

**Teased by
the
Landlord**

t'Sade

**Teased by
the
Landlord**

t'Sade

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

Late for Work

1

Chase yawned as he staggered out of the bathroom and down the hallway. His shoulder bumped against the wall and he scraped himself along the glossy paint for a few steps before he pried himself off to stumble through the door into his bedroom.

He made it a few steps before he spotted his black dress hanging off the end of the bed. Less than twenty-four hours after he got it, it had been soaked in cum. Now, the drying streaks along the black fabric brought a smile to his lips and a warmth gathering along his freshly-shaved cock.

The night had started poorly when Yuri, his landlord, came pounding on his door demanding the overdue rent. When Chase couldn't explain that he spent his money on his dirty secret, dresses, Yuri invited himself in and found out himself. Instead of evicting him, the Russian landlord had admitted to a secret of his own: he wanted to see Chase in his newest dress and on his knees between the larger man's thighs.

That was six short hours ago and Chase felt the exhaustion dragging on every movement. After Yuri left with a drain cock and a smile, Chase sat on the couch and tried to comprehend the rapid changes in his life. In less than a few hours, he had licked a huge cock from tip to balls. And then, though he never considered it before, he had rimmed Yuri until the large man came again.

Chase lifted his fingers to his lips, remembering how it felt to be painted by Yuri's cum. He smiled and dropped his other hand to his underwear. The plain white fabric was already strained by his cock. His knees trembled as he ran his palm along the hard length, tracing his excitement with slow steps.

His eyes closed, but as he was doing so, he spotted the clock. He only had twenty minutes to leave the apartment if he was going to be on time for work.

He tried to pull his hand away from his shaft, but the image of Yuri's massive length rose in his mind. Unlike Chase's reasonable length, Yuri had a thick tower of heat and strength. It was wider than Chase's wrist and he could still remember the silky hardness underneath his grip.

Last night, Chase tried to get his mouth over the top of it but couldn't even reach the thick ridge with his lips. Yuri said that he loved to face-fuck pretty boys, but Chase struggled to take even a few inches. If the entire thing was pounding into him, he didn't think he could take it.

In his palm, his cock jumped with his thoughts. He wanted to take it. He needed to feel Yuri's cock driving into his mouth, his throat, and his ass. He wanted to surrender everything to the large man who so easily dominated him with nothing more than a promise of a rent-free month and an order to kneel.

He whimpered and glanced at the clock. Only eighteen minutes before he had to go.

Turning his gaze back to his dress, he whimpered and then grabbed it. Stripping off his underwear, he threw himself back on the bed and grabbed his aching length with one hand. With his other, he brought the silky dress up and slid his length along a crease. As soon as he could, he wrapped both hands in the stained fabric and pumped hard.

With only a few hours parting the actual event, he could still remember the sensation of pressing his cheek to Yuri's cock and drinking in the smell. The musky tang hovered right on the edges of his senses, a rapidly fading memory that still held the intensity of the moment. His cock drooled into the dress, soaking the fabric, and giving him lubrication to pump faster and harder.

His stomach and back clenched rhythmically with his thrust. He tried to imagine what it would feel like to be face-fucked by Yuri. The huge cock prying his jaw open and the tightness of his throat. He struggled with the image and the sharp edge of excitement began to fade.

Whimpering, he glanced at the clock. Only fourteen minutes left.

Rolling over, he lifted his ass in the air and spread his legs. Yuri would like that, seeing his tight hole ready to take his length. His cock surged to full hardness and he curled his toes at the pleasure that rippled along his length.

He continued to pump his shaft with his ruined dress. The pleasure built as he imagined Yuri's rough hands at his buttocks as the Russian spread his cheeks. He wondered what it would feel like to have a hot breath against his clenching asshole or along the wrinkles of his balls. Before last night, he would have never thought about rimming, but now he craved to feel the strong lips against his puckered asshole or a rough sucking of his balls.

His orgasm rose inside him, a searing hot explosion that tightened every muscle in his body. He released one hand and reached back, eyes tight as he tried to imagine it was Yuri's finger circling his ass. The tight muscle spasmed as he caressed it. He teased along the opening as he continued to pump into the dress. The wet slicking sound rose up from underneath him from the cum-soaked fabric. Every scrape against his length added more pleasure building inside him.

Gulping, he pressed one finger against his asshole. It was tight and resisting, but he tapped against it with more determination until he felt it easing around him.

The first penetration of his finger ripped a moan from his throat. He planted his face in the pillow and pretended it was Yuri holding him down. His finger thrust harder, driving by Chase's desire, and he felt the muscle slid down to his first knuckle.

The sensation of being pried open brought him almost to the edge. A flood of pre-cum soaked through his dress and he felt it seeping around his fingers.

Biting down on the pillow, he released the dress and reached back with his other hand. The slick fingers joined his drier ones and he began to thrust one wet finger into his ass, working between the two until both hands were sticky and slick.

He continued to thrust with his hips, driving his cock into the dress and against the mattress. He tried to imagine Yuri's cock fucking him, but the cock was too large for his body and too much for his mind to take in all at once. He had to experience it again.

The idea of having Yuri buried to his balls pushed Chase to the edge. He imagined feeling the hardness clear in his guts and swelling his stomach and his cock exploded. Hot jets of cum poured into his mattress as he fucked himself with two alternating fingers driving in and out of his tight ass.

Screaming into his pillow, he jammed his two fingers in as far as they would go and slumped to the bed. His entire body shuddered as he finished coming into his ruined dress, soaking the fabric completely and the mattress below it.

With a sigh, he eased his fingers out from the tight opening. He grinned and opened his eyes, focusing on the clock.

He was two minutes late.

Going Upstairs

2

After an exhausting day of sending out threatening letters, the only thing Chase wanted to do was find a large hot tub and sink into it. But, he lived in a twelve-unit apartment and there was no Jacuzzi on any floor. The tub was barely large enough for him to get his ass warm.

He sighed and mounted the front steps, taking each one in slow rhythm. At the door, he peered through the door as he unlocked it, curious to see if any new packages had arrived. At the same time, he dreaded finding anything in fear that it would ruin last night's luck. No matter how beautiful the dress or sexy the lingerie, nothing could compare to Yuri.

The last few hours of work was hell as he fought himself thinking about his landlord. He wasted the last of his breaks in the bathroom, trying to jerk off one last time while not alerting the rest of the stalls that he was masturbating. It ended in failure and left him with aching balls for the ride home. Not to mention sticky underwear.

He pushed open the door and it creaked as he stepped through. His eyes traveled up the stairs. There were twelve units in the apartment complex and Yuri's was on the fourth floor at 4D.

Chase stopped inside the door. Before Yuri left, he said that Chase was welcome to come up and "negotiate" for his next month's rent check. Of course, he said that with Chase kneeling between his legs and cum splattered all over him, Chase, and the dress.

As he looked up the stairs, his heart began to thump faster. He took a step toward it, breathing in the musty smell that seemed to cling to all apartment stairwells. Trembling, he stepped on the bottom step and then started up.

With every step, his heart beat faster and sweat prickled his brow. He wondered if he misinterpreted Yuri's English and that the landlord wasn't interested in him just knocking on the door.

