

**Caught by
the
Landlord**

t'Sade

Caught by the Landlord

t'Sade

Curious Cabbit Press

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination and are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, and persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

This book contains scenes of graphic and explicit sex in a fantasy context. If you are someone uncomfortable with this, in a place where reading this would be illegal, or a minor in your locality and/or culture, then *do not read it*.

All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

Copyright 2014 D. Dancer
All rights reserved

t'Sade (<https://tsade.com>)
Curious Cabbit (<https://curiouscabbit.com>)

Version 1.0.0

Packages

1

Chase hummed to himself as he strolled down the street. It was a beautiful spring day and the flowers were just starting to bloom along the sidewalk. The rain he had seen falling while sorting through legal papers had left the ground moist with only a few smears of darkness to indicate drying puddles. The smell, fresh and clean, swirled around him as he headed down a hill toward his apartment in an unremarkable twelve-unit.

The apartment building still felt new to him, even after four months of living there. His most recent job, an intern for an intellectual property firm, was simple another job on a long trail of employment and embarrassing mistakes. He still wasn't sure what he wanted to do, but in the four years since he graduated college, he knew many jobs that he had never the talent or the desire to continue.

For now, he was content to enjoy pushing papers around and listening to the cut-throat conversations of his bosses. It was a job, something to pass the days and get money for his other interests. Well, interest.

His heartbeat quickened when he saw a package inside the door. Holding his breath, he opened the door and peered down at the label. When he saw the sender, "Glorious Lace Forever," he let his breath out in a rush. It was for him. Bending over, he picked it up.

A second box, a narrow one, thumped on the ground from where it was braced against the wall. Chase almost lost his grip as he picked up the second box and flipped it over. It was from a crafter on Esty that made custom lingerie. He could still picture the image

on the computer screen, a thong that looked like a storm trooper. He grinned before he realized he was tenting his pants.

Shoving the two boxes together against his hips, he looked around nervously to see if anyone noticed. Seeing no one, he fumbled with his mailbox and grabbed his mail before locking it and hurrying up the stairs to his apartment.

The minute it took for him to enter his apartment and lock his door felt like forever. Tossing mail aside, he carried the two boxes into the kitchen and tossed them on the counter. A pair of empty Styrofoam ramen bowls rolled off, but he ignored them in favor of the two boxes.

He started with the thong. With a steak knife, he sliced open the box and tugged them out. The soft material, smelling of perfume, clung to his soft fingers. He let out a moan before running them along his palm, stretching his fingers to look at the black-eyed face in the front.

His cock throbbed in his pants, caught by the strict confines of a law firm's dress code. Without taking his hands off his new panties, he fumbled with his belt. The buckle blunted his fingers, but he managed to pull the well-worn leather tongue out of place and yank it open. His cock tented the fabric of his black suit pants and he had to carefully ease the zipper down over the hard ridge.

Finally, he tore his eyes away to concentrate on stripping. His manhood, a reasonable seven inches, strained at his plain white boxer briefs. The tip had soaked through the fabric and he ached to wrap his hands around it. Moving frantically, he yanked open his pants and pushed them down along with his underwear.

At work, he couldn't risk anything that would lose his job. Even if that meant wearing plain underwear in the off-chance that someone looked over the wall that divided the urinals. But, that didn't mean he had to enjoy it.

Soon, he stood his kitchen wearing nothing but his button-down shirt. The two flaps parted around his cock which bobbed with his rapid heartbeats. He picked up the panties with trembling hands and imagined them sliding up his thighs.

A thick line of pre-cum oozed out and dribbled down his length. It tickled his balls before running down his thighs. He knew that it

could ruin the thong, but he couldn't wait anymore. Lifting one foot, he stepped in and drew it up his shaved legs.

The sensation of satin against his skin ripped a moan out of his throat. He clutched the thin strands and pulled them over his hips, twisting his body to slid his smooth balls past the elastic strap. While he brought his fingers together over his aching hardness, the lace tickled the bottom of his shaft and gathered up a thick dollop of clear liquid.

When Chase finally stretched it over his hardness, there was a soaked circle at the tip. Breathing heavily, he brought it back over his cock and trapped his length against his body. He released it just to feel the final snap of the elastic holding him tight.

His cock jerked from the pleasure. The tip was centered on the trooper's forehead and his balls were positioned at the cheeks. It looked like some perverted unicorn chipmunk, but he didn't care. It felt good.

Fresh rivers of pre-cum soaked the fabric. He ran his hands along it, drinking in the sensations of satin and silk, enjoying how it stretched and clung to his body. The back of the thong nestled comfortably along the crevice of his ass; he could feel a few curls of lace tickling his hole.

Chase moaned and rocked his hips, imagining he was on a stage in front of hundreds of men. The confines of an intern washed away as he imagined dancing for hordes of horny men, all wanting to fuck him. He wondered what it would feel like to have strangers stroking him through a dress and grabbing his cock.

With the thoughts of the dress, he gasped and focused on the other box. His cock pulsed in the tight confines of his thong, but he only avoided hitting it against the counter as he opened up the second present to himself.

It was a black mini dress to his exact measurements. The tight fabric would cling to his hips and sides. He had breast forms to fill out the cleavage and a corset—dozens of corsets actually—to handle the waist. He pulled the fabric out and held it up his body to imagine it draped over his body. The lace over the cleavage would hide the lines of his breast forms and give him the image of being a sexy woman.

