

"Oh, great. I'll be finishing it tomorrow, I think. I just can't concentrate right now." Tom thought about making more coffee, even though he didn't really feel like it.

"No?" Mischa put his hands on Tom's shoulders, rubbing gently.

"No." Tom didn't know whether to push into the caress or to pull away.

"You're tense." Mischa pushed harder, trying to force the tense muscles in Tom's shoulders to relax. Tom pulled away before he knew what he was doing.

"Anything wrong?" Mischa's voice was even, his eyes calm. Tom kept fidgeting with the drawers.

"No. I... I need..." He didn't know what he needed.

"Look at me." Tom forced himself to look up at Mischa. He swore he could see the man grow in front of him, changing from easygoing Mischa into alpha-male Mischa. Sexy Mischa. Tom couldn't tear his eyes off his Dom.

"What do you want?"

"I want not to be asked what I want." Tom blinked. He hadn't even known that.

"You want balance."

Tom frowned. "What do you mean?"

Mischa let his hand glide through Tom's hair. "You want to be in power when you do your research and teach and talk to me, and then sometimes you want me to take over. You want our weekends." Mischa tightened his grip in Tom's hair and pulled Tom's head back.

"Yes. Yes, sir, that's what I want." It was so simple.

Mischa stepped back, letting his eyes glide down Tom's body.

"Undress."

"Here?" Tom's voice even squeaked. They were in the kitchen.

"Here. Now." Mischa's voice was low, a little scary. It made Tom's cock hard. Tom blinked, and with an effort, he started to undress. He still hesitated when he came to his briefs. He would be so naked in front of Mischa. In the kitchen, God damn it.

Mischa stepped up close, grabbed Tom's nipple, and pinched it until Tom shouted. "Take. Them. Off." Tom scrambled to obey. He felt so naked when Mischa's eyes glided appreciatively over him.

"Good boy. Into the playroom." Mischa kept a hand on Tom's shoulder, directing him into the middle of the room. Tom felt nervous, uneasy. His dick was hard, but he couldn't find his peace, his need to obey.

"Are you clean?"

Tom blushed furiously. Mischa knew he wasn't; Tom hadn't used the enema kit here.

"No, sir." It was so hard even to answer.

"Then we'll start by filling you with water. Get into the bathroom."

Tom started walking. But he couldn't do it and stopped, Mischa bumping into him.

"Tom?" Mischa's voice was calm, determined.

"I... You have to tie me up. I can't do it otherwise." It felt huge to admit this, to ask for the cuffs.

"Okay. Do you want the big cuffs again?"

He nodded mutely. Mischa got them and put Tom's hands into them. Tom made a hoarse sound when he felt the straps tighten around his hands, making his fingers useless. Mischa finished up by hooking the cuffs together and grabbed Tom's hands, dragging him the rest of the way. Tom gasped, trying to keep up and at the same time not reveal how excited he was.

Mischa roughly pushed him up against the wall, pinning him against it while the Dom hooked the cuffs onto a fastening on the wall. Tom gasped, couldn't keep it in when he felt how tightly he was secured.

Mischa leaned heavily against him, breath warm on Tom's neck when the man spoke. "It's okay if it's hard for you to

obey." Tom moaned, his worry easing up. He pulled the cuffs experimentally. They didn't budge, and he pulled harder, jerking his hands.

"Good boy." Mischa pulled back to fill the bag and set it up. Tom felt so exposed on the wall, unable to move and knowing what was coming.

"It will be harder this time." Tom started; he hadn't heard Mischa approach. "You're standing up, so it'll take a bit longer, and it might be harder to keep the water in. You might cramp more, too." Mischa lubed up Tom's ass and pushed the nozzle in, not giving him any chance to keep up. Tom moaned and pulled at his cuffs. Mischa just followed his movements and kept the nozzle inside him, letting the water begin to flow into him.

"Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck, sir..." Tom struggled, trying to get more of the delicious feeling of the water trickling into him. Mischa let Tom move, holding the nozzle and letting his other hand caress Tom's stomach. Tom moaned, not knowing what to do.

"You're doing fine. Just take it." Tom did, closing his eyes and sinking into the feeling of being strung up against a wall with a tube pushing water into his ass. For Mischa. God, it was good.

The first cramp hit him out of the blue, much sooner than he had expected. He panted his way through it, letting Mischa hold him. Mischa was right; it was so much harder like this. It took forever, and Tom couldn't keep the water in. He cried out when he felt it start trickling out of him.

"Squeeze your butt. Come on, you can do it." He couldn't, but he did. Mischa made him take the entire bag, let him down to release it, and tied him up to take another. When it was over, Tom was feeling weak, his stomach hurting and his legs unsteady.

"Good, now you're ready." Tom wanted to protest; he wasn't ready, he was done. Mischa led him to the bench, though, and strapped him down. Tom gasped when the strap over his back was tightened and struggled to get up, but then he let himself sink down onto the soft leather, closing his eyes and feeling his legs being spread, leaving him open and vulnerable. He felt Mischa's hand slide over his back.

"Good boy." Tom could hear Mischa rustle about, but he didn't want to open his eyes. Then he felt something wet on his ass and moaned softly as Mischa rubbed in the cold lube, opening him up a little.

"Relax and take them." It was beads, and Tom felt the first one go into him. They were big enough to hurt when the thickest part passed through his sphincter, and he groaned with it. They kept coming, filling him up. He lost count, starting to struggle when he felt another. Too much.

"Take it. I want you to feel full." Tom whimpered, feeling the pain as the bead went into him, pressing the others in deeper. The next followed right after, making him pant. He felt another at his entrance.

"No more! Please, sir, I can't take any more." Mischa gently stroked his ass and kept pushing, forcing the last bead into him. Tom shouted out, his head going up and his ass clenching in his effort to keep the beads inside.

Mischa pushed Tom's cheeks together, helping him keep them in. "Good boy. Well done."

Tom let his head fall down on the bench again, gasping with the fullness. He pulled at the cuffs, wanting to feel them enclose his hands and keep him down.

Mischa let his hands slide up and down Tom's back, soothing. "You're doing so well. Can you keep them in?"

Tom gasped but nodded. "Yes, sir."

Mischa let his hands slide down to grab Tom's balls. "Good. You know this. I count down from ten." Mischa tightened his hands until the pain shot up through Tom's stomach, making him yell. Then Mischa started counting down, keeping the pressure and the pain even. Tom struggled, jerking and fighting against the bindings, trying hard to endure it. When it was over, Tom relaxed on the bench, gasping.

"Good. Again." Tom wanted to protest, but Mischa's hands were already tightening, and the Dom started counting. Tom shouted, the pain so much. He held out, though, whimpering when Mischa let go.

"I don't want this, sir. I don't want it." Tom tried to get a hold on himself, to stop his panting. Mischa gently stroked his back.

"I know. But you need it. From fifteen this time." Tom screamed even before Mischa touched him. He couldn't do this. But he didn't have a choice, couldn't do anything but take it and roar with the pain. He kept screaming and

screaming, letting the pain go through him and out through his voice. Mischa let go and kissed his neck, wiping away the tears of pain Tom hadn't even noticed were there.

"Last time, from fifteen. Use your voice." Tom almost welcomed the pain, even though it made him sick. It was clean and pure and made him scream like he needed to.

Then it was over, and Mischa pulled the beads out of him, making him grunt and jerk every time a ball passed his sphincter. He was opened up by a couple of fingers, and then Mischa was in him. Yes.

Mischa started moving, and Tom let himself fall into it, into being Mischa's, being taken by Mischa. Tom could hear a long, keening sound going on and on, and he thought that it was his own voice, but he wasn't sure, not knowing where his pleasure ended and his body began, everything flowing into lust and need and Mischa shouting and grinding into him and his own seed being forced out of him.

Tom came back slowly, feeling Mischa's weight on his back. With difficulty, he turned his head and clumsily kissed his Dom's cheek. "Thank you, sir." Then he closed his eyes, letting his head fall down on the bench again.

"You're welcome, Tom." The weight disappeared from his back, and Tom whimpered when he felt Mischa pull out of him.

"I know. But I have to. I'll be right back to take care of you." Tom felt the kiss brush his shoulder and relaxed again. Mischa came back with a warm cloth and washed him, gently bringing him back. The straps were loosened, and Mischa massaged the skin under them. Finally, he

helped Tom get up. Tom still refused to open his eyes, hiding his head in the crook of Mischa's shoulder while Mischa held on to him. He sighed contentedly.

Mischa rubbed his shoulders. "Did that help?"

Tom couldn't help but laugh. He finally opened his eyes, looking at Mischa. "It did. You're mean, you know that?"

Mischa frowned. "No, I'm not mean. I play hard when my partner needs it. And you needed it."

Tom nodded, slowly. "I guess you're right. It still takes some work for me to recognize it, you know? It's a part of me I wasn't aware of."

Mischa's look got milder. "I know. You're doing a good job. I know it's hard work. Perhaps I can be a bit more assertive in the future? I know what you need. When you need it."

Tom raised an eyebrow. "'Assertive'? You really have a way with words!" He laughed and kissed Mischa. "Yes, you can be more 'assertive,' as long as it doesn't disturb my work."

Mischa slapped Tom's butt. Not very hard, though. "I wouldn't do that, you know. Now get your ass down. You need something to eat."

Chapter 7

Mischa was a little apprehensive. He liked Toby, even knew the man well enough to call him a friend.

Unfortunately, that also meant that Mischa knew how annoying his friend could be. Especially when Toby was right, which the man probably would be this time.

Mischa had stopped at the university to drop off Tom, who had his last class this week. Mischa had promised him a scene tonight to celebrate getting all of his work done. If it had been any other sub, Mischa would have called it a reward. Somehow, that didn't seem appropriate with Tom. He wasn't a timid little boy who needed reassurance to do well. He was a man, strong and sharp and sexy.

And now Mischa was doing it again. Toby would rip his ass for it. Mischa sighed and parked his car.

The café was busy, but Toby was in a booth in the back, giving them some privacy.

"Mischa! I'm glad you could tear yourself out of your woods." Toby smiled, and Mischa couldn't help doing the same. He did like Toby.

"Well, I'm making a lot of money for my clients in those woods, you know. Good to see you, Toby." They hugged.

"Same here. I haven't seen you for almost a month. I guess you've been busy?"

Here we go, Mischa thought. He refused to take the bait, though. "Yes, the market keeps me on my toes at the

moment." Luckily, the waitress came to take their order, rescuing him. For about half a minute.

"So, the young man at the party -- what was his name?" You could almost believe that Toby really had forgotten and didn't tease. If you didn't know him as well as Mischa did, that is.

"His name is Tom."

"That's right. The boy with a name."

"He's not a boy." Fuck.

"No?" If Toby's eyebrows went any higher, they would disappear into his hair and be lost forever.

"No."

"I see. The not-a-boy, with a name. How did you find him? I haven't seen him around."

"He's new to it. We met at the bar where your friend's sub stood me up." Listen to Mischa give out as little information as possible.

"And now he's staying -- for more than a month? That's a first."

"He isn't staying permanently, his apartment is just being cleaned, and it's only for ten days."

"He's actually living with you?" Toby looked crestfallen. Oh fuck. Toby hadn't meant stay-stay.

"It was that, his mean sister, or the faculty library. It's not like I don't have the space." Mischa knew he sounded defensive.

"He's a college student?" The waitress stared disapprovingly at Toby when he shouted, putting down their food and disappearing again. Toby dropped his voice.

"You're living with a college student?"

Mischa took a deep breath. Obviously, saying as little as possible didn't work that well for him. He had to study Tom to learn how the boy did it.

"He took a year off to work, and he's almost finished his master's degree, but apart from that, yes, I'm temporarily living with a graduate student." Toby made it sound like he was dating an eighteen-year old who lived with his parents.

"And that makes him all of, what, twenty-five?"

"Twenty-six." Mischa refused to apologize for this. He started eating, trying to deflect any more questions. Toby was unflappable, though.

"My hardest player has gone and fallen in love with a man fifteen years his junior." Toby didn't even sound teasing, just like the man didn't know whether he should be in shock or wonder. Mischa didn't think it would be of any use to point out that it was only fourteen years. He was so screwed.

"You're so screwed."

Mischa couldn't help but laugh. "I might be." He shrugged. "What can I say? I like what we have. I don't know if it's going to last, but so far, it's been good."

"I never thought the day would come when a sub would catch Master Mischa's heart. Is he the perfect little subservient boy, or how did he manage to do it?"

Mischa snorted against his own will. "Not so subservient, no. He's confident and opinionated and not afraid to tell me when I'm wrong. But when we're playing, he's so fucking responsive to everything I do to him. It's... good." It sounded lame even to him. Well, the alternative was worse; Mischa refused to be sappy.

Toby's eyebrows were doing the almost-escape once again. "It sounds good. I just never had you down as the type to fall for a twink."

"He's definitely not a twink!" Mischa laughed. "He might look that way, but he isn't. Outside the playroom, he's my equal, and that intrigues me. I want to be with him." If there was one thing Mischa had learned from Tom, it was to stand by his choices.

"Does he want to be with you?" Toby didn't sound teasing, just curious.

Mischa shrugged. "Time will tell. Right now, it's really good."

"Are you going to make a contract with him?"

"I don't think he's a contract guy." Mischa hadn't thought about it before, but he was still quite sure. "It's just not his style."

"Because he can't keep his dick in his pants?"

Mischa had to take a deep breath and remind himself that Toby was doing this because he cared for Mischa.

"No, because he's not into that. And don't imply something like that again, Toby." Mischa kept his voice low, even.

Toby wasn't intimidated. "All right. He didn't seem like the type, either, but you know that I'm looking out for you, Mischa."

"You are. Whether I want it or not." Okay, that sounded grumpy, but Mischa couldn't help it. He wasn't used to being someone in need of looking after.

They had had a nice lunch, though, and Mischa was in a good mood when he picked up Tom at the university. So was Tom. The boy flung himself into the car, kissing Mischa on the cheek with a smack.

"You're cheerful." Mischa smiled; Tom radiated joy.

"You bet. The week from hell is over, and I didn't kill any students and didn't even flunk that many. I had the usual whiners, but I'm not going to be pushed into changing any grades just because they want it."

"You have a lot of those?" Mischa pulled out and started driving toward the road out of town.

"Not a lot, but there are always some that try. I even had a girl once who came in wearing a skimpy top and pleaded with me while leaning forward. A lot." Tom wrinkled his nose.

Mischa chuckled. "God. What did you do?"

"Told her I was gay and that she would get a lot further by using her brain and a dictionary while writing her papers."

Mischa laughed. "And it didn't get you in trouble? I thought universities were quite sensitive about potential harassment complaints."

"They are. I told the head of department right away, just to be sure. She didn't complain about me, but it was a lot of help to my colleague when she tried the same trick on him and then accused him of sexual harassment. They disciplined her, and she dropped out."

"They should. It's a serious accusation."

"It is." Tom was serious for a moment, then he returned to his former happy mood. "Did I tell you that I met with my advisor? He'd already skimmed my paper and was really enthusiastic about it. He even talked about trying to get it published."

"That's great!" Mischa reached over and squeezed Tom's shoulder. Tom grinned, looking so happy. "Now we have another reason to celebrate. Have you thought about what you'd like to do?"

Tom blushed and ducked, but still looked happy. "I think I want the whole thing, you know? Like in the beginning. Stripping in the hallway, doing what you tell me to. I would love a paddling. Oh, and a fuck. And..." Tom laughed. "Okay, I guess it wouldn't be obeying if I gave you exact orders beforehand, would it?"

Mischa smiled and let his hand glide down to Tom's thigh. "You can always ask for things. Whether you actually get them is another matter." Tom sighed and leaned back, taking Mischa's hand. They were quiet the rest of the way to Mischa's house, but it was a comfortable silence.

Mischa could get used to this. He really could.

Tom jumped out of the car, eager to get into the house. Mischa stopped him, though, turning Tom so Mischa could look at him.

"You know that you don't have to do this, right?"

Tom had no idea what Mischa was talking about. Obviously, it showed on his face.

"If you only want what we've had the last couple of days, then it's okay. I won't make you do this if you don't want to."

Tom shook his head. "Sometimes you're really... Well. It goes like this: I want this. I even think I need it. I also want and need what we did last week, and I don't see why we

can't have both." He suddenly went cold. "Unless you don't want to do this anymore?"

"Fuck, no." Mischa never cursed. Now the man grabbed Tom's face, looking into his eyes. "I want you. A lot." Mischa kept staring, exuding power and control. Tom felt his shoulders relax and his pulse go up until he was in that strange state which combined peace and excitement.

"Please, take me inside, sir."

Mischa smiled, a triumphant smile. Then the man reached down and took hold of Tom's hands, put them behind Tom's back, and marched him into the house like that, walking behind him and holding him tight. Tom couldn't keep back a strangled sound.

In the hallway, Mischa stood in front of Tom, arms crossed over his chest. "Undress." Tom fumbled with his clothes, managing to get naked. His dick was hard.

Mischa saw it and smiled. "Stay here. Don't move." The man left, and Tom felt much more naked standing there alone. When Mischa was there, he just obeyed. When his Dom left, Tom had to acknowledge that he did this because he wanted to. For the first time, the thought didn't make him blush -- it just made him harder.

"You'll need this." Tom jumped; he hadn't seen Mischa return. Mischa stepped in close and wrapped a leather strap around Tom's cock and balls, making him gasp when Mischa secured it.

Mischa stepped back, watching Tom again. Tom almost took a step forward; Mischa looked so sexy. But he

managed to control himself until Mischa allowed him to move.

"On your knees. Suck my cock." Tom let himself fall to his knees before Mischa had finished speaking. His hands were shaking, and he couldn't get the trousers opened. Finally, he managed, and with a whimper, he took the hard cock in his mouth.

God, this felt so good. He looked up at Mischa while he let his tongue glide around the heavy head, licking the slit. Mischa moaned, eyes never leaving Tom's. Tom took more, fighting his need to gag. Mischa pulled his head back, and Tom gasped for air.

"Easy, boy. Breathe." Tom obeyed, looking up at Mischa. He spread his knees, opening himself up even more for his master. Then he dove right back in, bobbing his head up and down. He could take a little more every time, and he started playing with Mischa's balls. Mischa pulled on his head, forcing him to take more. He swallowed around the thick cock, taking it into his throat and making Mischa moan. Then back out to play with the head, letting his tongue glide around and find the slit, fucking it with the tip of his tongue.

Mischa groaned and grabbed Tom's head, forcing his dick all the way down. Tom swallowed and swallowed, fighting to take it, and Mischa shouted while he came down Tom's throat.

Tom was gasping when Mischa finally pulled out, swaying a little. Seeing that felt so good; he had made Mischa feel like that.

Mischa pulled Tom up, kissing the boy deeply and licking the last of his come out of Tom's mouth. Tom moaned, rubbing against Mischa's hip. He hadn't known until now how hard he was. Mischa grabbed Tom's balls and pulled down, making him jerk.

"Oh, no, you don't, boy. There's a reason why you're wearing a cock ring. We haven't even begun yet." He pulled one last time, making Tom grunt. Then Mischa put Tom's hands behind his back like before and marched him into the playroom, letting him stand right inside the door. He leaned in, whispering in Tom's ear. "Remember your safewords, boy?"

Tom nodded, Mischa's breath and the man's words making goose bumps spread on the back of his neck. "Yes, sir. Red and yellow."

"Good boy." He kissed Tom's neck, so gently. Then Mischa grabbed Tom tightly from behind, roughly lifting him up and dragging him toward the flogging bench. Tom shouted, the fear from the sudden move making him fight to get loose. Mischa only tightened his hold.

"Fuck!" Tom tried to fight back, using his legs against the table to prevent Mischa from doing this to him. It was of no use; Mischa was going to do exactly what the man wanted to Tom. The thought made Tom's cock so hard that he was grateful for the cock ring.

He still tried to wriggle out of Mischa's grip, the feeling of Mischa's arms around him intoxicating. It didn't do him any good, though; he was slammed down on the flogging bench, the breath whooshing out of him. Mischa used all of his weight to pin Tom while he strapped Tom's arms down

tightly. Then Mischa pulled back and secured the rest of the straps, preventing him from any movement. Tom fought and whimpered, needing more feeling.