By the time he reached the third floor, his floor, he was shaking. He could just go into his apartment but his destination was the fourth floor. Even though he lived in the apartment for months, he had never gone up to Yuri's floor before.

It was darker and more cramped than he expected, but the same smell permeated the upper floors as the bottom one. Yuri's apartment was around the back of the stairs. Chase held on the railing for balance as he walked slowly toward his. Doubt hung over him, reminding him that he was doing the wrong thing and Yuri had no interest in him. It warred with the passion he remember from the night before.

He hesitated in front of the apartment door. His body shook as he tried to lift his hand to knock. With a whimper, he pulled it down and looked over his shoulder. He was still wearing his work outfit, a black suit and white shirt. His tie, the only choice he was allowed to make at the law firm, was an uninteresting gray with white stripes.

It was nothing like the sexy dress Yuri caught him in before. He blushed as he stared at his feet. His black wingtips were polished to an inch of their life.

He sighed. "I'm... I'm an idiot."

Glancing at the wooden door, he turned and crept away. His shoes tapped softly on the stairs and he fled for his apartment.

Laundry Time

3

From the middle of his couch, Chase sat and sullenly stared at the coffee table shoved against the far side of his living room. The books on top were scattered over one side and a box of panties had spilled out across the surface. One of his favorite, a satin and lace thong, dangled from the corner. The lace fluttered as it moved from the breeze coming from the ventilation.

“I’m pathetic,” he muttered. He couldn’t even knock on Yuri’s door.

He glanced around his living room. Despite living for months in his apartment, most of his possessions were still in boxes. They were labeled in code for innocent people, but their contents were Chase’s secrets: “video games” for his high-heel shoes, “books” for his corsets, and even “plates” for the cocktail and sheath dresses. A dozen different names for his shameful desires.

Chase managed to keep his secret for years through multiple boyfriends and employers. It was the hardest thing to resist pulling on a sexy thong for work, but he knew a single glance over the urinal wall by the wrong person would get him fired faster than he could zip himself up.

He glanced at the door. He never expected how fast Yuri would force himself into his apartment. Just a threat of eviction, rightful since Chase wasted his rent on a new dress, and the Russian had seen all of Chase’s secrets stacked up around the room.

Still bound in the coarse fabric of his white underwear, his cock began to stir at the memories. The rush of helplessness was the first thing he remembered. He was clutching his robe shut to hide his dress as Yuri inspected the room. The dread and fear mixed

together into a heady brew, bringing hardness to his shaft and making it harder to keep the robe close. Now, even remembering it, his shaft lifted up from his body and tented the white fabric.

A soft gasp escaped his lips and he rested his hand on it. The ache of his hardness added a thrill of pleasure. He stroked his palm along the tip, rubbing in circles until the first droplets of pre-cum soaked through the fabric.

He always hated white underwear. The material was rough and coarse, the way it clung to his body dug into his crotch, and it didn't feel right against his skin. If it wasn't for the sullen thoughts that followed him into his apartment, he would have stripped it off the second he closed his door.

Digging his thumbs into the elastic, Chase lifted his hips and pushed it down. The waistband caught his cock and bent it back before it slip free. The wet smack against his belly brought a smile to his lips.

Lowering his ass and curling his knees to his chest, he yanked the hated underwear off and tossed it aside. He leaned forward, grabbed his favorite pair and pulled them up over his legs. As the red fabric slid along his shaved thighs, he planted his feet on the edge of the couch and lifted his hips high. The soft fabric slid smoothly into place, the fabric cupped his balls and then pulled them tight to his body.

Chase closed his eyes and held his position, imagining Yuri walking into his apartment with his hips held up high. His cock grew harder as he inched his legs apart, exposing himself to the imaginary voyeur. Would Yuri pull out his thick cock and slid it into the fabric? Would he take up his offer of burying his face between Chase's cheeks and licking his asshole.

The forbidden thrill of rimming pushed Chase closer to the edge. He shoved his hand underneath the fabric and gripped his cock tightly. It was already slick with pre-cum and it took very little before he could pump his cock.

He kept his eyes tightly closed as he tried to imagine Yuri's rough face against his body, hands holding him tight. Everything about the Russian was large, from his cock to his hands. He could imagine Yuri holding him down by the hips as he forced Chase's legs further apart.

Chase's knuckles rubbed along the inside of the soaked panties, sliding along the silky fabric as he pumped frantically. Dribbles of pre-cum splattered against his belly, painting his bare skin with hot flashes of pleasure. He moaned and lifted himself higher, straining his body to its limits as he reached for an orgasm.

"Yes," he hissed.

His balls clenched tight against his body and he felt his orgasm rising. With a gasp, he released his cock and drove his fingers deeper into the thong, sliding around his balls to drive his soaked fingers against his tightly clenched asshole.

He managed to get one finger inside before he orgasmed. The thrill of pressure against his ass brought a knife-edge of pleasure as he came against his belly, splattering long strands of cum against his stomach, chest, and even face. One jet caught his lips and he tasted himself through his gritted teeth.

Chase held himself over the couch until the shuddering passed. Then, with a moan, he lowered himself back to the cushions. A few dribbles of cum rolled back down his chest and he swirled his fingers into the globs until they were smeared into his skin.

He wanted Yuri. He craved not only the man's massive cock but also the way he dominated with nothing but an accented command and his size.

Chase's shaft responded to his thoughts and started to rise again. It ached with his recent orgasm and he rested his hand against it.

It took a while for him to steel the courage to even try again, but the fear of misinterpreting the Russian's words still hung over his cloud. He looked around for some excuse to knock on Yuri's door, but didn't find any at first. It wasn't until he wandered into the bedroom and saw his stained dress that an idea came to him.

Heart racing, he gathered up his laundry and tossed it into a basket. After he found a fresh set of panties, he also included the stained dress and both pairs of cum-soaked thongs in the wash. He could hand-clean them while waiting for the laundry run. It would give him an excuse to hide in the basement if he lost his courage or if Yuri rebuked him.

He found a pair of sweat pants and pulled them over his panties, a low-cut sapphire lace affair that he found in a catalog. The crotch of his panties were narrow and his balls peeked out of both sides,

but he didn't care. Like everything else, it made him feel sexy even if the loose sweatpants obscured his body.

Hefting the basket on his side, he opened his door with a shaking hand and stepped through. His dick ground against his basket as he maneuvered the door shut and locked it.

Chase started up the stairs, in the opposite direction of the laundry room in the basement. His bare feet caused the steps to creak as he worked his way up to the fourth floor. With every step, his heart pounded faster and he found it harder to breathe. He wanted Yuri to come down and just take charge, to command him, but the hallway was empty and dark.

On the fourth floor, he almost dropped his basket as he inched down the hall to Yuri's door. Light seeped underneath the entrance, filtered by the carpet strands. He could hear a muted television and he wondered if Yuri watched Russian shows.

He raised his hand to knock but couldn't do it. Gulping, he stared at the plain-looking door and fought back a whimper.

Maybe it would be easier if he wasn't holding basket. Chase turned and set down the basket. But, when he tried to knock again, he couldn't force himself to touch the wood. He knew that Yuri would take charge if he did, but at the same time, he was afraid of humiliating himself by standing in sweatpants, a button-down shirt from work, and a pair of blue panties. Maybe it was a one time thing, maybe what Yuri meant was not what Chase heard.

