I leaned up on my tiptoes and brushed my lips against his. “Can we please use that blindfold tonight, Sir?”

I shivered at the look of lust in Mike’s eyes, feeling giddy. He
smiled down at me.

“How could I deny you, when you ask like that?” He put his thumb on my lower lip, pressed down on it for a minute. I sucked it in and caressed it with my tongue. “Answer me this first, though. Do you trust me?”

I felt a thrill run through me. “Yes, Sir. I trust you.”
Mike didn’t say anything in response. He didn’t need to. With one hand on my shoulder, he turned me around gently. I heard the sound of silk sliding off the bar in the closet as he grabbed it. Then he draped it over my shoulder.

I looked down at the soft sheen of the fabric while Mike closed the closet door. Midnight black against
my pale skin. Mike stepped up behind me and kissed my neck, taking hold of the blindfold from both ends. I saw him lift it, bringing it up to my eyes, and then—black.

It was like the lights went out. I could feel Mike’s fingers tying a knot in the silk at the back of my head. The fabric slid through my
shaggy hair as he pulled it tight. Then his hands went down to my waist, untucking my towel and letting it fall to the floor.

Mike moved in front of me and, taking my hand in his, drew me forward. I walked cautiously, each foot flexing and feeling for the ground before I lifted the other one. I knew what the room looked
like in my mind’s eye but that didn’t stop the feeling of nervousness that was bubbling up inside me.

I thought we must have been pretty close to the bed when Mike placed a hand on my chest to tell me to stop. He walked back around behind me and circled one arm around my waist, the other around
my chest. With his upper hand, he reached around and grasped my neck.

He tilted my head to the side and his lips landed on the exposed skin of my neck, kissing and sucking. He licked my earlobe while his lower hand stroked the skin on my stomach and my hips, just above my cock. He nipped at
my neck suddenly and I let out a
cry, feeling myself grow harder in
response.

Mike’s mouth traveled down
my neck to my shoulder and then to
my back. His hands left me for a
moment and I heard him move
behind me. Then his mouth pressed
against the small of my back and I
realized that he was kneeling. He
grabbed my ass with both hands and squeezed it, then moved my legs to spread them apart.

“Bend over and put your hands on the bed,” Mike said. I obeyed, cautiously reaching down with my fingers until I found the mattress. I felt so exposed, bent at a 90-degree angle over the bed, and for good reason.
As soon as I repositioned myself, Mike slid his tongue along the crack between my two asscheeks. It was hot and wet and I shivered as it glided along my skin. His hands tightened on my ass, his thumbs spreading me apart to open me up.

Mike kissed my hole, placing his lips around it and circling the
tight bud with his tongue. I moaned as he got me wet, pushing the tip of his tongue against me and forcing my hole to give way. I grasped at the duvet on the bed, my fingers gripping the fabric tightly.

Mike pulled away for a moment and I heard the drawer of the nightstand slide open.

“Have you ever used a cock
“ring?” he asked, his voice soft, as he came back to me.

I shook my head. “No, Sir.”

“It’ll keep you hard,” Mike said, “and help you control your orgasm.”

“So I don’t cum too soon like I did last time?” I laughed and then yelped when Mike’s hand slapped
my ass out of nowhere, then gently rubbed the hot patch of skin where he’d made contact.

“Exactly,” he said, his tone dangerous. “We wouldn’t want that to happen again, would we?”

“No,” I gasped, surprised at how turned on I felt. He spanked me again and I felt a tingle spread through me. It was embarrassing
getting spanked, and stranger still that I liked it.

“‘No, what?’”

“‘No, Sir!’” I said. “‘No, Sir, it won’t happen again.’”

“‘Good,’” Mike said, rubbing my ass. He knelt down behind me and began to lick my hole again. One hand moved between my legs
to grip the base of my cock and the other circled around my leg to the front.

I felt him place the ring at the head of my cock and slide it down to the base. The fit was tight but not uncomfortable and even after he took his hand off the base of my shaft, my cock still felt a little like it was caught in his embrace.
Mike’s left hand moved back to my ass, gripping it tight, and he moved his mouth away from my hole. I heard sucking noises, slurping and wet, and then he placed the fingers of his right hand up against my entrance. One of them began to circle my hole just the way his tongue had been doing before.
He’d warmed me up so well that it didn’t take long before he slid his finger up inside me. I moaned again, my cock growing fully hard in the grip of the ring at its base. Mike flexed his finger against the bundle of nerves inside me and I moaned louder this time.

In response, Mike slipped a second finger up my hole, then a
third. He slid them up and down, scissoring and pumping me. Each time he pushed them in, he flexed his fingers and a shudder of pleasure rocketed through me. Each time he pulled them out I sighed, only to groan again as they went back in.

