



A Torquere Press Single Shot

STORMY GLENN

**PLEASING
MICHAEL**

"He's watching again."

"Let him."

"It's creepy," Sean insisted.

Jack Davis rolled his eyes as he leaned over the green felt pool table and lined up for another shot. "He's just looking, Sean. He's not causing any harm." Jack raised his head and glanced at the dark-haired man watching him from across the room. "Besides, he's kind of sexy."

"But, he's just... staring. It's eerie, dude."

Jack chuckled. "Sean, they always stare." Men and women tended to stare at him. Jack was used to it. He didn't even pay attention to it anymore.

Sean shook his head. "Not like this, man. This guy is, like, seriously obsessed with you. We've seen him in here every Friday night for over two months, and every time he just sits back over there in his little corner and stares at you the entire time."

Jack gave the man another covert look through his eyelashes. The man was still staring at him. It was a very focused look, centered directly on Jack and nowhere else. The man had been staring at him with that same intense gaze every time Jack saw him in the bar.

Sean was right. It was a little creepy. Jack was used to men staring at him. His thick-muscled body, tall stature, and tight ass had a lot of men looking. Toss in the naturally tanned skin, the sunlight blond hair, and sea blue eyes, and Jack had been told he was every gay man's wet dream.

He wasn't so sure. If he was supposed to be every gay man's wet dream, what was he doing at a bar on a Friday night playing pool with his best friend instead of at home in bed getting laid?

Jack wished he could figure it out. He'd be a much happier man. As it was, he was tired and once again facing a lonely bed when he got home tonight, which was just about how his life was every night. He should be used to it by now. He wasn't.

Jack glanced at the man again. Yep, he was still staring. Jack stood up straight and handed his pool cue to Sean. He was fed up with this. Without saying a word to

Sean, Jack walked away, crossing the room until he stood directly in front of the well-dressed man.

Jack crossed his arms over his chest and glared down at the man. Jack was used to his size and demeanor intimidating other people. He was surprised when the man simply raised a dark brown eyebrow at him then took a slow sip of his drink.

The man didn't say anything. He simply continued to stare. He looked Jack up and down, an emotion shining in his eyes that Jack couldn't quite place. It unnerved Jack in a way that few things could. He felt like this stranger could see right into his soul and pick out his deepest, darkest secrets.

"Is there a reason that you keep staring at me?" Jack bit out through his clenched teeth.

The man merely smiled. "If you didn't want people staring at you, you wouldn't spend so much time at Mercury's Gym working on that sexy physique of yours now, would you?"

The cool, rusty tone of the man's voice sent shivers down Jack's spine. "How'd you know that I work out Mercury's Gym?" Jack asked, starting to feel increasingly nervous. Was this guy some creepy stalker dude?

The man chuckled. "I know a lot about you."

"Like what?" Jack challenged.

The man smirked. "I know that you like to work out. You also spend every Friday night in here playing pool with your friend, Sean. You only drink light beer and never more than three. And you always leave by midnight so that you can get to your job washing dishes at the cafe in the morning."

"Have you been spying on me?" Jack asked, feeling partly outraged and partly intrigued.

"I don't spy," the man replied simply. "I have no need to."

Jack's eyebrows scrunched together in a frown. "Who are you?"

Jack was confused as he watched the man toss back the last of the drink in his hand and set the glass on the table. He should have been intimidated by Jack's height if not his sheer body mass. He wasn't. He seemed to find it, and Jack, amusing in some way.

The man grabbed his dark brown jacket and pulled it on over his crisp white shirt. He tossed a few dollar bills on the table, then turned to look at Jack. Jack almost jumped when the man reached over and gently ran his thumb across Jack's lips.

"Jackson," the man began as he took a step toward Jack.

"Huh? Wha--" How did this man know his name?

The man leaned up, his lips close Jack's ear, his deep masculine scent wafting over Jack. "You know who I am, pretty baby." The softly whispered words sent shivers of longing down Jack's body. Jack stood there in a daze as the man smiled, then turned and walked away.

Jack watched until the man left the bar and disappeared into the night. Jack knew something profound had just happened but for the life of him, Jack couldn't figure out what.

One simple brush of the man's thumb across his lips, seven simple words, and Jack's entire body was poised on the edge of an earth-shattering orgasm. Jack had never become so aroused so fast in his entire life.

Jack could feel his cock throbbing in his jeans. He closed his eyes and clenched his fists. He tried to wish his hard on away, but the only thing he could see was the strange man's deep, copper-colored eyes as they stared back at him. Jack groaned as another wave of desire flashed through him.

Spinning around, he opened his eyes and hurried to the men's room. Thankfully, it was vacant. Going into one of the stalls, Jack closed the door and locked it. He leaned back against the side of the stall and reached for the zipper of his jeans.

Pulling his cock free, Jack stroked himself fiercely. He could feel the fire in his blood licking its way up his spine. He panted, his cock throbbing in his hand. He was on edge, but no matter how fast he stroked himself, he couldn't seem to fall over that edge into orgasmic bliss.

Suddenly, a picture of the man slipped into his mind. Jack cried out and came instantly, spurting all over his hand and the bathroom stall. His knees shook and threatened to give out on him. Jack quickly sat down on the toilet seat, his chest heaving with the intensity of his release.

Jack looked down at himself and grimaced. He was covered in spunk. He had jerked off in the men's room of a bar to the mental picture of a complete stranger. He was crazy. He had lost his ever-lovin' mind.

He suddenly didn't feel so well. In fact, he felt pretty woozy. His stomach was churning and the orgasm he had experienced just moments before now felt somehow lacking. Oh, it had been one of the best orgasms Jack had felt in quite a long time, better even than several times he had been with a partner. And if that didn't confuse Jack, he didn't know what did.

Well, besides the fact that he had gotten off over some stranger... a stranger who had been staring at him for weeks and called him pretty baby in the deepest, sexiest whiskey voice Jack had ever heard.

Jack knew he had good looks. He had all of his life. Still, no one had ever made the words pretty baby sound quite the way that man had. It was spoken almost as an endearment, and just thinking about it made Jack's cock begin to rise again.

Jack groaned and reached for some toilet paper to clean himself off. Tossing the tissue into the toilet, he shoved his semi-hard cock back in his jeans and zipped them up. He was so fucking pathetic.

Shaking his head in disgust, Jack unlocked the stall door and crossed to the sink. He washed his hands and cleaned a bit of his shirt where he had splattered come. Then he wet a napkin and ran it over his face. He felt flushed.

Jack tossed the napkin in the trash and looked at himself in the mirror. He had the looks, the muscle-bound body, the blond hair, the blue eyes. He had the whole package, and sometimes he wished that he didn't.

He couldn't count the number of times he had found some nice guy and taken him home only to find out the next morning that the guy was just sleeping with him because he wanted to brag to his friends that he had bagged the hot guy.

None of them seemed to want to stick around to find out what type of guy he was beyond his looks. None of them wanted to get to know the real him. He was more than a gorgeous body. He was also a mind and a heart and a soul and -- Oh, to hell with it. Jack was going home. Alone!

Jack couldn't keep his gaze from roaming around the room, searching. He'd be fooling himself if he thought he wasn't waiting for him to come in.

Jack had skipped coming down to the bar last Friday night, telling himself that he wasn't really avoiding anyone. He was just tired. He had regretted it ever since. Jack wanted to hear his name on the man's lips again, wanted to feel the man's

fingers on his face. He wanted to hear the man call him pretty baby again and mean it. It had been all he could do not to arrive at the bar too early in the evening.

Now, Jack was going crazy. It was thirty minutes to midnight and the man had yet to show. Jack didn't know if the man was no longer interested or if he was punishing Jack for not showing up the week before.

"Hey, dude, you gonna shoot?"