A tear ran down his cheek and he pulled his hand back. He couldn't risk making a mistake. Even if it meant that he would just have the one wonderful night for his memories, he didn't want to ruin it by the wrong thing.

Crying silently, he picked up his basket and headed down to do his laundry.

Taking Charge

4

There was something peaceful about hand-washing a dress. The black fabric sparkled in the light of a single bulb reflected in the mirror above the slop sink. Normally, the sink would be a foul mess of drying soap and laundry fuzz, but Chase had scrubbed it out before he could clean his clothes.

His panties, the red and the space trooper one hung on the edge. The trooper's face, poised right where his cock was, looked sad as it stretched over the ridge. A droplet clung to the bottom of the red thong and it looked like his pre-cum as it threatened to drop into the sink.

He smiled and put more of his weight on his elbows. He was bent over the sink, exposed and vulnerable, but no one would be coming down at night. The other tenants did their laundry on the weekend, usually Sunday night, so a Wednesday night was the perfect time to stew in his thoughts and clean his shameful secrets.

Chase continued to scrub with his fingers, rolling the stained fabric underneath the icy water as he systematically cleaned it. He knew how to wash the clothes in a machine, research on the Internet told him that much, but he always liked to wash his dresses by hand. It reminded him how close it was to his skin and he loved the way the fabric clung to his water-logged wrinkles.

Yawning, he rocked on one foot and shifted his hips. His panties shifted against his skin and he felt one ball slipping out of the elastic. It was slightly uncomfortable, but also felt good, so he rocked back and forth as he finished scrubbing the cum from the front mesh of his dress.

He finished the dress and rinsed it under the water one last. He was horny again but other emotions stormed inside his head. He was terrified of making a mistake even as he berated himself for not knocking. The Russian would understand. He would evict Chase. A thousand what-if scenarios burned through his head and there was nothing he could do but let them play out.

With a sigh, he lifted the dress and shook it gently. Clean water coursed along the fabric and splattered into the slop sink.

"I be thinking—" came a deep, rumbling voice from behind him.

Chase screamed and spun around. He clutched the sopping dress to his chest as he peered across the room to the entrance where Yuri stood.

The Russian wore his customary outfit: a white button-down shirt, faded blue jeans, and heavy boots. The fabric strained over his muscles. With a light behind him, his face was dark in the shadows but his wire-rimmed glasses glinted in the light of the laundry room bulb.

Yuri stepped into the room. "Sorry, I not intentionally be sneaking up on you."

Chase gave a nervous laugh. He realized he was holding up his dress and hid it behind his back.

"Why you do that?" Yuri's voice was almost booming in the cramped quarters of the laundry room. The rumble of the drier did nothing but add a vibrating quality to his voice.

"U-Um, what?"

"Hide that pretty dress. I be saying that I liked it on you, no?"

A blush crept up on Chase's cheeks. "Yes...."

"Well, wet or not, if I be liking it then why hide cleaning it?" Yuri smiled and stepped closer. His body seemed to grow and Chase stepped into the slop sink. "I be one of the people getting it messy."

The blush crept further down Chase's chest as a tingle coursed along his skin. He gulped and brought the dress back ground. The dripping fabric splattered his bare feet and against the concrete floor, the patter adding to the rumble of the drier. "S-Sorry."

Yuri stopped in front of him. He was easily a foot taller than Chase. "No be sorry, last night was best night that Yuri had."

Chase ducked his head. "I wasn't sure."

A strong hand caught his chin and tilted his gaze up.

Heart pounding his chest, Chase trembled in Yuri's grip.

"Is that why you almost be knocking on my door?"

Blanching, Chase tried to pull away but he was pinned against the sink. His ears rang as he felt the tingling growing deeper and focusing on his crotch. The heated waves pooled in his balls and his cock grew hard inside his panties.

"I be seeing you through the eye hole. You looked scared and nervous. Did I not say you can come up?" His rumbling voice shook the air around Chase.

"Y-Yes, but I didn't... I thought... I was afraid that I made a mistake." Chase stammered and whimpered. He twisted his hips and shoulders, trying to escape the grip Yuri had on his chin.

Yuri nodded. "Yes, I was too subtle. You don't want subtle, right?"

Chase' tears began to well up again.

The Russian leaned into him until their lips were only inches apart. "You want me to be explicit? Does pretty boy want to be ordered?"

Chase let out a shuddering breath. He gripped the sink to avoid falling.

Yuri smiled. "Yes, pretty boy wants orders not subtle. Wants Yuri to tell him what to do."

"Y-Y..." Chase gulped. His cock ached and jumped with every pulse of his rapidly beating heart. He wanted to be stripped down and fucked right then and there, to be shoved to his knees and forced to swallow Yuri's cock.

"I be seeing it in your eyes, pretty boy," said Yuri. "You want to be ordered."

Chase nodded.

"No, Yuri wants to hear those words." The larger man reached down and pressed one thick hand against Chase's hip. Even through the fabric of Chase's sweats, he could feel the heat seeping against his skin. One finger hovered right above his cock, almost but not quite touching his aching hardness.

"P-Please, tell me what to do?"

Yuri leaned further, looming over him. And then their lips touch. For a moment, Chase thought it was going to be a tender caress, but

then Yuri's mouth was hard against his own, the pressure forcing him to part his own lips in submission.

Helpless to escape and kissed suddenly brought Chase to the edge of an orgasm. He moaned into Yuri's mouth. The powerful man had him pinned and it only added to the intensity of the kiss as Yuri stole his breath away, kissing hard but slow, an irresistible force that left Chase gasping.

Yuri broke the kiss, but only pulled back an inch. "Then Yuri give you orders."

"Y-Yes."

"Please, I like when you say please."

"Please? Yes, please." breathed Chase.

Yuri dragged his thick fingers over Chase's crotch, then up to the waistband. He smiled as he wormed his fingertips under the elastic.

Chase shivered with the effort to hold back his orgasm. He tried to look down, but Yuri halted him with another kiss.

"Feel, not look."

His entire world focused on the large hand as it slipped into his panties, stretching the fabric until the backside dug into Chase's crevice. It was soaked inside the silk and Yuri's fingers easily slid down Chase's length and around his balls. The warmth and pressure of having a large hand holding him sent a thrill coursing through his body and Chase had to clamp down to avoid coming into Yuri's palm.

"Tomorrow, after you be coming home from work," started the larger man, "you will go to 3B."

Three fingers cupped Chase's balls before the middle one started to slid back. The tip was slick from Chase's pre-cum and it easily parted his cheeks.

"And then you will take a shower, a long and hot one. I want you squeaky clean including this—" The sentence paused as Yuri pressed one thick finger against Chase's tightly clenched sphincter. "—needs to be very clean. Squeaky clean." He smiled and his breath washed over Chase, it smelled faintly of vodka and mint. "Lickable."

Chase shivered and let out a long gasp. The heat reflected off Yuri's face. He bit his lower lip as he stared into Yuri's intense blue eyes. His knuckles cracked with the effort to keep himself standing.