My cock was rock hard and I was at the edge of an orgasm
before I knew it. I didn’t think I could take much more of his fingers fucking me before I came, but Mike didn’t slow down and I fought to stay right up against the edge without tipping over. A tear formed at the corner of my eye and leaked down my cheek. I’d never been this close for this long.

But then Mike slid his fingers
out and this time he didn’t push them back in right away. I braced against the bed, trying to catch my breath, as I heard the nightstand drawer open again, and then the sound of something being placed on the top of the wooden surface.

Mike moved back to me and helped me stand up. He pulled me back against him, pressing my
body to his, and I was grateful for the support. I was afraid my knees might buckle if I tried to stand up on my own.

But I didn’t have to stand for long. Mike made me turn around and sit down on the bed, then move up until I was lying in the center of the mattress on my back. He took my left wrist in his hand and kissed
the underside where my veins brought my pulse to the surface. Then he drew my arm out and tied it to the headboard with one of the ribbons from last time.

He repeated the process on my other side. I tested the strength of the knots with gentle tugs while Mike straddled me and slid down to lick my chest. He moved to my
left nipple and flicked it with his tongue. Then he covered it with his mouth and sucked it in hard before biting down on it. I moaned in response, and then again when he repeated to process on my right nipple.

My cock was pressed between his body and mine, throbbing in pleasure as it was rubbed between
the two of us. I could feel myself building up toward an orgasm again and hoped that the constriction of the ring at the base would do its job. I didn’t want to disappoint Mike.

Not being able to see heightened all my other senses. If focused on the light skimming of Mike’s tongue across my chest, the
firm pressure of his fingers gripping my shoulders. I could smell the scent of his skin, strong and musky, as he moved on top of me. I didn’t want this to end.

Mike slid further down my body and pushed my legs apart, crawling in between them. For once, he didn’t make me wait for it, didn’t make me beg for him to
touch me. He placed one hand at the base of my shaft as the other cupped my balls, and then he brought my cock to his lips.

My tip slid inside his mouth and I whined as I felt his hot, wet spit coat me. He rolled his tongue around the head in a circle, flicking at my slit and pressing at the sensitive underside as I
whimpered. Then he began to suck me in earnest.

He drew my cock down into him, his mouth a warm, soft tunnel for me to slide into. As he pulled his head back, he swirled his tongue around the tip, sending tingles across my body. Over and over, he pulled my cock in and out, keeping his lips tight around it.
I started panting as I felt myself getting closer and closer to the edge. My breath came in short bursts. I was afraid I wasn’t going to last much longer.

“Please, Sir,” I cried, “Please. I’m going to cum.”

“No, you’re not,” Mike said, sliding his mouth off my cock.
“You can do this. Just relax and breathe.”

“I’m trying, Sir,” I said. “But I don’t want to cum too soon. Please, Sir, fuck me. Please.”

“Is that what you want, Liam?” Mike asked, his voice soft as the silk binding my wrists. “Are you sure?”
I nodded. “Please, Sir. Yes. I’m begging you. That’s what I want.”

“Dammit, you’re too cute to say no to,” Mike said. “But one of these days you’re going to have to learn to wait and let me take care of you.”

I felt him lean over across my
body and lift something off the nightstand. When I heard the click of plastic, I knew it was the bottle of lube that he kept on hand. I heard a squirting noise, the snap of the cap flicking shut, and then his fingers were between my legs again.

He slid the cool gel around on my skin and then slipped a finger
inside. It glided in easily as he pushed the lube deep into my hole. His other fingers followed, stretching me out and getting me wet and ready for him.

When he pulled his fingers out, I was prepared to feel his cock against my hole. But instead, he crawled out from between my legs and straddled me again. He moved
up to my chest and then I felt something against my lips.

“Open up,” Mike said, and when I parted my lips, I felt the head of his cock slip inside my mouth.

“Get me nice and wet,” he said, angling himself so that more of his cock could slide in. I opened my mouth as wide as I could,
trying to tip my head to give him better access.

It was hard. I couldn’t move much because of the restraints and I’d never felt quite so vulnerable as I did in that moment. I just had to trust Mike not to hurt me. I had to surrender to him completely.

I closed my lips around his cock and let him fuck my mouth,
using me for his pleasure. I liked the taste of him. Salty and masculine, like sandalwood and leather.

Finally he pulled away, leaving a tiny trail of spit behind as his cock left my lips. I took a deep breath, trying to get my bearings, as I felt him move back between my legs.
“Wrap your legs around me, babe,” Mike said, stroking my thighs. I lifted my legs up to do as he said and as my body tilted I felt the tip of his cock press against my hole, lubed up and ready for him. Mike leaned forward, gripping my arms, and pushed himself inside.