Jack looked up to see Sean holding a pool cue out to him. Jack scowled and took the long wooden stick. He was being pathetic again. He was obsessing over a man who hadn't spoken more than a few words to him. He was obviously crazy.

Jack leaned over the pool table and lined up his shot. Striped ball, corner pocket, easy shot. Or so Jack thought until he glanced up at the last second and his gaze met deep, copper eyes staring intently back at him.

The pool cue shook in Jack's hand as he pushed it forward, the last huff of breath escaping lungs that suddenly didn't have enough air. The cue stick shot across the pool table and glanced off the edge of the red striped ball. The ball rolled across the green felt top and hit the wall before coming to a stop inches from his target.

Jack groaned and let his eyes fall close as he heard Sean laughing hysterically in the background. When he opened them again, copper eyes still stared at him, but they were joined by a slight grin on the man's face.

Suddenly, Jack was filled with rage. Who was this man? What right did this man have to come into his bar and make a fool of him? He'd never asked for the guy's stare. He never asked for any attention at all. This stranger had no right to mess with Jack's life.

Jack stood up and handed his pool cue to Sean. He could feel his anger build with each step he took toward the smirking man. It made his steps heavy, his fists clench at his side.

He stopped in front of the man and pointed his finger at him. "You--"

The eyebrow the man raised gave Jack pause. He suddenly felt like he had done something horribly wrong. But how could that be? If anything, this man had done something wrong, not Jack. Wrapping his anger around himself like a cloak, Jack took a deep breath, then started again.

"You don't--"

"Jackson," the man said as he stood up and reached for his jacket, "I was very disappointed when you didn't show last week. Don't let it happen again."

Jack's hand fell back to his side, his mouth dropping open as he watched the man toss some money on the table and walk away. Once again, he stood there, bewildered, as the man disappeared from sight.

Why did he feel like he had just been reprimanded? And why did that make him feel lower than dirt? Jack sat down in the chair the man had vacated. He rubbed his hand down over his face as he tried to figure out what in the hell had just happened.

"Hey, Jack, you okay, man?"

Jack raised his head to find Sean standing next to him. He nodded his head. "Yeah, I'm fine." But he wasn't. He was more confused than he had ever been in his life. He was hot and horny and at the same time feeling like he had when he was fourteen and got caught driving his dad's car without a license.

"Who is that dude, Jack?" Sean asked, gesturing toward the door.

Jack shrugged. "Don't know."

Jack was so aroused he could scream. His body ached, every movement was painful. Even the breeze blowing across his naked flesh made him ache. He pushed his head back into the pillow and gritted his teeth as he pumped his throbbing cock with his hand.

He had been jacking off for nearly twenty minutes, and the only thing it was doing was making him sore and worn out. He had tried everything: lube, a vibrator, even a butt plug. Nothing was working. No matter how hard he tried, Jack couldn't come.

It had been that way for days, ever since Friday night when that man had reprimanded him. Jack had tried to jerk himself off the minute he had reached his little apartment. He hadn't gotten anywhere, nor had he in the five nights since.

Getting hard wasn't the problem. Jack was pretty sure he had been hard for days. He just couldn't seem to do anything about it. Jack had even thought about bringing someone home to fuck, but that thought had sent him running for the bathroom, where he had lost his lunch.

Not even picturing the sexy man from the bar brought him relief. That just made him hornier. And if Jack didn't get his nut soon, he was pretty sure his dick was going to fall off... or explode... or something just as disastrous.

"Fuck!" Jack shouted into the silence of the room. He dropped his hand from his hard cock and prayed that a meteor would just fall from the sky and land on top of him. He needed to be put out of his misery.

Christ! He couldn't concentrate on anything but not disappointing that stupid man from the bar, and he didn't even know the man's name. All Jack could think about was the look of displeasure in the man's deep, copper eyes.

Jack glanced at the clock. It was barely two a.m. He didn't have to be up for work for another five hours. He doubted he was going to get any sleep tonight. Jack rolled to the side of his bed and got up, walking into the bathroom.

He had just started to turn on the shower when the phone rang. Who the hell would be calling at two o'clock in the morning? Jack wondered as he raced for the phone on his nightstand. He could only figure that it was an emergency.

"Hello?" Jack asked as he grabbed the phone and held it up to his ear.

"Did I wake you, Jackson?"

Jack's breath caught in his throat. It was him!

"Jackson? Are you not going to answer me? That is very rude, and I won't stand for rudeness."

"I, uh, I'm sorry. I was just getting in the shower," Jack replied tentatively. He closed his eyes... He couldn't believe how shaky and pathetic his voice sounded. "I wasn't expecting anyone to call at this time of night."

"You weren't expecting my call?" The man chuckled. "Jackson, I'm crushed."

Jack gritted his teeth. "Who the hell are you?" he asked through clenched teeth.

"Swearing will not be tolerated, Jackson," the man said before hanging up.

Jack stared at the phone like it was a snake waiting to bite him, then dropped it back on the phone stand. He lay back on the bed and rubbed his hands over his face before dropping his arms on the bed beside his body.

He didn't know how much more of this he could take. Between the deep feelings of resentment he had, knowing he had greatly disappointed someone but not understanding why it should matter to him, and the constant state of arousal he was in, Jack was losing it.

Jack rolled onto his side and stared at the phone, willing it to ring again. He needed answers, and the only one who seemed to have them was some nameless man on the other end of the phone.

When the phone suddenly rang again, Jack nearly jumped out of his skin. He reached for the phone, hesitating for a moment before lifting the receiver and holding it to his ear. "Hello?" he asked, even though he was pretty sure who was on the other end.

"Jackson." The voice was rough, deep.

"I -- I'm sorry." Jack rolled onto his back again and squeezed his eyes closed. He was such a loser.

"You are forgiven, Jackson."

The sense of relief that flowed through Jack at the man's simple words was as close to an orgasm as he had come in the last week. Jack took several deep breathes, feeling tears prickle the corners of his eyes.

"What do you want from me?" Jack whispered.

"You know what I want, Jackson, and I will settle for nothing less."

"No, I don't. I swear I don't," Jack cried out as desperation filled him. "Please, just tell me."

"I want you, Jackson."

Jack smoothed the starched fabric of his white shirt down one last time, then wiped his sweaty hands on the legs of his jeans. He was nervous. His stomach rolled, his palms sweated, his heart raced.

The man had told him to be waiting outside his apartment building at eight p.m. Saturday evening. He was to dress nicely but casually. Jack couldn't understand why he was agreeing to this except that he didn't want to feel the desolation he had felt when he had disappointed the man before.

With every car that slowed down in front of his apartment, Jack's heart beat faster. He thought he might hyperventilate at any moment. Jack took deep breaths, trying to slow down. It didn't really help.

Then a long, black limousine pulled up and stopped. Jack held his breath. The driver got out and came around to the passenger side. He bowed his head slightly at Jack and opened the back door for him.

"Sir?" the driver asked. At least, Jack thought he was asking. Maybe the driver was telling. Jack frowned. He took a step closer to the long vehicle and leaned down to peer inside. There sat the answer to everything that had been happening to Jack for the last couple of weeks.

"Get in, Jackson," the man ordered. "We don't want to be late."

Jack glanced back at his apartment one last time before climbing into the limousine. He settled back in the seat across from the man. As the door shut behind him, Jack stared down at his hands, twisting them nervously in his lap.

"Are you not going to say hello, Jackson?"

Jack's shoulders slumped. Why did that voice have the power to make him go weak in the knees? "Hello."

"I prefer that you look at me when speaking, Jackson."

Jack was so out of his depth that it took every bit of courage he had to raise his head and look at the man sitting across from him. He had never felt this inept in his life. "H -- he -- hello," Jack whispered.

The man regarded him for a moment. "It needs a little work, but I suppose I can let it go this one time," the man said. "I know you've had a hard week, haven't you, pretty baby?"