The first slap came totally out of the blue, making Tom yell and tense up. The next followed before he even realized that it was a paddle. This one was hard and the blows were stinging, making him grunt and writhe when Mischa set up a steady rhythm.

The pain was stronger this time, and Tom struggled to keep up with it. He had almost managed it, and then Mischa hit him on his legs, on his hips, and one time so close to his balls. It made Tom lose his control, and he gasped, jerking in his bonds.

Then Mischa started slapping him on the exact same spot on one ass cheek, making the pain grow and grow until Tom screamed with it. Mischa let up, only to start all over on the other cheek. It was too much, the sting growing into pain and then into something he couldn't handle.

"Yellow! Yellow." Tom gasped, trying to catch his breath. Mischa immediately stopped and leaned in, reaching for the cuffs.

"No! No, just... I just need a minute." He looked up at Mischa, pleadingly.

Mischa kneeled, caressing Tom's hair and kissing his forehead. "Like this?"

Tom closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "Yeah, like this." He let himself sink into the gentle kisses that Mischa planted all over his face, the Dom's lips soft and unhurried.

"Better now?"

Tom opened his eyes. "Yeah. The pain just got to be too much for me." He felt a little foolish but refused to be ashamed. He had needed the break.

"Okay. Let's continue."

Tom blinked. He guessed that Mischa was serious when the Dom said that "yellow" was only a slow word.

Tom grunted when the next slap hit him, his jaw tight to keep the sound in. "Oh, fuck. Still stings, sir."

"Of course it does." Mischa hit him again. Tom hissed.

"Let me hear you. Use your voice." Tom didn't try to restrain himself any longer, he just let it out. The pain was still bad, but somehow he could do it now. It hurt, and he yelled and begged, but he could do it. Mischa let up a little, and the pain changed and Tom soared on it, his entire body singing with it. He was hoarse and sore and so exactly where he needed to be.

Tom was so far gone that it took a while to register that the slaps had stopped, that he could feel Mischa's fingers in his ass. He whimpered, didn't know what to do.

"Shh. You're okay." Mischa pushed into him, filling him deeply. Tom was so full and it hurt a little at first and even so, he had never felt so complete. He relaxed, taking what Mischa gave him. The thick cock pushed into him again and again, and it went on forever. His ass started to hurt, and still he didn't want it to stop. In the end, Mischa found

his prostate and kept slamming into it, making Tom grunt and scream until Mischa undid the cock ring and finally, finally let him come. Tom convulsed, his balls trying to turn themselves inside out as the seed shot out of his cock. He could hear Mischa roar, feel the man's big cock push all the way inside Tom, hurting him so good. He let go, sliding down. Let go.

It wasn't until much later that he heard Mischa.

"Tom? Tom, come on, wake up." He hadn't registered that Mischa had pulled out of him. He had felt the soft cloth gently washing him, and then the cream, but it had been far away, and Tom couldn't find the strength to care about it. He let himself drift again. Something stung his cheek. He groaned and opened his eyes.

"There you are. You made me worried for a moment." Mischa let firm hands glide over Tom's back, gently massaging and soothing. Tom moved into the caress and moaned when it made his butt sting. God, his ass was sore.

"Hey. Sorry, I think I fell asleep." Tom cleared his throat and moved, trying to get up.

"More like passed out."

Tom looked up at Mischa, shocked. "Really? I passed out?"

Mischa looked like the cat that got the cream. "You did."

"Wow. I've never done that before." Tom fought to get his jelly-like arms to support his weight.

"Let me help you." Mischa gently lifted him up, helping him stand. Tom swayed, clinging to Mischa.

"Shh, you're okay. Let's go lie on the couch." Before Tom could protest, Mischa had lifted him up. It felt silly and a little hot being carried like that. Tom gave up thinking and just snuggled in, hiding his head in the crook of Mischa's shoulder. "That's it, just relax."

He was lowered onto the couch, and Mischa pulled the quilt over them. Tom pushed closer, letting his hand slide around Mischa.

"I think you melted me." It came out gravelly, and Tom cleared his throat again.

"You may be a bit hoarse for a couple of days -- you screamed your lungs out."

Tom couldn't help chuckling.

"What's funny about that?" Mischa sounded genuinely curious.

"Well, it's not exactly your average pillow talk, is it?"

"It is for us." Mischa sounded unreasonably smug.

Tom smiled, keeping his eyes closed. "I guess it is."

Tom had gotten a call from his landlord, who informed him that the apartment was clean. Mischa had been startled by

the pang of regret he felt when Tom had to go back. He shouldn't feel like this so soon, but he did, and when they kissed goodbye outside his house (their goodbye kisses tended to get somewhat... elaborate, and so they did it before they came into the city), Mischa didn't want to let go. He had to force himself to break the kiss. Tom whimpered.

"It's only until Friday. It's four days. We can make it."

Tom laughed, but his eyes were wet. "I know. I'm just being silly." Tom got serious. "I really enjoyed staying with you, Mischa. Thank you for having me."

Mischa hugged him, kissing Tom's hair. "You're very welcome. I can't wait until the weekend." *Please, stay.* Mischa was so close to saying it.

Tom sighed and pulled back. "Well, I have to go now if I'm going to get any work done today at all. My advisor really wanted that article." He got into the car.

Mischa hesitated, and then he opened the car door. It was only four days, for God's sake.

Chapter 8

Tom was pacing on the sidewalk. He had only been back in his apartment for four short days, but it had felt like forever. He hadn't realized how much he had gotten used to having Mischa in the room next to his all day long. He missed their breaks, their meals, their sex. Tom knew he could have the kink, but he wanted more.

He stopped at the thought and then pushed it away like he had done the other times he had had it. It was too soon, and Mischa hadn't mentioned anything about their relationship being that serious for him. Letting Tom stay while the exterminator was working on Tom's apartment had been the decent thing to do, and Mischa was a decent guy. End of discussion.

Mischa was not only decent, he was also hot. So very hot. Especially when he changed into Dom-mode and grew right in front of Tom's eyes, growling and commanding. Tom suppressed his whimper and started pacing again. He seriously needed Mischa to pick him up. Now.

When the car finally pulled up, Tom opened the door and flung himself straight over the passenger seat and into Mischa's arms, kissing him like Tom was drowning and Mischa was air.

Mischa didn't even flinch, just caught him and kissed him and hugged him until Tom had to fight to breathe.

"Hey, lungs, remember? Need them to breathe." Mischa looked astounded, so lost in what they had been doing. Then he suddenly loosened his grip.

"Close the door. I want to take you home and fuck you."

Tom whimpered, trying to rescue his bag and close the car door and get his seatbelt on all at once. Then he moaned, trying to make room for his dick in his way too tight jeans. He had worn his sexy ones to look good for Mischa, but it seriously bit him in the ass now. Well, in the dick, to be precise.

"Don't touch yourself." Mischa sounded stern, but the effect was destroyed by the hitch in his voice.

"I can't... I have to..." Tom pushed his hand against the bulge in his pants, trying to obey and get himself under control at the same time.

"I said. Don't. Touch." Mischa was growling, and Tom whimpered. He managed to tear his hands away and grip the seat instead. He was panting, staring at his erection trying to fight its way through the thin denim.

"Fuck." Tom heard Mischa and looked up. Mischa was staring at Tom, looking as if he was about to eat Tom alive.

He whimpered again. "Please, sir. Can't we stop somewhere?"

Somebody honked, and Mischa tore his eyes away from Tom, starting to drive again. "I want to fuck you in my house, boy. You can wait until we're there."

It should have been a comfort for Tom that Mischa looked just as hard as he was himself, but it wasn't. He just needed Mischa. Now.

With the Friday afternoon traffic, the drive ended up taking a lot longer than usual, and Tom was frantic when Mischa finally killed the engine. He clambered over the stick and ended up in Mischa's lap, kissing the man desperately. The Dom answered him, every bit as eager, but then Mischa pushed Tom away. This, inside the car, meant that Tom ended up squashed quite inelegantly against the door, staring uncomprehendingly at Mischa.

"Inside." Mischa was gasping, trying hard to stay collected and failing miserably. "I want to take you inside."

Tom finally made sense of Mischa's words and started scrambling for the door handle, almost falling on his face when the door opened. He giggled and pulled at Mischa, needing the man to follow. Tom managed to get him out of the car, but they only made it to the stairs before Tom had to kiss Mischa again.

Mischa leaned in, grabbing Tom and kissing him until Tom's legs gave out. He landed on the steps, pulling Mischa down with him and desperately fumbling with both his own and Mischa's pants to get them open, managing neither in his desperation. Mischa slapped his hands away, and Tom groaned out loud when he finally felt Mischa's hands on his cock.

Tom managed to free Mischa's hard dick, too, and Mischa ground against him, making their cocks rub together. Tom cried out, grabbing Mischa's hips to get more friction. The man grunted, grasped Tom's shoulders, and kissed him greedily. Mischa pushed harder and put his hand around their hard cocks, making Tom yell into his mouth and come, back bending and hips convulsing. Mischa roared and followed, covering Tom's belly and shirt with his

come. He collapsed on top of Tom, and his weight felt so good.

They lay there, panting and gasping. Then Mischa started laughing. He tried to stop himself, but spluttered and rolled onto his side, roaring with laughter. Tom couldn't help laughing, too, but still looked at Mischa to see what had gotten him going.

Mischa couldn't talk, just gestured around them. Then Tom started laughing for real. "We didn't exactly make it into the house, did we?" Tom giggled. "I take it that you like my sexy jeans?" He just managed to get the words out and then exploded in laughter. He hid his head in Mischa's chest, the mirth making the body beneath him shake. It only stilled slowly, and he reached up, wiping the tears from Mischa's eyes. Mischa kissed his fingers and reached for his face, pulling Tom up and kissing him soundly on the lips.

"Welcome back, Tom."

It was so good to have Tom here again. They had managed to pick themselves up and get both Tom and the boy's bags into the house. Then they had to change their messy clothes and didn't make it any further than that before they were kissing and making out once more. Mischa was hard again, and even in the middle of his obsession, he wondered how the fuck he could manage that.

He took one look at Tom's lean body and kind of forgot what he was thinking about. All Mischa wanted was to have Tom. Now, preferably. Well, and have the boy his way, of course.

"What the fuck! Wait..." Tom protested when Mischa unceremoniously picked him up and put him over the man's shoulder to carry him into the playroom. Mischa put him down on the floor in front of the paddling bench, turning him around. Without giving Tom any time to reconsider, Mischa grabbed him again, ass and shoulder, flung him on the bench, and started lubing him up.

"Hey! Oh, fuck... Ah." Tom was fighting, but whether it was to get away or to get more was impossible to tell. The result was beautiful, his boy writhing and moaning on the bench. Mischa let his finger go deeper, finding the sensitive spot.

"Yes! More, please. Oh, fuck..." Tom ground his hips against Mischa's finger, hissing when Mischa added another.

"Mmm! Oh, so tight." Mischa didn't need to be told. Tom's ass was like a vise around Mischa's fingers. It was one of Tom's quirks; whenever he got really excited, he squeezed his ass. And he was really excited right now.

"Relax, boy, or I'll never be able to fuck you."

Tom whimpered, but took some deep breaths, enabling Mischa to put a third finger into him. That made Tom shout out and scramble forward.

"Oh, no, you don't." Mischa grabbed Tom's hair and kept him steady between the fingers in his ass and the grip in his hair.

"Ahhh. Burns, sir. Burns so much." Tom whimpered, unable to put words together. Mischa just smiled. His boy was almost there.

"Relax your ass. Yes, like that." Mischa scissored his fingers, and when there was more pleasure than pain in Tom's voice, he decided that the boy was ready.

It seemed as if it took Mischa forever to get the condom on and lube up his dick. It sure sounded like it if you listened to Tom's steady litany of pleading.

"Sir, please, sir. Fuck me, will you, please, sir. Now, I can't... AHHH!" Mischa smiled triumphantly when he heard Tom yell. Then Mischa had to give in and groan out loud. Fuck, his boy was so tight.

Tom was frantic, seeking something to hold on to, hissing with the burn. Mischa leaned down, pinning the body under him to the bench. Tom fought for a minute, then he gave in and relaxed under Mischa, panting. Mischa kissed the corner of his mouth and started moving, grinding into the boy without giving him any room to move.

"Oh! Oh, Mischa, yes. Ah! Ow, fuck. Oh..." Tom was incoherent, letting Mischa push the words out of him when Mischa shoved himself too deep or hit Tom's prostate. Mischa kept him down, wanting the boy's words to be the only way he could let his feelings out. The result was amazing; Tom was whimpering and cursing and keening in Mischa's arms. It was exhilarating to be able to drive someone this far out. To drive Tom this far out. Mischa thrust deeply, and Tom yelled.

"Take it. Take me." Mischa did it again, and again, making Tom grunt and shout.

"Yes. You're mine. Mine." Mischa started losing it, fucking Tom with long strokes that got more and more frantic. He hit his boy's prostate every time, and Tom was sobbing by now, almost out of air and sounds. Mischa took pity on him, grabbed Tom's cock hard and stroked it. Tom yelled one last time, and Mischa had to fight to keep the boy down as his sub bucked under him in orgasm. The struggle brought Mischa over, and everything went white and quiet when he came, forcing himself as deeply into his boy as he could go.

Mischa felt shattered, couldn't do anything but hold onto his boy. It was Tom who started moving, forcing Mischa to get up. His legs were nowhere near steady, though, and Tom quickly got up and grabbed him when he swayed.

"Easy, there." Tom steadied Mischa and walked him to the bed where he collapsed. Tom got down next to him and pulled the comforter over them. Mischa suddenly needed Tom so much and pulled him in tightly. Tom laughed, a little out of air. "Careful. You don't want to make mashed lover out of me."

Mischa managed to loosen his grip a bit but still held Tom as close as he could. Tom sighed contentedly, stroking Mischa's cheek. Mischa closed his eyes and felt a gentle kiss on his lips. "Rest. I'll take care of you." There was something so sweet in the gesture that Mischa felt his throat contract. His exhaustion was too big, though, and he allowed himself to fall asleep in his boy's arms.

Mischa woke up before Tom did. Tom was wrapped around him like an octopus, holding Mischa tightly even in his sleep. It felt really, really good, and Mischa wrapped his arms tighter around his lover, caressing Tom's hair and kissing the boy.

Tom opened his eyes and smiled sleepily when he saw Mischa, leaning up and kissing Mischa back. Then Mischa's stomach rumbled loudly, and Tom laughed.

"It seems it's time for dinner." Tom started untangling himself. Mischa tightened his arm.

"Stay."

Tom smiled at him. "You've got to eat, silly, you're starving."

Mischa didn't smile. "No, I mean stay with me. Move in with me. I want you to stay."

Tom sat up, looking speechless. Sounded that way, too.

"I... You mean... What?"

Mischa didn't let his eyes leave Tom's, even though his heart hammered with his sudden nervousness.

"I want you to move in with me. Please."

Tom blinked. "You mean, permanently? You want me to live here?" There was wonder and something else that Mischa couldn't quite catch in his voice. It made Mischa even more nervous.

"Yes. Do you want to?"

"Yes." Tom blinked again, looking astounded at his own admission. "Yes." He smiled, an exuberant smile. "Fuck, yes." Tom pounced, landing on Mischa's chest and forcing the air out of him with a whoosh. The boy was laughing, grabbing Mischa's face and kissing him. "Yes."

Mischa held him tightly, not wanting to let him go. Tom made a protesting sound into the kiss. Mischa reluctantly let up a bit. "Well, only if you don't kill me before I can ever move in." Mischa laughed, kissing him again and smiling into the kiss. It made it a quite useless kiss, but that wasn't the point. He was just happy.

Tom made a contented little mewling sound and rubbed against him. Mischa laughed out loud.

"Sorry, boy, there's no way I'm going to get it up again so soon."

"No?" Tom grabbed Mischa's cock and let his thumb slide over the head.

"No... Oh, fuck." Tom smirked, keeping up the caress, making it sting a bit when the boy rubbed Mischa's slit too roughly. Mischa ground his hips into the feeling. "Mmm. Oh, yes, like that." He closed his eyes and let his head fall back, groaning. Then he shouted when he felt Tom's warm mouth closing around him. Mischa's eyes shot open, and he was transfixed by the sight of his boy kneeling over him, struggling to take Mischa's cock all the way down.

It was so good like this. Normally Mischa would come just by seeing Tom like that, but now he was able to hold on. Tom caressed his thighs and gently cupped Mischa's balls, making him gasp. Mischa let his hands slide up and down Tom's head, face, and shoulders, caressing and stroking and clutching when Tom did something that made him cry out.

When Tom grabbed his balls tighter and jammed the tip of his tongue into his slit, Mischa made a hoarse sound and tried to buck to get deeper. Tom never let up, just kept him going and going until Mischa suddenly was right there. He grabbed Tom's head and pushed himself all the way down, shouting and forcing his seed deep down his boy's throat. Tom was swallowing and swallowing, and it made Mischa's orgasm go on and on until he was totally spent.

Tom pulled back, gasping for air. The boy was grinding against Mischa's leg, humping like a dog in heat. Mischa smiled, enjoying what he had done to his boy.

"Do you want to come, boy?" He knew he was being evil, but how could you do anything else with a sight like that in front of you?

"Yes, please, sir. Mischa, please." Tom was on his knees, his cock obscenely ruddy and dripping against his stomach.

"Then touch yourself. I want to see you come."

Tom whimpered, so excited and still embarrassed by what he was ordered to do. He was too horny not to obey, though, and his hand closed around his cock. It didn't take more than a few strokes, and then he shouted and came all over himself. Mischa smiled with the sheer joy of seeing the boy in that kind of pleasure before reaching up to pull

Tom close. Little by little, the boy's breathing got more even and he relaxed into the embrace. Then he giggled.

Mischa pushed him out so he could see Tom's face, questioning. Tom leaned in and kissed him. "I think that was a pretty good way of closing the deal."

Mischa tried to look stern. "Here I'm inviting my boyfriend to move in and he's considering it a deal instead of a romantic moment. You're such a spoilsport."

Tom cocked his head. "Boyfriend?"

Mischa blushed. There was no way around admitting that. "Yes."

Tom leaned in and kissed him again, then snuggled up. "You are romantic. Very romantic."

Mischa groaned. "You're the death of me, boy. Do you know how hard I've worked to get my reputation as a cold bastard?"

Tom was totally unperturbed. "Oh, you're a badass, no question about that. You just have a soft heart, too. Don't worry, I won't tell anyone."

Mischa grumbled. "You better not." No need to let the world know that there was a sappy romantic behind the grumpy façade.

Tom pushed closer and sighed. "This is so good."

Mischa couldn't do anything but agree with him. This was a match made in heaven.

"No!"

"Yes, damn it!"

"No, absolutely not!" Mischa glared at Tom, who didn't look intimidated at all.

"I am going to pay rent. I live here, I help with the expenses."

Mischa sighed, exasperated. What had started out as cooking dinner together had turned into talk about the practicalities of Tom moving in. Which had turned into a screaming fight over the practicalities of Tom moving in.

"You're not. I built and paid for this house when I closed a deal that made me a lot of money. That covered it. There is no rent."

"I still want to pay. I'm not going to mooch."

Mischa put his arms at his sides. "I'm not going to make money off my boyfriend. Which I would be if you were paying rent. No way."

Tom frowned, but didn't seem to be able to find a way out of that argument. He nodded.

"Okay, but then I want to pay expenses. You still pay for utilities and groceries, right?"

"I don't want you to pay!" Mischa was yelling now.

"Too bad, because I want to pay!" Tom didn't budge an inch.

Mischa glowered. There was just no fucking way to make that man change his mind. It didn't help that Mischa most of all wanted to grab him and kiss him.

"Fine."

Tom was about to argue again but interrupted himself.
"Fine?"

"Yes. You can pay. A percentage."

Tom narrowed his eyes. "A percentage?" He sounded downright suspicious now.

"Yes." Mischa was very satisfied with his solution. "You pay the same amount toward utilities as I do, calculated as a percentage of your total income."

"But since you make obscene amounts of money that would be about five cents for me!"

Mischa crossed his arms again. "That's the only fair way of doing it."

"But I want to pay my share!"

"You will!"

"Ah, guys? Am I interrupting something here?"