He smiled. Dropping one hand to his crotch, he stroked his hardness through the fabric a few times before pulling away. He had to wipe his hand on a towel before holding the dress up again. It was going to look beautiful on him.

With a grin, he carried the dress to the living room. It was the largest room of his one bedroom apartment and contained most of his clothes in wardrobe boxes from various moving companies. The smell of fabric and perfume drifted through the air as he circled the room. He never bothered unpacking from when he moved in, there simply wasn't enough room anywhere else for so many clothes.

He picked up a low-rise corset from one box and dug through a pair of smaller boxes until he found his favorite pair of black pantyhose. He skipped the breast forms at first, but then circled back to grab a pair. If he was going to dress up, he was going to go for the gold.

Stripping off his shirt, he tossed it aside. He started with the pantyhose, pulling them up his legs. He didn't bother removing the storm trooper panties, they felt too good to take off. With practiced movements, he pulled the hose up over his firm ass and smoothed it into place. The stretchy fabric pressed the satin panties harder against his cock, bringing a fresh surge of excitement to soak through.

The corset came next. He knew the buckles and straps intimately, he had worn it ever since he started cross-dressing in high school. The stays settled into place as he held it down before drawing it tight. Just as he had done a thousand times before, he tightened it down until it gave him a narrow waist and accented his hips.

Chase paused to admire himself in the mirror. Wearing a black corset and hose, with the thong peeking out of the fabric, was a sight of absurdity but it also stole his breath away. He loved his body normally, but to see have just a hint of femininity made it hard for him to do anything besides stare in a mirror.

For a long time, he stood in the mirror and stroked his cock. The watch patch soaked through his panties and hose, staining the fabric, but he didn't care. He panted softly to himself, watching as he imagined himself as a "real" woman.

A pounding at his front door tore him from his day dreams.

“3B, I know you are in there!” It was the thick Slovak accent of his landlord. The deep base rumbled through the door, punctuated by the meaty sound of a fist slamming on the wood. “I know you be in there. Time to be paying rent!”

t'Sade

Forgiveness

2

Chase froze in the middle of his living room, surrounded by women's clothing. His cock wilted under the flash of terror that crawled through his veins.

"I be seeing you go inside, 3B." The pounding continued to rain down on the door. "And you are late with rent!"

Chase spun around and fumbled with the corset, but the buckles were in too tight for him to release them while hurrying. It was an outfit for lovingly dressing and undressing, not ripping off in a panic. A whimper rose in his throat as he pawed helplessly at the buckles, afraid of ruining the outfit as much as he was terrified of being caught in it.

"3B!"

"Uh... coming!"

Spotting his bathrobe on the back of a chair, Chase grabbed it and pulled it on. The thick robe almost reached his feet. It covered up his corset, pantyhose, and even his trooper thong. The only hint that something was different was the dark, translucent fabric over his painted toes. He gulped and spun around, wondering where he put his slippers or the belt to keep the robe shut.

When he couldn't spot either, Chase clenched his left fist over the robe to keep it shut and rushed to the door. "C-Coming!"

"3B, I know you be—"

Chase threw the deadbolt on the dead and the voice silenced instantly. Trembling, he clutched tighter until his knuckles cracked and peered through the opening.

His landlord was a broad-shouldered Russian with a deep scowl and intense blue eyes. His frown looked like a map of some undersea

chasm, deep and furrowed and terrifying all the same time. His glare focused through a pair of wire-rimmed glasses perched on his wedged nose. He wore the only outfit that Chase had ever seen him wear: a white button-down shirt that strained over his chest muscles and shoulders, a pair of worn blue jeans, and black army boots.

Though they had not talked much, Chase had used him as the subject of his fantasies more than once. There was something about his accent and the hulking body that made him feel vulnerable, delicate, and feminine. His manhood twitched again at the thought before he crushed it down to concentrate.

Leaning down to bridge the foot difference in their height, his landlord peered through the door. "You are late with the rent."

"I-I know, Mr. Kirdan." Chase didn't want to say he blew it on the black mini dress that came in today or the bikini that would be coming in a few days. "I had some unexpected problems at work. I'll get you paid on Friday, I promise. In cash."

Mr. Kirdan shook his head. "Your lease, it says that you be kicked out if you're late two months in a row. Due on first, kick-ed out on fifth. Today is the sixth."

Chase bit back a whimper and wished he had more willpower. His breath came in ragged gasps as he remembered hesitating before ordering the dress. He knew that there were bills and rent to be paid, but he wanted to the dress just as badly. Regret flashed through him to pool in his stomach as he realized he may have gone too far and it was already too late.

A tear rolled down his cheek. He tried to wipe it away, but he felt the robe opening up and lowered his hand to clutch it shut again.

Mr. Kirdan's eyes followed the tear and the scowl deepened. "You try to make me feel bad. To turn me in the bad guy?" His voice had become a low rumble.

Chase shook his head and wiped his cheek with the back of his hand. "No, Mr. Kirdan, I... I'm sorry. I screwed up and..." He sniffed and closed his eyes tightly for a second. "I'm sorry."

"You be having money trouble?"

Chase froze and opened his eyes at the larger man. The scowl was still there, but something had tempered the blue eyes and there was a hint of compassion in the Russian's face. Trembling, Chase fought

the urge to drop to his knees and beg for another week. He gulped and gave a hesitant nod.

“You troubles or someone else be trouble for you?”

After a brief moment as he considered lying, Chase let out his breath in a sigh. “My troubles. My fault.”

