

Humiliated by the Landlord

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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

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Caught

1

The bulk scanner whined as sheets of paper slipped from the feeder and into the lighted depths of the machine. The faint chunk of the rollers vibrated through the floor as it scanned the pages before ejecting them into a large shredder bin on the floor. The barcode on each page would ensure the resulting image was filed with the proper tags in the document management system for Monday's work.

Chase sighed and rested his hands on the top of the feeder, enjoying the warmth that rose up from the impersonal plastic and seeped into his hands. He fought the urge to yawn and curl up against the scanner to get a few minutes of sleep while it processed the stack. The steady whine and thunks were peaceful and comforting.

Two days of not enough sleep had taken their toll. He could feel the ache in the back of his eyes and saw the dark shadows in the bathroom mirror. He closed his eyes slowly and then opened them. His eyes refused to focus and he just watched the blur of pages flutter into the machine. They were all responses to his company's mass mailings, threats to the hordes of BitTorrent porn downloaders culled from automated scanners. Each letter promised expensive court fees and humiliating public exposure unless the victim paid a few thousand dollars to settle.

He hated his job. He hated reading the letters that came back. Many of them were angry denials but scattered among them were the stories of poverty and hopelessness. His heart ripped every time there were pictures of children in the envelopes. There were more than he thought there would be.

Chase's job was simple. Pull out the checks and charge the credit cards. Everything else went into the second round where the threats escalate and the fees increase. There were three rounds before the company promised to drag its victims to court.

The rare person who ignored everything would find the case filed and then magically dropped. There was no profit in dragging anyone to court, the public filing detailing every sordid video did more than enough damage. It was hard enough to get a job when a background check brought up a court paperwork with names like "Ass Blasters 12" or "Barely Legal Latinos She-Males."

He sighed and grabbed the next stack of responses. Tapping them lightly on the side of the scanner, he dropped them into place and rested his hand along the heated plastic. The deep throbbing and heat drove his thoughts back toward Yuri and his cock grew with his memories. He leaned against the scanner, imagining that he was wearing a short dress and Yuri had shoved him forward in preparation for impaling him.

The heat boiled inside him. He looked around and wondered if he could steal a few seconds to masturbate, the release the ache that quickly built in his balls. The scanning room was too small and didn't have a door. If he pulled his cock out, someone would catch him, but he needed relief from the boredom, despair, and his constant thoughts about Yuri during the day.

Chase thought about the bathroom. He had been using it more than a few times in the last few weeks to relieve the ache in his balls. On a late Friday afternoon, it would be abandoned and quiet.

Flushed, he inched over to the archway and peered down the hall. It was empty. Heart beating faster, he left the scanning room and headed for the bathroom. His cock strained his pants and he discretely shifted his cock in his trousers, shuddering from the ache.

He glanced around him guiltily, expecting someone to catch him. No one interrupted his path to the bathroom, but that didn't stop him from breathing a sigh of relief when he slipped inside.

The far stall was his typical spot. He almost ran to it, stepped inside, and slammed the door shut. Latching it shut with a shaking hand, he staggered back to the toilet and unbuckled his pants. His white underwear was soaked around his tip, the pre-cum soaked through the fabric.

Chase moaned as he sat down and freed his cock. It was a good sized one, six inches and relatively sturdy. His skin tingled as he wrapped his palm around it, stroking a few times to smear the pre-cum from the tip down the length. Breath coming faster, he tightened his grip and pumped faster.

It didn't long until the slurps and slick sounds echoed against the stall walls, punctuated by his barely contained moans. Droplets of cum fell into the bowl, splashing every time he squeezed his length. He closed his eyes and imagined Yuri against him, the large Russian's body dwarfing his.

The heat in his balls redoubled and he curled his toes in his shoes. He reached down with his other hand to join in, but it felt crowded. Not like Yuri's cock. Chase could barely wrap his hand around Yuri's thick shaft. The girth, the heat, the length all made him want it badly. He craved to feel it impaling his body, stuffing him to the gills until his balls slapped against his own.

A memory popped up, of Yuri standing behind Chase with his cock between Chase's thighs. Even from behind, the large man stuck out further than Chase's hardness.

Chase would have been jealous except that it was the hottest moment in his life: the feeling of Yuri's thick shaft sliding between his thighs, the thump of powerful hips against his buttocks, and the way Yuri held him pinned to the door. Everything mixed together into a single point of ecstasy that burned Chase even the next day.