Jack melted. Right there in the back seat of a stretch limousine with a nameless stranger who haunted his every waking moment and all of his dreams. Jack melted. He was filled with such pleasure at the man calling him pretty baby that he almost didn't hear when the man spoke again.

"Jackson!" the man said sharply, making Jack jerk. "I've called you twice now. I do not like having to repeat myself."

"I'm sorry," Jack said quickly. "I was -- I -- uh, I'm sorry." Jack bit his lip to keep from sounding like a complete goober. He didn't think it mattered. No matter

what he said, he was going to sound like a goober. He glanced down at his hands again, biting his lip.

"I will not allow you to mark your beautiful body," the man said as he reached over and smoothed his thumb across Jack's lips. "Only I get the privilege of marking you. Is that understood?"

Jack looked at the man through his eyelashes. He nodded his head. "Why?"

"Why what, Jackson?"

"Why me?"

"Because I am what you need, Jackson," the man replied. "And I believe, after you are properly trained, you can be what I need."

Jack looked at the man in bewilderment. The man sighed.

"Your name is Jackson Jessie Davis. You were born March 20th, 1984 to Jessie and Martha Davis. You have three sisters, Anna, Susan, and Donna. No brothers. Your first sexual encounter was when you were nineteen, with a boy you met in college. You dated for three months before you broke up because he didn't make you happy."

Jackson's mouth fell open in shock. This man knew so much about him. Jack was almost afraid to find out what else the man knew, but he listened in rapt fascination anyway as the man continued speaking.

"Since then, you've been through a series of relationships, none of them lasting more than three months. You've had several one-night stands but no one who has stuck around long enough to give you what you really need."

"What do I need?" Jack asked.

"Me."

"You?"

"Yes, Jackson, me."

"Wha--"

The man folded his hands in his lap as he regarded Jack. "Have you come this week, Jackson? And don't lie to me, because I will know if you do."

Jack felt his face flame. He slowly shook his head.

"Are you hard now?"

Jack nodded.

"Strip your pants off, Jackson." Jack thought the man's voice sounded just a touch deeper than before, but he couldn't be sure. "I want to see you."

"Here?" Jack asked anxiously, waving his hands around at the interior of the limousine.

"Yes, Jackson, here," the man replied, his voice terse. "I've already told you that I don't like repeating myself. Don't make me do it again."

Jack hesitated. Should he do this? Could he do this? He still didn't even know this man's name and he was just supposed to strip his pants off and show his dick?

Jack felt the air around him crackle. That was it. He was losing his mind.

"Jackson."

Jack unzipped his jeans. He pushed them down his legs and off his feet. He laid them on the seat next to him. He took a deep breath for courage, then pushed his boxers down his legs and off his body, laying them on top of his jeans.

"Oh, my, that does look painful."

Jack hissed as a hand brushed the top of his cock. He dug his fingers into the side of his legs to keep from humping his hips. The man was right. It was painful. Jack ached. "Please," he whispered.

A hand brushed him against him again, the contact harder this time. Jack felt it all of the way down to his toes. He whimpered and dug his fingers harder into the sides of his thighs. Suddenly, his hands were slapped. Jack's eyes flew up in shock.

"I told you that no one gets to mark your beautiful body except me, Jackson. I don't want to see you do that again. Is that understood?"

Jack nodded. He closed his eyes, trying to hide the tears that had filled them. "I'm sorry."

"Turn over, Jackson... I want to see your ass."

Jack didn't even question it this time. He just knelt on the floor and turned over so that his upper body rested on the seat bench, his lower body supported by his knees. He was so humiliated at this point, he couldn't have cared less that a complete stranger was staring at his ass.

"Spread your legs, Jackson."

Jack spread his legs. He buried his head in his arms, silently holding back his tears. He wanted to bite into his arm to keep the noise waiting to spill from his throat silent, but he remembered what the man had said. No marking his body. Only the man got to do that.

"You're very pretty back here, Jackson," the man said. Jack shivered as a finger trailed down between his butt cheeks. His body burned at the gentle touch. "Do you want to come, Jackson?"

"Whatever you want," Jack murmured. A moment later, he cried out when he felt the man's hand slap his ass. He turned his head and looked at the man in confusion. Had he answered wrong?

Jack saw the hand coming down on his ass again as if in slow motion. He couldn't believe this was happening. The hand came down again and again until Jack's ass burned and his cock throbbed.

He thought he'd collapse right there on the floor when the man finally stopped spanking him, except that his cock was so hard he was afraid it would break off. He was leaking pre-come all over the edge of the seat.

"You've been a very good boy, Jackson," the man murmured in Jackson's ear. Jack's heart thudded faster. "I've already rewarded you with a spanking, but I think you need to take the edge off before we reach the party."

The spanking was a reward? Jack didn't know what to think, so he decided not to. It just seemed easier that way. Thought brought confusion. Confusion brought questions. And Jack didn't know what questions to ask.

Jack felt a cold liquid drip into the crack of his ass. He hissed at the contact and buried his face in his arms again. A moment later, a cold object pressed against his hole. It was pushed in slowly until it popped past the first ring of muscles, then farther.

Jack gasped as it slid home. It was only then that Jack realized the man had placed a butt plug in his ass. It wasn't huge or heavy like some plugs, but just enough to let Jack know it was there and to drive him crazy with every movement.

"I'm going to fuck you with this plug now, Jackson," the man said, "but you're not to come until I tell you to. Understood?"

Jack nodded, even though he didn't think that would be a problem. He hadn't been able to come for a week, and he had even tried a butt plug. Nothing was going to make him come, nothing.

Jack felt the man start twisting the plug around in his ass. He took a couple of deep gulps of air. The plug was turned this way and that, then pushed in and out. Jack started to groan and push his hips back against the intruding object.

He was amazed at how good it felt to have someone else do this for him. It seemed to make all the difference in the world. Even though he still didn't think he was going to come, Jack felt the heat of passion flowing through his body like a forest fire.

"Do you like that, Jackson?" The man's voice sounded husky.

"Yes, oh God, yes!" Jack moaned.

"Do you want to come, Jackson?" The man fucked Jack faster.

"Please!" Jack wailed.

"Then come for me, pretty baby," the man growled.

Jack's entire world exploded in white-hot ecstasy. His ass squeezed around the butt plug. His cock swelled, the blood rushing into it even as hot semen spurted out. Jack heard someone sobbing, then realized it was him as he collapsed on the floor of the limousine.

Strong arms wrapped around his body, gently rocking. Soothing hands caressed Jack's quivering skin. Soothing words were murmured into his ears.

"Ssshhh. It's okay, pretty baby," the man whispered. "Let it all out. I've got you."

Jack curled into the arms that held him, burying his face in the man's neck. He cried until there were no more tears to shed. His body let out only an occasional hiccup. Jack felt physically drained, emotionally exhausted, and more sexually satisfied than he had ever been.

"Come on, Jackson," the man said as he scooted back into his seat... "You need to get dressed. We've almost reached our destination."

Jack knelt on the floor and reached around to pull the butt plug out of his ass only to have his hand slapped away. Another swat was delivered to his ass. Jack looked over at the man, startled.

"I don't remember telling you to remove that, Jackson."

Jack left it in. He grabbed the clothes off the seat and pulled them on. Spotting the remains of his orgasm on the seat edge, Jack felt his face flame. "I, uh, do you have a napkin or something I can clean that up with?"

The man handed Jack several napkins. Jack avoided the man's gaze as he cleaned up his spunk. He tossed the napkins in the trash, and was moving to sit back down on the bench when the man's voice stopped him.

"I'd prefer that you sat at my feet, Jackson."

Jack slid down and sat on the floor at the man's feet. A moment later, he felt fingers stroke through his hair. Jack closed his eyes and leaned his head against the man's knee.