“You be needing more than Friday to pay?”

Chase looked up to see some of the deep furrows in Mr. Kirdan’s face has softened. Hope sparkled inside him. With a nod, Chase said, “Please?”

Mr. Kirdan looked around at the stairs. “Then, I come inside and we talk.”

Gasping, Chase clutched the door. “No!”

“No?” The scowl started to furrow again.

“No, I mean, I’m not dressed.”

“You be wearing a robe.” The older man’s gaze flickered down. “Nothing hanging out. Enough to talk.”

Chase blushed at the sight of him seeing the pantyhose. He ducked his feet back and almost lost his balance when the robe started to part open. “I mean... the place is a mess.”

“You need help with rent or not? If yes, let us talk. We no talk, then you pay or be kick-ed out.”

Chase clutched the door, struggling with fear. He knew that his landlord might kick him out anyways once he saw the clothes, but there was a chance he would also give Chase a few more days to pay his rent. His mind ran furiously for a second. He could come up with a lie to justify the clothes, he knew it.

“Talk or kick-ed,” warned Mr. Kirdan.

Reluctantly, Chase released the door and stepped back. Mentally, he was preparing his story. At the same time, he was mapping out how he would pack in a hurry if his landlord did evict him. He didn’t think Mr. Kirdan would respond violently, but he still shivered with the imagined scene and horror stories he heard on the Internet.

The larger man pushed the door open and stepped inside. His glasses glinted on the end of his nose as he took in the messy kitchen and crowded living room. Chase watched as the muscles in his shoulders and chest tighten as his landlord turned slowly to inspect the two rooms.

Chase continued to clutch the door frame with sweat gathering on his brow. Underneath his robe, he trembled with anticipation and fear.

Mr. Kirdan headed into the living room. His heavy boots thumped against the ground as he brushed against a pair of wardrobe boxes filled with dresses. He glanced at one and then the other before circling around the coffee table. At the far end, he slowed down near a box of panties and peered inside.

“T-They’re my... sisters,” whispered Chase.

Mr. Kirdan looked at him and grunted. He tapped the box with thongs and circled back around the room. “All of these be yours?”

Chase’s stomach fluttered. “They are... my sisters?”

He grunted again. Finishing his circuit of the living room, he gestured to the single bedroom. “May I look?”

Blushing hotly, Chase nodded.

His landlord headed down the hall. Chase heard him push the bathroom door open. Terror ripped through him; he had forgotten that the counter was covered in makeup and perfume bottles. He took a step toward the bathroom, but realized it was too late.

Whimpering, Chase stepped back until his back pressed against the open door. He couldn’t run far, not wearing a bathroom and pantyhose, but it may be enough.

Mr. Kirdan came back, his boots thumping loudly. He didn’t look at Chase as he returned to the living room and stood in front of the couch.

Chase trembled as he watched the Russian carefully pick up a stack of blouses and Chase’s new mini dress from the couch and set it aside.

Turning around, Mr. Kirdan sat heavily on the couch. It creaked underneath his weight and the black mini dress slid off the pile to slump across his muscular thigh.

“M-Mr. Kirdan?”

“First, I give you one month of no rent.”

“R-Really?” Chase gasped. “A month? Why?”

Mr. Kirdan looked him over. “You not pay for next month. Nothing in return. No deals, no favors, no agreement. You asked for a month, I give. Agreed?”

“S-Sure. Thank you!”

Mr. Kirdan grunted but said nothing more. His eyes remained fixed on Chase with an unreadable expression.

Chase clutched his robe, shifting on his feet. He felt pinned by the hard gaze, unable to move from the door. He glanced down to make sure he wasn't exposing anything and then back up. "U-Um, Mr. Kirdan?"

Mr. Kirdan sat up straight and wrapped his hands together.

"Is there something else?"

"Second has nothing to do with first. Do we understand?"

Chase struggled to swallow his dry throat. "W-What?"

"The second has nothing with the first."

"Okay." Chase didn't know where Mr. Kirdan was leading to, but his stomach fluttered violently and he trembled under his robe.

Mr. Kirdan picked up the black dress. The fabric slid through his fingers as he held it up. "I want you to put on dress and then kneel right here." He pointed to the ground in front of him, right between his knees.

t'Sade

Speaking Clearly

3

Chase froze instantly, his breath locked in his lungs and his entire body rock still. Ice poured through his veins and his heartbeat pounded against his ears, but he couldn't remember how to move. Instead, he stared slack-jawed at his landlord, wondering if he heard Mr. Kirdan right.

The older man cocked his head. "I say that wrong? Not clear?"

"I-I think so. I wasn't sure what you meant to say." Chase' voice felt tiny and helpless, but his body was rapidly growing hotter with every second.

The Russian sighed. "I think you would be very pretty in this dress—"

He held up the dress and the world spun around Chase.

"—and I would very much liking to see you on your knees between my legs. Is that clear?"

Sweat prickled Chase's brow. He clutched the side of the door. "Yes, very clear," he whispered.

"Good."

But Chase couldn't move from his spot. He let out his breath in a soft whimper and remained staring at the man in his living room.

"No?" Mr. Kirdan frowned and sighed. "Sorry, I was being too forward, right? I am not good at being subtle."

"No! No." Chase shook his head. "No, I just don't know why."