His cock surged his hand and he cupped the tip to catch it. Jets of cum splattered against his palm, spraying it until the globs clung between his fingers along his ridges.

Chase gasped and leaned into it, thrusting his hips along the toilet seat with every imagined stroke of Yuri pumping his cock.

The outer door to the bathroom creaked open.

Chase gasped and clamped his hand over his spurting cock. Thick globs of cum oozed out from his fingers and splattered into the bowl. He looked up, heart pounding desperately, and winced with the last of his orgasm blasted out of his shaft.

The newcomer hummed to himself as he headed into the only other stall in the bathroom, the one next to Chase, and settled down. The rustle of clothes was a startling contrast to Yuri's own frantic breathing.

Cheeks burning with humiliation, Chase slowly aimed his cock inside the bowl and opened his palms. Loud splashes of cum hitting the water brought a wince from him, but the newcomer didn't seem to notice. He gulped and inched over to the toilet paper, gathering up enough to wipe down his cock. To his humiliation, he needed three handfuls to sop up his juices. Each time he pulled more of the roll, he could imagine the newcomer listening curiously.

He finished and stood back up, swaying. His heart still beat frantically and his cheeks burned. Maybe if he could leave before the other person left, he could escape with his dignity.

Chase headed out of the stall and washed his hands, no good smelling of cum. As he was soaping up his hands, he heard the other toilet flush.

Inwardly, he groaned but he kept his eyes focused on his hands as he lathered himself up and cleaned thoroughly.

The stall behind him opened. He glance up. It was Mr. Toll, the senior partner of the company. The older man was short, maybe a five foot even, with a shock of white hair and hazy eyes. He shuffled to the sink next to Chase to wash his hands. "Glad it's Friday, huh?"

Chase jumped at the voice, the burn in his cheeks growing hotter. "Y-Yes, sir."

Mr. Toll sniffed.

Chase fought the urge to glance back at his stall. He bore down on his hands, rinsing them clear in water that was a bit too hot for his tastes. He didn't want to adjust it because it would increase the time he stood next to the owner of the law firm.

"Hot date for tonight?"

Chase stiffened. "What?" He looked over.

Mr. Toll grinned. "New girlfriend, right? Maybe... a week?"

Stunned, Chase could only nod. Chase was the girl in the relationship, the cross-dressing sissy who wanted cock, but it was startlingly accurate. He thought about Yuri's body pressed against his and realized that his sated shaft was already responding to his thoughts. He tried to clamp down on it and gave another helpless nod.

"Well, it's four and no one else is here, so why don't you head home?"

"Sir? What about the scanning? Mr. Simm gave me a quota."

“Fuck Dave, if he has a problem, he can talk to me.”

Chase’s jaw opened as the old man grinned back.

“Besides, how much work are you getting done if you are jerking off in here?”

Chase froze, his sphincter tightening painfully and his heart slamming against his ribs. The world spun around him as he stared at the senior partner.

Mr. Toll pointedly sniffed and then gestured toward Chase’s crotch. Turning around, he headed toward the door. “Get laid and come back on Monday to focus on your job. Have a good weekend, Chase.”

As soon as the door closed, Chase let out a long whimper. Mr. Toll knew who he was. By name. And that he was jerking off.

Still shaking, he peered down. There was a long streamer of cum splattered against the front of his pants, a white line that slowly rolled down the rough fabric.

t'Sade

Opening Up

2

Chase fumbled with his apartment door, trying to get his key into the hole. His eyes kept blurring and he missed. It scraped along the side and he bruised his knuckles. He yawned and tried again. It wasn't until he used both hands to force it into the slot that he managed to drive it home and unlock the door.

The long drive home, even leaving early, reminded Chase how exhausted he was. Sex was great and he desperately craved heading up to Yuri's apartment, but at the same time, he really wanted just to crawl into bed and pass out. And then dream of Yuri's cock pounding his ass.

Staggering inside, he closed the door behind him and leaned against the wall. His eyes drifted to the living room where stacks of boxes lined the walls. They were his dirty secret, women's clothing that he had gathered over the years. Most of them were purchased online, but a couple of them were picked up at stores under the ruse of shopping for his sister.

Last night, Yuri asked Chase to show up in a black dress and nothing else. He already knew which one he was going to use, a little cocktail number that he bought off eBay a few years before but never had a chance to wear. It was going to be the first outfit that he came out wearing to an old boyfriend, but the relationship ended long before UPS delivered it.