"I don't understand any of this," he whispered.

"I know you don't, Jackson, but you will in time."

"I don't even know your name."

"Do you need to know my name?"

Jack looked up at the man, expecting to find amusement on his face. He didn't. The man was looking down at him with concern. "I think I do," Jack said.

The man smiled. "My name is Michael Cortés."

When they arrived at the large iron gates leading to an estate, they were met by a guard who asked for their invitation, then waved them on. Jack was a little amazed at how easily they made it through. The driver just held out the invitation to the guard and that was that.

The yard in front of the mansion was immense and decorated with flowers and a rock pond. But it was the mansion itself that truly caught Jack's attention. It was at least three stories tall, with huge round pillars in the front and double doors at the entrance. And the entire place was lit up like a white Christmas tree.

Jack followed Michael out of the limousine. He glanced around. He was astounded to find himself standing outside of one of the fanciest estates he had ever seen. He had only ever seen places like this on television or in movies.

"Come along, Jackson."

Jack followed behind Michael. He couldn't keep his eyes from widening with each step he took. There seemed to be people everywhere, but Jack had no trouble telling the staff from the guests. The staff all dressed in white, the guests in their best finery.

Jack felt underdressed, inadequate... He dropped his head to gaze down at his feet until he felt a hand under his chin. He looked up into Michael's smiling face.

"Never be ashamed of who you are, Jackson. You don't need to impress anyone except me, and I am very pleased with you right now."

Jack couldn't keep back his grin at Michael's praise. It felt good, made him feel lighter inside, peaceful. It also made his cock hard again. Jack groaned. He eyes closed his eyes to hide his embarrassment until he heard a soft chuckle.

This time when he opened his eyes, Jack saw a look of amusement on Michael's face. He wasn't sure if Michael was laughing at him or not. Jack frowned. He didn't like not knowing.

"You're so cute when you're flustered," Michael stated, grinning. So, now Jack knew. Michael was laughing at him. He didn't like the way that made him feel. Jack bristled with resentment.

"Oh, now, Jackson, don't be upset," Michael said. "I wasn't making fun of you, I promise." Michael smoothed down Jack's shirt. "Now, if you're very good, I'll let you suck my cock before we go to bed tonight."

Jack felt like a lost puppy as he followed behind Michael. That would be his reward for being good? Sucking Michael's cock? Actually, the idea didn't sound half bad to Jack. He wouldn't mind getting a piece of the man's sexy body, any piece...

They stopped here and there while Michael chatted with people. Jack just stood there, trying to look interested when he wasn't. He didn't know any of these people. He probably never would. They were obviously from money, and Jack worked in a café washing dishes.

Besides, his mind was elsewhere. He couldn't stop thinking about Michael's comment. And the more he thought about it, the harder he got, until he was nearly groaned with frustration. It was like the orgasm in the limousine had never happened.

"Jackson? I'd like you to escort me to the bathroom."

"What? Huh?" Jack looked over at Michael. "Oh, sure."

Jack once again followed behind Michael, this time to the bathroom. He was a bit confused when Michael pushed him inside and shut the door, locking it behind them.

"Take off your clothes, Jackson," Michael ordered as he turned to face Jack.

Jack started to object to taking his clothes off in someone's bathroom, but the raised eyebrow aimed in his direction put a stop to any protest he might have given. He quickly got rid of his clothing.

Jack felt exposed, as if all of his secrets were laid bare by the intensity in Michael's eyes. He crossed his arms over his chest and rubbed his hands up and down his arms to ward off the sudden chill in the room.

Then Michael began to unzip his slacks, and the room went from chilly to blistering hot in the beat of a heart. Jack gasped as naked skin and a hard cock were revealed to his hungry eyes. He couldn't look away, not if his life depended on it. Michael was glorious.

"Suck me, Jackson," Michael ordered after taking his slacks off. Michael was using the same deep, rough voice he used when calling Jack pretty baby, and it made Jack's legs shake. "I want to see your pretty lips on my cock."

Jack dropped to his knees before Michael. He took Michael's cock into his mouth, groaning when the heady, masculine taste of the man overwhelmed his senses. It enticed him, tempted him. It made him lose all control.

Jack swallowed as much of Michael's cock as he could get in his mouth. He wanted to bury his nose in the short pubic hair surrounding the hard cock and smell Michael's scent. When it reached him, the strong, rugged aroma went straight to Jack's cock.

Jack sucked harder. Michael's hands twisted in his hair. Jack groaned around the dick in his mouth. He felt hot, needy. His cocked throbbed. His balls ached. Jack reached down to touch himself until Michael jerked on his hair.

"Uh-uh, pretty baby, not until I say so."

Jack groaned his protest but dropped his hand. He was so aroused, he just knew one touch would make him explode. Trying to get his mind off of his aching cock, Jack concentrated all of his efforts on sucking Michael off.

He ran his tongue up the thickly veined sides, then over the top, paying special attention to the small slit in the head. He sucked Michael's cock back down and felt it hit the back of his throat.

Michael groaned. His hands tightened in Jack's hair and he humped his hips against Jack. Jack felt like a god when Michael cried out and filled his mouth. Jack swallowed everything Michael had to give him, then licked Michael clean, not missing a drop.

Letting Michael's cock drop from his mouth, Jack looked up. Jack was stunned by the look of sheer bliss on Michael's face. Michael looked so serene, peaceful, satisfied. Jack could only sit there on his knees between Michael's legs and gawk.

Then Michael opened his eyes and looked down at him. "On your back, Jackson," Michael ordered. "Put your hands over your head."

Confused, Jack scooted back until he lay on the floor. He placed his arms over his head, feeling the cool porcelain of the toilet. Michael rolled a condom down over Jack's cock. He straddled Jack and lowered his body down, impaling himself on Jack's pulsing cock.

"OhGodohGodohGod!" Jack whimpered as Michael began to ride him. Jack's eyes rolled back in his head as strong hands moved over Jack's body, sending him into a tailspin of desire. Fingernails scratched down his stomach. Teeth bit into his chest. Lips tugged at his nipples.

"Mi -- Michael, please," Jack pleaded, feeling dazed. Michael was a wild man. Jack loved it. He wanted to bring his arms down from around his head and touch, but he knew he couldn't. Michael had ordered him not to.

Jack's eyes widened when he felt the plug in his ass pull out just a bit, then slam back in. He couldn't hold back his cry of ecstasy. Jack had never felt anything like it. He was going to die this time. He just knew it.

Michael pulled the plug out and slammed it back into Jack's ass again. Jack humped his hips up, driving his cock into Michael's tight ass. He felt Michael's inner muscles tighten down around him.

"Come for me, pretty baby," was all Michael said, and Jack came instantly, warming Michael's ass with his scorching release. Jack roared. He raised his hips, grinding himself into Michael, never wanting to leave.

Finally, Jack's breathing returned to normal and he felt his softening cock slide from Michael's body as Michael rolled to his side. Jack quickly reached down for the condom and disposed of it in the trash can next to the toilet.

When Jack looked up, he found Michael staring down at him. Michael had a peculiar gleam in his eyes, one Jack had seen before but had never been able to identify. It confused Jack and made the pit of his stomach clench.

"Michael?"

"I am very pleased with you, Jackson," Michael said, warming Jack from the inside out.

Jack grinned. He couldn't help it. Michael's words made him feel like he had won the lottery. He would just like to figure out what he did to please Michael so that he could do it again. He wanted Michael to be pleased with him.

"Come on, we need to get dressed," Michael said as he climbed to his feet and reached for his pants. "We're missing the party."

Jack couldn't have cared less.

"Time to wake up, Jackson... We need to eat breakfast, and then we have work to do."