Mr. Kirdan stood up, the muscles of his legs and back flexing as he did. He straightened and gestured to Chase. "I not see you going out at night or bringing friends in, so Yuri is hoping that you are curious and willing to give an old man a chance to see a pretty boy in a dress again. And this is a pretty dress for a pretty boy."

"It's... my sister's," Chase said in a quiet whisper.

Mr. Kirdan, Yuri, stood up. His boots thumped on the ground as he covered the distance between them. When he stopped in front of Chase, he stood a foot taller than the trembling man. With a grin, he leaned over and closed the door before bringing both large hands to the seam of Chase's robe.

Chase whimpered and clutched them tightly. But when Yuri tugged the robe apart, the fabric slipped underneath his grip. And then there was cool air teasing along Chase's thighs and stomach. The breeze brought a renewed surge of heat on his cock and it tented out from his body, straining the trooper thong and pulling way from his body.

Yuri's gaze slid down Chase's body and Chase felt a tremor follow it. He wanted to run away, fall into Yuri's arms, or simply stand there, but nothing happened. He watched as Yuri's eyes lingered on his cock, which caused it to jump with sudden beats, before drawing down.

"You wear your sister clothes often? Or her *kolgotki* or panties?"

A blush burned along Chase's cheeks. He didn't know the Russian word, but he guessed it meant corset or pantyhose. "No."

"Good, because you look very pretty in them." Yuri's voice was a low rumble. He released one side of the robe and trailed his fingers along Chase's shoulder up to his neck. The touch of it brought another wave of heat that coursed between the touch and his aching cock. "I like pretty boys."

Yuri's palm cupped Chase's chin and tilted it up. Chase didn't resist and leaned into it, letting the more powerful man guide his gaze up. Yuri lowered his head to brush his lips against Chase's. They tasted like smoked meat and musk.

Chase's eyes fluttered as he leaned into the kiss. As much as he loved men, he never had anyone like Yuri pay attention to him. Most of his former boyfriends were the same as him, slender men and delicate-looking. The relationships never lasted, none of them liked cross-dressing, but they also never started with any intensity like the kiss.

Breaking the caress, Yuri pulled back. "You taste pretty too."

Chase blushed and smiled. "Thank you," he whispered.

Yuri released his grip on Chase's chin. His rough knuckles drew down Chase's hairless chest, trailing a lazy line down to the straining pantyhose.

Chase's cock jumped at his thoughts, stretching the pantyhose and almost tearing the thong from his body. He wanted Yuri's touch, craved it, but was also terrified about how easily he was melting in the older man's request.

Drawing his fingers down, Yuri circled the strained fabric. When he drew back his finger, a clear strand of pre-cum that had soaked through the fabric clung to his digit. He pulled it away before looking back up at Chase. "Will you do this for Yuri? Put on a pretty dress for me?"

Chase's breath came in a soft whimpers.

"Please?"

"Is... is this..."

Yuri's eyes hardened for a moment. "This is not about your rent. Your rent is paid for month. This is separate, not a deal. You say no, then I walk away. But," Yuri's face turned into a grin, "I'm hoping for yes."

Chase took a deep breath and released it. No one ever asked him to dress up before. He let out his breath and gave a shy smile. "Y..."

Yuri's eyes widened.

"Yes."

t'Sade

Dressing Up

4

Yuri returned to the couch and picked up the dress. He said nothing as he returned it back to Chase who took it with both hands. Giving Chase a wink, he returned to the couch and sat down heavily on it. It creaked underneath his weight.

Stomach twisted and cock throbbing, Chase carried the dress into the living room and stood on the opposite side of the coffee table. Unsure of what to do, he gave Yuri another smile before slipping the robe off his shoulder. It slump off his body before landing in a puddle at his feet.

Yuri let out a soft grunt, a guttural noise in the back of his throat. One hand had drifted to his crotch. Chase followed the movement with his eyes. When he saw the thick bulge straining Yuri's jeans, he was both terrified and excited. It looked huge, larger than anything Chase had ever tried except for his largest dildo.

Realizing he was probably going to see it soon enough, Chase returned his attention back to his outfit. He straightened his back and tested the stays of his corset, teasing each one. As he did, he moved as if he was a stage. He was somehow aware of his position and posture, the way his body moved with a surreal grace he only dreamed about.

Yuri's breathing grew louder as he did, so Chase took his time to trail his fingers along his hairless body and explore his curves around the corset. More soft grunts and deep breathing rewarded him as he teased his landlord.

Chase reached down to pull his hose and thong from his body to straighten his cock. His length was glistening with his excitement,

the entire length was red from the desire that lapped at his senses. He looked up at Yuri as if he found something new.

A nod was the only answer.

He let the elastic snap against his body.

Yuri jumped and gripped his cock through his jeans.

Chase ran his palms along his thighs one last time before picking up the dress. It was a tiny black thing and Chase hoped it would fit. Holding it over his head, he slipped the soft fabric down his arms and across his body.

It was as soft as melted butter and slid easily along his body. The bust, fitted for forms, hung loosely against his chest, but the rest of it clung to his body firmly. The fabric around the waist was snug as was the narrow waist formed by his corset.

It fit perfectly.

“You are beautiful,” Yuri said in a guttural moan.

Chase smiled. “Thank you.” He continued to straighten his dress over his body, making sure there were no folds or wrinkles visible. When he finished, it smoothly covered his body in a black sheath from chest to just above his knees. Black lace spread out across his shoulders and Chase hoped it would show off his pale skin and delicate throat.