They snapped their heads around toward the sound, and Mischa could see on Toby's face that it had to look pretty funny. The Dom stood casually, leaning against the door-jamb and looking as if he had been there for a while.

"Not that you're not putting on quite a show or anything, but I came for the pillory. Like we agreed to?"

Mischa blinked. Oh. He cleared his voice. "Yes. Tom, it seems I forgot to tell you that Toby was coming by tonight."

"And that you invited me for dinner."

Oh, fuck. "That, too." Mischa gave up any attempt at faking his way through this. "Okay, I forgot. We were in the middle of a... discussion."

"So I heard." Toby took a step and reached a hand out to Tom.

"I think we met at the party?"

Tom shook his hand. "We did. I just look different with my clothes on." Mischa stared. Tom didn't even blush. Much.

"You sound different, too." Toby was clearly having fun.

"Yes, well, I'm trying to convince Mr. Stubborn here that I'm not a freeloader. I want to pay my share of the rent." Tom glared once more at Mischa.

"You're moving in?" Mischa felt smug when he heard the astonishment in Toby's voice. That'd teach him to have fun at their expense.

"He is, and I want him to pay the same percentage of his income toward the utilities that I do."

Toby nodded. "That sounds fair."

Tom looked outraged. Toby smirked. "I'd just give in now if I were you. You'll never get him talked into anything more than that."

You could see the fight on Tom's face. Then he obviously decided that it was a lost battle and changed the subject. "So, Mischa invited you for dinner and forgot about it again?"

Mischa sighed. This was going to be a long evening.

"He did. I can always just pick up the pillory and drive back."

"No, no, there's plenty of food. We're making a roast."

Toby nodded and stepped up to the counter. "Tell me what to do."

Tom raised an eyebrow, but then he put Toby to work. Mischa couldn't help being amused; Tom wasn't the only one with great adjustment skills.

"So, you want a pillory." Tom was chopping up leeks and onions. "Is that for business or pleasure?"

Toby snorted, and Mischa had to bend down after a bowl to hide his smirk. "Well, since you want to know, it's for the club. But I like to use them myself, too."

"Yeah? Mischa doesn't have one in his playroom, so I've never tried one. Actually, why haven't you got one, Mischa?"

That was clearly a question that made it necessary for Mischa to put his arms around Tom and nuzzle the boy's throat. "I don't like them." Okay, maybe not so necessary, but now he was here, there was no reason to let go, was there?

Tom didn't seem to mind, either. He leaned in a bit and kept on chopping. "Why not?" Mischa had to focus to remember what they were talking about.

"I can't see the sub's face. It doesn't turn me on."

"Mischa is all about the power play." How could Toby make even a simple statement of fact sound teasing?

"What else is there?" That wasn't a question, and Mischa hugged Tom tighter. Toby wasn't deterred, though.

"Oh, there's plenty. The pain, the humiliation, the restraining -- the physical sound and sight of a flogging. There are about as many reasons to do BDSM as there are practitioners."

Tom nodded. "I guess so. But you can have the pillory; I want Mischa to see me, too." Tom turned around in Mischa's arms and kissed him. Mischa was about to put the boy down on the floor when Toby cleared his voice, loudly and incredibly fake-sounding. Mischa turned to him and glared.

Toby actually looked a bit nervous -- until he managed to get the knife out of Tom's hand. Then he shook his head. "It's really not a wise idea to make out with a Japanese chopping knife in one hand." Tom blinked and then snorted with laughter.

"I guess not. We wouldn't want to cut off any important parts." He kissed Mischa again, and this time, Toby had to shout to get their attention.

"Guys! I realize it's a big day, but either you come back to earth and have dinner with me, or I take my pillory with me and leave you to fuck your brains out."

Mischa felt just a little silly. He managed to take his hands off Tom for long enough to get them something to drink while the vegetables went in the oven. Tom seemed as keen to be close to him as Mischa was, though, so the boy ended up leaning against Mischa while they drank their wine. Toby smirked but didn't say anything, and that made Mischa really grateful. He had a hunch that there was a lot to make fun of.

Tom had actually dreaded this -- meeting Mischa's Dom friends, especially outside of the club. He didn't know if they expected him to be all subservient and grovelling, and he didn't particularly want to be that way. Not at all, in fact. Toby didn't bat an eyelid, though, not even when the man caught them in the middle of their fight. Which had been quite entertaining, Tom had to admit. It seemed he even liked fighting with Mischa. Tom snorted and put the last plate into the dishwasher.

"Are you communicating with the tableware, baby? Because I've heard that's supposed to be unhealthy." Tom spun around and snapped the tea towel at Mischa. The man yelped when it hit his ass.

Tom crossed his arms. "That'll teach you to keep a respectful tone."

Toby roared with laughter, and Mischa looked like he didn't know whether to put Tom over his knee or laugh, too. Mischa stepped closer and kept his voice low. "Looks like somebody's just earned himself a spanking."

Tom moaned and grabbed Mischa's shoulders, supporting himself when Mischa's tone made his knees go weak. Then his balls twinged, and he moaned in earnest. He couldn't help but laugh. "Fuck, Mischa, don't say something like that. My balls are so sore they're about to fall off."

Mischa looked unbearably smug. Toby just grinned. Tom leaned in and took a kiss, smiling into it. Toby cleared his voice.

"I know I'm repeating myself here, but can I please have my pillory now?" Mischa pushed Tom away and smacked his butt.

"Yes, behave now, boy." Mischa winked.

Tom raised an eyebrow. "I don't think he means me, baby. You're the one who knows where the pillory is."

It was quite satisfying to see Mischa's blush. The Dom leaned in. "A spanking. Tomorrow." Then Mischa got all businesslike and let Tom stand there, trying not to moan

and go down on his knees in front of their guest. Toby grinned and winked at Tom. They had to be taught winking at Dom school.

It turned out that the pillory was in the shed, and they went out to get it. Tom gaped when he saw the room. There were shelves and hooks and even tape on the floor to mark where everything went, and the whole place was neater than an operating room.

"Yes, Mischa has a thing with order." Toby had been watching Tom and seemed to find his reaction hilarious. "It may seem a bit anal, but I guess it's his attention to detail that makes him so good at his job."

A bit anal? Try a lot. When Tom came to think of it, there wasn't any clutter in the house, either.

"Which one of them? As a Dom or as an investment manager?"

Mischa was imperturbable. "Both, baby. Both."

He quickly found the pillory, and they took it apart. Even in smaller pieces, it was incredibly heavy, and Tom was sweating when they had gotten it all into Toby's car.

"Do you want us to go with you to get it into the club?" Tom didn't really want to, but it was too heavy for one person to carry.

Toby shook his head. "Thanks for the offer, but I'll have plenty of people to help me at the club." Somehow, Tom couldn't see the big Doms doing heavy manual labor in full

leather gear. The image made him giggle. Toby looked questioningly at him.

"Sorry, vivid imagination."

Mischa put his arms around Tom. "Now, get lost. I have a naughty boy to tend to."

Toby rolled his eyes, but seemed to understand that they were a lost cause for now. They said their goodbyes and watched while Toby drove away. When the car disappeared, the only sound came from the wind in the trees.

Tom sighed, leaning into Mischa. "It's so quiet out here. It's like a sanctuary."

Mischa turned him, looking at him. "That's how you see it?"

Tom felt a little silly, but he still nodded. "Yes. Coming out here has been what I've looked forward to all week during the last couple of months. I'm really happy that you asked me to move in."

Mischa kissed his forehead. "I'm really pleased that you said yes. Just remember that it probably isn't going to be like before. Now we're not only going to do the fun stuff. You think you can handle me twenty-four seven?"

Tom nodded. "I think so. I loved staying with you while they cleaned my apartment. And if we get into trouble, we'll talk about it. Or yell about it."

Mischa smiled and pulled him close. "Yes, we know how to do that." He got serious. "I want this to work. Please tell me if something's bothering you, okay? I'm bossy, and you might have to be very clear about it if something doesn't work for you."

Tom snorted. "That shouldn't be a problem. But you're right." He pulled back and looked at Mischa. "There is one thing, actually."

Mischa waited, patiently. Tom took a deep breath. "I still want our scenes. We both have to work, but I'd like to have a session once in a while, and if we could still have an entire weekend now and then, that would be great."

Mischa nodded. "I don't think either of us could go without it. And I have plans for you for the rest of the weekend; we're going to explore like usual."

Tom smiled and hugged Mischa. He loved talking and joking like this, but he needed the other part, too.

"Right now, though, I want to spend the evening on the couch. Does that sound good to you?"

"It sounds great."

And that was exactly what they did. Their excuse was watching some game on TV, but Tom didn't even try to pay attention. It was far too good to cuddle into Mischa and let the world disappear. This was home.

He had woken Tom up slowly, keeping his kisses so gentle that Tom just sighed and leaned into them. Mischa began nibbling Tom's throat, and Tom had started waking up, grinding sleepily against Mischa's hip. When Mischa was sure the boy was awake, the Dom held him down and kissed him until Tom was moaning and there was a wet spot where the boy was rubbing against Mischa's stomach. Then Mischa pulled back, looming over Tom and looking into his sub's eyes.

"Good morning, boy."

Tom let his head fall back, baring his neck a bit more. Mischa wondered if Tom even noticed his submissive gesture himself.

Mischa noticed, though, and so did his cock.

"Good morning, sir." Tom blinked slowly, deep in that place where the sub normally only went in the playroom. Mischa felt the pride swell inside over his boy and the easy, uninhibited way Tom surrendered to Mischa. He kept his face stern, though, and leaned closer, narrowing his eyes.

"It's going to be a hard day, boy. We're going to go into the playroom, and I'm going to make it hurt. Are you ready for that?" There was no doubt Tom was ready, but Mischa wanted him to admit it. And he did, so easily.

"Yes, sir. I'm ready."

Then Mischa had fed his boy, staying in his role. To enhance it, he kept Tom naked while Mischa wore leather pants himself. It wasn't only for Tom's sake; he relished being able to sink into his Dom space. It felt right.

Tom had stayed quiet, getting deeper into his subspace while they had breakfast. He looked relaxed and self-assured. It made the surprise even bigger when he halted just outside the playroom.

Mischa looked questioningly at him.

"Please, may I give you my safewords again, sir?"

"You may." Mischa felt a little worried. Not about the safewords, but about the fact that he clearly had scared Tom more than he had thought. He didn't like to miscalculate a situation.

Tom didn't look intimidated when he answered the questions, though. Quite on the contrary; he seemed to sink deeper into his space with each answer.

"What's your stopword, boy?"

"My stopword is red, sir."

"What's your slow word, boy?"

"My slow word is yellow, sir."

"What happens if you use them?"

"Red stops everything, sir. Yellow gives me a break."

Mischa nodded, satisfied. Tom would use his words if the boy needed to. Mischa leaned in and grabbed Tom's neck, speaking quietly into his ear.

"You're going to be fine, boy."

Tom let his eyes slide closed when he felt Mischa so close.
"I know, sir."

He followed Mischa into the playroom and stopped just inside the door. Mischa was just a bit puzzled about that; normally, Tom would follow Mischa where he was led. Mischa decided to ignore it, though, and started circling him.

"Today, you're going to get another flogging, boy. On the cross. I know you don't like it, and that's why I'm making you do it." Actually, Mischa was pretty sure that Tom was over his fear of the St. Andrew's cross, but it made the game so much the sweeter for both of them this way.

He started walking toward the cross. Tom didn't follow. Mischa frowned and stopped.

"Get over here."

"No."

Mischa was stunned. Tom had never, ever refused anything flat out before. He turned around. Tom didn't look scared, but the boy didn't move, either.

Mischa narrowed his eyes. "Come here, boy." His voice was low, demanding.

Tom met his eyes, head held high.

"Make me." Tom's look was direct, fearless. Challenging.

Suddenly, Mischa knew what this was about. He took a deep breath and made himself look as big and intimidating as he could. He could see from Tom's sudden intake of breath that he succeeded.

He slowly walked toward his boy, never breaking eye contact.

"Get on the cross, boy."

"No!" Tom broke the obedient pose, stepping back and crouching a little.

"Get on the fucking cross, boy!" Mischa was shouting now.

"I won't! Get the fuck away from... Ah!" Tom's words were cut off when Mischa pounced and grabbed him.

Tom fought him, and the sub didn't hold back. For a moment, Mischa understood why Brad always had two people helping him out during a scene. Mischa wasn't exactly a weakling, though, and he half dragged, half carried Tom toward the cross. Tom shouted and struggled all the way, and Mischa gasped when he got an elbow in the gut.

"That's quite enough, boy!" Mischa tightened his grip around Tom and carried his thrashing sub the rest of the way.

"Get your hands off me!" Tom yelled in frustration, trying to find leverage with his legs against the table. Mischa maneuvered him around it and put him down in front of the cross, pushing him against it to keep him still.

Mischa counted himself lucky that he had prepared the scene the day before, having already fastened the cuffs to the cross. Even with the bindings in place, it was hard to make Tom stay still for long enough to tie him up.

Mischa managed to get his sub's hands into the cuffs, Tom fighting him every step of the way.

"Stand still, boy! If you kick me, I swear I'll tear off your balls." Tom yelled with frustration, but he only resisted a little when Mischa spread his legs and tightened the cuffs around his ankles. When he was all tied up, though, he started to fight his bonds with all of his power, shouting words without any meaning. Mischa watched him and then grabbed another strap. Pressing Tom against the cross, the Dom fastened the wide belt around Tom's waist and the cross.

Mischa stepped back. "That'll keep you under my control, boy." And it would give Tom something to fight against that didn't put a strain on his shoulder joints.

"Fuck you!"

Mischa raised an eyebrow. "Do you really think it's a good idea to be disrespectful when you're tied up and your master holds a flogger in his hand?"

Tom's head whipped around to see. Mischa didn't lie; he had put the heavy black flogger near the cross the day before, too.

Tom's eyes widened. He was breathing heavily, but he stayed silent this time. Mischa stepped close, letting the leather slide over Tom's body. For the first time, the sub

looked nervous. Mischa let the flogger slide gently over his ass, making Tom gasp.

"Oh yes, you like this, boy, don't you?"

Tom pulled against his bonds. "No! Fuck you, I don't want this!" He was struggling so hard that Mischa got worried. Then the Dom remembered the safeword ceremony; Tom had wanted to make sure that Mischa understood. He wanted this. Mischa let the first stroke fall.

Tom yelled and arched as much as the cuffs let him. "Fuck! Don't do that. No!" Mischa hit him again, and again, setting up a rhythmic pattern of hard, stinging blows. Tom was shouting and cursing and fighting his every stroke. Mischa didn't let up even a little bit, just kept on flogging his boy.

After a while, Tom got quieter. Mischa knew that the boy had to use his energy to deal with the pain instead of fighting. His sounds changed from yelling into moans, the sounds only interrupted when he had to gasp for air. Mischa kept the rhythm steady, letting the blows be so regular that they drove everything else out of Tom's mind.

At the end, Tom was hanging limply from the cuffs, body shining with sweat. The boy was quiet, the only sounds in the room the heavy thud of the flogger and Tom's long, harsh breaths. Mischa let one last blow fall and stepped up close, opening his pants. It was only then that Mischa realized how hard he was. He pulled the condom and the small packet of lube from his pocket, putting them on. For a split second, Mischa was amused by his own Boy Scout readiness; then his arousal took over and he let his fingers slide up and down his boy's sides.

Tom whimpered. "No more, sir. I can't take any more." Mischa just made a soothing sound and let a finger push into Tom, slathering the lube deep inside him. Tom briefly tried to fight him when Mischa added another finger, but the boy was too exhausted and sank back down. Mischa pushed into him.

Fuck, the boy's ass was so tight around him. Mischa had to hold still, fighting not to come on the spot. Tom was writhing in his bonds, keening in his attempt to ride out the burn. Mischa gently caressed his sides, and the boy went quiet. Then Mischa started fucking him.

Tom's head fell forward, the sub surrendering so perfectly that it took Mischa's breath away and made his cock jerk inside his boy. He put his arms around Tom, one arm keeping his chest close to Tom's sore back, the other grabbing Tom's cock and stroking it. Mischa could feel the strokes around his dick, Tom's ass contracting every time Mischa let his thumb slide over the cockhead. For a moment, he was lost in his boy's pleasure. Then his own body demanded its right, and he had to thrust deeply. Tom whimpered but didn't move or protest. Mischa slammed into him again, rubbing his dick and forcing the climax out of him. Tom almost sobbed when the boy came, and Mischa shouted when he came, too, pushing himself as deeply into his boy as he could go.

They stayed like that forever, the only sound in the room their labored breathing. Mischa finally had to pull out and get rid of the condom, making Tom protest and fight weakly to get him back.

"Shh, it's okay, boy." Mischa hugged him tightly. Tom relaxed in his arms.

Mischa bent down and opened the cuffs around Tom's ankles. The exhausted sub tried to stand, but his legs were wobbly and wouldn't support his weight. Mischa stood close to the boy while opening the cuffs around Tom's wrists. Tom cried out when his arms were lowered, and Mischa rubbed his shoulders, whispering soothing words to Tom and easing the boy's sore muscles. Finally, Mischa loosened the last strap and caught Tom when his legs gave out, carrying the boy to the bed.

Mischa put him down, undressed and got into bed next to him. Tom made a little sound and pushed close, arms and legs wrapping around Mischa. Mischa put his arms around his boy and held Tom close.

"You did so well, Tom." His voice was almost a whisper. "You can rest now." Tom's sound was something between a sob and a sigh, and Mischa held him, feeling Tom's breathing slow down and get deeper until the boy was asleep.

Tom felt Mischa move, and even in his half sleep, Tom tightened his grip around the warm body. He wanted Mischa to stay with him in the warm, soft bed. The movement made his back burn, and he whimpered.

"I know, boy." Mischa kissed him, letting Tom wake up slowly and quietly. When the man finally pulled back, Tom was ready to open his eyes. Mischa smiled a little.

"Welcome back. You slept for a long time." Tom just nodded and pushed closer, hiding his head in Mischa's chest.

"I wanted to get some cream for your back -- it'll help with the tenderness." Tom mumbled in protest and held him tighter. Mischa laughed quietly, but didn't try to leave. He stroked Tom's hair.

"That was intense." Tom didn't look up.

"How do you feel?" Okay, he probably couldn't hide here the rest of the day.

"I feel good." Tom did, and that surprised him. It had been a rough scene. "I'm really tired, but it was good."

"I think you have to be a bit more specific. 'Good' isn't really adequate to describe what we just did." Mischa's tone of voice was gently teasing.

Tom pulled back and thought about it. "I feel... cleansed." He shrugged. "I know it sounds stupid, but I just feel empty and tired in a good way."

Mischa kept caressing him. "It doesn't sound stupid at all. Do you know why you needed a scene like that now?"

Tom didn't have to think about it. "I didn't need it -- I wanted it. I wanted to see how the intensity would feel, how it would be to fight you. And I guess I felt safe enough to do it now."

Mischa kissed him, gently. Tom had more to say, though. "But it was rough, too. I was really close to my limit when

you stopped flogging me, and I didn't think I could take any more, not even you touching me. But it was really good that you fucked me. It sort of made me... whole again." He looked into Mischa's eyes.

"I love you."

Mischa pulled Tom close and kissed him until he was breathless. "I love you, too, baby." Mischa's smile was exuberant and it was contagious. Tom laughed.

"Good. Now, can we get rid of the fucking condoms? I'm sick and tired of them." Mischa laughed out loud and kissed Tom again, pushing him onto his back. Tom hissed when the contact with the sheets made the ache flare. It also made his cock jump. Tom couldn't help laughing.

"How the fuck do you do that? I'm hornier than a sixteen-year old when I'm with you."

Mischa pushed Tom's hands over his head and held them there. Tom moaned when he realized how helpless he was.

"I know what you need." Mischa licked Tom's neck, making him gasp. So good.

"Yes. You do. Please, fuck me again. I want to feel you tomorrow, too." Mischa didn't answer, just bent down and licked Tom's chest, circling around his nipples. Tom arched his back, begging for more.

"You want me, boy?" Mischa loomed over him. Tom looked into his eyes.

"Yes. Please." There was nothing he was surer of.