Jack groaned and shoved his head under a nearby pillow. He jerked and rolled over when the pillow was pulled off his head and a slap was delivered to his ass. He stared up at Michael in confusion. "What?"

"I told you to get up, Jackson, and now I've had to repeat myself." Michael gave Jack a little disapproving glare. "This is not a good way to start our day."

"I'm sorry. I didn't hear you."

"That's all well and good, Jackson, but there comes a point where saying 'I'm sorry' doesn't get you out of trouble." Michael pointed toward the bathroom. "Now, go do a quick wipe down while I think about your punishment."

Jack's brows drew together in a frown, but he scooted to the side of the bed anyway. He cast one last look at Michael, then went into the bathroom to clean up. He didn't understand what he was being punished for or even why he was allowing Michael to punish him.

It just didn't make sense. Jack was a full-grown man, and here he was letting another man dictate to him, administer punishments, and practically pat him on the head. He had to be crazy.

Five minutes later, Jack walked back into the bedroom. Michael seemed to be standing in the same spot as when Jack left. Jack didn't know quite what to do, so he reached for his clothes. Michael stopped him.

"Uh-uh, Jackson," Michael said as he grabbed Jack's arm. "I've decided on your punishment for today."

Jack cocked his head to one side in confusion. His punishment? Was he really going to let someone punish him for some perceived wrong? Michael was half a foot shorter than him and a whole hell of a lot lighter. Jack could overpower him without breaking a sweat.

He didn't. He lay back on the bed as Michael directed and waited. When Michael reached for his cock and began stroking him, Jack couldn't for the life of him figure out how this could possibly be a punishment. It felt too good.

Then Michael lifted the small object he held in his hands. Jack's eyes bugged. His breath caught in his throat as he watched Michael place the leather cock strap around his cock and then his balls, drawing them both up tight.

Michael twirled his finger in the air. Jack rolled over onto his stomach and spread his legs. He bit his lips to keep from groaning as a well-lubed butt plug was placed in his ass, then quickly remembered that wasn't allowed.

"Stand up, Jackson," Michael ordered. "I want to see you."

Jack slowly climbed to his feet. It was hard. Each movement jarred the plug in his ass. Each breath reminded Jack that his cock was trussed up like a Christmas turkey. He felt ridiculous. He felt horny.

Once again, Jack wondered why he was allowing someone to do this to him. Was there something wrong with him? Was there something missing in his personality that made him crave what Michael did to him? Was he really crazy?

Michael stroked Jack's cock a few times. Jack groaned. He knew that the cock strap would keep him hard until it came off. Add in the butt plug that Michael jostled with his hand, and Jack would be in a constant state of arousal. So this was his punishment.

Michael nodded his head. "Yes, this will do nicely." He patted Jack on the ass and walked to the door. He glanced back over his shoulder. "Get dressed and meet me downstairs, Jackson. We have stuff to do and we need to get to it."

Feeling all sorts of confused, Jack reached for his clothes and pulled them on. He had to stop every few minutes and take a deep breath when the ache in his ass and groin became too much for him.

Jack chuckled to himself as he headed downstairs... slowly. Yep, this was punishment. It was slow torture. Jack wasn't sure he would make it through the entire day without losing what was left of his mind.

Every little step he took, every movement, send shivers of delight up his spine. Jack groaned as he reached the bottom of the stairs. He gripped the banister in his hand and closed his eyes, taking a few more deep breaths. He was going to die!

"Jackson?" called a voice off to his left. "Breakfast is ready."

Jack followed the sound of Michael's voice until he found the breakfast nook. It was situated just to the side of a very large, very gourmet kitchen. He glanced around with a sense of awe. The kitchen was every chef's dream.

There were beautiful whitewood cupboards throughout, a butcher block countertop, and top of the line appliances. Jack imagined that the kitchen held every appliance known to man. There was even a large island with a sink separating the kitchen from the breakfast nook. He could so get lost in this kitchen.

"Come sit, Jackson."

Jack moved past the island. Michael sat at a small table, just big enough for two. It was situated in a little nook with windows on two sides. Beyond the windows lay a large yard that spoke of summer barbecues and days spent playing in the sun.

Jack was starting to sit down when he paused. He glanced at Michael. The look on Michael's face wasn't one of disappointment, but it didn't look happy, either. Going on instinct, Jack moved over and sat on the floor at Michael's feet.

Jack felt a pat on his head. His eyes dropped to the floor. He felt like someone's favorite pet. It was degrading. He was a man, damn it. He shouldn't allow

someone to do this to him. He shouldn't blindly follow orders and sit on the floor like an animal.

"I am pleased with you, Jackson."

Okay, maybe he could sit on the floor for a little longer.

"Open up, Jackson."

Jack looked up to see Michael holding out a piece of fruit. Great, table scrapes. Jack opened his mouth and accepted the fruit Michael held out to him. As Michael continued to feed him bite after bite, Jack wondered if he was going to be able to keep it all down. His stomach felt queasy.

Jack felt another pat on his head. "Except for earlier, you've done very well this morning, Jackson. I am quite pleased with your progress." Progress? What progress? And progress in what? Jack was so confused.

"You may suck my cock as your reward."

Huh? Jack looked over to see Michael unzipping his pants, his hard cock springing free. It really was a beautiful cock, several inches in length, the bulbous purple head dripping with pre-come. Jack licked his lips.

"I'm waiting, Jackson."

Jack crawled forward until he was between Michael's legs, Michael's cock right before him. He stuck his tongue out and touched it to the thickly veined side. A tinge of flavor shot through him. Jack groaned.

Michael tasted really, really good. Jack had given his fair share of blow jobs, but no one had ever tasted as good as Michael did. Jack wanted more. He sucked the head into his mouth, running his tongue around the edge. Drops of pearly seed exploded on his tongue.

Jack felt his own cock throb as need overwhelmed him. He reached down and touched his himself, only then remembering the cock strap that encased him, that kept him from coming. Jack growled in frustration.

Was sucking Michael's cock another form of punishment and not a reward? It was certainly starting to look that way. Jack just didn't know if he could give up the cock in his mouth in favor of being outraged. Michael's taste was starting to become addictive.

"That feels very good, Jackson," Michael murmured, his hands clenching in Jack's hair. "But you need to hurry up. We have things to do. If you're good, I'll allow you to play with it later."

Jack increased his movements, sucking Michael's entire cock into his mouth until it hit the back of his throat. One part of him concentrated on giving Michael the best blow job he could. The other part wondered at Michael's words.

If Jack was good, he would be allowed to play with Michael's cock later? And that was supposed to induce him to be good? Sure, he liked Michael's cock. It was a nice cock as cocks went, but did he like it that much?

Jack sighed to himself as he took another swipe at the head with his tongue. Yes, he did. It felt like steel-hard silk in his mouth and it was the perfect size. Not huge, but not little, either. It fit perfectly in his mouth. And that didn't even describe the taste, which was unbelievable.

"I'm going to come, pretty baby," Michael whispered from above him, but Jack already knew that. He could feel the swelling against his tongue, taste the increase in pre-come pooling on the head.

"I want you to swallow every last drop, Jackson," Michael ordered. "If you miss anything, you don't get to suck me off until tomorrow."

Jack groaned, determined not to miss a drop. He felt Michael's hips hump against him. He felt Michael pull on his hair. A loud cry sounded above him as hot semen filled his mouth. Jack swallowed, then swallowed some more. He held Michael's cock in his mouth until nothing more came out, then licked Michael clean.

Finally letting Michael's cock fall from his mouth, Jack reached up and carefully tucked the cock in Michael's pants and zipped him up. He sat back on his knees and rested his head on Michael's thigh.

Jack held his breath, waiting for Michael's praise. At least, he hoped it would be praise. He needed it. He needed to hear from Michael's own lips that he had pleased the man. Jack was pretty sure he needed it more than he needed to come.