Looking down, he tugged at the sagging bust. “I have forms for these.”

Yuri shook his head. “I don’t want fake teats. God gave you that body, I want to see what He made.”

Chase grinned. His pre-cum was dripping down his inner thigh and he squirmed at the touch. “How do I look?”

Yuri nodded and stroked his cock. His thick fingers traced along his length. It looked ten inches long at least. “Sexy. Very sexy.”

The thought of having that cock in his hands or mouth brought another surge of heat burning through his body. Chase clutched the boxes behind him to avoid swooning with desire. Panting, he forced himself back up and looked down.

He was tenting the dress with his hardness. There was the smallest blotch of pre-cum soaking through the fabric as he watched. He blushed and brushed at it, stunned by the heat that seeped through the thin material.

Gulping, Chase forced his gaze up. “Is there... is there anything else you’d like to see?”

Yuri grinned. “Lipstick and heels. I saw a red one in the bathroom.”

“Any other makeup?”

“Just lipstick. I want to see—” He hesitated and gripped his cock.

Chase knew what he was thinking. He wanted to be there too, on his knees and sucking on the thick shaft that obviously needed to be free. He gulped and inched toward the bathroom. “Just a second.”

“Yuri can wait.”

“Good, because I don’t want to wait much longer myself.”

“Very good,” said the Russian.

In the bathroom, Chase’s hands shook. It took him two tries to pick up his favorite lipstick, a luscious color called Forbidden Cherries. He held it with both hands as he pursed his lips and applied it. For a hundred times, he did the same thing but always wiped it off when he was done. It was never for anyone else, not definitely not for his landlord.

He managed to apply it with only the smallest of mistakes. Straightening up, Chase looked at himself in the mirror. With his black hair and pale skin, the dress was stunning. His lipstick was a deep red and he managed to put it on so it didn’t look like a common whore. His eyes drifted up, catching sight of his brown eyes, before focusing on his short hair.

“Yuri? I have a wig. Do you want me—”

“God gave you short hair,” came the reply.

Chase grinned, enjoying sight of his feminine smile and the faint dimple on his cheeks. He opened up his medicine cabinet and ran his fingers along the rows of perfume. Picking one of his favorite, Limitless, he spritzed a little on his neck and wrists.

His heart thumped loudly as he slipped out of the bathroom. He kept his favorite heels in his bedroom. Without turning on the light, he made his way to the closet and picked up a pair of black shoes with a two inch kitten heel.

He leaned against the door of his bedroom and slipped them on. It took him only a moment to adjust his balance; he had practiced for years but never for someone. The idea that he would be strutting

in front of someone was incredible, a burning sensation that boiled in his balls and leaked out into his new dress.

Pressing his hand to his stomach, he tried to quell the butterflies. The seconds passed as he stood in a dark hallway in a dress and ready to present himself to a man he only met a few times while looking for an apartment. He wondered if he was doing the wrong thing or even if he was about to make some terrible mistake. But, the ache in his cock pushed him to walk down the hall.

Each step was easier than the previous. Soon, his heels were clicking on the wooden floor of the hall and his hips swayed with well-practiced grace. He reached the living room and came around, marveling at how sexy he felt as he came around the couch.

Yuri's response was more than Chase could expect. The Russian's jaw dropped as he stared back, his blue eyes sliding up and down Chase's body.

Chase smiled sweetly and turned around, his heels clicking as he did. He shifted his hips, enjoying the play of the corset binding his waist and the way the fabric of the dress clung to his hips.

He looked like a beautiful woman.

With a cock.

Walking around, Chase stopped opposite of Yuri with the coffee table between them. He circled around again before smiling. "Do you like it?"

Yuri's hands were practically wrapped around the thick shaft of his cock. His white knuckles gave a hint of how much strength was in his grip, but it also highlighted the entire length of the massive cock still hidden by his jeans. He grunted and then nodded.

Chase ran a hand along his hip. "Tell me?"

"You are beautiful, more beautiful than any boy I have ever seen."

Flushed with the compliment, Chase walked around the table and slipped into the gap between Yuri's legs.

As he did, the Russian gasped and spread his legs far apart. His movement pressed his cock harder against the jeans and forced his fingers away from it. For a moment, Chase was sorry that he couldn't see yet but that would change. He wouldn't wait to see it in its naked glory.

Chase tried to kneel down, but his thighs pressed against the table. “Oops, a little cramped—”

The words died in his throat when Yuri planted both feet on the table with Chase in the middle and shoved back. The table scraped along the floor and suddenly Chase had plenty of room.

With a giggle and more grace than he thought possible, Chase lowered himself to his knees. He could feel Yuri’s thighs on both side of him, a heat and strength that was dominating and powerful.

And before him, a large cock that formed a ridge that Chase knew he had to climb.

Slowly, he lifted his eyes away from Yuri’s cock to look up at his landlord. The older Russian was panting heavily, his lips parted in lust and his blue eyes almost burning.

“So,” whispered Chase, “is this where you wanted me?”

t'Sade

Branding

5

Chase's breath came hard and fast as he stared at the hardness in front of him. Even through the jeans, it towered over him. The bulge was thick, about as wide as a yogurt container and it looked about ten or eleven inches. At the base, his testicles looked like bowling balls from his vantage point. He licked his lips as he wondered what it would look like without the pants hiding them.

To either side were the thick cords of Yuri's legs. For a landlord, he was very fit and muscular. Trembling, Chase reached out and rested his palms against Yuri's inner thighs. It was like palming denim-covered steel.