Mischa smiled and let go of Tom's arms, but only to get the lube next to the bed. The Dom opened Tom up fast, making him hiss and arch to deal with the invasion, even if he had just been fucked. Then Mischa got the condom on and pushed in, making Tom grunt and flail. Mischa just lifted Tom's legs until they were straight in the air and the backs of his thighs were plastered to Mischa's chest. Then his lover started fucking Tom, making him grunt every time Mischa's thick cock went in deep. It felt so fucking good to be taken like that, having his ass reamed because Mischa needed him and because Mischa wanted him to feel good. The thought was exhilarating, and suddenly, Tom was so close. Mischa found his prostate, and Tom couldn't help it. The come spurted out of his cock, painting his stomach with white ropes of sperm. Mischa kept fucking him through it, making Tom's climax go on and on.

When it was finally over, Tom was totally spent. Mischa's hard dick started to hurt going into his ass, and he whimpered. Mischa spread Tom's legs and bent over him.

"Do you feel it? Is it starting to hurt, boy?" Mischa's voice was low and breathless. Tom whimpered again and nodded. Fuck, normally he was too aroused to notice how sore Mischa made him. He certainly wasn't now.

Mischa took his mouth, thrusting harder into Tom and pushing the sounds out of him and into their kiss. Tom was so close to trying to push Mischa away when his lover pulled back up.

"This is for me, boy. You do it because I like it." Tom groaned, but he took what Mischa gave him. It hurt every time Mischa pushed deep, but it was amazing to know that

Tom made him all flustered, made Mischa's hips lose their rhythm and made him thrust in with jerking movements and shout, coming deep inside of Tom. It hurt, but it was so good.

Mischa lay over Tom, breathing still labored after his climax. Then his lover pulled out and went into the bathroom. Tom couldn't move, his limbs feeling as if they were broken. Mischa came back with a towel and a loofah, gently washing and drying Tom.

"You probably need a shower, but I'm not sure you're up to it." Tom smiled, not even opening his eyes. Mischa kissed him.

"Come up and lie on the table; then I'll take care of your back."

Tom opened his eyes, raising an eyebrow. "There's no way I can move right now. Sorry, but you can't fuck me like that *and* expect me to walk."

Mischa grumbled something, but the man relented, rolling Tom onto his stomach.

Mischa applied the cream with long, gentle movements, almost making it a massage. Tom melted, letting Mischa's hands take the sting away and soothe the aching muscles under his skin. He squeaked a bit when he felt Mischa's fingers on his asshole, rubbing the cream in there, too. It was so intimate.

"Every part of you is mine." Mischa's lips were close to his ear, and Tom turned his head a little to get closer. "I see all of you. You're mine."

Tom sighed and let Mischa finish. He was Mischa's, every inch of him. Fuck, it felt good.

Chapter 9

Tom didn't get his spanking the following morning; he was still too sore from the heavy flogging the day before. He was also floating, walking around Mischa's house with a silly grin on his face. Their house, he guessed he was supposed to call it now. The thought made him feel giddy.

Mischa wasn't much help; the man kept finding very vague excuses to go into the dining room where Tom was working, and it always ended in a lengthy kiss that left Tom out of breath and with a raging hard on. They definitely had to find a better rhythm when he moved in for good. Wow. Moving in. Tom kicked himself mentally when the thought made him lose his concentration for the fiftieth time that day. He decided to give up and went into Mischa's office.

"Do you want to get lunch? I can't concentrate on anything today."

Mischa eagerly looked up. "I do. I'm not exactly productive myself." They went into the kitchen and started making lunch. It was all very domestic if you ignored the fact that Mischa kept brushing against Tom's sore ass, making him jump and gasp each and every time. They managed to sit down and eat, though.

"Are you going to have any problems with your apartment - how long does your lease run?" It seemed that Mischa was as eager as Tom was to get him moved out here.

"I don't think it's going to be difficult. My roommate keeps talking about a friend who needs a place to stay. I think he was fishing for me to let him move in, but now the guy can take over my room instead."

"You can call and ask him?" Mischa sounded as eager as a five-year old with a new bike. Okay, the hard on probably didn't fit into that picture. At all. Tom shuddered.

Mischa was staring at him. "Are you okay?"

Tom looked apologetically at him. "Sorry, my mind was running."

Mischa just shook his head. "Sometimes it seems you have a whole world of your own inside your head. I wonder how many people we actually are in this relationship?"

"Three, of course." Tom was imperturbable. "You, me and my brain."

Mischa leaned in, but didn't touch. "One day," he kept his voice low, "I'm going to fuck only your brain. And make you come by it."

Tom felt like a rabbit in front of a snake; totally mesmerized, he could only stare into Mischa's eyes. Mischa smirked.

"How about you get things sorted out this afternoon -- then we can make arrangements for a moving truck."

Tom shook himself internally. Reality needing his attention, here. "Sure, but it doesn't have to be more than a van -- I don't have any furniture."

This time it was Mischa's turn to look uncomprehending. "You don't have any furniture? At all?"

Tom shook his head. "Remember, poor student *and* stubborn? I only have a lousy bed and an old bookcase that threatens to topple over and bury me at least once a week." He felt a little self-conscious. "I do have a lot of books, though, even if most of them are in storage at the moment. We might have to look at some new bookcases to put in one of the guest rooms."

Mischa looked pensive. "How about we change the dining room into a library? We could leave the dining table in and then put up some nice shelves. That way you can have a good place to work and we can still invite people over for dinner."

Tom blinked. "You'd do that?"

Mischa nodded. "Of course. I want you to feel welcome here."

Tom got up and straddled Mischa's thighs, kissing him. "Do you know how happy you make me?" Suddenly, his voice wasn't quite steady.

Mischa smiled. "Not as happy as you make me."

And yes, they ended up in the bedroom again. But who the fuck cared about being predictable?

Tom guessed that he should have known, but it turned out that Mischa was extremely thorough when it came to moving in boyfriends, too. Tom hadn't had any problems with his lease; his roommate's friend was ecstatic to find a place to live, and because it was "furnished" (Tom had

really been reluctant to call his ratty old stuff that) the guy even took it in the middle of the month.

They picked up Tom's books, and Mischa did look just a little overwhelmed when he saw how many boxes there were. It only took a moment, though; then he was making plans. Rather big and expensive plans.

"But we can just buy a couple of bookcases. It doesn't have to cost that much." Really, Tom didn't want Mischa to have any expenses just because he was moving in.

"No, your books are the most important thing to you." Tom couldn't protest that. "I want you to have a real library." Mischa didn't sound as if that was up for debate. Tom felt that he had to try anyway. Mischa just gave him a look.

"Listen. Even if we don't work out -- and we will -- then this will make the house more valuable. So it's not an expense, it's an investment. And I'm good at those." There was absolutely nothing Tom could object to in that.

That was why the carpenters arrived two days later, bringing tons of wood and tools. And noise. And there were a lot of them. Okay, there were only three guys, but they all had very loud tools and did loud things with them, and Tom realized that he had gotten used to the silence of the countryside. He tried to tell himself that he was being ridiculous; a few months ago, he had never even set foot out here. Since then, though, it had started to feel like home, and now his home was being invaded.

He tried to work in the guest room, but it was next to the wall where the carpenters were building the shelves. On the second day, he was staring at the painting on the wall that

was moving rhythmically every time someone banged on the other side of the wall. It felt like sitting inside a hammer. Tom blinked. When his imagery started deteriorating that far, it was time for a break.

He carefully rescued the painting (it was just a reproduction, but still; iconoclasm was a bad thing) and wandered around the house, idly looking for somewhere quiet even if he knew it would be impossible to find. One of the handymen came out of the library. Andy; Tom remembered the name because the guy was the only one out of the three not called Jeff. Which was odd when you thought about it. And his brain seriously needed something to do other than watch jumping pictures.

"Are we being noisy?"

Tom shrugged apologetically and leaned on the wall. "Not any more than you have to be to do your work, I guess. I'm just having trouble concentrating on my reading."

The carpenter had a glint in his eyes. "Why don't you just go in there?" He pointed at the door to the playroom, which they kept locked while they had strangers in the house. Carefully locked. "It's bound to be quieter since it's on the other side of the hallway."

Tom mumbled something about it being used as a storage room. Really, it was the best he could come up with.

"Yeah? I was one of the guys building it, you know." Tom desperately tried to figure out if the carpenter meant building as in laying the floorboards or as in making the spanking bench. Andy seemed to take pity on him.

"Mr. Richter was very specific about the things in there. He has always known what he wants. It seems he still does." The carpenter smiled at Tom, less teasing this time.

"He does." The relief welled up in Tom. And a little pride. Mischa had chosen him, after all.

"He's never done it before, you know -- moved anybody in. Everybody wants to see who finally made big bad Mischa break down and be human."

Tom had no idea what to say to that. It wasn't as if he was a big catch or anything. "I guess he just found someone who can out-stubborn him."

Andy laughed out loud. "Maybe." He seemed about to say something more, but changed his mind. He had turned to leave when Tom blurted out.

"What are you?"

Andy turned back, his eyebrows raised. "What do you mean?" He saw Tom getting flustered.

"Ah, you mean if I'm a Dom or a sub?" Tom nodded. Andy leaned on the doorjamb.

"Guess." He was still smiling, but there was a challenging note to his voice.

"Sub." Tom said it before he could think about it.

Andy looked surprised. "Most people get that wrong. How did you figure it out?"

"You mold."

Andy's eyes got wide. "You mean I have a green layer all over?"

Tom laughed. "No. You shape your body after who you're talking to. It's a sign that you like the person you're talking to -- or that you want to please him. Your submission isn't just in your brain; it's in your body, too."

Andy looked surprised. "Huh." He turned to go back to the library, casting a thoughtful glance over his shoulder at Tom. "I guess I know a couple of reasons why Mischa chose you."

Tom frowned. That didn't enlighten him whatsoever. He was tempted to go after Andy, asking the man what that was supposed to mean. Then Tom decided that he had a better outlet for his restlessness.

"I can't concentrate!" Tom hadn't slammed the door to Mischa's office after him. Not exactly, at least, but Mischa still jumped when he heard the door close with a thump. Too bad; Tom needed to be fucked senseless against the wall. Or something.

Mischa slowly got up, the man's eyes narrowing. "Ah, sir. I mean, I can't concentrate, sir." Fuck. Tom swallowed nervously and felt his cock stir at the same time. Very confusing. And hot.

Mischa walked up to him, unhurried. "So, the noise bothers you?" The Dom stood so close, and Tom was already hard. He managed to nod.

"I asked you a question." Mischa grabbed Tom's hair and pulled his head back, pinning him to the door. Tom squeaked, trying to find his balance. "Yes, sir! I mean, yes, the noise bothers me, sir."

"I see." Mischa was so close, almost rubbing against him. The Dom cupped Tom's hard dick through his pants, and Tom gasped. He arched his body between Mischa's hand in his hair and the one on his dick, letting himself be held up by the two points of contact, everything else disappearing in his attempt to find release. He was so close, Mischa's demonstration of authority so powerful that he only needed a little more to come.

Mischa let go.

Tom pushed close, confused and so excited. Mischa took another step back.

"Ah ah, you have to wait until tonight, boy."

Tom was aghast. "You can't! I'm so fucking hard." So hard it hurt, in fact. "This is just plain mean."

Mischa cocked his head. The playful glint had disappeared from his eyes. "Mean?" He drew the word out. Tom froze. "I don't like to be called that. And it's not for you to decide when I do what. It seems someone's just earned himself a punishment." Mischa looked thoughtfully at Tom. "You won't be coming until tomorrow."

Tom felt his shoulders slump. He wasn't hard anymore; the misery from fucking up had made him go soft. "I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean to screw up." He kept his head down and turned to leave the office.

Mischa grabbed him and turned him back. "Don't, Tom."

Tom couldn't meet Mischa's eyes. "I didn't mean to make you angry, sir."

Mischa gently lifted Tom's head with a hand under his chin. "Look at me."

Tom managed to let his eyes meet Mischa's. His lover looked at him with kind eyes.

"I'm not angry with you. You lost your patience, and I'm punishing you for it. Action, consequence." Mischa bent his head and gently kissed Tom. Tom gratefully pushed into it. "It has nothing to do with how I feel about you. In fact," Mischa took another kiss, "there will probably be more punishments when I push you further. And I'm going to enjoy each and every one of them immensely."

Tom raised an eyebrow and opened his mouth to speak. "Please consider carefully if what you're about to say isn't just going to get you into more trouble." Tom shut his mouth around the snide remark he had intended.

"A wise decision." Mischa rubbed Tom's shoulders.

Tom sighed and tried to relax. "I still feel like I fucked up."

"You did." Tom's head shot up. Mischa smiled, still massaging Tom's shoulders. "You're not perfect. You fucked up, and therefore you're not going to come until tomorrow. It's that simple."

Tom looked at him, skeptically. "Yeah?"

"Yes. However, there's no reason why I can't come."
Mischa rubbed himself through his clothes. "Do you want to watch, boy?" Tom blinked, unable to understand what Mischa was asking him. The man couldn't be that mea... Tom stopped that line of thought. Mischa looked at him, expecting an answer. Tom suddenly got it.

"Yes, sir. Please." Mischa looked very satisfied, sitting back down in the swivel chair. "Over here, boy. Kneel in front of me." The Dom slowly unzipped, waiting for Tom to obey. Tom had to order his legs to move, to sink down in front of Mischa. In front of his master.

"Good boy. You can look, but you can't come." Mischa started rubbing himself slowly, his thumb sliding over the slit on every stroke. Tom swallowed, mesmerized by the sight in front of him. Mischa's hands moved slowly, but none the less, it didn't take long before he was very hard, the precome making his fingers wet. Mischa gasped, and Tom forced himself to look up from Mischa's hard cock to watch his Dom's face. Mischa groaned, eyes never leaving Tom's while he came.

Tom's legs were shaking and he was rock hard when he got up and fetched Mischa some tissues. He knelt back down and offered them to Mischa. Mischa caught his hand.

"Good boy." Mischa's eyes didn't leave his. "You get it now, don't you?"

Tom knelt, letting his body sink into the pose and his eyes meet Mischa's. "Yes, sir." He smiled. "You're all about the power play."

Comprehension was one thing, obedience quite another. Especially when it came to controlling your very hard dick when you had to sleep next to the sexiest man in the northern hemisphere.

"I'm not sure this is going to work." Tom looked doubtfully at his more than half hard cock. "I really want to obey, but I'll probably try to hump you in my sleep." Mischa giggled. Tom looked up, pouting. "Hey, I'm trying to be realistic, here."

Mischa folded his arms. "You're probably right." He looked thoughtful. "I think I have an idea. Lie down, hands over your head."

Tom lay down obediently, holding onto the bed above his head. Mischa moved Tom's legs apart, making him feel open and vulnerable. It only made his dick harder.

"Wait here. Try to think soft thoughts." Mischa giggled again and left the room.

Tom snorted; Mischa never giggled, and Tom made a note to himself not to give him any reason to do so ever again. It just didn't bode well. He closed his eyes and tried to relax. It was no good. He was in Mischa's bed, waiting for Mischa, spread out for Mischa. It was so hot, punishment or not.

Mischa came back into the room, carrying a bundle in each hand. The man put one down on the side table out of Tom's sight. Before Tom could ask Mischa what it was, Mischa was over him, lying heavily on him. "What are you..." Then

Tom felt the cold, wet sensation on his groin, and he squealed. Fuck! So cold. The feeling took his breath away, and then it came back, and he was babbling.

"Fuck. So cold. It's too cold, Mischa, please, take it away!" Mischa held Tom down, using his weight to hold the boy still and the wet ice pack in place while Tom bucked, desperately trying to escape. Mischa was way too heavy, though; Tom gave up fighting and just whimpered. Mischa kissed Tom's shoulder.

"Good boy." Mischa didn't move the ice. "You managed to keep your hands where I told you to. Such a good boy." Tom hadn't even noticed. Mischa pushed the ice a little closer, making Tom grunt and writhe. "Yes, it's cold, isn't it?" Tom frantically nodded. "Do you think you're soft now?"

Tom was so close to giving him a sarcastic answer. Mischa moved the ice so it touched even more of the sensitive flesh between Tom's legs. "Yes, sir!" Tom gasped. It wasn't dignified, and he didn't care. "I'm soft now, sir."

Mischa chuckled and finally moved the ice pack. Before Tom registered what happened, Mischa had taken a couple of things from the side table and did something to Tom's almost numb dick.

"There. Now you won't get hard." Mischa looked very satisfied. Tom could only stare at the plastic thing surrounding his cock.

"What's... Sir?" He swallowed. It looked... alien.

"It's a cock cage." Tom looked at him, uncomprehending. "A chastity device? It'll keep your dick from getting hard." Mischa took a towel and wiped away the water from the ice pack. It felt so strange to feel the fabric on his stomach and legs and then there wasn't any feeling at all to his dick. Tom was still staring when Mischa bent down over him, taking his lips in a kiss.

"This way, you're going to obey me even in your sleep." Tom stared at Mischa in wonder while Mischa kept kissing his lips, his neck, his chest.

"I'm yours." Tom had no idea where it came from. "I mean, it's out of my hands now. I can't do anything but obey you." Mischa smiled, but didn't stop the gentle kisses. "I'm yours."

Mischa kissed his lips. "You are. My obedient, rebellious, beautiful man." Tom made a little sound and let go of the headboard to wrap his arms tightly around Mischa. The plastic was between them, keeping him submissive even if his self-control failed.

Mischa put his arms around Tom and rolled them onto their sides. He held on tightly for a long time. Then Mischa reached for the covers and turned off the lights, pulling Tom back into his embrace.

Wearing the cock cage was the strangest feeling Tom had ever had. It was impossible to get hard; he had woken up a couple of times during the night when his cock had tried to harden and the discomfort from the cage made it go soft again.

Mischa woke him up early, kissing him gently. They spent what felt like hours that way, just kissing, slow and lingering kisses not meant to arouse. Of course, Tom did get aroused, but the cage didn't allow for his cock to go hard. It felt... safe. He couldn't not do what Mischa wanted him to do. Tom just floated, taking the soft kisses and relishing the feeling. Accepted it.

Mischa stroked his cheek. "I'd love to keep you this way, but the builders are arriving in half an hour; you have to get up." Tom nodded, but pushed closer, wanting to get as much out of this as he could. Mischa smiled. "I promise it won't be the last time we do this."

"I love you."

Mischa kissed him again. "I know. And I love you. Now, get out of bed."

Tom laughed and got up. Walking felt strange. It wasn't so much the chastity thing as the fact that he was floating. The physical world felt a little distant and deeply unimportant. Even the fact that he had to sit down to pee didn't disturb his peace.

"Does it show?" Tom picked up a pair of sweats. He didn't even mind, just wanted to know if he should avoid the carpenters or not.

"No, you can't see it if you wear normal pants. Even with thin sweats you have to know what you're looking for. You're fine."

Tom kept close to Mischa while they made breakfast and sat down to eat it. He needed to be close.

"Do you want to sit with me today?" Tom looked inquiringly at Mischa to see what he meant.

"You can sit on the floor next to me if you'd like. You can bring a book and work, or you can just be." Mischa sounded as if it was the most natural thing in the world -- and Tom decided that it was. It was what he wanted, so why worry about what it looked like, what it made him? Tom wanted what it made him, at least right now. He nodded.

"I'd like that." He stepped close. "Thank you, Mischa." Tom didn't just mean the invitation to sit with him.

"You're welcome." Mischa hugged him.

They passed the builders on their way to Mischa's office. They were as noisy as the day before, but Tom didn't pay much attention to them, just pushed himself closer to Mischa. He saw Andy stare at him, but he didn't care.

In the office, Mischa switched his swivel chair for a normal chair, putting a large pillow on the floor next to him. "You can sit here. Don't kneel; it's not good for your knees for a long period of time." Tom obediently sat down, putting a book on the floor next to him while Mischa started up his computer. Tom reached out to touch Mischa's leg, but hesitated.

"You can touch me." Tom gratefully leaned his head on Mischa's thigh, holding on to his Dom's leg. He let himself

relax, sinking into the feeling of Mischa's thigh under his head and the plastic surrounding his cock.

Tom sat like that all morning, his mind empty. Mischa absentmindedly caressed his head when the man wasn't typing. At one time, Tom dozed off, waking up a little later to the same quiet as before. When he drowsily moved around, his neck was a little stiff.

"Are you getting sore?" Mischa's voice was low so as not to disturb him. Tom nodded, unwilling to speak.