Fingers stroked through his hair. "You did very well, Jackson. I am pleased."

Jack's breath caught in his throat and a sob escaped his lips. He felt tears gather in the corners of his eyes. Why did this man's approval mean so much to him? He didn't even know Michael, just his name.

Jack felt so lost. He didn't understand any of this. The only thing that seemed to make sense to him was the man who gently stroked his hair. Jack knew that he was happy if he pleased Michael. Everything else confused him.

"Michael--" Jack whispered desperately, trying to understand the emotions swamping him. Michael could explain it to him. Jack knew that. Michael was the answer.

"It's okay, pretty baby," Michael said. "I won't let anything bad happen to you."

"Wh -- why?" Jack croaked.

"Why are you feeling so confused?" Yeah, Michael had nailed that one on the head.

Jack nodded.

"You're beginning to understand what I already know, Jackson."

Jack raised his eyes to look up at Michael. Michael was smiling. His copper-brown eyes had that peculiar gleam in them again. Jack didn't know what that gleam meant; maybe he never would. He just knew it warmed him all over and made him feel like he was something special.

"You are my pretty baby, Jackson. You belong to me. When you finally accept that, and I have no doubt you will, you will understand that we were meant to be together."

Jack wasn't sure if Michael's words exactly answered his question or just made him more confused.

"The only thing you need to worry about is pleasing me, Jackson. Nothing else is important."

That seemed simple enough. Jack liked pleasing Michael. "I'll try," Jack promised.

"I know you will, Jackson. You are a very good baby, although I suspect there is a stubborn streak in you. But, not to worry, I like stubborn." Michael leaned down to kiss Jack's forehead. "Blind obedience is not what I want from you."

"What do you want from me?"

"Your only duty is to please me, but that comes in many forms."

"Such as?" Jack asked, curiosity eating at him.

"Well, I will give you a list of duties that you are to perform every day, starting with cooking breakfast every morning. I cooked this morning because you are not used to things. I'll give you tomorrow to get settled, but after that, I expect breakfast to be made by the time I get up. There's a menu on the fridge for you to follow."

Jack glanced over at the fridge. A menu?

"I will make out a weekly menu for you, including the shopping list. I prefer the shopping be done once a week, Jackson. As much as I like fresh food, I don't like you being away from me for very long."

"I'm supposed to do the shopping?" Jack asked as he wondered how much Michael ate. Could he afford to feed the two of them? He didn't make much at his job. It was barely enough to pay for his own food and apartment.

"Michael," Jack began hesitantly, "I don't make a lot of money. I don't know if I can pay for all of this."

"Oh, Jackson, I never meant to imply that you would need to pay for anything," Michael said. "I'll pay for everything. Each week, you will be given a household allowance. It should cover anything you need to buy."

"You're going to pay for everything?" Jack asked in surprise.

"Of course, Jackson." Michael sighed deeply. "Look, we both have duties. Your duty is to care for me, to please me. My duty is to care for you, to make sure that you have everything you need, be it food, clothing, or a roof over your head."

Jack frowned in confusion. "I -- I don't understand."

"It's very simple, Jackson," Michael replied, a small smile crossing his lips. "You've just become my housewife."

Jack folded the last item of clothing and put it in the laundry basket. He picked up the basket and walked out of the laundry room and up the stairs to put them away. It was his last load of laundry for the day.

He was pretty satisfied with his work today. He had completed all of the chores on the list Michael had given him. He had done the shopping, and dinner was

thawing. Jack should have it cooked and on the table by the time Michael got home.

And Michael would be home soon. While he usually worked from home, today he had to attend a meeting in the city. Jack hadn't quite figured out what Michael did, some sort of financial planning or something, but he knew that it paid well.

Michael provided Jack with a weekly allowance that was nearly equal to what he made in the café in a month. Not that it mattered much. Michael had told Jack to give notice and quit his job. Michael felt he should be providing whatever money Jack might need.

Jack had been concerned in the beginning that he would have no savings, nothing to fall back on if this thing between him and Michael, whatever it was, didn't work. Michael solved that problem by telling Jack that whatever money was left from his weekly allowance, he could keep. Even now, Jack had a nice little nest egg building.

All in all, the last couple of weeks had been pretty good. Jack was trying to learn Michael's likes and dislikes. He had been punished on more than a few occasions, but those times were becoming fewer with each passing day.

Jack still didn't enjoy his punishments. Michael could be quite inventive. He would bind Jack up, keep him from coming, and stimulate his body until Jack was ready to scream. Michael usually let Jack come at some point, but the time before that was allowed could be excruciating.

Jack still couldn't figure out why he allowed Michael to dictate to him. Michael seemed to care about Jack. Michael certainly took good care of him. Jack didn't have a single want. But no words of caring had been spoken between them.

While that concerned Jack, it wasn't something he was ready to address yet. Mostly because he wasn't sure how he felt about Michael. He knew he didn't like it when Michael was upset with him or when Michael had to leave for work. It made him happy to please Michael.

And it would please Michael if all of the chores were done and dinner ready when he got home. Jack quickened his steps, going into the bedroom to put away the last of the clean laundry. When he was done, he returned the basket to the laundry room.

Jack was just leaving the laundry room when the phone rang. He hurried to answer it. "Hello?" he asked when he picked up the receiver.

"Jackson."

"Michael," Jack crooned. His hands curled around the phone, joy filling him at the sound of Michael's voice.

"Have you started dinner yet, Jackson?"

Jack glanced at the salmon thawing on the counter. "No, it's thawing. I was just going to start preparations."

"I'm bringing company home for dinner, Jackson. You need to set two extra places."

"Company?" Jack whispered, dread filling him. They hadn't had company visit since Jack had been there. Jack started to feel nervous. His stomach started to cramp. He felt queasy. "Here?"

"Yes, Jackson, company."

"Uh, okay," Jack replied, hoping he sounded a lot more confident than he felt. "How soon will you be home?"

"We should be there in an hour, Jackson."

"Uh, then I need to go, Michael."

Michael chuckled. "Okay, pretty baby. I'll see you when we get home."

Jack hung up the phone and looked at the salmon lying on the counter. It just wouldn't be enough. Jack had expected to cook dinner for him and Michael, not two additional people. He had to figure out what to add to make the meal stretch a bit.

Jack hurried into the kitchen and got to work. He pulled more salmon out of the freezer and set them both to defrost in the microwave. The next item on his list was a fresh salad and bread sticks. Then he needed to work on the rice pilaf.

Once everything was cooking, Jack decided to make some hors d'oeuvres. It didn't take him more than a few minutes to throw something together and set it out on the counter to serve when Michael and their guests arrived.

He and Michael usually ate in the breakfast nook. Jack preferred the more intimate setting. But it was a small table, only enough room for two. Jack set the table in the formal dining room instead and made sure that everything was in place.

Jack checked on the salmon, then glanced at the clock on the kitchen wall. He had just enough time to run upstairs and put on a clean shirt. The one he was wearing had a few dinner preparations on it.

Jack was grabbing a clean button-down shirt when he heard the front door open and Michael call out.

"Jackson? I'm home."

Jack quickly shoved the edges of his shirt into his jeans and ran his hand through his hair a few times before heading for the door. He was nervous about letting Michael down in front of friends.

He reached the bottom of the steps as Michael was leading their two guests into the house. Jack smiled at them, but his eyes went straight to Michael's. Michael seemed reserved but happy to see him.

"Dinner is just about done. I made hors d'oeuvres." Jack desperately wanted to touch Michael and reassure himself. He was afraid of making that type of overture in front of other people. He and Michael had never discussed public displays.

"Very thoughtful, Jackson," Michael said, nodding his head. "Why don't you take our guests into the living room and get them something to drink while I go set my stuff down?"