Yuri's muscles bunched under Chase's right hand. He let out a guttural groan.

Chase lifted his gaze to see Yuri staring at him, the intense blue eyes catching him like a fly. He breathed in deeply and caught the scent of Yuri's excitement, a musky hot smell that seeped through the blue fabric before him.

They stared into each other's eyes for a long moment.

Then, Chase broke the silence with a whisper, "Is this what you wanted?"

A nod.

Chase's cock throbbed with desire. He wanted to hike up his dress and pump it, but couldn't. His palms felt welded to Yuri's thighs. He panted and enjoyed the heated rush that boiled between his legs. As it throbbed through his veins, he lowered his gaze down to the thick length soaking the jeans. "Is there anything else you want?"

Yuri moaned. "Yes."

Chase leaned into him until his chin rested on the swells of the Russian's balls. At his touch, Yuri jumped but then let out a rumbling breath as Chase angled his head to kiss the base of the swollen cock. The heat seeping out of the jeans was intense; it only added to Chase's own throbbing.

Lifting higher on his knees, Chase planted a line of kisses along the ridge and zipper. He peeked up through his eyelashes to watch Yuri's lust as he moved. When his shoulders ground against Yuri's thigh, Chase was only halfway up the swollen length. He gave the middle section a long kiss before lifted his eyes. "Do you want me to suck your cock?"

"Y-Yes," growled Yuri. "Very much wanting that."

Chase started to reach up for the zipper then stopped. With a grin, he lifted his body higher up and sought out the tab with his mouth. When he found it, he could feel the length of Yuri's cock measured against his throat. It was big enough to choke-fuck him.

At his thoughts, his cock exploded and he felt a jet of cum splatter into his thong. With a gasp, he grabbed his shaft to try stopping his sudden orgasm. Another blast painted the inside of his thong before he managed to clamp down. His body shuddered as clamped his head and pressed his cheek against the thick ridge of Yuri's cock.

The heat and smell was too much. With a sob, he came again in his palm. It soaked his thong and pantyhose. Hot dribbled of cum coursed down his length and dripped off his balls. It soaked the inside of his dress before rolling down his pantyhose.

Humiliated, Chase looked up.

Yuri's mouth was parted and his cheeks were flushed.

"I-I'm sorry, I didn't mean—"

"You were beautiful," whispered Yuri.

"I was... but I came."

"I know." Yuri sat up. His swollen cock ground against Chase's face until he could reach down, tilt Chase's head and tug him up.

Chase lifted himself, bringing his mouth up to Yuri's lips. The touch was electric as he was held between the muscular thighs and guided by his large hands. Chase moaned into the kiss and let the larger man part his mouth.

Yuri's tongue flashed inside his mouth, caressing and powerful. Chase teased it, his breath coming in ragged gasps as he felt a final surge of cum blast from his shaft and paint the inside of his strained thong.

When they broke the embrace, both men gasped. Chase sank back to his knees and panted for breath. "That was... fantastic."

"Yes, very good."

Looking back up, Chase had to careen his neck up to look at Yuri. "Did you have pretty boys back home?"

"Yes, lots of pretty boys in Phoenix."

Chase jumped. "Phoenix? I thought you were from..."

"Russia?" Yuri chuckled. "I am, but been a citizen for fifteen years. Mother Russia accent stay with me though."

With a blush still on his cheeks, Chase ducked his head.

Yuri cupped his chin and pulled it back. "You are still the prettiest boy I be knowing. And I be missing thing for many years."

Chase leaned into the large palm. "What else did your pretty boys do?"

Yuri's cock jumped. "Suck my cock, let me fuck their face, bend over the couch and let me be stuffing their throat—"

If Chase hadn't come, he would have from the soft litany of actions Yuri listed.

"—suck on my balls, wear pretty dresses, lick my ass—"

Chase shivered. He had never rimmed someone but suddenly he wanted to try it at least once.

"—and let me fuck their pretty assholes until they scream." Yuri looked down. "Have you had someone fuck your asshole?"

"No," Chase whispered, "but I've tried it with some toys."

"If you are willing, I be showing you difference between the two. Nothing like having this," he grabbed the front of his soaked jeans, "instead of some plastic toy."

Chase moaned. "I want you to do that."

Yuri stood up, pushing Chase back with his crotch. "Good, but let me get rid of jeans. Very hard to strip on couch."

"Let me," said Chase and reached up. He traced his fingers along both sides of the ridge before he found the zipper again. Tugging on it, he found that he had to use most of his grip to force the tab over

the thick ridge of Yuri's cock. The slow grind of the zipper shook through Chase as he pulled it down.

Yuri's shaft swelled out of the opening. It looked like a log trying to slip out of some gaping hole. The underwear, a pair of thin boxers, was already soaked with his juices and almost transparent. Underneath was the thick rod of Yuri's cock, a thick length of reddish manhood.

Yuri reached down and unbuckled his pants. The heavy belt swung down, almost hitting Chase, before sagging to the side. His thick fingers worked at the strained metal button that held the massive shaft confined in the jeans.

Chase held his breath as the cock shoved out of the opening. For a moment, it looked like the jeans weren't able to split open wide enough to let it escape. It popped out with a wet slurp, swinging over Chase's head before coming down. It struck his forehead with a meaty thunk that almost bowled him over. It bounced twice before coming to a rest along Chase's face.