Yuri brought the other two fingers up between Chase's legs, forcing them apart. "And then, when you are clean and dry. You will find a pretty skirt and matching panties and come up. You will knock twice and wait."

Chase's cock burned with the need to orgasm. He could feel his excitement dribbling down his entire length and pooling into Yuri's palm. His cheeks burned with desire but he could only gasp as he rocked his hips into Yuri's hand.

"Yuri will make you wait. Maybe someone will see you in short skirt and blouse?"

The image Yuri painted pushed Chase over the edge. He let out a whimper and came, his cock painting Yuri's wrist and palm with hot jets of cum. He sobbed and slumped, but Yuri held him up by the three fingers between his legs.

"Yes," Yuri smiled and pulled up, "Yuri will make you wait."

The drier buzzed loudly and Chase jumped. The rumbling stopped and he could hear his frantic panting as he continued to pump hot cum into Yuri's hand. His hips thrust forward helplessly to drive his cock against the rough palm that cupped him. Wet splatters of cum struck the concrete floor between his legs. It was loud in the sudden silence but the noise kept the orgasm shuddering through his body.

Yuri pumped his hand along Chase's cock, sliding up and with short strokes until the last surge of cum squirted out.

Chase panted, his lips parted slightly as he leaned against the sink and Yuri.

A grin stretched across Yuri's face. And then he slowly drew his hand up.

Chase moaned as he felt the thick fingers sliding along his balls, pulling the elastic apart before laying it down against shaved skin. Fingernails caressed his length, tracing every ridge that stood out with his intense orgasm. And then, the fingers were along his glans and the smooth head of his shaft.

A heartbeat later, Yuri pulled his hand out of Chase's pants and held up the dripping hand. A thick dribble of cum oozed between his index and middle finger. "You came for Yuri. You make a mess. Good boy."

"Sorry."

Yuri smiled and clenched his hand together. Cum oozed out from his fingers. When he opened his hands, sticky strands clung to his digits. Yuri's blue eyes focused on his hand and then over to Chase.

A thrill of excitement rippled through Chase as he thought about Yuri presenting the sticky fingers to his mouth. His cock responded almost instantly, growing harder until it tented his cum-soaked panties.

As he exhaled, Chase opened his mouth and kept it open. His eyes never left Yuri's.

Yuri brought his fingers to Chase's mouth. The scent of Chase's cum filled his nostrils, a sharp and bright scent.

Panting, Chase closed his eyes and brought his head forward. At the first touch of the cum-soaked fingers, he gasped and drank in the scent of his own pleasure. Then, without opening his eyes, he worked his way to the tips of the presented fingers and then brought two into his mouth.

No words were spoken as he cleaned Yuri's fingers. He sucked and lapped until he could taste his own cum in the back of his throat. The musky scent drove to keep sucking, worshiping Yuri's fingers just as he prayed to the Russian's cock only the night before.

TPS Reports

5

“Damn it, Chase, what are you doing? Playing fucking Facebook games!?”

Chase jumped and looked up guilty. Dave, one of his three bosses, towered over his desk waving a printed out spreadsheet. Even though the page was flapping, Chase knew it was the dreaded TPS report that reported everything from the amount of money current being in litigation, the amounts used to threaten porn downloaders, and all of the leads generated by the automated scanners. Chase’s part was the number of threat letters they sent out.

Dave slapped the spreadsheet on the desk. “You were suppose to get five hundred of those letters out today! According to this, you only did three hundred.”

It was actually 319 letters, but Chase wasn’t going to correct his boss. Instead, he put on his best apologetic face. “I’m sorry, the network was running behind and I couldn’t do the required research.”

“Fuck the research, just send out the damn letters before you go home today.”

Inwardly, Chase whimpered. Even if he skipped the research on the reports, which was something he was pretty sure was illegal, it would take an hour and a half. He knew he couldn’t avoid at least a minimal effort to identify the poor victims which meant three more hours.

He glanced down at the clock on his computer. It was four in the afternoon and Yuri was expecting him as soon as he got home. If he wrote up the letters, he would be two hours late at the latest.

But, Chase needed his job even if he hated it. He nodded and looked back up at Dave. "I'll get it done."

"Good." Dave dropped the rest of the TPS reports on Chase's desk and pulled his coat off his arm. "I'm taking tomorrow off. There is an Angels game and I got a pair of cunts to keep me company. So, get your shit together and you better have your quotas when I get back. No, you better exceed your fucking quota."

Chase nodded, a sick feeling in his stomach.

He waited until Dave left. Then, he resumed playing the streaming music and tried to burn through the remaining letters. But, even as he was pouring over endless IP reports from BitTorrent scanners, DHCP leases from ISPs, and other information, he thought more about the outfit he was going to wear for Yuri.

Chase picked it out before he left for the day and it was sitting on his messy bed. A jeans miniskirt with a ragged bottom and a woman's button-down shirt that had a vertical ruffle; it looked like a tuxedo shirt. The collar was more open than the white shirt he wore and the material far softer, but it was a sexy version of Yuri's familiar clothes. The only difference is that he had a white thong with a hint of lace around the elastic and thigh-high boots that were better looking than comfortable.

His cock twitched with excitement and he had to force his thoughts away to the anonymous victims of his company's current campaign. They were in the business of threatening porn downloaders. Most of the letters Chase sent out were vaguely worded threats of exposing them if the victim didn't pay a fine to avoid going to court. The amount of the fine was based on the victim's credit score, though Chase didn't know how his company could get that.

He hated his jobs and the disgust at the money he was earning kept him limp for the hours that stretched on. By the time he was finished, he was exhausted and frustrated. Yuri was expecting him hours ago and no doubt was probably pissed.

Chase forced himself to stop and take a deep breath. If last night was any indication, Yuri was a lot more tolerant than Chase could ever hope for. He hoped so since it was a long drive back home.

Getting Ready

6

Chase was already stripping when he came through the apartment door. His heart pounded as he fumbled with his button-down shirt. The buttons kept slipping from his sweat-slicked fingers. Gulping, he kicked the door shut with one foot and hurried toward the bedroom.

He managed to strip off the shirt and tossed it into corner for laundry. His shoes went flying down the hall; one thumped against the box of corsets and the other slid underneath the couch. He only made a feeble attempt to recover the hidden one before he started working on his pants.

Chase bruised his knuckles while trying to get the belt off. He did with a gasp and then groaned as he eased the zipper over the hard ridge of his cock. The fabric of his black trousers were soaked with his pre-cum and would probably stain. The hour drive home let him stew in his growing excitement and the last vestiges of fear that Yuri wouldn't want him.

It took all of his willpower to convince himself that his landlord would accept him no matter what he wore. If the hand-job the night before was any indication, the only thing that Yuri would do is tease Chase more before getting what he wanted.

He smiled to himself and peeled off his underwear. It clung to his body and came loose with a sucking sound that only an hour of mental masturbation could provide. He resisted the urge to pump out an orgasm. Instead, he finished stripping and headed into the bathroom.

It started off as a quick shower, but Chase lingered long enough to touch up his shaved legs and chest. And then to scrub his ass until

it was pink and tingling. He moaned and leaned into the stream of water, letting it pour down on his head as he poured shampoo one finger and worked it around until his entire digit was the same pale green as the shampoo.