Jack nodded. He put a smile on his face, hoping he didn't show how much he'd rather go with Michael instead of showing their guests around. "Right this way, gentlemen." Jack led them into the living room, then took their coats and hats and hung the clothing up in the closet.

Before returning to the living room, he made a small stop in the kitchen and grabbed the snacks he had made. He offered some to the guests, then set the tray on the coffee table. "What can I get you to drink? Soda? Wine? Something stronger?"

"Are you on the menu?" one of the men asked, a leering smile crossing his lips.

Jack clasped his hands together to keep from decking the guy. He smiled instead. "I'm afraid not, sir. Is there something else I can get for you?"

"Well, hell, Mikey was always willing to share his pets in the past," the man griped. "What makes you so special?"

"Chuck--" the other man protested.

Chuck waved him off. "No, I want to know, Tom. What makes you so different from any other little toy Mikey's had around, boy? Because I have to tell you, I've known Mikey a long time, and he never keeps his pets for long. He'll get tired of you and your ass will be out the door. Then what will you do?"

Jack gritted his teeth but continued to smile. He would not embarrass Michael. "Is there something else I can get for you?"

Chuck chuckled. It was a nasty sound. "Yeah, how's about a blow job?"

"Chuck!" Tom exclaimed.

Jack turned his attention to Tom, ignoring Chuck. "What can I get for you, sir?"

Tom's smile wobbled. "I'll have a glass of wine."

Jack nodded and turned away to find Michael standing behind him, his arms crossed over his chest. His copper eyes were blazing with anger. "Michael," Jack whispered, afraid the anger in Michael's eyes was aimed at him.

"I'd like a glass of wine also, Jackson."

"Yes, of course." Jack squeezed past Michael because Michael didn't seem to want to budge from where he stood. Jack hurried to the kitchen, trying to ignore the sudden thudding of his heart. Was Michael mad at him?

Jack's hands shook as he poured two glasses of wine and carried them back into the living room. He handed one to Tom and the other to Michael. He could feel the tension in the air but he didn't know where it was aimed.

"Sit, Jackson."

Jack sat down at Michael's feet. He immediately felt Michael's hand thread through his hair. It reassured him as nothing else could. Michael wasn't angry with him. He could still feel Chuck's eyes on him, but he knew Michael would keep him safe.

Jack's mind wandered as Michael and their guests discussed different business dealings, politics, and other things that Jack didn't really care about. He was just interested in the way Michael's touch calmed him and made him feel better.

"Jackson? Did you hear me?"

Jack glanced up to see Michael looking down at him. He really hated to make Michael repeat himself, but he hadn't heard what Michael had said. Jack shook his head. "I'm sorry, I was thinking. I didn't hear what you said."

"There's a bell going off in the kitchen."

"Oh," Jack said as he got to his feet, "dinner is probably ready. If you want to go on in to the dining room, I'll bring it right out."

Once Michael nodded, Jack hurried off to the kitchen to get dinner. It took him just a few minutes to pull the salmon out of the oven and transfer it to a serving dish along with the rice. He carried the food out to the dining room, finding everyone already there.

"I just need to get the salad and bread sticks," Jack told Michael before going back to the kitchen. Jack grabbed the salad bowl and the basket of bread sticks, then hurried back. He set them down on the table and walked over to his customary place next to Michael.

At that point, his steps faltered. Was he supposed to sit down at Michael's feet as he usually did, or at the table? "Michael?" Jack whispered. His heart thudded in his chest when Michael glanced up at him.

"At the table, Jackson."

Jack immediately sat down next to Michael. He waited until everyone had been served, then put food on his own plate. Lowering his eyes to his plate, Jack began to eat. He listened idly while the conversation around him continued.

He didn't want to daze out again and miss Michael calling to him. Once in the evening, considering the circumstances, Michael might be willing to forgive. Twice, and all bets were off.

"What do you do, Jackie?"

Jack raised his head to find Chuck staring intently at him. "Jackson. My name is Jackson."

"Okay, Jackson, then." Chuck laughed. "So what do you do, Jackson?"

"I take care of Michael."

Chuck sneered. "I'll just bet you do."

Tom groaned quietly. Michael was silent.

"Do you take care of all of his needs?"

Jack sighed. "I take care of what Michael asks me to."

"Uh-huh."

Jack didn't like Chuck. He knew from conversation that Chuck was a business associate of Michael's, but he couldn't for the life of him figure out why Michael would want to have anything to do with someone who was so rude.

"Do you like taking care of Michael's needs?"

"Yes, I do."

"I'll bet you take of his needs real well, don't you?" Chuck leered at Jack again.

Chuck wasn't a pleasant man. He wasn't even a good-looking man. His fading hair was slicked back with a huge amount of gel, and his stomach fell out over his belt buckle. He licked his fingers at the table and spilled food on his clothes. All in all, Jack found him disgusting.

Jack set his fork down on the table, then folded his hands in his lap and turned to look at Chuck. "Was there a specific question you wished to ask me, Chuck?"

Chuck looked a little astounded. Jack figured that Chuck wasn't expecting him to be confrontational. Jack knew he was Michael's housewife but that didn't make him any less of a man. He could stand up for himself. Still, he didn't like the sneer that crossed Chuck's face.

"Do you like sucking cock, boy?"

Jack smirked. "Yes, I do, very much in fact. Do you?"

Chuck's face clouded with anger. "I don't suck cock, boy, and I don't bottom, ever. I'm no man's slave."

As if a light bulb had suddenly gone on over Jack's head, his life over the last few weeks suddenly became clear to him. Everything Michael had shown him, tried to teach him, Jack understood.

Jack reached over and grasped Michael's hand, giving it a small squeeze. He gave Michael a huge grin, then turned to look back at Chuck. "Neither am I."

"It doesn't look that way to me, boy. You do his cleaning, his cooking, you let him fuck you whenever he wants. You even let him punish you." Chuck smirked. "Sounds like you're his slave to me, Jackie."

"Oh, Christ," Tom swore under his breath. Jack just smiled.

"I do those things because I care about Michael, not because he makes me. I am free to say no or leave any time I wish."

Jack's heart raced when he felt Michael squeeze his hand. He turned to look and saw Michael smiling at him. The gleam was back in Michael's eyes, and it was aimed directly at Jack.

"I'm very pleased with you, pretty baby."

"Are we done, then?" Chuck asked.

Jack look back at Chuck in confusion. Done with what?

"Yes, we're done," Michael said. "Thank you, Chuck, Tom."

Jack's head swiveled back and forth, uncertainty beginning to fill him. His mouth dropped open when Chuck stood up and unbuttoned his shirt. For just a moment, Jack feared what Chuck was going to do, until he saw Chuck pull a pillow out from under his shirt.

Next came the wig. Chuck tossed both the pillow and the wig on the floor, then sat back down. He folded his hands together and rested his elbows on the table. He grinned at Jack. "I'll take that drink now, Jackson."

Jack looked to Michael for answers. "Michael?"

"Jackson, I'd like you to meet Chuck Harding and Tom Caliss. We've been best friends since college and work colleagues for just about the same amount of time. And, contrary to popular belief, Chuck is not the asshole he appears to be."

"Then why--"

"Why all the questions and sexual innuendoes from Chuck?" Michael asked.

Jack nodded.

"It's very simple, pretty baby. When I came into your life, I pretty much took control. I made you do things that went against your nature. I dominated you, disciplined you, and basically tossed your life upside down."

Jack couldn't exactly argue with Michael's words. Michael had come into his life like a steam roller and just taken over. But Jack hadn't put up very much protest. He had accepted the things Michael did, the orders that Michael gave.

"I still don't understand, Michael."

"You accepted everything I did to you, Jackson."

Jack felt his face flush. "Yeah, but, well, it's wasn't that bad."

"I needed you to understand that, whatever I ask of you, whatever I tell you to do, you have the ability to tell me no, not because of your size, not because you could easily overpower me, but because you have that right."