He yawned as he headed past the kitchen and into the living room. He had to move a box of panties to get to the older dress box. Sinking to the ground, he pulled the box into his hand and pried it open. Memories rose up as he pulled out one dress after the other, some of them he had worn while prancing in front of the mirror

while others were just waiting for the perfect day. None of them had seen the light of day outside of his apartment.

Near the bottom, he found the dress. Lifting it up above his head, he admired the thin black fabric. It was made for a small-breasted woman with narrow hips and a small ass. On Chase, the bottom would barely cover the curve of his buttocks. His cock and balls would be visible unless he was hard; with an erection, the dress would pull completely away from his body. There was no way he could wear it without being exposed.

He smiled and brought it down to his cheek. It felt like liquid silk against his skin, the expensive material glided across his skin. He smiled and brought it to his nose to breathe in deeply. It still smelled of cardboard and his old apartment. He used to have lilacs outside his bedroom and much of his clothes from that era of his life carried the scent with them.

A thump rocked the box. Looking inside, he spotted one of his old dildos sticking out from a wine-red dress and a summer dress. The sculpted balls had slipped from the fabric and struck the bottom. He frowned and pulled it out, the thick rubber heavy in his hand. Normally, he kept his toys in the box labeled "video games" except for the one in his end table.

He sighed as he held the large toy in his palm. Like the dress, he had never used it. He remembered when he bought it. It was just after the point he realized he liked boys and he ordered it over the Internet. When it came, it was too large to fit in his tight asshole and he set it aside.

Chase smiled to himself. Yuri had the same problem only the night before, but it was a hot, living cock that ground against his asshole instead of a rubber toy. He could still remember how it felt as Yuri tried to drive his cock deep inside, Chase's asshole reflexively straining to keep him out.

Yuri had managed to lift Chase on his toes, but the landlord's massive cock was simply too large for Chase's tight hole. They talked about loosening him up last night while cuddled on the couch.

A new thought rose up. If he used the dildo to stretch himself, maybe Yuri would have a chance of driving home. Immediately, Chase's cock grew hard and throbbing. He couldn't wait for the

moment when Yuri could finally impale his ass with ten inches of thick, Russian cock.

He moaned at the thought and a hunger rose up. He needed Yuri inside him, pounding at his ass and dominating his body. The grip on his dildo tightened with his thoughts. Looking up at the clock, he still had another hour before he normally got home. Enough time to loosen his ass and maybe turn the night from teasing into something deeper. Much deeper.

Scrambling to his feet, he headed down the hall to his bedroom and gathered up his other toy and the squeeze bottle of lube. Both had been heavily used before, but not since Yuri came into his life. When he returned, he struggled to walk straight with his hardness stuffed into his pants.

He tossed both toys and the lubrication on the couch. A moment later, he landed heavily next to them. The larger dildo thumped against his thigh, the heavy weight reminding that he was going to be impaled by the rubber shaft in a few minutes. His cock jumped at his thoughts, the pre-cum soaking through his shirt.

He spotted the cocktail dress. With a hiss, he shoved it into the box and closed the lid. He had managed to stain the last two dresses and he wanted to enjoy at least a few minutes of the fabric free of cum before Yuri managed to ruin it.

The dress secured, he leaned back on the couch and lifted his right leg. With a soft moan, he planted his foot on the arm of the couch and settled into place, his ass exposed to the air and his buttocks pulled apart. It was a vulnerable position and he could easily picture himself in the same with Yuri looming over him.

He trailed his finger along his cock, enjoying the chance to both see and touch it without being stealing a few seconds in the company bathroom. He loved the sight of his manhood. It wasn't as long as Yuri's, but it ran in a straight line with an arrow-shaped circumcised wedge. His balls, shaved without even a stubble, bobbed with his heartbeat. The entire length was a rosy sheen, the blush coming from his excitement.

Reaching over, he drizzled some lubrication on his fingertips. He panted as he brought the dripping fingers between his legs, reaching down past his balls to slop them against his asshole.

The first touch was icy. He flinched but then squirmed until it warmed up from his body temperature. As soon as he could, he reached back down and used his fingers to circle his opening. It was slick and his fingers easily ran along the little ridges.