Leaning against the shower surround, he hiked up one leg against the tub edge and worked his finger into his ass. The pleasure of being penetrated along with the hour-long blue balls was too much. He moaned louder, his lower lip clinging to the surround, and brought his free hand to his cock.

He almost came at the first touch, he was already primed. Moaning again, he shoved his shoulder against the surround and began to pump his finger into the sphincter with deep strokes. The pleasure radiated from the tightly-stretched ring and added to his frantically stroking hand. Wet slurps and squelches filled the tiny shower as he rocked his hips back and forth and shoved deep into his fist. When he pulled back, he impaled himself on his finger.

When his orgasm slammed into him, his cries echoed against the shower walls. He sank down to his knees, painting globs of cum along the wall as he did. He drove his finger deep inside and held it there, enjoying how his entire body clenched around it with every surge that traveled up his shaft.

He dropped to his knees before he finished. Gasping, he lifted his face to the water pouring down and pumped frantically, using the last of the shampoo as lubrication before the water washed it away.

After a few more shudders of his body, he finished. Moaning, he pulled his fingers out and held it up to the stream. He shivered as he felt the shampoo drip away.

He had to grab the rail to stand back up. Trembling from the intensity of his orgasm, he quickly rinsed off his cum and the last of the shampoo from his body with a quick stroke down his ass crack to ensure it was squeaky clean as ordered.

Sated, Chase almost floated out of his shower and into the bedroom. At the sight of his outfit, his cock twitched but did nothing else. He sighed and dried himself off, his eyes never leaving the outfit he picked for Yuri. Soon, he was dry enough to dress up.

The first was his white thong. It was cut roomier than most of his, enough to cradle his balls but the back end still left most of his ass cheeks exposed to the air. Normally, he only wore it with a longer

dress, but with the miniskirt, his cheeks would be visible by anyone looking.

He moaned and fought the growing hardness as he drew the thong up his thighs and settled it into place. The silky fabric did nothing to hide the bulge that pressed against his belly, but the higher cut kept even the tip well-hidden.

The blouse came next. The ruffles fluttered as he slipped it around his body and buttoned it into place. He thought about wearing a bra and fake breasts but Yuri said he liked his “pretty boys” to be natural. The Russian would probably like him any way he presented himself, but Chase wanted to please him.

The jeans skirt was the easiest, but also the one Chase worried the most about. He pulled it up over his ass, shivering at the touch of rough denim against his bare cheeks. The threads dangling from the bottom tickled his ass. He grinned and buckled it into place with a belt.

Taking a deep breath, he looked at himself in the mirror. He looked like a sexy, cross-dressing Daisy Duke but with a miniskirt instead of shorts. And no tits. And shorter hair. After a moment, he decided he didn’t look anything like Daisy Duke but he was still sexy. The look brought a fresh wave of excitement coursing through his body. He twirled around to admire himself.

His ass cheeks were clearly visible underneath the skirt. With the first twirl, he couldn’t even see the thong nestled in his buttocks. It looked like he was naked from behind. But, on the second, he caught it as a discrete flash of white.

“Perfect,” he moaned.

He finished with his boots. They were black but delicate. The heels were only a few inches, enough to cause tension in his legs but not high enough to give the impression he was nothing but a whore. Once he settled them in and tightened the buckles up to his knees, he admired himself in the mirror once again.

“Fuck, makeup.” With a rush, he headed into the bathroom and applied a quick round of makeup. Not a lot, just enough to accent his eyelashes and add a little red to his lips.

He smiled at himself in the mirror and prepared to present himself to his landlord.

Nervousness escorted him to his apartment door. Chase hesitated at the door, wondering if he was good enough for Yuri. He wanted the night to be perfect and a single thing could ruin it.

A small part of him wanted to strip off his clothes and crawl into bed.

But the other part of him, the one that swooned at wearing women's clothing and had a rock-hard cock pressed against his belly, drove him forward. Taking a deep breath, he opened his door and then headed up the stairs to talk to his landlord.

Finally Knocking

7

Chase's heart pounded in his chest as he stepped up on the fourth floor. His heels thudded against the worn wood, the impact vibrating up his legs and adding to the rapid beating of his heart. He could feel the air brushing against his bare legs and up against his inner thighs.

His hard cock strained his thong, pulling it away from his bell and grinding it against the front of his skirt. He kept the waist high so the fabric tented over his hardness. He blushed at the thought of someone watching, but then swayed his hips just to enjoy the tickle of fabric against his exposed buttocks and upper thighs.

He smiled and walked toward Yuri's apartment. His heart pounded against his ribs, a steady thump of fear and excitement. But, he had no chance to look back, there was no escape or doubt. He knew that he had to knock on the door because his landlord told him too.

Chase stopped in front of Yuri's door. He looked up at the peep hole, knowing that Yuri was probably watching him. He blushed and straightened his skirt, laying it down over his hips and drawing it tight. It strained against his hardness and bounced back when he released it.

Sweat prickled his brow as he lifted his hand.

He smiled at the peep hole nervously, hesitating. Then, he knocked twice on the door. The thin wood sounded hollow, like only a thin sheet of wood separated him and the object of his lust.

His body jerked at the sound, the anticipation growing. He resisted the urge to stroke himself and stepped back, holding his breath for Yuri to answer.

The seconds stretched by and Yuri didn't answer the door.

Chase glanced around and then back to the door. The nervousness and doubt rose up again; it choked at his excitement. Gulping, he worried his lower lip and considered knocking again.

It felt like an hour passed but he was sure it was only a few seconds. Stepping back, he started to knock before he remembered that Yuri said he was going to make him wait, maybe until someone saw him.

A blush began to burn at his cheeks and he glanced toward the stairs leading down. There was no one coming and he let out a small sigh of relief.

Needing all his willpower to neither knock on the door or run away, Chase backed away from Yuri's door until he was centered on the hallway. He focused on the peep hole, wondering if there was someone standing behind the door and watching him. Nervously, he smiled at the imaginary person.

The seconds continued to tick by, timed by the beats of his heart.

Chase straightened his skirt, using his palms to flattened it along his hips and then front. With a sudden flash of playfulness, he pressed his hands on either side of his ridge, emphasizing the hard cock that tented the fabric. He peeked up at the door, this time without nervousness, and gave what he hoped was a sultry smile.

After a few seconds, he reached down and grabbed the hem of the skirt. Tugging up, he lifted it enough to expose his balls, he dropped it down and blew a kiss toward the door.

Some of his doubt cracked and he felt the tension slipping away. He smiled and turned slightly, pulling up the hem of his mini skirt to expose his bare thigh right up to the band of his thong. And then to the other side to expose it, only giving a flash of his skin.

Slowly, he turned around, prancing for Yuri. He started to lift the back of his skirt before dropping it. He looked over his shoulder at the door and grinned. Rocking back and forth, he thrust his ass toward the door and swayed in time with some music.

The sensation of the skirt riding up and down along his buttocks fueled his own excitement. His cock strained at the confines of the thong and a hot tingling that coursed up the length told him that he was quickly soaking the front of his panties.