Mischa gently rubbed Tom's shoulders, moving his head around a little bit until the crick in his neck had subsided. "Good boy." Mischa started typing again.

At lunchtime, Tom was reluctant to move and ruin the peace. Like the rest of that day, Mischa seemed to be completely in tune with Tom's needs. He gently helped Tom up, keeping his hands on Tom all the time. Tom leaned on him, sighing. Mischa chuckled.

"Come on, let's go eat. I want you to make a salad." Tom pulled himself together and followed Mischa out of the room.

He got to work, chopping vegetables and making a dressing. Mischa kept touching him every time the man passed, keeping Tom grounded and in his headspace. Andy came in to get something to drink at one point. Tom could feel the carpenter's eyes on him while he leaned on Mischa, waiting for the chicken to be done. Mischa held Tom close.

"Is your work coming along?"

Andy made a visible effort to take his eyes off Tom. "Yes, sir. I mean, Mr. Richter." He looked a little embarrassed by his slip of tongue. "We're going to finish up this afternoon, and the painters will come in on Monday. Then you'll have a very nice library." He nodded to them both and hurried out of the kitchen. Tom couldn't help but laugh.

"Have you two got a history or is he just having a crush on you?"

Mischa looked at Tom in consternation. "Andy? No, we've never... I mean, he's at the club, but we've never even talked before. What do you mean, crush?"

Tom smiled and put his arm around Mischa. "He's dying to get what we have."

Mischa blinked. Tom just patted his arm and started setting the table.

Their afternoon was just as peaceful, even though Tom started to get hard more often. Of course, the hard plastic didn't give, and he squirmed until his dick went soft again. He'd never thought about how often he got off with Mischa; going without for an entire day seemed a lot harder than it should.

Thinking about their sex had the obvious result, and this time it made Tom gasp.

"Getting hard?" Mischa never moved his hand from Tom's neck.

"Yeah. Thinking about you was plain stupid."

Mischa chuckled. "Poor Tom."

There was a knock on the door, and Andy entered after Mischa told him to. His eyes widened when he saw Tom on the floor.

"I, ah. I just wanted to let you know that we're finished, sir. We'll leave now unless you need anything else. I mean..." The carpenter looked flustered. Tom tried to hide his smile.

"Thank you, Andy. I'm sure it's fine. I'll see you and Jeff at the club." Mischa didn't get up, just nodded. Andy stood there for a moment, then he abruptly turned around and left.

"You've got to set that man up with someone who can take care of him." Tom caressed Mischa's thigh.

"I've tried -- it's a long story." Mischa's leg pushed just a fraction of an inch into Tom's touch. Tom took it as a sign to go on. He kept his touches light, unwilling to break out of his submission. Outside, he heard the sound of the cars driving away, letting the silence come back. Mischa sighed.

"Come on up here." Mischa pulled at Tom until Tom was straddling his Dom's lap. Mischa kissed him, the easy, lingering kisses from earlier that morning. This time, it wasn't so easy for Tom to sink into it, though. The pose was so sexual, and he could feel Mischa's hard cock against the plastic. He squirmed, trying to accept the pressure that made his dick go soft.

Mischa smiled. "It's getting harder, isn't it?" Tom lifted an eyebrow, and Mischa laughed when he got the double entendre. He grabbed Tom's hair.

"But you're still obedient. Because you're forced to be obedient."

Tom swallowed and grunted when the cock cage got downright painful for a moment. "Yes, Mischa. I'm obeying you." Mischa kissed him, deeply and not at all gentle anymore.

"Get up." Tom scrambled to find his legs.

"Now undress." Mischa stood in front of him, enjoying every moment judging by the large bulge in the Dom's pants. Tom did as he was told until he was only wearing the chastity device. It somehow made him feel even more exposed, and that made him excited. He bent slightly at the waist as the hard plastic bit into him.

"I think it's time to have mercy on you. I have something to tell you, and I'd like to get this off first." Mischa stood behind him, doing something to the cage, and suddenly Tom felt the cool air on his dick. For a moment, he was almost reluctant to let go of the peace and quiet it had given him. Then Mischa's words registered.

"I got our results today. We're clean." Tom moaned as his cock filled and his knees almost buckled. Mischa laughed and turned him around, kissing him.

"See, I took it off before I told you. I'm not mean, am I?" Tom was too busy kissing to answer Mischa, climbing up

Mischa's body until his legs were around his lover's waist. Mischa took a firm grip of Tom's buttocks.

"I think this requires a bed, don't you?" Tom nodded, not wasting his time with actual words. He could feel Mischa's laugh through their kiss, the feeling making Tom giddy. He gasped when Mischa swung him around and marched to the bedroom, never letting go of him. Then he was flung on the bed, Mischa standing in front of him.

Mischa slowly started undressing, and Tom couldn't believe how Mischa could be that patient right now. Tom started stroking himself, looking straight at Mischa. That had the desired effect; Mischa slapped Tom's hand away with a growl and quickly got rid of the rest of his clothes. Then he was finally in the bed.

Tom pulled Mischa's head down to take a kiss. "Wow. I can't believe we're going to do this. You're going to fuck me bareback." He kissed Mischa again.

"I'm going to fuck you, and I'm going to come inside you." Tom made a sound between a whimper and a gasp. "You're going to have my seed deep inside of you, and it's going to run out of you and make you remember that you have just been fucked." Tom bucked, desperately trying to rub on Mischa. Mischa pushed him down, laughing.

"I don't think so. Not yet." Mischa reached to the bedside table for the lube. He quickly poured some over his hand and pushed a finger straight into Tom's ass. Tom gasped, the feeling exquisite. Mischa smiled, fucking his finger in and out of Tom.

"You're still so tight. Does it hurt?"

Tom shook his head, trying to talk but only managing to gasp. Mischa laughed.

"I'll take that as a no. What about this?" He shoved two fingers as deep as he could.

"Oh!" Tom bucked, trying to avoid the fullness. "Fuck. Burns."

"Yeah? Do you like it?" Mischa asked conversationally, pushing his fingers in and out.

"Fuck yes!" Tom whimpered, riding the overwhelming feeling. Mischa just chuckled, opening Tom wide and making the burn go on and on. Tom was nearly incoherent, fighting to get enough air to let out the sounds that he had to make. He didn't even notice when Mischa added a third finger, he just floated on the amazing feeling.

When Mischa pulled out his fingers, Tom cried out in protest. Mischa smiled and sat back. His dick was ruddy and dripping, and he slowly smeared more lube over it until it was glistening.

"Are you ready for me?"

"Please, Mischa! Fuck me, please." Tom was begging, and he was totally shameless about it. Especially when he heard how it made Mischa moan.

Mischa wiped his hand on the sheet and leaned in over Tom, nestling the head of his hard dick at Tom's ass. He suddenly got serious.

"This is it, baby. I'm going to take you, and there isn't going to be anything between us."

Tom looked up into his eyes. "I love you."

Mischa groaned and pushed into Tom, forcing open his sphincter. Tom shouted from the burn and then from the knowledge that Mischa was in him, bare. This was for real. He grabbed Mischa's ass and pulled the burn deep into his body.

Mischa gasped and froze, his eyes glazed. "Wait! Don't move, baby." He hid his head by Tom's shoulder, taking deep breaths. Tom embraced him and held on tightly.

After a few moments, Mischa looked up. "God, Tom, you're so tight. So hot." He pulled out a few inches and pushed back in, making them both gasp.

"Fuck! I already have your precome in me now. Mischa, please, fuck me." Mischa's eyes looked wild, but he still held back.

"Can you... Are you ready?"

"Yes! I need you!" Mischa whimpered and pulled almost all the way out, thrusting himself back in. Tom grunted at the same time that Mischa moaned.

"Again. Please, don't tease me." Mischa grabbed Tom's shoulders from underneath and pushed into him again, hard. Tom cried out, the feeling so good. He got it again, and again, Mischa setting up a hard and steady rhythm. Tom needed it, needed more of it, and he pulled Mischa's hips harder into him until Mischa was slamming himself

into Tom, forcing a cry out of him every time. Suddenly, Tom was there, and he helplessly clung to Mischa while his seed spurted out of him, his ass contracting with every spurt.

Mischa was close behind Tom; he shouted out and lost his rhythm, his hips bucking and his seed pumping deep inside of Tom.

Tom clung to Mischa, trying to catch his breath. He couldn't, and he felt the tears stream down his cheeks. Mischa held him securely, keeping up a steady litany of comforting words.

"It's okay, baby, you're fine. I love you. You're going to be fine." Tom sobbed, hugging Mischa tightly until he felt calmer. Mischa rocked him, and the movement made his lover's more than half hard cock bump into Tom's prostate. Tom gasped, and Mischa moaned, starting to pull out.

"No!" Tom's legs tightened around him, keeping Mischa inside him. "Don't."

"But you'll get sore, baby." Mischa was getting harder, though.

"I like being sore." Tom squeezed his ass, making Mischa pant and push into him again.

"Yes. God, yes." Mischa insisted on getting more lube, though, and his fingers were shaking when he poured it over his hard shaft before pushing into Tom again. Tom moaned, closing his eyes with the feeling deep inside.

He had to open them again, though, when Mischa started moving. It was slower this time, and Tom couldn't take his eyes off Mischa's face. There was lust and love there, and Tom could see it every time he squeezed his ass, Mischa gasping and panting. It was heady to know that Tom was making his lover feel that.

Tom was so wrapped up in watching that it almost came as a surprise when Mischa took a firm grip around his cock.

"Oh, fuck!" He arched, suddenly close.

"Hey, I'm doing my best here." Tom's laugh turned into a moan when Mischa let his thumb run over Tom's slit. Mischa started fucking him faster, finding that sensitive spot inside him and staying there.

"I want you to come for me." Mischa's voice was hoarse, and Tom knew that his lover was close. Tom had made him close. The thought, together with a firm stroke to his cock, was enough to make Tom cry out and come, the world going white. He could hear Mischa's roar and knew that he was being pumped full of his lover's seed again, and the thought made Tom's cock spurt one last time before Mischa collapsed on top of him, panting and gasping.

Mischa was heavy, and it felt so incredibly good. All too quickly, though, he moved, taking some of his weight off Tom. Tom protested weakly.

"Stay in me." Mischa reached down and kissed him.

"I am going to go soft, you know. And then you'll feel my seed run out of you."

"I want to keep it inside me." Tom wasn't pouting. Definitely not.

Mischa smiled. "Oh, you won't be able to. I've fucked you hard, and your ass is going to be wide open." He slipped out a bit, and the feeling made Tom gasp.

"Oh, you like that, don't you?" Tom blushed, even though he couldn't see how he could be able to still do that after all Mischa had made him do.

"Spread your legs a bit more." Tom obeyed, letting Mischa hold his arms over his head. Then Mischa pulled out entirely.

Tom whimpered with the emptiness. Then he felt it. He gasped and tried to get up, to squeeze his ass closed when the sperm trickled out of him against his will, making his ass and the sheets under him wet.

Mischa held him down. "You're not going anywhere." His smile was triumphant. "You feel my seed running out of you?" Tom gasped, nodding. "Yes, it's nasty, isn't it? And a little hot." Mischa almost sounded as if he was making conversation while he held Tom down.

Tom felt completely helpless, and the feeling of his wet ass was so embarrassing and exciting at the same time that his dick twitched in a fruitless attempt at getting hard again. Mischa's eyes never left him, saw every gasp, until Tom's lover was finally satisfied. Then the man let go of Tom's arms, pulled him close and reached for the covers.

"Time for a nap, baby." Tom couldn't agree more.

It was a good thing that Tom liked being sore, because he was. Enough to make him limp when he got out of bed a couple of hours later. Unfortunately, Mischa wasn't overly compassionate. "That'll teach you to ask for seconds, baby," was his only comment. Of course, the man also kissed Tom. And looked incredibly smug.

After a much needed shower and some more kissing, they went in to inspect their new library. Tom stopped just inside the door, speechless.

"I take it that you like it?" Mischa hadn't lost an ounce of his smugness.

Tom just nodded. It was fucking amazing. The walls had been covered in shelving, and at the farthest end of the room, the bookcases were built at an angle from each wall, almost creating a separate room. It was a real library.

"The painters will come in on Monday to stain the bookcases. I'm thinking a deep brown."

Tom looked around. "How about painting them white? With a sort of shiny paint? That way, they're going to look a little bit old fashioned without making the room dark." He liked the light in here.

Mischa thoughtfully looked around him. "You know, that might not be a bad idea. And it's your work room."

Tom shook his head. "I still can't believe that. This has been a wild ride."

Mischa kissed him. "Don't worry, it's real enough. But you're right, it has been wild. In fact, I used that as an excuse in the beginning." He ducked a bit and turned to go into the living room. Intrigued, Tom followed.

"How do you mean?"

Mischa smiled a little, sitting down on the couch. "Well, I had the 'one boy, one scene' rule, and I couldn't let you go after one scene only. So I told myself that I was only doing what I had promised you to do -- showing you what it was all about so you would learn what you liked. I could still be telling myself that if you hadn't moved in with me when your apartment was getting cleaned." He looked slightly embarrassed.

"Well, I did find out what I like, didn't I?"

"Yeah? What is that?" Mischa looked curiously at him.

"You, stupid." Tom bent over and kissed him, noting the slight blush in Mischa's cheeks but refraining from commenting on it. Big, bad Doms shouldn't be teased when they showed their soft side.

"You did like the chastity device, though. Would you like to explain to me why? It really got to you." Mischa put his arm around Tom.

"I don't know!" Tom really didn't. "All I know is that it made everything so easy."

"Yeah?" Mischa cocked his head. "Because forced chastity is normally not considered 'easy' by hot-blooded males like you."

"Is that another way to tell me I'm a horny bastard?" Tom made a show out of being outraged.

"Hey, I take it as a compliment." Mischa was as unperturbed as ever. "But really, why was it easy?"

Tom thought for a long time. "I think it's because I'm always trying so hard." He nodded, his thoughts getting clearer. "Even when I'm tied up, I try to do well, I think. I really want to make you happy, and with the cock cage, I couldn't fail." Tom stopped, a little shocked by his own words. "Wow, I hadn't thought about that before."

Mischa seemed to consider Tom's answer. "It makes sense, you know." Tom looked questioningly at him. Mischa moved a bit so he could face Tom.

"As a person, you're ambitious and hard-working. Why wouldn't you be the same way in your sex life?" Tom nodded, thoughtfully. "But it's okay if you fail, you know that, right?"

Tom nodded again. "I know." He shrugged. "It doesn't mean I'll be particularly happy when it happens."

"That's okay. As long as you try again." Mischa got up and reached out a hand to pull Tom up. "Hungry?"

Tom took it. "I'm starving. Fucking is amazing exercise. Let's go make dinner."

The next morning, Mischa reminded Tom that he still had a spanking pending. Tom looked uncomprehendingly at him.

"Remember, sassing in front of Toby?" Comprehension and just a little dread dawned on Tom's face. Mischa stepped up close.

"Remember, you like it. It hurts, and you like that so much." He kept his voice low and seductive, and it worked. Tom swallowed nervously, the arousal clear in the boy's eyes. Mischa nodded.

"Get undressed and join me in the library." The room was big, and the slaps would sound amazing between the empty walls. Mischa had put up a solid chair in the middle of the room, the only piece of furniture in there, and he sat down on it, picking up the heavy glove and putting it on. His dick hardened at the smell and feel of the thick leather.

Mischa heard a small sound and looked up. Tom was in the doorway, his eyes trained on the glove.

"Come in, boy." Tom managed to take a few steps forward before the sub halted again. This was still the hardest part for his boy; bending down to take a spanking over his lap. It didn't make sense that Tom could do everything Mischa had made him do and still have trouble with this. On the other hand, this was the only thing Tom had to do voluntarily; Mischa could see how that made it all the more real.

"I... You're wearing a glove, sir." Tom looked up at Mischa, nervously. His dick was betraying him, though, almost fully hard.

"I am." Mischa didn't help him out.

"Won't it hurt more?" Tom was wiping his hand restlessly on his thigh. Tom's nerves would have made Mischa pity him if the sight of the boy didn't make Mischa so hard.

"It will. Now, over my lap." Tom was so close to bolting. He did manage to do it, though, making a small sound when he lay down.

"Good boy." Mischa soothingly stroked Tom's back with his left hand, waiting until Tom was calm again. Then he touched his boy with his gloved hand, letting it wander over Tom's ass and down to fondle the boy's sac. Tom started and gasped. Fuck, that conflict between flight and surrender was so sweet to watch. Mischa let the first hard slap fall.

"Oh, fuck!" Tom reared up, scrambling up onto his elbows in surprise.

"Yes, it hurts with the glove, doesn't it?" Mischa made it sound like normal conversation. "Now, back down." Tom made a sound. Then he took a deep breath and got back down on his stomach. Mischa didn't hesitate but started spanking him.

The sound reverberated in the large room together with Tom's grunts and moans. At first, the boy had a hard time getting into it, the pain clearly startling him. Then Tom started getting his breathing under control, emitting a loud moan or whimper with every slap. It was a clear sign that he was surrendering. Of course, his very hard cock told the same story.

Mischa kept up the beating until Tom was whimpering continuously, his ass a bright red. Then Mischa unceremoniously grabbed him and put him on the floor in front of Mischa. Tom looked hurt and confused until he saw Mischa unzipping. Then the sub mewled and dug in, his movements frantic until he had Mischa's cock in his mouth.

It was a very undignified whimper that escaped Mischa, but fuck, Tom felt good around his cock. It felt like forever since he had had Tom like this, and Mischa tried to make it last, to enjoy Tom's warm, wet mouth and the boy's tongue and fingers on Mischa's balls and... And Mischa had to give it up, thrusting into Tom's mouth, giving Tom everything Mischa had, pumping his seed deep down his boy's throat. Tom managed to swallow almost all of it. A little did escape, though, running down Tom's chin and making him look so depraved. Mischa weakly moaned again and spurted the last of his come into Tom's mouth.

Tom gently cleaned him until his dick got too sensitive and Mischa pushed Tom back. Then Mischa sat back in the chair, still breathing heavily, and admired his boy on the floor in front of him. Now that Tom had gotten Mischa off, the boy's own needs were making him squirm and pant. Mischa took mercy on him.

"Up here, boy. On my lap." Tom scrambled up before Mischa had even finished the sentence, straddling Mischa's thighs. Mischa took a firm grip with both hands on Tom's hot cheeks, making him gasp and writhe. The boy's hands were flailing, trying to find purchase on Mischa's body.

"Sit still, boy!" Tom managed to obey, gripping Mischa's shoulders and panting while Mischa kneaded the sore flesh.

"Good. Now, get yourself off."

Tom's hands were on his dick and balls instantly. "Thank you, sir! Oh, fuck, so good..." Tom whimpered as Mischa squeezed his sore buttocks, the boy letting his head fall forward to rest on Mischa's shoulder.

"Please, sir, can I? I need to come. Please!" Mischa smiled; he hadn't even told Tom to ask for permission.

"Come for me." Tom screamed as he was finally allowed his release, pumping his come out over his stomach and Mischa's shirt until he collapsed, limp and sated. Mischa carefully held Tom, caressing him while the boy came down from his high.

Mischa's shirt was a mess, his trousers were still open, and he had a suspicion that as punishments went, this wasn't exactly one. He also knew that he didn't give a damn about it.

Chapter 10

Tom knew that he was being silly. Goofy, even. But he couldn't help smiling stupidly most of the time. Even his advisor had remarked on it when they had met earlier that day. Well, on that and on the fact that Tom's thesis was coming along well. Very well, in fact. He had only been working full time on it for a few months -- since he had moved in with Mischa -- but he was almost half way there. He still had that pesky theory chapter to write, but it was still quite an achievement. And it had everything to do with living with Mischa.

Tom liked it. He liked it a lot. Their balance was so fucking perfect; they worked and talked and had fun, and then they had the other thing, too, where Mischa suddenly got all growly and Dom-y. It was hot and exciting and just very, very nice.

It was good for Tom's productivity, too. He had always worked hard, but now he felt just a little competitive with Mischa. He couldn't exactly compete when it came to income, but he was determined to get results, too. And it was a pretty good incentive to get a lot of work done during the day so they could take the evening off to go to the movies or into the playroom or just talk.