Taking a deep breath, he poised one finger against his hole and bore down. His cock, lined up against his wrist, jumped at the first sensation of being penetrated. He moaned and clutched the cushion with his other hand. With a soft moan, he pumped his finger into his asshole, starting with short strokes that only delved a millimeter but quickly became strokes deep enough to reach the empty space inside.

His cock was soon drooling on his belly, the glistening pre-cum gathering in his navel. He used his other hand to grip the end of his cock, but then had to release it when he almost came. Instead, he plastered his palm against his belly and enjoyed the hot liquid splattering against his skin.

Chase added a second finger. His tight ring resisted, but he pushed past the brief moment of discomfort knowing that it would feel good in a few seconds. The pressure built for a moment but then his body opened up. Moments later, he was using fingers to pump harder, slapping his knuckles against his sphincter.

The pleasure built and he lifted his hips off the couch to thrust deeper and faster. Every stroke thumped against his aching shaft and filled his living room with the wet sounds of dripping pre-cum and slurping lube.

He wanted to grab his cock and pump until he came, but he needed more. He needed Yuri inside him, not his fingers or a toy.

Clamping his jaw shut, Chase pulled out his fingers and grabbed the smaller dildo. A few seconds later, he had drizzled a thick glob of lubrication on it and poised it against his asshole.

After loosening himself up with his fingers, the narrow tip of the toy easily slipped inside. He moaned loudly as it sank deeper into him, prying open his sphincter and filling him up. The shaft was smooth and there was little resistance. He gripped it tighter and pumped slowly. Every stroke sent waves of pleasure coursing through his body until his cock swelled and darkened.

Panting, he jammed the dildo in as far as it would go and arched his back. His entire body shuddered from the pleasure of being

filled. He tried to clench his asshole around the toy just to feel something forcing him apart. Deeper inside, he felt the hardness in his guts, a pressure of something that could have been Yuri's cock.

He almost came.

Chase had to release the dildo to avoid touching anything. After a few seconds of his cock jumping and his sphincter squeezing, his body finally came off the sharp edge of exploding. He gingerly reached around his cock to grab the dildo and ease it out.

The sensation of being empty sent a pang of loneliness through him. He almost sobbed as he set down the toy on the couch. It glistened with lubrication and he could feel his body's warmth on it even from a few inches away.

Trembling, Chase grabbed the big toy. He had bought it before he really knew what he wanted. The head was large and rounded, but a deep furrow below the glans before moving into a thick, veined shaft. It was far thicker than anything he had inside him though much narrower than Yuri's own girth. He gulped as he got a large glob of lube and slathered over it, focusing on the furrow. He had learned that he didn't like when there was a deep valley in toys, it hurt as it scraped along his sphincter. Yuri's cock was large, but the swollen head led directly to the shaft, there wasn't a place for his tightly-stretched hole to clamp down and then immediately be forced out.

His cock bobbed with his thoughts as he maneuvered the new toy against his opening. The rounded head easily lodged itself against his hole; the previous toy had opened him enough that it didn't slip out. He panted at the familiar sensation of something too large pressed against his anus, just like Yuri's cock from the night before.

Gripping it with both hands, Chase prepare to impale himself. For a moment, he considered ramming it in, but knowing that it could rip something stopped him. Instead, he increased the pressure until the first pangs of discomfort scraped his nerves and then held himself still.

The dildo slipped out as his sphincter tightened back.

He took another breath and tried again and again, each time slowly working against his hole until he felt it starting to give. The toy was huge and thick. The rubber took longer to warm up to his

body but the contrast of cool resistance against his heated flesh was welcoming.

Chase moaned as he pushed harder, finding his limits. He couldn't quite force it in, but he managed to get the rounded head far enough he felt the innermost part of his ring beginning to separate. The sensation of being forced open washed over him in a heated wave of pleasure. He could imagine Yuri doing the same, but with a real cock and movements that he couldn't prepare for.

He bit his lower lip and continued to push and pull, trying to open himself up. The ring stretched around the heat until the thickest part lodged itself inside the tight ring of muscles. It would take only a single push to impale himself.

Shuddering, he gripped the toy hard and pulled it deeper.

It slid in, slowly and deliberately. His body tightened around the head until it felt like he was pushing through stone. And then the pressure increased and he was past it. The dildo sank an inch into his body as his sphincter clamped down on the ridge behind the clans, a valley that fit his tight ring perfectly.