I groaned as his huge cock entered me, my ass stretching first
around the fat head and then the rest of him that followed. He pushed deep inside me and I held my breath, not daring to move until he was all the way in.


Inhale and exhale, in and out. I tried to adjust to the feeling of him
inside me, filling me up. I’d never been as filled, as satisfied, as I was when I was with Mike. He touched me in places I’d never been touched before, gave me things I didn’t know I needed until I was with him.

Mike leaned down and brushed his lips against my chest, driving down into me as he did. When he
pulled back, he drew himself out of me, just the tiniest bit, before sliding back in. Another kiss, another push in and release. Kiss, push, release.

I lost myself in the rhythm of it, his movement like brushstrokes across my body, his kisses bursts of color in the dark. The blindfold made everything black, but my
mind was exploding with light and motion. Together we were making a masterpiece, our lovemaking a work of art.

I felt my orgasm build up again but followed Mike’s instructions. Inhale and exhale. Tense and release. I reached the edge and this time, instead of staying there or crossing over, I went somewhere
else entirely.

Another level, another plane. I was there with Mike and I was everywhere all at once. The air was electric and I was flying through it, silk and skin my only tethers to the ground.

Mike moved inside me, harder and faster, drilling into my depths and setting me on fire. I let it
engulf me, let him take me higher. He thrust in and out and I moaned, a wordless cry of ecstasy as he took me and made me his.

He owned me completely, controlled me utterly. I was safe in his arms, safe under his body, safe as he filled me inside. Each stroke of him inside me stoked the flames of my desire, every push sent me
floating higher into the realm of pleasure I’d discovered.

“God, you’re so beautiful. Cum for me, Liam. Cum with me, babe.” Mike commanded me, his voice rough with pleasure, and I obeyed.

Something tightened deep within me and then exploded, sending out shockwaves as I released. I felt Mike cum with me,
filling me with his seed, and I rode his cock as he pumped every drop into me. I wanted all of him, wanted him to claim me and mark me as his.

Mike collapsed on top of me and I sighed in pleasure at the pressure of his body on mine. We lay there, spent, and I tried to come back down to earth.
Finally, Mike moved to untie my wrists and then remove the blindfold. I kept my eyes closed. I felt like I was falling, sinking slowly back into my body.

Mike pulled me to him, holding me from behind as we lay on our sides. It was a while before I felt like I was truly back. I blinked my eyes open slowly.
“You ok, babe?” Mike asked. He kissed the skin of my neck just below my jaw and I snuggled deeper into his embrace.

“Yeah,” I said. “Just trying to remember where I am. I don’t know what happened. It felt like I was flying or something.”

“Subspace,” Mike said
between kisses on my neck. “It can happen sometimes, when you’re with someone you trust and you can truly let go. It can be a little scary though, if you’re not ready for it. It can be unnerving to surrender that completely.”

I shook my head. “It was a little unexpected. But not scary. I liked it. I don’t know why, but for
some reason it’s easy to surrender to you.”

I fiddled with the black silk blindfold that had fallen onto the pillow next to us.

“And that?” Mike asked as I slid the fabric between my fingers.

“Did you like that part, too?”

I blushed, remembering exactly
how much I had liked it. “You could say that. Thanks for showing me what all of this is like.”

“Thank you for letting me.” Mike kissed my shoulder. “Are you going to be ok if I go get us some water and a towel?”

I nodded. “Hurry back.”

I watched Mike as he moved
around the apartment, filling up glasses of water and grabbing a towel from the closet. He came back and helped me drink. I felt good but weak and I was happy to let him take care of me, holding the glass to my lips and then cleaning me up.

The small voice in the back of my mind started to pipe up again,
telling me there was something wrong with this picture, but I shut it down. I didn’t have to listen to that voice anymore. This was between me and Mike. And if it was right for us, that was all that mattered.

“Thanks,” I said after Mike set the glasses down on the nightstand.

“You know I’ll always take
care of you,” he said. “Do you want some more water or anything?”

“No.” I shook my head. “No, I’m good. But that’s not what I was thanking you for.”

“Oh? What did you mean, then?” Mike whispered as he slid his arms around me again, pulling me close.
“I meant... everything, I guess. That day behind the coffee shop. And every day since then. I can’t believe it’s only been a week. I feel like I’ve known you so much longer. It sounds stupid but I guess what I’m saying is, thank you for saving my life.”

Mike’s laughed softly, his breath tickling the back of my neck.
“Thank you for saving mine.”