The sex was still fantastic, but it was the "other than sex" part of their relationship that really blew Tom's mind. They had started dating. It was probably strange that they had only started doing it after Tom moved in, but then nothing much was normal about them. Or at least Tom had thought so before he moved in. Now they were going out and shopping and talking and all in all being almost picket

fence normal. Well, except for the things they did in the playroom, of course.

They did have their arguments, but Tom had to admit that they were pretty lousy at those. Either Tom started laughing when Mischa got all huffy from not getting his will, or Mischa ruined a perfectly good fight by kissing Tom until neither of them remembered what they were fighting over. Seeing Tom all agitated seemed to make him horny.

The memory made Tom smile again while he absentmindedly let his hands run over a very big dick. A giggle brought him back to reality. Right, sex shop.

The giggling came from a tiny brunette who was looking at edible panties on the other side of the display.

"Nice feeling?" she asked cheekily.

"Nice memories." Tom smiled and turned to find the plugs, pretending not to see her blush. It felt amazing to be on the other side of one of those for a change.

Tom spotted the plugs in the next aisle and went over there. God, there were about a hundred to choose from. He guessed it went with the size of the store -- it was more like a supermarket than one of those seedy little shops he had imagined before he had decided to let embarrassment be embarrassment and go here to find the perfect toy.

The plug was a gift for Mischa. Who of course was meant to use it on Tom, so he guessed it was a pretty selfish gift. But he wanted to play more with plugs, and bringing one home to Mischa was a hint his lover couldn't ignore. Plus, it

made Tom feel all kinky to not only go into a sex shop for the first time ever, but actually buy something.

Oh. Yellow. It was such an odd color for a sex toy that Tom couldn't help picking it up. It was made of hard plastic with three soft curves. And it was rather large. It was going to be impossible to ignore when it was inside him. Maybe he could wear it while he worked; then he would be all hot and bothered when they went into the playroom. It would probably not be a very productive day, but the thought was so hot.

"Are you a fucking fag or something?" He looked up to see the sneer on the face of the guy standing further down the aisle. Tom raised an eyebrow. Very articulate man. Then he showed the guy the plug.

"I'm a man buying a plug -- what do you think?" Tom picked up a box with the yellow plug and went to pay, ignoring the angry outburst he heard behind him. He guessed he should have told the man a couple of things, but really, he had no time for bigots right now. He was going to meet Mischa in twenty minutes, and then he was determined to get fucked. Sometimes you had to sacrifice your principles to get laid. Tom laughed at the thought, causing the little brunette to blush again when he passed her. He winked. Poor thing; she was going to wonder about what he was thinking about for the rest of the day now.

He paid for the plug and went outside. A look at his watch told him that he had spent more time than he had thought in the sex shop. Well, he guessed Mischa would forgive him when he told the man why. Tom smiled at the thought, but nonetheless, he took the back way to where Mischa was

going to pick him up. The weather was getting milder, and it was almost warm in the alley behind the café.

Tom heard running steps behind him when he was half way through the alley and turned to look. Before he could see anything, the pain exploded into the side of his head, making his knees give out. Somebody kicked him in the back, and he fell on the ground, trying to protect himself from the kicks and punches that kept raining down over him. It was no use, though, and the last thing he felt was a kick to his head. Then he passed out.

"Tom." The word sounded so inadequate in the white room. Tom barely stirred, and the sight of the boy made Mischa stop dead in his tracks.

Tom was lying on his side in the hospital bed, and the left side of his face was so swollen that one eye was completely shut. They had stitched up a long gash in his head, and the hair was shaved off in an ugly trail around the stitches. And Mischa knew there was more; the boy had broken ribs and bruised kidneys and a broken cheekbone and bruises all over his body.

"He's waking up a little. You can go sit by his bed." The nurse sounded kind; she had told Mischa what had happened to Tom and that he was going to be okay. He didn't look okay at the moment.

Mischa forced himself to move and sat down in the chair next to Tom's bed. He lifted his hand to stroke his lover's cheek, but halted the movement half way there, letting his hand hover uncertainly in the air.

"Just watch the cut and his cheek. Otherwise you can touch him." She made herself busy with something in the other end of the room, giving them a little bit of privacy.

Mischa carefully touched Tom's forehead, gently stroking his hair away. Tom stirred, whimpering under his breath.

"...urts." Mischa's throat constricted, but he kept up the gentle caress.

"I know, baby. Just relax."

Tom tried to turn his head into Mischa's hand and groaned.

"Hurts. Make it stop?" Fuck. Even now, Tom put his trust in Mischa. And Mischa couldn't do anything to comfort him. Mischa looked helplessly at the nurse who came over.

"We'll get him some pain meds, but I'd like him to wake up properly first so I can have a look at him." Part of Mischa wanted to shout and demand that they give his boy something for the pain right now, but he knew she was right.

"You hear that, Tom? They want you to wake up. Can you wake up for me?"

Tom sighed and stirred a little. Then his movements got frantic, his hand reaching out and his breathing quickening.

"Can't see! Mischa, can't see." There was panic in Tom's voice.

Mischa put his hands around Tom's head and lifted it, so careful not to touch the injured areas. He pushed down the pillow, freeing Tom's good eye from it.

"Yes, you can. Open your eye." Tom did, and Mischa's heart sank when he saw the pain and confusion in there.

"Am I... What's wrong with my eye? Why can't I see?" Tom sounded really scared.

The nurse stepped closer. "You have a black eye, and it's so swollen that it's closed up. It'll be fine in a few days." Mischa was grateful that she started with a small thing; the list of Tom's injuries had scared the shit out of Mischa when he had heard it.

Tom calmed down a little, looking more aware. "I... Is this a hospital?" He closed his eye again and moaned. "Fuck, I hurt."

"Yeah, baby, you were attacked and beat up. I couldn't understand why you didn't show up until they called me." It had been a horrible phone call. Mischa turned toward the nurse. "Can you give him something for the pain?"

The nurse efficiently pointed a light into Tom's eye, making him moan again. Mischa wanted to tear her apart.

"I don't see why not. I'll get the doctor to have a look at him first, though." She left the room.

Mischa leaned close and gently kissed Tom, carefully avoiding the cut in his lip. Tom sighed and relaxed, reaching out for him. Mischa took the hand without the IV

in it and kept on stroking his forehead, willing Tom's pain to go away.

"I want to go home." Tom sounded so lost.

Mischa squeezed his hand. "I want to be home with you, too. I'll take you with me as soon as the doctor lets you go, okay?" Tom gave an almost imperceptible nod and closed his eyes.

They were interrupted by the nurse returning with a doctor. Mischa gave him room to work, but kept close.

The doctor was very efficient, repeating the nurse's examination of Tom's eye and asking him questions about his name, the date, the weekday. Tom stayed very still, but he was able to answer most of the questions.

"Do you remember the attack?" Tom looked confused and shook his head. That made him moan again.

"Yes, you have a concussion; you'll probably want to lie still for a while. What is the last thing you remember?"

Tom looked embarrassed. "I was shopping -- something for Mischa. I can't remember anything after that."

The doctor didn't seem worried. "It's quite common after a concussion. In most cases, your memory of those hours will come back sooner or later. You might feel confused and have difficulties concentrating for a while. Just take it easy and you'll have really good odds of making a full recovery. We'd like to keep you overnight to keep an eye on your brain and your kidneys, but it's only a precaution."

"Can't I just go home?" Tom sounded exhausted.

"It would be better if you stayed. We'll move you to a private room upstairs where you can rest -- then you can go home in the morning."

Mischa took Tom's hand again. "You should stay, baby. It's only until tomorrow, and then I'll take you home."

"Okay." Mischa had a feeling that Tom only gave in because he was in too much pain to do anything else. It made Mischa wish that he would fight them instead.

It had been a long night. Tom's room was nice and quiet, but he had started freaking out when they moved him into his bed and he found out that there was a catheter in his prick. Mischa had had to hold him, talking him down to keep him from ripping it out. Tom's panic made his blood pressure go up and the headache worsen, and it was only a solid dose of painkiller and Mischa staying close that calmed him down.

Then they tried to make Mischa leave during the night -- hospital policy. Mischa had turned toward the nurse.

"I don't want to cause trouble, but I am staying. You can either call security to get me out and take the risk of what that will do to Tom's condition, or you can let me stay and get a nice big donation in the morning. You need a new CT scanner, don't you?" Normally, Mischa avoided acting like an arrogant, rich prick, but it had its uses; he had spent the night in Tom's room.

In the beginning, he had been sitting in the chair next to Tom's bed. The nurses came in every hour to point a light in Tom's eye, though, and it upset him to be woken up. After the third time, Mischa had simply removed his jacket and shoes and climbed into bed with Tom. That had finally made Tom calmer, and the boy even got some sleep between the check-ups.

Mischa didn't, and he felt a bit the worse for wear the next morning. But Tom looked better. Or rather, he looked horrible, but he could keep up longer conversations and was able to understand everything going on around him. He still seemed very fragile, though, and Mischa had to hold his head and talk to him while they removed the catheter to keep him from panicking. At least now Mischa knew something they were never going to experiment with in the playroom.

The police had been there, questioning Tom and taking pictures of the boy's injuries. Mischa had stopped them in the hallway, demanding to know what they had found out. He had been prepared to fight to make the officers take the case seriously, but he was surprised with the answer he got.

"The case is basically solved. We have two suspects who got caught on surveillance camera, both when one of them met your partner and during the actual assault. The café and the bar on the other side have had problems with burglary, and they had put up cameras in the alley. We also have a witness testifying that the suspects threatened the victim in the..." the officer looked down at his papers and looked a little embarrassed, "...in the adult book store."

"Adult book store?" Mischa couldn't believe what he heard. The police officer looked even more embarrassed.

"Your partner made a purchase in the shop, and one of the suspects saw him there. We have both of them in custody."

Mischa shook the officer's hand and thanked him. It was almost anticlimactic; Mischa had been ready to fight for Tom, and now it seemed that there was nothing he could do. He shook it off; it could never be a bad thing that the perpetrators were caught already. He went back into Tom's room.

The doctor was there, and he had good news for Tom.

"You're ready to go home. You have to take it easy for a while because of the concussion. But if you do that, I see no reason why you shouldn't make a full recovery." Tom looked as relieved as Mischa felt.

The doctor had a ton of information for Mischa, mostly to keep Tom from overexerting himself. "He may have some emotional trauma also, and it might be a good idea for him to see a therapist when he has recovered sufficiently from the concussion." Mischa nodded; he was going to do everything he could to make Tom better.

Tom was glad that he was home. Really. He just hadn't thought that it would be that much work to get here.

Just getting out of bed in the hospital had proved difficult. His ribs were so sore, and the pain shooting through his back made him gasp and fall back down when he tried to get up. Mischa was there immediately.

"Relax, baby. Let me help you." Mischa carefully helped Tom sit up. It hurt, and Tom was dizzy, but he wanted to go home enough that he managed to get into the pants and the jacket Mischa held out for him. The orderly wanted to help him into the wheelchair, but Tom flinched when the man touched him.

"It's okay, I'll help him." Relieved, Tom let Mischa help him up. He couldn't have anybody else touching him right now.

Tom had had to look down when he was taken through the hospital, the impressions and noises so overwhelming that he was sweating by the time they got to the entrance. Mischa had brought the car around, and Tom managed to walk the few steps before he gratefully sank into the seat and closed his eyes. He could feel Mischa fasten his seat belt, and then his lover gently kissed Tom's cheek, telling him that everything was okay. Tom didn't think it was, but right now he needed to believe it, so he lay back and fell asleep.

It was the longest walk from the car to the bedroom, and he gratefully sank down on the bed when he finally made it. He had to pee, though, and Mischa had to help him up again. Tom already hated being that helpless, but there was nothing he could do about it.

It stung when he peed, making him wince. That tube in his dick had been disgusting and just the thought of it made him shudder. Of course, that might also have been because of the blood in the bowl. They had warned him about it, but it still looked freaky.

He turned to wash his hands, and Mischa stood in front of him. Tom looked questioningly at him, and Mischa reluctantly moved. Tom washed his hands, and by habit, he looked into the mirror.

Fuck.

He felt bad, but he looked worse. "Shit. I look like a monster." It wasn't an exaggeration. His eye was swollen, his cheek was an impossible red-black color, and the stitches made him look like Frankenstein. He could see Mischa's face in the mirror behind him.

"Yeah, you do look like shit."

Tom couldn't believe what he had just heard. He turned around and slapped Mischa in the chest. Hard. It did ruin the impression a bit that he lost his balance and clung to Mischa, but it was the principle of it.

Mischa caught him, gently supporting him. "I guess we're lucky I didn't take you for your good looks." The joking words were contrasted by the way Mischa's voice broke at the end of the sentence. Mischa held onto Tom, so careful not to hurt, hiding his head in Tom's shoulder.

"Come on, Mischa, I need to lie down." Tom gently patted Mischa's side until he let go. Mischa pulled back and smiled a bit sheepishly, his eyes very bright, before he helped Tom back into the bedroom.

Tom sighed when he could finally lie down. "I'm so tired." He forced his eyes open, though, when he didn't feel Mischa get into bed with him. His lover sat in the chair

next to their bed, seeming determined to keep watch over Tom.

"Come nap with me? I can't sleep without you here." It wasn't exactly the truth -- Tom could sleep in the middle of a highway at the moment -- but Mischa looked exhausted. If a bit of emotional blackmail could make him rest, then Tom wasn't above doing so.

It didn't take much work, though, before Mischa lay next to him, and Tom shuffled to get closer. That was when he found out that he couldn't really touch Mischa. When he tried, either his ribs hurt or his back or his face. The pain made him hiss and stiffen.

"Shh. It's okay. We can rest like this." Mischa took his hand, and Tom had to be content with lying on his side, his other arm loosely around Mischa. It wasn't the comfort that Tom really needed, but it was what he could get, and he was exhausted enough to fall asleep.

He woke up before Mischa, almost in the same position as when he fell asleep. Mischa was lying with one arm around Tom. In theory, it was good to be held; in reality, Mischa's heavy arm rested on top of a particularly sore hematoma. Tom tried to wiggle to move it a bit, and he had to hold his breath when the pain tore through his back. Fuck, his kidneys hurt.

Tom managed to stay quiet, though, and Mischa didn't wake up. The man looked as if he hadn't slept at all last night, and knowing him, Mischa probably hadn't. It made Tom feel a little foolish; he hadn't exactly been very macho

at the hospital, whining and complaining about the pain as he had.

Mischa mumbled in his sleep and dragged him in closer, and this time Tom didn't manage to keep in a whimper. Mischa opened his eyes, at first looking completely bewildered.

"Sorry. I didn't mean to wake you." Tom tried to smile, keeping the pain at bay by only breathing shallowly.

"Don't worry." Mischa looked at the clock. "I didn't want to sleep the day away anyway. You need your painkillers?" He gently stroked Tom's hair, avoiding the cut.

"Yeah," Tom admitted. There was no way he was going to get out of bed feeling like he did right now.

"Stay here. I'll get them for you." Tom obeyed, which was quite simple since he couldn't move without some part of him screaming with pain.

He was still in the exact same position when Mischa came back. He saw the frown on Mischa's face, but he just wasn't strong enough to pretend he was okay. He did hate the worry on his lover's face, though.

Mischa didn't say anything, just helped Tom swallow the pills and drink a little extra water. Then Mischa lay down again, his hand on Tom's hair, caressing. It didn't hurt; it was just weird not to be touched anywhere else like Tom was used to.

"You'll be fine, baby. I know it hurts right now, but the doctors told me that you'll be fine." Somehow, it sounded

like Mischa was trying to convince himself as much as Tom.

Tom reached over and clumsily patted Mischa's shoulder. The painkillers were starting to kick in, making him a little woozy. "I'll be fine. Don't worry." He wanted to say more, to reassure Mischa that the man didn't have to be concerned, but his eyes were so heavy, and he fell asleep again.

Chapter 11

The first couple of days were... confusing. Tom stayed in bed. Not so much because the doctors had told him to, but because it hurt too much to move. Besides, he got exhausted just by walking to the bathroom. In theory, he was allowed to rest on the couch, as well, but he preferred the bedroom; it was quieter, and there was too much light in the living room.

Then, after a while, he could see out of both eyes and his kidneys got better, but his cheek and ribs still hurt. Sometimes he was woken up at night by his own whimpering because he had tried to lie on his left side in his sleep. It woke up Mischa, too, and he hated seeing how stressed out his lover was because of him. Mischa tried to hide it, but Tom could feel how much Mischa worried. So Tom tried to stop whining so Mischa wouldn't have to take care of him constantly.

The worst part was his head, though. Tom had a strange feeling of being... limited, like his mental capacities were reduced to a fraction of what they usually were. He knew that it was all a side effect of the concussion, and in the beginning, it was okay. After a while, the inactivity started to irritate him, though. He couldn't read very much yet, and TV was out of the picture; the constant movement and noise was way more than Tom could handle. He did listen to the radio a bit, but there weren't that many interesting shows on -- and when there was, Tom often had to shut it off before it ended because he was too tired to do anything but close his eyes and rest.

It was stupid, unimportant things that really got to him, though -- like the fact that he had trouble eating solid food

because of his cheek. Actually, Tom had lost his appetite completely, but he tried to hide that, too. Mischa was a good cook, but the man had never had to cook fucking baby food before, and Tom's heart sank when he saw how hard Mischa worked and how disappointed his lover got when Tom couldn't eat it anyway.

When he was served the fifteenth kind of soup by a harassed-looking Mischa, he exploded.

"I hate this!" Tom punched one of the cushions on the couch. "I'm not getting better and this is all I can eat and my brain still doesn't work at all. This sucks!" He immediately felt bad when he saw how Mischa's face fell.

"I'm sorry, Mischa, really. I didn't mean to be unreasonable." Now he was an ungrateful bastard on top of everything else. It just sucked.

Mischa sighed and sat down next to him. "I know, and you're not. I just hate that I can't help you. You're doing fine, by the way; the doctor said that this was how it was going to be. I guess you just have to be patient."

Tom smiled bitterly. "Yeah, well, that isn't one of my stronger traits, I'm afraid. The worst part is..."

"What's the worst part?" Mischa gently stroked Tom's hair. It still hurt too much to be embraced. Tom hated that, too, and most of all he hated the fact that he didn't want to be touched. He pushed the thought out of his head.

"It's that I don't even want to do anything else. All I can think about is when I can get to lie down again. It scares the

hell out of me; what if it doesn't change?" If he couldn't finish his thesis and get a job?

Mischa moved closer and put his arm around Tom, hardly touching Tom at all. "It will be better, I promise you. It has only been a few weeks, and your brain needs time to heal. You remember the numbers?"

He did. Three to six weeks of rest, three to six weeks of recuperation. Maybe more. Tom nodded.

"Good. And you're not even past the first three weeks. Give it time, baby."

Tom sighed and let his head rest on Mischa's shoulder. "I'm really sorry. I don't mean to be a drama queen. I'm just tired." Dead tired.

"I know. And don't worry. Let your body heal, then your brain will follow."

Tom nodded. He didn't know if Mischa was right, but there wasn't much else he could do other than agree. The alternative to a complete recuperation was too scary.

"Tom." He heard Mischa, but he was just so tired.

"Tom." Mischa gently shook him. Tom managed to open his eyes. Mischa was bent over their bed, dressed in a nice suit.

"I have a meeting in town today, remember?" Tom blinked. He did now.

"Toby is here to watch you. I'll be back around six, okay?" Mischa kissed Tom and was out of the door before Tom had managed to say anything. He looked at Toby with disbelief.

"You're my nanny today?" Tom couldn't decide if he should be touched by Mischa's gesture or offended that Mischa thought Tom needed a caretaker. He leaned strongly toward the latter.

Toby grinned as he leaned against the doorway. "It seems so. And at a very good price, too; Mischa agreed to go through my investments for me."

Tom couldn't help smiling a little. Doms and their games.

"Mischa told me that you had a bad night. Do you want me to sit in here or in the living room?"

That made Tom's smile disappear, and for a moment, he hated everything. He hated the fact that he was too tired to talk to Toby, and he hated Mischa for ratting him out on how crappy he felt. Mischa had meant well, though.

"The living room is fine. I'm just going to get a little more sleep."