Chase shuddered as he was impaled by his toy, forced open. He tried to push it out, but he was stuck. It refused to move or slide out of the way, there was nothing he could do to prevent it from holding him open.

Unable to resist, he grabbed his cock with both hands. Fingers slick with lubrication glided along his aching length.

The cock sagged down, twisting up into his guts. A pang of discomfort came with it and he had to grab it again to prevent it from angling too far. Shifting his body, he twisted until he could let the heavy toy rest on the cushion without holding it.

Gulping, he released the toy and grabbed his cock again. It felt larger than he had ever felt, no doubt because he imagined it was Yuri impaling him. He tried to imagine the large Russian holding him, but the image slipped away. He was exhausted and excited, a strange mixture that fought inside his body.

Chase gripped harder and pumped his cock, sliding his fingers along the slick surface. The pleasure boiled inside him. He tried clamping down on the dildo, marveling at the inability to push it out or shift it. He was still impaled and he wanted more.

His pumping grew faster and more frantic, his balls threatening to orgasm but the pressure impaling him pushing it back. The contrast build as he masturbated furiously, driving down with more force than he normally used. The lube helped and there was nothing but slick pleasure with each movement.

Chase's orgasm was a knife-edge of pleasure. He could feel it building inside him, threatening to explode. He reached down to shove the dildo in, but the ridge that caught his sphincter refused to let him push it in further. Discomfort tempered his pleasure and he released it to concentrate on stroking.

It felt like forever until he came. His orgasm seared up the length of his cock before exploding out, painting his chest with a long line of cum. The second blast reached his face, splattering against his nose, lips, and chin. He opened his mouth as the third caught him again, this time he tasted his own juices as he moaned loudly.

The world blurred around him as he pumped fast and hard, enjoying the orgasm as it tore through his body. It reached a crescendo, his cock splattering cum all over his shirt and face, before it left in a rush.

With a gasp, Chase slumped back, his heart pounding fast and his breath coming in ragged gasps. He had never had such a strong orgasm before and it left him dizzy.

The pressure in his asshole quickly shifted from pleasurable to uncomfortable. He tried to pull it out, but the tight ring of his sphincter held it in place. With a ghost of a frown, he grabbed it with both hands and pried it out, twisting it until his body released it. It hurt, but then there was a long sensation of being emptied as it slipped out of his asshole and fingers at the same time, thumping loudly on the ground.

His body tightening around the gaping hole, Chase rested his head and smiled. He was going to have Yuri inside him. It might take a while, but he needed to feel that Russian cock buried balls deep in his ass.

He smiled and listened to his heart slowing down.
Before he knew it, he had fallen unconscious.

t'Sade

3B

3

Strong arms scooped Chase to the couch, startling him to wakefulness but not coherency. He flailed helplessly as he felt himself being picked up. For a moment, the world spun around him and then he was pressed against the warm wall of a muscular chest.

He gasped and reached out, his dry hands pressing against an immaculate button-down shirt and the firm flesh underneath. He gasped, looking up before his eyes could focus, imagining the man holding him before he could see. “Y-Yuri.”

“3B,” came the rumbling response that he felt in the arms that cradled him. Yuri’s arms were thick and powerful, reminding Chase how easily the large man could dominate him.

Yuri stood up with only the faintest of grunts. The room was dark but a sliver of light from the window highlighted the hard line of his jaw before tracing the curves of powerful shoulders and pectorals. When Chase breathed in, he caught the scent of sweat and musk, the distinctive smell of the man he wanted.

Chase felt a surge of lust rising inside him, his cock growing longer with the sight and smell of his lover.

Yuri smiled down at him. “It be eleven at night, much later than I be expecting you. And you not be wearing a dress as I hoped.”

Chase stiffened. “O-Our date. Oh, I’m sorry! I feel asleep, I didn’t mean to. I was just—”

Yuri chuckled. “You look like you were playing with yourself. You have—” he said a Russian word “—all over your chest and pretty face.” He leaned forward and brushed the rough stubble of his beard against Chase’s cheek.

A blush burned on Chase's cheek but he tilted his head toward Yuri's.

"Were you thinking about Yuri?" There was another chuckle before Yuri pulled back.

Heart thumping, Chase leaned his cheek against Yuri's chest as a wave of heat coursed over him. His cock and balls ached with the sudden pleasure. "Y-Yes."