Gasping, Yuri reached down and pulled his underwear off the top. The elastic clung to the shaft before he slid it down.

And then Chase was looking at his first real cock. It was beautiful, a thick rod that he wanted to feel in every hole of his body. His asshole clenched with anticipation as he grabbed the middle of the rod and kissed it. The skin was soft and salty, flavored with the musky excitement of his landlord.

"Will you suck it?" Yuri moaned.

"Yes," said Chase. He kissed his way up toward the tip, enjoying the taste of a real cock. It was hot and slick and wonderful.

"I..."

Chase looked up just as he reached the glans. With a grin, he mouthed over the large head and took it in. It was smooth and slick and drooled into his mouth. The girth also stretched Chase's mouth widely.

"I..." Yuri gasped.

Popping the head out of his mouth, Chase smiled. "Go on," he said. Using both hands, he stroked the length of Yuri's cock. The sensation against his palms was foreign and intense at the same time, a throbbing heat that wasn't his own. He couldn't wait to try

deep-throating it, though it would take him days to get the entire length inside him.

Yuri gulped and clutched his hands into fists. “I want to ruin your dress.”

Chase froze.

“I want to cum on your face and let it drip down. I be paying to clean it, but I want to make it white.”

Chase glanced down at the cum oozing through the stretched fabric. He had already ruined his dress. He looked back and nodded. “Please cum on me?”

The cock in his hand pulsed.

“I want you to cum all over my face.”

Another pulse.

“Ruin my dress.”

Yuri was panting. His shaft jumped with every pulse and word from Chase’s mouth.

Chase returned to the head. Stretching his lips, he pushed the soaked tip back into his mouth. It was hot and slick and jumping. Enjoying the intoxicating taste, Chase bobbed his head around the glans—it was as much as he could get into his mouth from his angle. He used his hands to pump up and down the shaft. The thick dribbles of his saliva and pre-cum made it easier to explore every ridge and vein along the massive shaft.

Fingernails scraped on the couch. Chase looked up to see Yuri’s head thrown back and his eyes rolled back. The larger man’s hips thrust up into Chase’s mouth, a tiny movement that hinted at the power that Yuri could fuck.

It didn’t long before the shaft swelled in Chase’s grip. The heat rolling off it seared his palms with every stroked and it was harder to angle or tilt it. In his mouth, the head swelled until it was almost knotting his face.

“I be coming!”

Chase moaned around the shaft.

And then the first spurt caught him by surprise. It left a searing line of hot liquid against the roof his mouth.

Gasping, Chase yanked himself off and tilted the cock toward his face. It was like moving a rusted lever, but the second and third blast of cum caught across his face. It was thick when it splattered

on his nose and forehead. More spurts came out, branding across his face.

Chase tried to aim Yuri down to his dress, but the cock was too hard and strong for him. Instead, he just let it paint his face. Strand after strand whipped across him, adding to the layers coating his nose, forehead, and chin.

Chase had to close his eyes to avoid being burned, but every wet slurp that smacked him pushed him closer to another orgasm. He moaned and opened his mouth to catch one of them. The heated liquid splashed on his tongue and he drank it down.

More cum splattered against his face, adding to the thick dribbles that ran down over his cheeks and throat. It splashed down on his dress, but he couldn't see it with his eyes closed tightly.

"Fuck!" roared Yuri. He grabbed his cock from Chase. Rapid slurps of him pumping filled the living room as more cum splattered along Chase's throat and chest.

Chase felt it soaking into the dress and seeping through the lace. Hot rivers of cum ran inside the outfit, caught by the sagging bust. A thicker one reached the gap around Chase's thong and then it was mixing in with Chase's orgasm.

And then it was over. No more cum splattered against his face and the only sound was the two men gasping for breath.

Strong fingers caught his face and then Yuri was wiping the cum from Chase's eyes with his thumb. Blinking past the burning tears, Chase looked up to see sated lust in the larger man's blue eyes.

He grinned, still panting. "Did you like?"

"Very much be liking that. But, I not be done."

Chase whimpered. "I-I don't know if I can take that yet."

"No," Yuri said as he pulled Chase up.

Chase stood on shaking knees, swaying back and forth with the dizziness inside him. He looked down at his dress. It was no longer tented by his cock, but white strands of cum crisscrossed the formerly pristine fabric. More of it caught his bare shoulders and clung to the lace around the throat.

"You are beautiful," whispered Yuri.

Flushed the compliment, Chase stroked his hips.

"Now, be pulling up that dress so I can be sucking you clean."

Cleaning Up

6

“What?” gasped Chase.

Yuri answered by clapping his hands on Chase’s ass and pulling him close. His massive cock thumped against Chase’s belly. “I said be pulling up your dress.”

“But, I just—”

“You think I not like sucking cock too?”

“Well,” Chase blushed even hotter, “yeah.”

Yuri reached down and pulled up the hem of the dress up. The soaked fabric clung to Chase’s hips as it traced the line of his ass. It caught on his rapidly growing hardness, but Yuri easily pulled it above and bunched it around Chase’s waist.

With firm hands, he returned to Chase’s ass and cupped both buttons. “Now, crawl up here.”

Chase was picked up off the ground as the firm hands pulled him up. He let out a gasp and planted his hand on Yuri’s white shirt. For a moment, he wondered if Yuri was going to impale him on the cock, but the Russian brought him up to his chest. When his knees landed on Yuri’s pectorals, he spread them around Yuri’s barrel chest.