Toby straightened up. He looked worried. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine." The answer came automatically by now. "I'm just tired. It's normal."

Toby looked like the man might have an opinion on that, so Tom shut his eyes. He didn't have the energy to discuss anything at the moment.

Tom woke up shouting, the fear so real that he didn't even recognize the familiar surroundings. Toby came running into the bedroom.

"Are you okay? Tom?" He grabbed Tom's shoulder. Tom flinched, the unexpected touch startling him.

Toby let go of him immediately. Fuck. Normally Tom was better at controlling it.

"Are you okay, Tom? You were screaming."

Tom nodded automatically, trying to catch his breath. "Just a bad dream. I'm fine."

"No, you're not." Toby sounded very sure. "You're drenched in sweat, and you look like shit. What was your nightmare about?"

"I don't know." Apparently, all Doms asked the same questions. Toby looked doubtfully at him.

"I don't! I keep having the same dream, and I don't remember it when I wake up, okay?" Tom tried to get the sheets off, but he was still shaking too much. Fuck, he hated this dream.

Toby untangled Tom from the sweat-soaked sheets so he could get up. "You need a shower." The Dom went into the

bathroom without waiting to see if Tom followed. For a moment, Tom didn't want to; Toby wasn't his master, and he didn't owe the man anything. But he needed the shower, so he did as he was told.

When Tom came into the bathroom, Toby had got the water running. The Dom turned and reached for Tom's shirt to pull it off. Tom couldn't help the reflexive step back. Toby looked oddly at him. Then the man stepped up to Tom again, moving slowly, and gently pulled Tom's shirt off. Tom managed to stay still, letting Mischa's friend undress him.

"Good. Now get under the water. I'll change the sheets while you shower."

Tom did as he was told. As soon as Toby disappeared, he let himself slide down the wall until he sat on the floor. These nightmares really took it out of him.

Tom let the warm water soothe him; it was about the only touch he could tolerate now. It still felt good, and he let himself relax under the spray.

Tom hadn't heard Toby until the man opened the door to the shower. He looked surprised, but didn't say anything when he saw Tom on the floor, just turned off the water and gave Tom a towel. When Tom had dried himself, Toby helped him up and got him dressed in dry clothes.

The sheets had been changed, and the room smelled fresh from the open windows. Tom gratefully let himself sink into bed, closing his eyes. It took a while before he heard the door close after Toby, but he was too tired to talk to anyone right now.

Toby was on the couch, reading, when Mischa came back. It had been a long day of meetings, and Mischa was tired.

"How has he been?"

Toby looked up. "Hello, Mischa. Fine, thank you, and yours?"

Mischa gestured apologetically. "Sorry. It's just... I worry."

Toby nodded. "I know. And I think you should."

Mischa abruptly stopped undoing his tie and turned to look at Toby. "Is he okay? Has anything happened?"

"He's sleeping, like he has been most of the day. He had a nightmare, though."

Mischa felt his heart sinking. "Yeah, he has those pretty often." He sat down heavily and sighed.

"He said that he didn't remember what it was about." Toby looked questioningly at Mischa.

Mischa shrugged. "I think he's telling the truth. It seems like it only makes it worse that he doesn't remember them."

Toby nodded again. "It wasn't so much the nightmare, though, even though he seemed upset. It was more the way he reacted when I touched him."

"He let you touch him?" Mischa couldn't keep the surprise and hurt from his voice when he interrupted Toby.

Toby looked sympathetically at him. "Not really. I shook him awake, and he acted like I'd hit him. When I tried to help him out of his wet shirt in the bathroom, I couldn't even get near him at first. He's... shell-shocked."

Mischa felt his shoulders slump. "Traumatized. I know. He doesn't like me touching him, either. He tries to hide it, but it's not a thing you can hide from your lover, is it?" Mischa tried to laugh. It didn't come out very convincingly, even to himself.

"Have you considered therapy?"

Mischa shrugged. "Of course. But he isn't strong enough yet. His fatigue is an after-effect of the concussion and he needs to recover before he does anything like that. I talked to his doctor today." Mischa looked helplessly at Toby. "I'm really worried."

Toby reached out and squeezed his shoulder. "You're doing what you can. If the doctor says you have to wait, then you have to wait." The man let go of Mischa's shoulder and got up.

"If anybody can do it, you can. And I'm there if you need me for anything." They hugged. Mischa pulled back and slapped Toby on the back, trying to smile. He didn't really succeed, but he felt a little better anyway. At least he wasn't imagining Tom's problems. Then he saw his friend out and went to wake up his boy.

Chapter 12

Mischa's worry didn't subside over the next couple of months. Tom did recover from all of his injuries, slowly but steadily, and he had started working on his thesis again. He couldn't concentrate for as long as he used to yet, but he was very careful about not overexerting himself. He didn't come into Mischa's office on his breaks anymore, though, and Mischa didn't know if he made any progress.

So, Tom was stronger physically, but he still tensed up when Mischa so much as tried to touch him. It could be as simple as Mischa letting a hand slide over Tom's shoulder in the kitchen or brush against him when they passed. The worst part, though, was that Tom tried to hide it, tried to tolerate Mischa touching him even though he hated it. The thought made Mischa sick.

He had suggested that Tom go to see a therapist. He was shocked when Tom flat out refused.

"No?" Mischa had looked disbelievingly at Tom. "But it might make you feel better."

"No. I don't want to." Tom had refused to even talk about it. Mischa didn't know what hurt the most; that Tom refused or that he didn't even care enough about Mischa to explain why he didn't want to do it.

After that, it had seemed that Tom was making an effort to act normal. They had started having sex again, or rather, hand jobs. Mischa had tried going down on Tom once, but it was so obvious that he didn't enjoy it that Mischa had stopped. It took Tom forever to come, if he could at all, and

they didn't do it very often. It just seemed to magnify the fact that they weren't okay. At all.

It all led Mischa to decide that something had to happen; they couldn't go on like this. That was the reason why Mischa stopped Tom in the hallway when Tom was on his way back to his books. Tom spent most evenings in the library now, reading and studying his pictures.

"I want to take you into the playroom. For a massage," Mischa added when Tom opened his mouth to protest. "It's about time you let yourself feel good. We won't do anything else, just a massage."

"Red."

Mischa blinked. "What?"

"Red. I don't want to do it." And Tom turned on his heel and left, closing the door to the library behind him without looking back.

Mischa stood back, blinking. Tom had safeworded. And left him. Mischa took a step to follow Tom; then he stopped again. Tom had safeworded. Just to get out of being touched. By him.

As Mischa stumbled back to his office, he tried to tell himself that it only showed how miserable Tom felt. It was no good; the despair came anyway. Tom was so desperate to avoid him that the boy safeworded.

Mischa sank down in his chair, his eyes following the swirls in the painting on the wall. He had always found it erotic, with its curves and colors. Right now, it mocked

him, told him what he couldn't give Tom anymore. What Tom didn't want from him anymore.

He wondered if he should just let Tom go, if that was what Tom couldn't find a way to tell him. Maybe the boy felt obliged to Mischa for letting him stay here. It really stung to think that that might be the only reason Tom stayed.

Or maybe it was his only opportunity. Tom wasn't well off, and he hadn't been able to take care of himself during the last couple of months. Perhaps this was just his recovery home and he wanted to get out of here as soon as he could. The thought that maybe it was only Mischa who had been seeing this as something permanent was devastating.

It was also insupportable. What they had had before Tom's beating was more than Mischa had ever felt before, and he was not about to give it up without a fight.

It was after midnight when Mischa finally left the office and went through the quiet house. He had made a decision.

When Mischa got up the next day, Tom was still asleep next to him. Tom often slept in lately; not because he was lazy, but because he lay awake most of the night. Like last night, Tom always pretended to be asleep, but Mischa could hear it in his breathing.

They didn't meet until lunch. Tom was in the kitchen when Mischa got there, making coffee. That was another thing; the boy didn't eat much anymore.

Mischa made a bee line to Tom, gripping his shoulders firmly and making him look up in surprise.

"I'm not going anywhere. I know you don't feel all right, but I'm not going anywhere."

Tom's eyes narrowed. "Well, maybe you should."

"I'm not going anywhere." Mischa held his eyes.

Tom looked searchingly at Mischa for the longest time, his face inscrutable. Then he sighed and leaned his head on Mischa's shoulder. It was only his forehead that was actually touching Mischa, but the gesture still made Mischa's heart leap. Then Mischa carefully stroked Tom's hair.

Tom only stayed a few seconds like that, then he pulled back and looked into Mischa's eyes again. Tom nodded, almost imperceptibly. Then he grabbed his mug and turned to go back into his study.

"No. You're going to eat." Mischa made sure his tone told Tom that this wasn't up for discussion.

Tom raised an eyebrow. "I am?"

"You are. Sit down." Tom's eyebrow stayed up, but the rest of him sat down. Mischa nodded and started making a light lunch. He was going to take care of Tom, and feeding his boy was a basic. The rest would have to follow along the way.

Mischa felt just a little nervous. It was the right thing to do, but he was still anxious to see how Tom would react when he found out where they were going.

It had been easy enough to get him out of the house. Mischa had told Tom that he had an appointment. Tom's memory was still shot, but he tried to hide that, too, and since he didn't want to reveal that he had forgotten the fictitious appointment, he had just nodded and gotten into the car. The charade didn't sit well with Mischa, but the determination to make Tom feel better won out.

Tom was staring out of the window during the drive, and it wasn't before Mischa pulled up at the dojo that he woke up from his trance.

"This isn't the doctor's office." Tom looked at Mischa, frowning.

"No, it isn't."

Tom's eyes narrowed. "Have you gotten me a therapist without telling me?" His voice was low.

"No. You said you didn't want one. I've gotten you a sensei."

Tom looked completely bewildered. "A sensei? As in a karate one?"

"Yes." Mischa turned toward Tom, serious. "Something has to happen. You can't go on like this." Tom stared at him for a long time.

"Are you sure that it's a good idea for someone who got attacked to do martial arts?" Tom's voice was carefully neutral.

"I do. And so does Phil."

"Your karate friend is called Phil?" Tom sounded incredulous.

"Yes?" Apparently, Tom never stopped surprising him.

"You can't be named Phil and do karate." Tom sounded very sure of that.

"Well, you'll have to talk to him about that. You have an appointment with him in two minutes." Mischa knew he wasn't playing fair; Tom hated being late more than anything. But he was going to make his boy better, even if he had to drag Tom kicking and screaming all the way there.

Tom scowled at Mischa, but he got out of the car. Mischa was actually surprised that it hadn't been harder.

They went into the house and left their shoes at the door like the sign told them to. Mischa opened the door and stepped into the dojo, looking to see if Tom was going to follow him. He got a "we're so going to talk about this later" stare, but Tom did follow. The relief welled up in Mischa.

Phil had been doing a series of complicated movements in the middle of the large dojo, but when they entered the room, the sensei stopped and came over. Mischa only

stayed long enough to introduce Phil to Tom, and then he turned toward his lover.

"I suspect you want me to wait outside instead of in here?"

Tom's eyebrow did its thing. "Yes, please." Nobody else could put that much meaning into two little words. Mischa spontaneously leaned in and kissed Tom before he turned and left. Now it was up to Phil to coax his boy back to life.

So. Karate. Tom really hadn't seen this one coming. He didn't have much time to think about it, though.

"Have you ever done any martial arts?" Phil didn't look much like a Phil. Phils were slightly overweight men in their forties who played football with their kids in their gardens. Each and every Phil Tom had ever met had been exactly like that. This one was fit and kind of young, too. And Tom was distracted.

"No. Never. And I'm not in very good shape, either." Tom shrugged apologetically.

Phil smiled. "Don't worry, we'll get you there. Mischa told me that you were attacked. Do you have any physical injuries from that?"

"No. But I tire easily, and I can't focus for more than short periods at a time." Tom narrowed his eyes. "What else did he tell you?"

"Nothing, basically. He called me and asked if I thought this would be a good way for you to regain your strength. And I think it is."

"I guess I can try it. But I don't want to fight." Tom was going to keep his appointment, but he wasn't going to let anyone hit him again.

"I don't want you to. What I'm going to teach you is some basic techniques -- that's called kihon. If you want to use the punching bag at the end of your lesson, you can do that, and perhaps we'll do some kata, too."

"That was the thing you were doing when we came in? It looked cool." Tom might feel terrible, but he had to get the best out of the next 60 minutes.

"Yeah? I can teach you one today if you'd like."

"Okay. Even if I don't think I can do what you just did."

"Oh, you're not supposed to. You learn the easiest ones first. I'll teach you the movements separately, and then we'll put them together." Phil sounded very enthusiastic. Tom had his doubts, but he kept them to himself.

Phil came across as a pretty easy-going guy, and it made the training a lot more fun. The sensei taught Tom some blocks and punches and a couple of stances, making him repeat them up and down the floor and correcting them until Tom did them right. Phil did demonstrate which block went with what punch, but the sensei always made Tom do the punch. Tom was relieved about that; he had no idea how he would react to getting attacked -- and he didn't particularly want to find out.

Tom tired quickly, but he got a couple of breaks to get some water and juice. It was exciting, though, especially when he got to put the movements together into his first kata. He was practicing it when Mischa came back, and his lover came over when Tom finished.

"That looks good!" Mischa sounded impressed, and Tom couldn't help feeling proud. He was drenched in sweat and his muscles were shaking with fatigue, but he felt really good.

Phil smiled. "Yes, he's got a talent for it. When would you like to have your next lesson?" Before Tom got to think about it, he had made another appointment with Phil.

Phil looked at Mischa. "You remember the stretching?" Mischa nodded. "Great. Be thorough and make sure he gets enough to drink. You might want to get him more juice or some food on your way home."

Mischa nodded and took Tom to a small room next door where the floor was covered with mats. He made Tom lie down and started bending Tom's leg, leaning in on it. "So, did you like it?" Tom's heart melted a little by hearing how hard Mischa tried to keep his voice casual.

"Well..." Tom was teasing; he wasn't going to forgive Mischa that easily.

"Well what?" Mischa made him feel the stretch.

"Oh, god! I'm not sure this is good for my butt."

"It is. What were you going to say?"

Tom took a deep breath and let it out while he felt his tired muscles loosen up. "Well, in principle I hated it, of course."

"Of course." Christ, Tom might have met his equal in sarcasm. Or perhaps Mischa was just a quick study. "And in reality?" Mischa let go of his leg and started on the other one.

"In reality, it didn't suck. I liked the kata at the end." Tom had been tricked into this; this was as much of an admission as Mischa was going to get.

Mischa smiled down at Tom, his eyes shining. "You're not that good at lying when you're high on endorphins." Mischa let Tom's leg down and sat behind him, starting on stretching his arms.

"Shut up and let me fly." Tom was high as a kite from the exercise. Mischa chuckled and kept up the stretch. The close contact was nice, and Mischa worked him through, making him drink in between the stretching. Tom was all loose and relaxed when Phil came in.

"You can take a shower in the locker room on the other side of the hallway, if you like. I'll see you Friday."

Tom managed to get up, his legs only a bit wobbly. It was really nice to know that the feeling came from using them, not from being beat up.

"I had a great time today. Thanks a lot." He did. Even if he still had some Mischa-ass to kick.

Tom was quiet on the ride home, obediently munching on the peaches Mischa had gotten him. Eating didn't seem as hard as it usually was; he was thirsty after the workout, and the fruit was just what he needed.

"So?" Mischa broke the silence when they had put the city behind and the fields opened up around them.

"So what?" Tom had been looking out of the window, still floating.

"Do you hate me now?" The words weren't joking, and that fact made Tom sit up straight. He turned in the seat.

"I never hated you."

"You acted that way." Mischa's words weren't accusing, just sad, and it shocked Tom so much that he had to think before he answered.

"I didn't. I don't. I just don't know... I'm not who I thought I was." Fuck, that sounded so inadequate. And still, it was way more than Tom had ever intended Mischa to know. Some things were better left unsaid.

"What do you mean?" The tone was gentle, inquiring. Not mad at him.

"I don't know. I... can't explain it." Tom looked down. He didn't even know why he was so fucked up. He just knew he was.

"Try." For a demanding asshole, Mischa could sound really kind.

Tom gestured helplessly. "I'm not sure. It's not important, I'll get better, I swear."

"Tell. Me." Now Mischa's voice was low, commanding. Tom felt both a shiver of excitement that had been absent for months -- and dread of what telling Mischa would do to them.

"It won't do any good." Tom knew he was stalling, but he couldn't do this. He had already said too much and he had never imagined this conversation taking place in a car and he didn't want everything to be over yet.

"Let me decide that. Tell me. Now."

Tom felt angry and sad, and in the end, he just gave up. "I'm not who I thought I was. I thought I was happy and good for you, and I'm not. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make it so hard on you. You don't deserve that."

"That's pretty stupid, don't you think?"

Tom turned toward Mischa, astounded. Then he got angry. "Well, I'm sorry you think that. I won't bother you with my stupid explanations anymore."

"They're not stupid. But it is stupid to think that you can be the victim of a very violent attack and be all happy go lucky afterward. You can't, and I don't expect you to."

"Well, it wasn't what you signed up for." Tom couldn't keep the bitterness out of his voice.

"It was exactly what I signed up for. Do you remember our talk after Toby's first visit? This isn't just about wild sessions in the playroom."

"Well, good, because you don't get any of those anymore, either."

"I don't, at the moment, and that's okay. What's not okay is you not talking to me."

"At the moment.' What if it's not just 'at the moment'? What if this..." Tom gestured helplessly, "if it's going to last? What if I can't be like before? What if the person I thought I had become, the happy person who had the guts to be with you, what if that was only a phase and this is the person I really am? I wasn't exactly overly happy and confident before I met you; what if I can't be what you deserve?" Tom started crying, and that just made him even more despondent.

Mischa had just turned onto the small road through the woods, and now he pulled over and killed the engine. He reached out for Tom, and Tom drew back, crying harder and leaning on the door. Mischa cursed, and then he pulled at Tom, hard, until Tom was in his arms.

It only made everything worse to feel Mischa's arms around him, and Tom cried so hard he couldn't breathe. This was what he was losing. Mischa rubbed his back and mumbled soothing words to him, and slowly, Tom managed to stop crying. He was exhausted, though, and just stayed where he was.

"Better now?" Mischa gently rubbed his back.

"No." Tom wasn't, even though he did feel strangely relieved. But he had said way too much.

"Why not?"

Tom felt empty, worn out. "I can't stay with you like this. It isn't what you want, what you need."

"Huh." Mischa hugged him. "You may be very smart, boy, but you're rubbish at reading minds."

Tom kept hiding. He didn't have any strength left to be sarcastic. "I can't do this anymore." His voice wasn't much more than a whisper. "I can't pretend to be all right any longer."

Mischa gave an exasperated sigh. "Finally."

With an effort, Tom managed to lift his head to look into Mischa's eyes, questioningly. There was an overbearing look on the man's face.

"Do you remember what Toby teased me about when he visited us? That I'm into power play?" Tom nodded. He had no idea where this was going.

"Well, then. If I'm into helping you, guiding you and pushing you in a session in the playroom, wouldn't you think that I'd be into helping you, guiding you and pushing you outside of the playroom, too?"

Tom frowned. "It's not the same." Even he could hear that it was a lame objection.

"It is, and you know it." Mischa gently took Tom's head between his hands. "You've been trying to spare me from knowing how bad you're feeling. It's very noble, and I appreciate the thought behind it. However, I really don't appreciate what it's doing to us, so stop it. Now."

Tom blinked. This was going very fast. "I... But..."

"Stop it. It means you're going to be vulnerable and that you have to trust me to be able to handle that. I am able to handle that."

"I do trust you." It was dawning on Tom that Mischa might be right. Fuck.

Mischa raised his eyebrows, but didn't say anything, just waited.

"Fuck, I feel stupid now." Tom did, and it wasn't a nice feeling.

Mischa hugged him tightly. "Don't. Neither of us have been here before." He pulled back so he could watch Tom. "Just remember that it's okay not to be strong, and it's okay if I worry about you. It won't kill me." Tom snorted. "No, I'm serious. Trust me. Let me worry, and let me help you get better."

"You mean harass my ass until you're satisfied." Tom tried to keep his voice light.

Mischa chuckled and helped Tom back in his seat, turning on the engine again. "Exactly. Now, let's get home. You need some real food and a soak in the tub."