Michael's hand cupped the side of Jack's face. "I ask a lot of you, Jackson, but in truth, I am at your mercy. You're only my pretty baby because you allow it. While the outside world may think that I have the power in our relationship, they're wrong. You have all of the power."

Michael chuckled lightly. His thumb caressed Jack's lips. "I need to dominate you, to control you. I need to prove to myself and the world that you belong to me and only me. But you have the ability to put me in my place at any time just by telling me no, Jackson."

"I thought -- I thought letting you do those things to me made me--" Jack shrugged, too embarrassed to continue.

Michael shook his head. "No, pretty baby, it takes a very strong man to submit to someone else. I can punish you and give you orders, but I'm not strong enough to accept someone else doing that to me."

Michael's hand stroked up and down Jack's arm. "For someone as strong and powerful as you to accept the things I do to you, the orders I give you, the discipline... Jackson, in my eyes that makes you a much better man than me."

"Michael," Jack whispered, overcome by all of the things that Michael was saying to him. Jack had been confused for so long about why he let Michael do the things the man did. Jack had felt like it made him less of a man when he craved Michael's domination.

Michael chuckled. "I remember the first time I saw you. I had gone into that bar just to get a drink, get out of the hot air, and there you were playing pool with Sean. I thought you were the sexiest damn thing I had ever seen. I watched you until you left, then I paid the bartender fifty dollars to tell me your name."

Jack's eyes widened. "Seriously?" He felt almost giddy.

Michael nodded. "I came back every night after that, waiting to see you again. I had almost given up when you came through the door. It took me three weeks to figure out that you only came in on Friday nights."

"How did you find out all that other stuff about me?" Jack asked. He had always wondered. He was shocked when Michael's cheeks flushed.

"I hired a private investigator," Michael said quietly, a sheepish look crossing his features.

Jack was stunned. He started to laugh. "I'll bet that set you back a pretty penny."

"You were worth every cent, Jackson..."

Jack grinned and rubbed his head against Michael's arm.

"Okay, enough mushy stuff, Jackie boy," Chuck said. "Can I get that drink now?"

Jack and Michael turned and glared at Chuck. "Shut up, Chuck."

Jack squirmed at the touch of Michael's hand brushing against his ass. Michael was in rare form tonight. He was disciplining Jack for not having the chores done by the time Michael got home.

Jack would never tell Michael that he had purposely sat around all day watching television, although he suspected that Michael knew. The look on Michael's face when he had ordered Jack to the bedroom had a little too much anticipation in it.

Michael had been attending a lot of meetings in the last two weeks, some big merger, he said. If he wasn't in a meeting, Michael was in his office working. Jack was feeling a little ignored and wanted some attention. Jack was getting it.

Since the moment Jack entered the bedroom an hour ago, Michael had done everything in his power to slowly torture Jack, and Jack knew it. Between the toys

Michael had employed and the sweet torture of Michael's hands and lips, Jack was close to losing his mind.

"Michael," Jack begged. Jack was at his mercy. He'd do anything that Michael wanted. Michael chuckled. It was a wicked chuckle filled with desire and the promise of what was to come. Jack felt Michael's breath on his neck.

"Do you know what I'm going to do to you tonight, pretty baby?" Michael whispered into his ear. "You've been a very bad boy, Jackson. Tonight, you don't get to suck me off. Tonight, I'm going to fuck you."

Jack groaned. They had done a lot of things together, sexual and otherwise, but Michael had never fucked Jack before. In fact, no one had. The idea made Jack nervous, but it also intrigued him. Jack wiggled his butt.

He heard Michael chuckle again then cold, lubed fingers pressed between his ass cheeks. Gentle fingers pressed against Jack's hole, pushing in just a bit, then pulling out. Michael did this over and over again until Jack started lifting up his hips to follow the fingers.

Jack began to shake. He could feel the sweat dripping off his body. The feelings he had were starting to get pretty intense. Each touch of Michael's hands was like an electrical shock to his body, sending a current of desire straight to his aching cock.

"Michael, please," Jack begged. "More."

Jack's breath caught in his throat when Michael's finger sank into him. He was throbbing and full and -- oh, yeah, right there. Jack couldn't believe the ecstasy that shot through his body when Michael pegged his prostate. It was mind blowing.

"Oh, please, Michael," Jack cried out as he squirmed. "I can't -- I'm gonna -- aahhh."

"Not until I say you can, Jackson," Michael growled in his ear. "Do you understand?"

Jack nodded quickly. "Need you, Michael."

"I know, pretty baby," Michael crooned. "I'm going to give you what you need."

Oh, God, Jack hoped so, even if he wasn't quite sure what he needed. He just knew he needed, badly.

Jack whimpered when Michael pulled his fingers free. His whimper soon turned to one long, drawn-out groan when something bigger, harder, was pressed into his ass. Jack braced himself, waiting for the pain that was sure to come as Michael filled him.

But it never came. All he felt was Michael's cock as it pushed in the last few inches. It was pure pleasure. It radiated through Jack's body until every inch of him was on fire. A mere whisper of a breeze would set Jack off.

"Michael, Michael," Jack groaned as Michael thrust into him over and over again with such ferocity that Jack's body was pushed up the length of the bed. "Michael, love you, Michael."

Michael's thrusts increased in pace but lost their direction and became wild with intensity. Michael's hands dug into Jack's hips. Jack heard Michael take great gulps of air.

"Fuck!" Michael shouted. "Love you, pretty baby."

Jack overloaded. Despite not having been given permission to come, Jack couldn't control his reaction to Michael's words. He cried out Michael's name as his cock exploded with sensation, spurting all over the bed beneath him.

"Jackson," Michael roared, jerking against Jack.

Jack felt every pulse of Michael's release fill him. With each little spurt, Jack's muscles contracted until he had milked Michael for every drop. Jack collapsed down on the bed, Michael's body following him.

Jack just tried to breath. The air in his lungs and the pulse beating in his throat told Jack that he was still alive. The mind-blowing orgasm he had just experienced told him that he had died and gone to heaven.

Jack felt Michael pull out of him and roll over. A moment later, he felt a warm rag swipe down between his thighs as Michael cleaned him up. Then Michael rolled back over and cuddled up to Jack's body, tucking Jack's head against his chest.

Jack grinned when Michael reached for his hand and laced their fingers together. Jack leaned back and glanced up at Michael. "I meant what I said, Michael. It wasn't the heat of the moment," Jack insisted. "I do love you."

Michael's free hand stroked the back of Jack's head. "I know, Jackson. I meant it, too. That's why I wanted you so badly. I knew I loved you."

"You loved me? All that time ago?"

Michael chuckled. "It wasn't that long ago, Jackson, just six months. But I knew from the moment I saw you. There was just something about you. I knew you were the man for me. I had to have you."

Jack tucked his head back under Michael's chin. He could hear Michael's steady heartbeat under his head. It made him feel alive and happy. "I'm glad."

"I still expect all of your chores to be done tomorrow, Jackson." Michael chuckled. "And no more watching television until your chores are all done. But the next time you need me, Jackson, just ask."

"You're not mad at me for what I did?" Jack asked hesitantly. Jack had purposely not completed his chores. That was a big no-no. Jack just hoped Michael understood why he had done it.

"No, pretty baby. You please me."

The End

Pleasing Michael

Copyright © 2010 by Stormy Glenn

All rights reserved. No part of this eBook may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews. For information address Torquere Press, PO Box 2545, Round Rock, TX 78680.

Printed in the United States of America.

ISBN: 978-1-60370-985-9

Torquere Press: Single Shot first electronic edition / May 2010

Torquere Press eBooks are published by Torquere Press, PO Box 2545, Round Rock, TX 78680.

<http://www.torquerepress.com>