Yuri looked up past the ruined dress. “You be caring about these *kolgotki*?”

“I don’t know that word,” whispered Chase.

Yuri reached up and pressed his lips to the ruined pantyhose. “I would like to rip these open.”

Chase shuddered with excitement. “Go ahead.”

Using his teeth, Yuri tore open a hole in Chase's hose. The release of pressure was almost as intense as the feeling of the larger man rooting through the opening to catch his cock.

At the first touch of the lips around his thong-wrapped cock, Chase came again. The spurt soaked the inside.

Yuri grunted. "You be tasting good."

Chase couldn't response. He gripped Yuri's head with one hand and the back of the couch with the other. His entire world had focused on the sensation of a mouth, the first one ever, as it peeled back his ruined thong and engulfed his length.

Being pulled into a wet, hot hole was too much. Chase whimpered as he came again, spurting into Yuri's mouth.

Yuri only moaned and sucked deeper, easily taking Chase's seven inches to the base. He opened his mouth wider and used his tongue to pull one of Chase's balls in.

"Oh, god!"

Yuri gripped Chase's ass tighter as he lapped around the cock, bobbing up and down. The tip of his tongue worked up and down around Chase's ball and shaft, teasing it and soaking it with saliva.

Chase's vision blurred as he clutched tighter. "Oh fuck, oh fuck!"

Fingers wormed their way into the crevice of Chase's buttocks. He could feel them, but there was no way he could stop Yuri as the man circled the tight ring. The sensation forced another orgasm to rip through his body and Chase lost himself as he humped into the older man's face, draining himself as he rocked between the slurping tongue and the two fingers that probed his asshole.

Yuri slid one finger deep into Chase's ass. He pumped it in and out with short, slow strokes.

Chase whimpered and mimicked the motion. His cock jerked but no more cum came out. The dry fires were both pleasurable and uncomfortable at the same time.

Slowly, Yuri pulled his mouth and finger away. He smacked his lips as he released Chase's sensitive tip. "Very pretty boy."

Chase panted. Sweat and cum rolled down his face. His dress was ruined, but he was more sated then he could ever imagine. A warmth suffused through his body as tiny tremors coursed along his muscles.

He gulped. "T-Thank you."

Yuri's grip tightened on his buttocks. He lifted Chase off his chest and back to the ground between his legs. "No, thank you."

Still gasping for breath, Chase looked at the cock in front of him. It was limp now, but dripping with cum. He realized he had one more thing to do.

t'Sade

Something New

7

Getting back on his knees, Chase cupped the large balls. Puddles of cum pooled in the wrinkles and along the hairs.

“You not have to be doing this.”

“I want to,” whispered Chase before he brought the thick cock back to his mouth. It no longer had the steel hardness, but it still throbbed in his mouth. He closed his eyes and enjoyed lapping at the bits of cum that clung to it.

As he sucked on it, it swelled and he could find new places to clean. He worked silently and without looking up. His entire world centered on the cock that needed cleaning. It needed to be worshiped.

When he reached the base of the shaft, he continued to Yuri’s right testicle. The smell of musk and sex was even stronger, but it didn’t matter. Chase slathered attention on it with the same affection as the rest of his cock. He held it with three fingers as he worked it along his mouth.

He finished to Yuri’s moans. With a grin, Chase shifted over to the other ball and mouthed it. It didn’t take him long until it was glistening with his saliva.

Yuri’s cock towered over him, a massive pole that Chase hoped to feel buried inside him one day. Already, fresh pre-cum was oozing out of the red head of the swollen head.

Chase pulled back to admire his work. Despite the length of cock, it was clean from tip to balls. Only a few strays of cum had dribbled down between Yuri’s buttocks.

Remembering what Yuri said, Chase licked his lips as he stared at the last bit. His cock rose at his thoughts.

Taking a deep breath, he cupped both of Yuri's balls and held them up.

"What are you..."

Yuri's words dissolved into Russian as Chase pressed his mouth below the balls. He followed the ridge at the base of the cock toward the heated pucker that had just a fleck of cum on it.

Above him, Yuri's legs lifted up and planted on the couch, giving him access.

It was Chase's first time and he wasn't sure what he would find, or taste, down there. He gave it a hesitate lick, just enough to feel the ridge. It was hot and smooth. The musky smell was stronger with his face buried in Yuri's ass cheeks, but so was the scent of fresh cum and excitement.

When the only response was a shudder through Yuri, he gave it another. He circled around it, giving dainty little flicks toward the middle. He could feel the ridges, each one smooth, along the tip of his tongue.

And then a hot splatter of cum splashed on his back.

Yuri pulled him back as a second blast of cum caught Chase along the throat. "Feeling too good and my dick is sore. Maybe, you ask... later? Not for rent, I cannot make a deal with sex and payment."

Chase rested his cheek against Yuri's softening cock, holding it against his skin. "But, if I accidentally blow my money on another dress, I should come to you about my rent payments?"

Blushing, Yuri nodded. "But, before be late." He grinned, "I do not want to kick-ed you out, 3B. We can always make arrangements."

"Weekly payments?"

Yuri's eyes sparkled for a moment. "Might need day-to-day discussion. Much ass-kissing needed if you be late." His hips rose and fell. "I hope for much kissing."

Chase licked his lips. It was a musky taste on his mouth, but not horrible. He smiled back and nodded. He could do that for Yuri.

And maybe Yuri would lick back.

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

t'Sade

About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.