Tom sat back, but kept his hand on Mischa. He felt more confused than he had been for ages. But at least he was feeling something other than despair.

Tom woke up the next morning and felt rested, his head clearer than it had been for a while. Then he tried to move.

"Fuuuck!" Damn, he was sore.

"Language, boy." Mischa came in from the hallway.

"That's easy for you to say!" Tom flailed, trying to get his stomach muscles to work enough to let him sit up. Mischa put an arm behind his back and hoisted him up. "I don't think I have a single muscle that doesn't hurt."

Mischa raised his eyebrows. What was it with that? That was supposed to be Tom's thing. "Wiggle your toes."

Tom did. "Ow."

Mischa laughed. "Okay, you're probably right."

Tom tried to glare, but he couldn't help but laugh, too. It turned into a moan, though, when he tried to walk. "How can I be this beat up? It was only an hour, for God's sake!"

"Martial arts are good for you because you use all of your body." Tom glared at him. Mischa had the decency to look sheepish. "But I guess you know that by now."

"I do, and I blame you." Tom managed to get out into the hallway and made for the bathroom.

"As long as you blame your sleeping through the night on me, too."

Tom mumbled something grumpily and shut the door in Mischa's face. He could hear his lover laugh on the other side. Damn optimist.

After lunch, Tom could hardly get out of his chair. Mischa looked at him and seemed to make a decision.

"There's only one thing that'll help you with that."

"A long soak in the tub?" Tom asked hopefully.

"Nope. Using your muscles. We're going for a walk."

"A walk?" Tom guessed it shouldn't be a surprising suggestion; they did live in the middle of the woods, and the nature was beautiful around here. They had just never been out in it before.

Mischa laughed at him. "Yes, you know -- one step after another?" Tom snorted. Someone was being way too happy today.

Tom did manage to find a pair of boots, but Mischa had to tie them for him -- it was such a long way down there.

When they came out of the house, Tom discovered the pleasure of the effect of an uneven trail on overworked muscles. He stumbled and groaned when his legs twinged

even more than before. Mischa caught him with an arm around his waist.

"I can't say this often enough -- I blame you for this." Tom put his arm around Mischa, too, though. Mischa didn't say anything, just chuckled and kept his arm where it was.

It was a cool day, and Tom felt the breeze on his face. He wasn't as sensitive to visual input anymore, so he could actually enjoy the scenery. It was quiet, the trees had started to come into leaf, and it was peaceful. For the first time in ages, Tom felt... right.

They stayed quiet while they walked, and Tom leaned tentatively into Mischa. Mischa didn't say anything, just rubbed his shoulder a bit.

When they came back to the house, Tom spontaneously leaned in and kissed Mischa's cheek. Mischa looked surprised. Then a happy smile spread on his face. Tom looked away, suddenly shy.

"Come on, let's get you inside. I think you can use a nap now." Tom started to protest, but Mischa just shooed him into the living room and had him sit down on the couch. He was fast asleep before Mischa could bring him his tea.

Chapter 13

Tom should have known that Mischa would be relentless in this, too. His lover had set up an alarm clock in the morning, and Tom had to get up, whether he had been sleeping or not. He did sleep better now, though, so it wasn't so bad.

Mischa had turned into a pure Nazi when it came to meals, though. He had started his new self-appointed role as Tom's dietician two days after Tom's first karate lesson, and his regimen was merciless.

Tom found out when he got his morning snack. Which was now a permanent part of his diet, apparently.

"You'll eat five times a day." Mischa had brought Tom half a sandwich and a glass of milk and put it on the table in front of him, pushing his books away. "Breakfast, morning snack, lunch, afternoon snack and dinner. Coffee doesn't count as a meal."

"But I'm not hungry!" Tom had just had cereal and an egg for breakfast; that was more than he had had for months. And he was in the middle of analyzing a very interesting painting.

"I don't care. At all. Eat."

Mischa had stared at Tom until he gave in and ate everything on his plate. It tasted good, and Tom finished his food a lot faster than he had thought he would. Mischa kept an eye on him, and when Tom had finished his milk, the man nodded, once again looking way too pleased with

himself. It was disconcerting and a little bit funny all at once.

In the weeks that followed, Tom felt like he was in a state of constant bewilderment, trying to keep up with the sudden demands. It was exhausting, but ever so slowly, he started getting back to the surface.

His work was improving, too. Maybe it was his head clearing up, but the theory chapter, which had been overwhelming him since he had started working on his thesis again, suddenly didn't seem that frightening. With their walks and his naps and his training, Tom actually worked less on it, but with better results.

His sensei was more demanding, too. Phil never yelled at Tom, but the man seemed to have a very clear feeling of how much Tom could do and learn. That was often a lot more than Tom thought he could do, but Phil was right. Tom went to the dojo three times a week, and he made progress. He probably never would be a macho black belt, but that was okay; he just liked using his body and getting tired for the right reasons.

He hadn't really talked with Mischa since their drive home from his first training in the dojo. Tom wasn't as worried anymore, though, and he had started waking up, arms around Mischa instead of being hunched up in the far corner of the bed. It was a good feeling, even though they still had a way to go.

When Mischa came to pick up Tom that day, he only saw the back of him, going into the stretching room. Mischa looked questioningly at Phil.

The sensei was sweating and looked like he had had a thorough workout. "I pushed him today. A lot, and he refused to give up. He's impressively stubborn."

Mischa snorted. Nothing new there.

"He needs you now. Take your time with the stretching; I won't disturb you." Mischa nodded and hurried into the smaller room, closing the door after him.

Tom had already collapsed on the floor. He looked up, trying to smile. "I'm really tired." Then his face contorted, and he started crying. "I'm just so tired." He tried to wipe away his tears, but his arms were shaking too much with fatigue.

Mischa stroked Tom's hair once, and then he began the stretching. He didn't talk or try to comfort Tom, just went through the exercises as usual, letting Tom cry. When Mischa had finished the leg-stretches, he got his lover a blanket to keep Tom warm and continued with the arm-stretches, sitting behind Tom and almost hugging the thin body while he stretched his boy's shoulders. Tom never stopped crying, too exhausted to hold back. Mischa stroked Tom's hair again and made him drink some juice before Mischa went through the rest of the exercises. Then he just held Tom and let his boy cry.

After a long while, Tom had cried himself out, and Mischa held on to him, hugging the tired body resting against Mischa. Finally, Tom stirred.

"I'm thirsty." Mischa felt a jolt of happiness go through him; it was the first time in months that Tom had asked him for anything. He didn't show it, though, just reached out for another bottle of juice and held Tom's head so his boy could drink. Tom greedily downed more than half of it.

"Good boy. Now, let's get you into the shower." Mischa got up.

"I don't think I can." Tom didn't sound apologetic or embarrassed -- just tired.

"I'll help you." Mischa bent down and helped him up. Tom could stand, even though his legs weren't quite steady. Mischa put an arm around him and walked him into the locker room. There, Tom sat on a bench, hunched over with fatigue, while Mischa got the water running before he undressed. Then Mischa helped him up, got his sweat-soaked clothes off, and pulled him under the spray.

Tom closed his eyes and just stood there while Mischa gently washed him, soaping his body and letting the water sluice the suds away. Tom sighed and leaned into him. Mischa held him and let the hot water pour down over them.

"I'm going to fall asleep if we don't move." Tom didn't make any effort to get free, though.

"Let's get you home." Mischa turned off the water and dried Tom. He just stood there, letting Mischa help him into his clothes. Mischa got dressed, got their things, and reached out for Tom to walk them out of there. Tom sighed and leaned on Mischa, closer than he needed to if he just

wanted to be supported. Mischa held him tightly. They were going to be okay.

"No. Stop!" Tom was lying in their bed, writhing under Mischa. Mischa had his hand around Tom's half-hard dick, stroking it.

Tom had been subdued after his exhausting session with Phil. It had become easier to touch him, though. He still didn't like being surprised, but he came to Mischa to be held, and he snuggled in at night. Mischa reveled in it, keeping him as close as possible on their walks and when they watched TV in the evenings. Tom was quiet, but he didn't fight the close contact anymore.

Mischa had been a little nervous when Tom went back to the dojo the following Monday, but to Mischa's relief, Phil didn't make a habit of the hard core sessions. Tom conscientiously went to his karate lessons and did his research the rest of the time.

During the last week or so, Tom had started getting restless, though. Mischa wasn't even sure if Tom felt it himself. Mischa saw it, though. Tom lost concentration while reading, he kicked at pebbles and branches when they took walks, and he even swore violently when his knife slipped while he was chopping vegetables.

Mischa had watched it patiently, but now it was time to push a bit more. That was why he had started making love to Tom this evening. Their love life hadn't improved, or rather, Mischa hadn't initiated anything for a long time, wanting to give Tom time to recover and trust him again. It

had taken Tom by surprise, then, when Mischa had pushed him down and started stroking Tom's cock.

Tom had tried to reciprocate, but Mischa didn't let him, pushing Tom's hands away and beginning to stroke him again. Tom didn't get hard very quickly, and the boy couldn't lie still.

"Take it. I want you to come for me, boy." Mischa made his voice deep and commanding, making it impossible for Tom to ignore that this was a scene. He could hear on Tom's quick intake of breath that the boy got it.

Tom's hands were scrambling over the sheets, trying to find something to hold on to. Mischa let go of Tom's cock and grabbed the boy's hands, forcing him to grip the headboard. "Hold on, boy." He reached back down to Tom's cock.

Tom frowned and gasped, writhing with discomfort. Mischa pretended not to see. Tom's legs restlessly pushed against the bed, as if he was unconsciously trying to get away from this. Finally, he lost his composure.

"No. Stop!" Tom's hands came down, pushing at Mischa. Mischa kept up his merciless strokes until Tom hit him.

"No! I said... Fuck. Stop it!" Tom pushed and punched him in the chest and swore and yelled at him. Mischa leaned heavily on Tom, finally catching his hands and forcing them to the pillow.

"Let me go! Fucker, let me go, let me... Arrgh!" Tom was shouting and bucking under him. Mischa managed to turn him to his stomach and push him down into the mattress. Tom was spitting with rage, his screams completely

unintelligible while he struggled. Mischa leaned heavily on him, letting him feel Mischa's body and holding him still.

It took forever before Tom cooled down, but in the end he was accepting Mischa's hold on him, breathing heavily from his fight but not trying to get free. Mischa finally trusted him to be calm, reaching out and turning off the light. Then Mischa rolled Tom to his side and spooned up behind him, kissing him gently on his neck.

"Good night, boy." He could almost feel the disbelief in Tom's body about the scene ending like that, but Mischa had gotten what he wanted. Tom had used a lot of energy fighting Mischa, though, and his boy fell asleep almost immediately.

That session seemed to have triggered something in Tom. Now he was very, very angry. When Mischa came to pick him up at the dojo after his next lesson, Tom was at the punching bag, kicking and hitting it. Phil came over to Mischa, a funny look on the sensei's face.

"He went straight over there when he came and has been there ever since. I guess that means I have good news and bad news for you."

"Yes?" Mischa wasn't sure what to think about that.

"Well, the good news is that he's in really good shape by now. It takes a lot of energy to do that for an entire hour." Phil looked appreciatively at Tom who hadn't even noticed them yet.

"And the bad news?"

Phil looked a bit sheepish. "I think you might say he's got an anger issue."

Mischa snorted. "You think so?" They looked over at Tom, who staggered after a particularly violent kick. They reacted simultaneously, but Mischa was quickest, catching Tom before he fell.

"I think that's enough for today, boy." Mischa had a feeling that Tom would have protested if he had had enough breath left to do so. He hadn't, though, so Mischa nodded to Phil and took Tom into the next room. Tom sat down with a thump, trying to catch his breath.

"Good work-out?"

Tom looked incredulously at him. Mischa held his eyes until he nodded abruptly. "Yes. Fine."

Mischa nodded and started in on the stretches. Even now, Tom was fighting Mischa, gasping when he felt the stretch and writhing to get out of it. Mischa didn't let him and just pushed him through their routine. It did seem to calm him down, but Mischa was quite sure that wasn't the last they would see of Tom's temper.

Mischa was on the phone with Toby. His friend had called to get some advice on an investment, and Mischa had told him the same thing he almost always told people who had gotten a supposedly good tip: Don't go there. They were

talking about the club when Mischa heard a huge crash from the kitchen.

"What the fuck was that? Mischa?" Toby was actually shouting.

Mischa ran to the doorway. Then he stopped, astounded.

"Mischa?" Toby's voice on the other end of the line was worried.

"I have to call you back. Bye." Mischa put down the phone and looked at the mess. There was glass and porcelain all over the counter and the floor. When he looked at the wall, he could see where it came from: An entire cupboard was broken, the shelves hanging limply from the sides. While he watched, one of them fell with another crash on top of everything else. He turned to look at Tom.

Tom was hissing with rage, holding what appeared to be a broken off handle in his hand. While Mischa watched, he flung it on the heap of kitchenware and reached out to rip another shelf down.

"Oh, no, you don't." Mischa was growling when he stepped in close and grabbed Tom. His boy yelled and fought all the way to the playroom, and Mischa couldn't have cared less. He slammed Tom down on the table and had the strap holding the boy's hips down secure before Tom saw where they were. Tom struggled while Mischa tied down his boy's hands.

"No! Mischa, no." Tom desperately tried to get up, a note of panic in his voice now. "Mischa! I'm scared." Mischa held Tom's head, forcing the boy to focus on him.

"I know. And that's okay. But you need this." Mischa gently put down Tom's head and closed the cuffs around Tom's ankles. Then he fastened the chains to the cuffs and raised Tom's legs in the air. That made Tom go into a rage again, shouting and struggling. The straps held him down, though, and Mischa just held Tom's head again until the boy was calmer. Then he folded down the bottom half of the table so Tom's ass was at the edge of it.

Mischa grabbed a pair of scissors and started cutting off Tom's clothes. That made Tom roar and tug at the bindings. The cuffs didn't give, though, and Mischa just kept on cutting until he had a naked boy in front of him. He stepped back and watched Tom.

Tom was still fighting, and Mischa caught his boy's eyes. "Fuck! Mischa!" Mischa smiled and let his hand rub over the very visible bulge in his pants.

"Exactly, boy." Mischa opened his pants and took out his hard dick. Tom's eyes widened. His boy wasn't hard.

"Mischa, I can't... I can't..." Tom closed his eyes and turned away his head. Mischa leaned in, grabbing his hair and holding his head still while Mischa rubbed against his stomach. Tom gasped.

"What can't you do, boy?"

Tom swallowed. "I can't... I can't get hard, sir. I can't come." There was shame in his voice.

Mischa doubted that, but he wasn't going to say so. "It doesn't matter, boy. I'm going to take you anyway. You do

it because I make you do it, remember that?" He tightened his grip. Tom gasped again, dick twitching against Mischa's belly.

"Yes, sir. I remember."

Mischa kissed his boy's neck, letting his tongue slide over the sensitive spot just under Tom's ear. He smiled inwardly when he heard Tom's breath hitch. He didn't think getting hard was going to be any problem for Tom.

"You remember the first time you got fucked? Remember the burn? It's going to be the same today; it's such a long time since I've fucked you. You're going to be so tight around my cock." Mischa moaned at the thought. Tom whimpered.

"Now be a good boy and lie still while I get the lube." Mischa quickly went and got the lube from the drawer. He saw what lay next to it and grabbed that, too.

Tom was breathing heavily, his dick more than half hard against his stomach. Mischa looked appreciatively at him.

Tom blushed and tried to squirm, but he was tied up too tightly. Mischa laughed.

"No, you're not going anywhere, are you?" He put some lube on his fingers, and without warning, he shoved a finger into Tom.

Tom shouted, but there was no pain in his voice. It almost came as a surprise to Mischa, because Tom was so fucking tight that Mischa moaned out loud.

"God, you're going to feel good around me, boy." Mischa wiggled his finger, making Tom cry out. The boy was hard as a nail now, Mischa noticed to his satisfaction. He pushed in another finger, making Tom hiss with the burn. The boy yielded quickly, though, hips rocking to get more. Mischa withdrew his fingers, making Tom protest.

"Oh, I'll fuck you, but first I have to prepare you for my cock. You're not going to like this." Tom nervously watched Mischa unwrapping the package. He showed Tom the large syringe.

"You see this?" Tom nodded, uncomprehendingly. "I'm going to fill it with lube and push it into you and empty it inside you. You're going to be so full of it that it's going to squirt out of your ass when I push into you." Tom moaned, blushing fiercely with embarrassment. Mischa smiled.

He filled the syringe, making sure Tom could see his every move. Then he put the tip into Tom's ass.

Tom held his breath, waiting for the lube. When it didn't come, he looked at Mischa in confusion.

"What's that, boy?" Tom looked at Mischa without understanding. Then comprehension dawned on his face, making him blush even harder. He managed to get the words out, though.

"Please, sir." Mischa nodded and pushed the lever all the way down. Tom squeaked when he felt the wet, cold sensation inside. A little of it squelched out, making an obscene noise.

Mischa flung the syringe down. Fuck, he needed his boy now. He caught Tom's eyes and smiled while he pushed into the tight opening. Tom shouted and tried to buck, and Mischa had to close his eyes and groan out loud when he felt the tight feeling around his cock. The lube was cold, and his boy was so warm. Mischa managed to pry open his eyes, not wanting to miss the look on Tom's face.

His lover was entranced. Tom was shouting and groaning, but the boy's eyes never left Mischa's face. Mischa withdrew and pushed in again, letting himself slide back into his boy where he belonged. Tom cried out, so tight, but a little of the lube was still forced out around Mischa's cock. Tom squeaked with embarrassment when it ran down the boy's crack. Mischa just smiled, pulled back, and drove himself in again, forcing Tom's attention to stay on him.

"No hiding, baby." Mischa slowly pulled out, letting more of the lube escape. Tom's ass was covered in it now, the slick smeared all over and some of it even dripping onto the floor.

"You look so depraved, boy." Tom gasped, both the excitement and the embarrassment clear on his face. Mischa pushed in again, forcing more of the wet stuff out of his boy. God, this was so good. Mischa leaned down and kissed Tom, greedily taking his lips. Tom's cheeks were burning with embarrassment, but the boy opened up, so eager for Mischa, moaning and grunting when Mischa pushed deep inside of him. This was heaven.

Mischa was suddenly so close, and he reached down and stroked Tom's cock. Tom whimpered, pulling at the cuffs. Mischa let his thumb slide roughly over Tom's slit, and his boy cried out and came, come dripping down Tom's belly.

The sight was enough to bring Mischa over the edge, too, and he shouted and shoved as deep as he could while his come spurted inside his boy, mixing with the lube.

The aftershocks went through Mischa's body, making him shudder and Tom moan. He leaned heavily on his boy, nuzzling Tom's throat and reaching up to undo the boy's hands. Tom clumsily hugged Mischa, and they stayed like that, just breathing together.

In the end, Mischa had to force himself to get up; otherwise they would fall asleep like this. Tom made an embarrassed little noise and held on to Mischa when he tried to pull out, though. Mischa stopped and looked questioningly at him.

Tom blushed fiercely. "You put a lot of lube in me. I don't think I can..." He was too embarrassed to finish the sentence. Mischa smiled knowingly.

"You don't think you can hold it in?" Tom shook his head. "Well, I know you can't. You're going to be wide open after having my cock in you." Mischa reached down and took the cloth he always had under the table.

Tom's eyes widened in disbelief. "Are you sure you aren't at least part boy scout... Oh, fuck." Tom closed his eyes in embarrassment as Mischa pulled out and the lube started running out of him. Mischa put the cloth under his boy's ass and leaned in.

"Open your eyes." Tom reluctantly obeyed.

"I always see you. No matter if it's embarrassing or hard. I see you."

Tom slowly nodded, his cheeks still burning. "I know. Fuck, I'm sorry about the kitchen!"

Mischa laughed out loud. He couldn't help it; Tom's comment was so unexpected. Tom looked offended; then his boy started giggling.

Mischa was still smiling when he cleaned Tom up and undid the straps, gently massaging the reddened skin before he helped his boy sit up.

Tom was serious, though, when he reached out and kissed Mischa gently. "Thank you, Mischa."

Mischa let his forehead rest against Tom's, smiling. "You're welcome, baby."

Everything was going to be okay.

End