Turning back around, he pulled up the front of his skirt and drew his palm along the strained fabric. It was hot and sticky already. Licking his lips, he traced the length of his bulge from tip to balls and back again. When he pulled away, a thin strand of pre-cum clung to his fingertip.

Chase held it up to the door, the droplet of clear liquid hovering off his digit. He grinned and brought it to his mouth, circling his lips before shoving one finger deep inside.

From the far side of the door, there was a thump.

He almost came. Yuri was watching him. He moaned and sucked on his finger, thrusting it into his mouth like it was a cock. When he pulled it out, it was glistening clean.

Shivering with excitement, Chase reached down and sopped up more of his pre-cum from the front of his thong, rolling it around his finger until it was dripping once again.

Liquid dribbled down his wrist as he brought it up to his lips and sucked on it, tasting his excitement along his digit as he cleaned it off.

“Yummy,” he whispered to the door.

He turned around, swaying his hips as he did. The skirt fluttered with each movement and his boots tapped against the floor. He stroked his hands down his body, along his thin chest and to his stomach. He came around before he got to his skirt so he continued around until his ass was once thrust out at the door.

This time, he tugged on the skirt, pulling it up over the curve of his buttocks. When he reached halfway, he lowered it and brought it up again, teasing as he spread his legs and exposed the cleft of his ass to Yuri’s gaze.

It didn’t take him long until his skirt was bunched up over his waist and his bare ass hung out. Only the thin line of his thong shielded his tiny asshole to Yuri’s gaze. He smiled at the thought of Yuri straining to watch him through the tiny peep hole.

Arching his back, he bit his lip and slid his finger along the elastic of his thong. It slid easily along the silky fabric. He pulled it away, slowly sliding it from his ass and giving Yuri a view of everything: shaved balls, tiny hole, and tight buttocks. He moaned and rocked his hips.

A thud echoed up the stairs, followed by more of them.

Gasping, Chase straightened up as he heard someone walking up the stairs. It wasn't Yuri's heavy steps but someone lighter and moving faster.

A blush burned at his cheeks as he struggled to straighten his skirt and turn back around. His cock, achingly hard, stuck out in a sharp tent that he didn't have a hope of hiding. Whimpering, he rested one hand against it and hoped that no one would notice that he was on the verge of coming.

Sweat prickled his brow and neck as he stood in center of the hall as if he was waiting for Yuri to answer his door.

It was a woman that came up the stairs, holding a bag of groceries in one hand and her purse in another. She came around the stairs and then jerked to a stop.

Chase looked at her, blushing hotly. His body trembled as he struggled to keep his hands as casual as possible, hoping to hide his hard-on. He hoped his nervousness would help reduce the hardness but somehow the exposure kept him on the edge of excitement.

She looked him over, a frown furrowing her brow. "I have to get into there." She nodded at the door behind Chase.

"Oh," Chase gulped and then realized he sounded like a guy. He tried to finish with a softer voice. "Sorry."

He stepped forward, hand still against his skirt.

She looked him over, her eyes scanning him from head to toe. He felt stripped by her gaze, which only added to the heat burning in his cheeks.

"You're down on third, right?"

The words froze in his throat. She knew who he was.

His cock jerked once and he tightened his grip on his skirt. The fabric tightened over his buttocks and he gasped. It took all of his willpower to relax his grip and let the skirt settle back against his ass.

Her eyes came up and she smiled. "Could have sworn you were a guy."

Chase almost fainted. His breath came out in a rush and he could feel his cheeks burning. He knew that she could see it just as she could tell he was dressed like a slut in front of the landlord's door.

She said nothing as she walked behind him and unlocked her door. He listened to the clink of her keys, but didn't dare look back

with his cock still tenting his skirt and his body shivering with embarrassment.

Her door creaked open and then there was the crinkle of her bags as she stepped inside.

Chase shivered and waited for the door to shut. He didn't know what he was going to do with someone in the far apartment. He couldn't tease the door knowing that she might be watching at the same time.

"Good luck," whispered the other tenant and then the door clicked shut.

Fear and terror burned brightly in Chase's veins. He whimpered and slumped against the door, releasing his aching cock as he tried to catch his breath. It hurt to draw in a breath and it felt like fire as he exhaled. She knew. Someone else knew his secret and he was mortified.

But, she also sounded amused. Maybe she didn't care, but it still meant that someone else knew that he liked to dress as a woman.

Underneath his hand, the door shifted.

Chase pulled himself up as Yuri's door opened, revealing the landlord.

Yuri stood in his normal outfit but there was something different. He panted heavily as he looked down at Chase. His chest rose and fell with the slow, deep movements.

Chase peeked down, tracing the muscular lines straining at the shirt down to Yuri's jeans. He saw the bulge straining against the fabric, like at thick cable sheathed in blue denim. It was huge and tipped with a soaked spot from Yuri's pre-cum.

Gulping, Chase shivered with anticipation. He lifted his gaze back up.

"3B," Yuri said in a low growl.

Chase whimpered, the low voice had invoked a primal fear in time, like going to the principals office for being naughty. He glanced over his shoulder at the other apartment door, knowing that she was watching. Letting out his breath, he turned back. "Y-You said..."

"You are late, 3B." The menacing tone didn't relent.

Chase felt tears welling up in his eyes. "I-I'm sorry. I had to finish the... the TPS reports and I didn't..."

Yuri stepped back and gestured into his apartment.

Cheeks still turning, Chase glanced back at the other apartment door and before turning back and stepping inside. He only got a brief look at a plain-looking apartment before Yuri reached over him and swung the door shut.

Interrupted

8

Yuri caught Chase on the shoulder and spun him around. The larger man shoved him back until Chase's back thumped loudly against the wooden door. The impact rattled it in its door frame.

Chase gasped, his mind reeling from the sudden movement. He looked up at the Russian looming over him. When he saw bright blue eyes boring into him, a sensation of venerability and helplessness washed over him. "Yuri, what—"

Any words Chase could have said were interrupted when Yuri grabbed both sides of Chase's face and kissed him powerfully. One moment, Chase was speaking and the next he drank in the vodka-scented breath of his landlord. The grip on his shoulders were tight and desperate.

Chase's knees buckled but Yuri held him in place. He parted his lips and then moaned as Yuri's tongue slid along his lips.

Yuri didn't stop and Chase didn't think he could stop him even if he wanted to. His knee slid up Chase's thigh, the rough denim scraping delicately against Chase's bare skin.

Chase's erection ground up against Yuri's. It was hard and aching, but nothing compared to the steel length that pressed on his thighs and ended close to his sternum. He was trapped between a door and a hard spot and he wanted the hardness more than anything else.

Yuri broke the kiss but didn't pull away. "You be fucking hot out there, be prancing around for me. A private show for Yuri."

Chase gasped and smiled. "It wasn't that private."

A surge of heat rose up between them. Yuri drove his hips hard against Chase. "No," he growled, a low rumble shaking Chase, "but the look on your face when 4C come up. Your cheeks were so red

and you were so," he kissed Chase hard enough that Chase's head thumped against the door, "fucking nervous and sexy. Like when you tried to knock before. You were scared, nervous, and be fuckable. I love when you are blushing."

Chase reached up to rest his palms against Yuri's powerful chest. He could feel pectoral muscles vibrating underneath him, the play of strength that he would never resist.

Yuri dropped his right hand and slid down Chase's stomach.

Chase trembled at the touch, gasping as he tried to follow it down with his gaze, but Yuri's mouth kept him pinned against the door and unable to watch. Remembering Yuri's command to feel and not look, he closed his eyes and let his attention focus on the fingers that slid down his stomach and into his skirt.

Thick fingers squelched through the pre-cum soaking Chase's thong as Yuri gripped his cock. He leaned into Chase as he pumped slowly. "I want to fuck you, pretty boy."

Chase clutched at Yuri's chest. He tried to respond, but the only sound came out was a hungry, desperate moan.

Yuri chuckled, his large hand engulfing Chase's cock as he stroked up and down, fingers working around the slick balls toward his ass. "But first, I be eating your ass."

Heat surged along Chase's length, pooling in his balls. Thrusting his hips forward into Yuri's palm, he stroked himself between the thick fingers. As he withdrew, he thumped against the door with his ass. With Yuri looming over him, he swam in the sensation of being delicate and helpless. It was a drug that he was quickly becoming addicted to.

The Russian pulled back and slipped his fingers from Chase's skirt. The wet patter of pre-cum dripping filled the air before he placed his wet hand on Chase's hip.

Chase stared into Yuri's eyes, panting as he waited with aching anticipation. His entire body burned with need, the sensations focused in his cock which jumped powerfully with every pulse of his beat.

Yuri looked at him from head to toe and smiled broadly. "You be so sexy." He brought his other hand down to Chase's hips and then guided him around.

With a moan, Chase resisted just to feel the pressure but then circled until he was facing the door.

Powerful hands stroked along his back, tracing his spine and flanks with thick fingers. Yuri drew up slowly but it didn't take long for the large man to reach Chase's shoulders and then up to his hands. Thick fingers grabbed Chase's hands and purposefully planted them against the door.

Chase spread his legs as he leaned into the cool, rough wood. The exposed position and the powerful grip pushed him close to the edge. He didn't know how he was going to control himself once Yuri started to lick.

He moaned and glanced at the peephole. There was no one inside but he could see the opposite door. He wondered if she was listening to the thumps and moans.

And then Yuri was kneeling down behind Chase and the woman across the hall didn't matter anymore. The ground vibrated from the impact and the door rattled once again in its frame.

Chase's world focused on his ass as Yuri brought his hands underneath the skirt and cupped each buttock. The large grip easily took in Chase's cheeks but then he was pulling them apart to expose the white line of his thong and pressing them together. Hot breath tickled his skin, reminding him how close his new lover was to his ass.

He didn't know what to expect. Would it be like his kisses? Hard? Forceful? The anticipation burned and he pushed his ass back to find out.

To his surprise, he brushed against Yuri's nose. The brief pressure surprised and excited him. He jump forward but the grip tightened and held him down.

Hot breath washed over his ass as Yuri parted his cheeks with his thumbs.

Chase moaned, his cock jumped painfully in his thong, and tried to spread his legs further. The spikes of his heels caught on the carpet, holding him in place. He whimpered and clawed at the door, the scratches echoing strangely against the wood.

His pre-cum dribbled down his shaft, tracing the lines of his balls before dripping to the ground. The tiny tickling only added to the

heat of having his landlord spreading his cheeks and the hot breath searing along his ass.

“So fucking pretty,” growled Yuri. His body shook with his voice and it rolled along Chase’s senses.

Yuri leaned forward and then he was between Chase’s ass. His rough face pried his cheeks apart right before his nose caught along his tailbone.

It was too much for Chase. Pleasure exploded from his cock, burning along his nerves as his cock jerked twice before spewing into his panties. The hot jets caught on the fabric and splashed down, pattering on the ground.

Yuri delved harder against Chase’s ass. A wet tongue slid from the base of Chase’s dripping balls and up toward his ass.

Sobbing with pleasure, Chase pushed back. He wanted to wait, but he couldn’t. The anticipation was too much and the pleasure of being licked more than he could imagine. He gasped and clawed harder at the door. “Please? I need it. I need you.”

The Russian’s tongue traced a line up to Chase’s asshole. It was hot and slick. For a moment, it just caressed around the hole, but then he lapped harder before pushing the tip of his tongue into the tightly clenched sphincter.

Chase’s cries stopped as everything focused on the tongue. His mouth opened, but no sound came out.

Yuri traced the wrinkles of his asshole. The tip of his thick, wide tongue wormed deeper before pulling back. It slipped away, to Chase’s disappointment, but came back wetter than before. The powerful tip laved along his hole before pressing into him again.

It felt like his finger, like a dildo, like nothing he had imagined before. Wet and slick, the tongue wormed its way into his sphincter. Like the rest of Yuri, there was no stopping or resisting the thick member as it stretched him open.

Chase shuddered with ecstasy, his eyes tightly closed and his legs taut to hold him up. He tried to rock back, but the iron grip on his buttocks prevented any movement. Not even a tiny shift. The helplessness sent a burning wave along his cock, squeezing more cum into his ruined panties.

Yuri fucked him with his tongue. It was only an inch of stroking, but the wet, wiggling tongue was an irresistible force. It was wide

and slick, easily penetrating his tight ass and sending bolts of pleasure coursing through his body.

Chase kept coming. His cock jumped with every surge, but he felt shot after shot exploding into the fabric. It poured down the sides, soaking his thighs. He could feel Yuri's fingers sliding through it as the Russian pulled him back into his thrusting tongue.

His voice came back with a wail, a high-pitched gasp of pleasure that wouldn't stop. He shuddered with every thrust of Yuri's tongue, lost on the pleasures that ravaged his body.

Finally, he stopped coming but Yuri's tongue continued to drive deep. The pleasure ebbed for a moment and Chase's wail ended in a long gasp and a smile.

Yuri's grip tightened on his ass and then pulled. The thick, swirling tongue seemed to swell inside him. It impaled deeper, stretching him apart as Yuri lapped him from the inside.

Chase swooned as a single pulse of an orgasm tore through him, forcing one more spurt of cum to soak into his panties. He clutched the door for balance and let his head thump against the wood.

Yuri pulled back. "You be so fucking sexy," he said.

Panting, Chase could only nod.

"I be wanting your ass."

Another nod.

Chase listened as Yuri stood up and unbuckled his jeans. The clink of the belt and the rustle of fabric sent tiny bolts of tension and pleasure along his skin. He pulled his legs together long enough to remove the heels and then spread himself open once again.

Yuri stepped up to Chase, the heat of his body washing against Chase's skin. He gripped Chase tightly on the hips and held him still.

Chase's cock jumped, a dry heave.

Something heavy thumped against his back. It was thick and burning hot, Yuri's cock. It felt like it was going to reach into Chase's lungs, but he didn't care. He wanted the thick member buried deep inside him. It was the largest and sexiest thing he ever wanted.

Slowly, the cock slipped back, sliding on a sheen of its own pre-cum until the thick head rested against Chase's tailbone. Yuri's breath was loud and deep, mirroring Chase's anticipation.

The thick head slid further down, catching on the strap of the thong. And then it reached Chase's asshole. Already slick with saliva, it lodged easily into the opening but slid no further. Chase couldn't help but wonder how something so tiny could take Yuri's length inside. He bit his lip and gave a tiny push back to find out.

Pressure built in his sphincter as the thick head ground against the hole. It was large. Even slicked with pre-cum, Chase's hole tightened. He tried to relax it, but the sensation of a large pole being pushed into him caused every muscle to tighten.

He whimpered and relaxed, pulling himself off the cock.

"Let me try," grunted Yuri.

The thick head returned to Chase's sphincter. This time, it wasn't his weight bearing down on it but Yuri pushing up. The slow, steady force drove up into him and he felt it driving into the tightly-clenched hole.

Chase whimpered and tried to hold still, but the force behind the cock pushed him up on his toes. He tried to force himself back down, to accept the cock inside but it refused to slip past his resistance.

The cock slipped back, the heavy weight resting briefly on Chase's balls before falling off with a slurp.

Yuri grunted and tried again, rocking the thick head against the tiny sphincter. The pressure felt good at first, building up to the first moment of penetration, but then a burning pain took his place.

Chase thumped his head against the door, his whimpering revealing his pain. He wanted Yuri to impale him but he couldn't stop the cries from rising up in his throat.

Yuri pulled back. "You be too tight for Yuri."

Chase sighed. "I-I'm sorry."

"I'm not," Yuri said as he leaned over Chase. "I'm still be fucking you. Just not your ass."

Before Chase could response, Yuri pulled back and slid his cock between Chase's thighs. It was long and hot as it slid between cum-soaked skin. He pulled back and then grabbed Chase's thong. When he pushed forward again, the shaft slid into Chase's panties, crowding the smaller man with his larger shaft.

Chase gasped and looked down as the front of his thong swelled away from his body. His own shaft was hard but it was nothing

compared to the massive shaft sliding out from underneath it. He could feel every ridge and bump of Yuri's cock along his balls and inner thighs. The heated length seared against his skin as the front of his thong continued to push out until Yuri's pubic mound ground against Chase's buttocks.

Yuri grabbed Chase around the hips, his large hands clamping down, and then he pulled back. His shaft slipped out from the thong which hung limply on Chase's shaft. A moment later, he shoved back and Chase moaned as it slid along his cock until Yuri was planted against him.

"Oh god," gasped Chase.

Yuri pumped faster. The wet slick sounds echoed against the apartment door. It rattled with every thrust as Chase clawed his hands into it. As Yuri drew back, Chase whimpered and pushed his ass back against Yuri, losing himself in the pleasure growing inside him.

Chase inched his legs together until his thighs formed a tight sheath around the massive cock.

Yuri pounded Chase from behind, driving his hips into his ass with powerful thuds. Both of their cocks swung dangerously close to the door, but it didn't matter. Every thrust drew the heavy ridged length along Chase's shaft, balls, and thighs.

Chase looked over his shoulder. Yuri's face was etched in a deep scowl of concentration, but there was also lust in the bright blue eyes.

Yuri glanced into Chase's eyes and he smiled. His body drove faster into the younger man, pounding hard. Every movement caused the hair of his chest to glisten with sweat and move smiled and pounded faster, the hair on his chest waving with every movement. He reached up with one hand to catch Chase's head and pulled him into a kiss.

Pounded from behind and kissed roughly, Chase couldn't resist the orgasm that rose up. He moaned into Yuri's mouth and shoved back, fucking himself as much as the Russian fucked him. Cum dribbled out, a second orgasm when there should be nothing left in his balls.

Yuri's breathing grew more guttural, filling Chase's lungs with the vodka-scented heat. His hips slammed into Chase's, fucking him

hard and fast. And then, he drove deep into Chase's thighs. A wet splatter struck the door of the apartment with the sound of a hose being opened up.

Yuri tightened his grip on Chase's hip and pulled back to drive forward again. It ended with another blast of cum scouring the door. The heat and slickness added to their pleasure, pushing Chase into another short orgasm as he felt the Russian emptying his balls from between Chase's thighs.

Both men stopped moving, their breath intermingling.

Then Yuri broke the kiss. He pulled back with a smile.

Chase panted as he looked up.

"Come, now I be feeding you."

Caught

9

Chase sighed happily as he leaned into Yuri's chest, enjoying the hard muscles underneath his body. He had one leg draped over his landlord's knee and the other resting against the firm cushion of the large couch. He let his head roll back and peered up at the gray-haired man.

Yuri chuckled and tightened his grip around Chase's body, hugging him tightly while he cupped Chase's limp cock with his palm. His intense blue eyes bore into Chase.

"Thank you."

The Russian leaned forward and kissed Chase on the top of the head. "I be enjoying that too." He ran a finger along the cock underneath his hand, teasing it from tip to base. "I be wanting your pretty ass for many weeks now. I'm just happy I finally got it."

Chase sighed and turned his head to look across Yuri's chest. "You didn't really get my ass, did you."

Yuri shook his head. "No, but if you be willing..."

Chase held his breath, his body growing tight with anticipation. Underneath Yuri's palm, his manhood began to stir.

"... then I'd like to be taking another chance at it. Would you like that? It might be fun stretching your ass to take Little Yuri."

With a smile, Chase nodded and lifted his head to look back into Yuri's eyes. "I'd like that."

Yuri smiled, the furrows in his brow disappearing. "Then I give you another order? Maybe many orders?"

A shiver ran down Chase's spine. He nodded.

Yuri winked. "Then, it be midnight and you be having work. Time for you to go home. And tomorrow, after work, you come up to my door."

Chase moaned softly and raised his hips into Yuri's palm.

"You be wearing a black dress with high bottom. I want to see your pretty ass when you bend over."

"And matching thong?"

Yuri leaned down to kiss him.

Chase tilted back, moaning as the Russian caught his lips.

They kissed until Chase's cock was hard against Yuri's palm. Underneath Chase's elbow, the Russian's shaft started to stir.

Yuri broke the kiss. "No, no underwear. Nothing underneath. I want your ass bare and squeaking clean. And maybe, you spend the night with Yuri? After going out for dinner?"

Chase lifted himself up, rotating in Yuri's grip so he was on his hands and knees. He wore one of the larger man's button-down shirts. It hung loosely around him, but the smell of the well-worn fabric and the knowledge it was Yuri's gave a sense of comfort.

He kissed Yuri on the lips. And then on his chest before tracing his way down the gray hairs and powerful muscles. Just as he reached the large shaft rising up to meet him, he looked up and smiled. "Yes."

"And you don't hesitate to be knocking on my door."

Chase blushed. He started to look away, but Yuri caught his chin. When Chase looked back, he was peering past the hard cock towering over him and the arm leading to the man who gave him so much pleasure.

The Russian smiled and leaned forward. "If I open the door and you are in a suit, then you are 3B. If you are in a dress or skirt, then you'll be my pretty boy and Yuri will be giving you orders. Good orders that make both of us feel better."

Blushing, Chase clutched Yuri's knees and lifted his head from the fingers that held him place. With a smile, he shifted forward to kiss the base of the cock that would eventually be buried inside him.

And then no more words were needed.

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.