"Trying to open up that pretty tight ass of yours? Thinking about Yuri shoving his dick into you?"

Chase's cock grew hard and a throb pulsed through his body. He inhaled sharply, his body growing tight. He nodded, not trusting his voice.

Yuri circled around the couch and headed toward Chase's bedroom. "I thought so when I come in and be seeing you with your pretty leg spread open and your little toys on the floor. A pretty little butt for Yuri, I think, 3B."

Chase let out a long sigh. "3B? I like it when you call me... I like it when you say I'm pretty."

"You are pretty, 3B, but right now you still be wearing your work clothes. I call you pretty when you be wearing a dress." He chuckled. "Or was be wearing a dress before I took it off you."

With a smile, Chase rested into the arms carrying him down the hall. "Does that mean we're going to have our date now?"

"No."

Sudden tears burned at Chase's eyes.

"I do not want you to be exhausted. Falling asleep on my dick would be... bad. Bad for ego and heart."

Chase giggled and shifted so more of his nearly-naked body leaned against Yuri's chest. "I could never fall asleep with you inside me."

"But, I cannot be getting inside you tonight. Tight place, big dick. So, Yuri needs pretty... 3B to be awake so we can go shopping. A little story and then my favorite diner, a Russian place downtown. It's run by my cousin, Sergei." Yuri entered Chase's bedroom. He slowed down as he made his way over the dirty clothes and discarded panties to bring Chase to his bed. Kneeling against one edge, he gently rolled Chase on his back in the middle.

The light of Chase's room, from the computer to the clock, lit up Yuri's face but made the shadows deeper. It was a mask of near stranger, but one with kind eyes and a mouth curled into a smile. Chase gulped as he looked at Yuri looming over him, the powerful body easily dwarfing his. It made him feel delicate and vulnerable, but also protected. He wanted to submit, he wanted to be kissed, he wanted so much but he didn't know how to ask.

Yuri leaned into him and Chase lifted his chin so their lips met. He moaned into the embrace, losing himself in the strong lips. When Yuri reached up to cup his head, holding him still so he could kiss harder, Chase could only shiver with anticipation and need.

Trembling, Chase reached up and wrapped his arms around Yuri's broad shoulders, holding him tight as he submitted to the stronger man's dominating kiss. He rocked his hips with desire, wishing that he was more awake and dressed up for something more than just a good-night kiss.

Just as Chase found his lungs burning, Yuri broke the kiss but didn't pull away. Their breath intermingled, a heated cloud that smelled of mouthwash.

Chase smiled and stared past Yuri's wire-rimmed glasses into his eyes. "I want you."

"I know."

"Tonight."

Yuri shook his head and kissed him again, a light touch that only lasted a few heartbeats. "We are new to each other, but it being okay not to fuck every night. You need sleep for Yuri. Sleep makes everything feel good."

"You make me feel good." Chase reached over and pulled Yuri's hand to him. The exhaustion and sleepiness gave everything a strange surreal quality, but he needed to feel the large hand against his body. He let out a soft shuddering breath as he positioned Yuri's hand against his belly, his eyes never left his landlord's.

Yuri smiled and rested his large palm against Chase's cock. Two fingers caressed his balls as the thumb rested on his lip.

Chase moaned, silently begging for more.

Yuri smiled and kissed him again. "Tomorrow, for lunch, you come with me downtown? I buy you toys for a pretty boy. And then take you to lunch."

Chase rocked his hip up. "In the dress?"

"No, 3B. Something light but with a skirt. Short skirt. I like to see your pretty butt when you bend over." He grunted. "But, you be wearing panties. What I have in mind needs you not to be sticking out like a flagpole."

With a grin, Chase leaned back. "Thank you."

"No, I be thanking you, 3B. But, now you need sleep. You sleep with your shirt and tie?"

Chase shook his head. He started to reach up to remove it, but then Yuri pull his hand up and began to remove it himself. Chase shivered at the sensations and leaned back, fighting the ache in his hard shaft as his world focused on the sensations of Yuri removing his tie and then unbuttoning his shirt.

When the last of the buttons was opened, Yuri delved his fingers into Chase's work shirt and slid his rough palms against his skin.

Chase moaned softly, arching his back.

Yuri slipped it off one shoulder and then the other, stripping Chase with no sound except for both of their heavy breathing and the soft moans that erupted from Chase's throat.

When Yuri's hand slipped away, Chase let his body sink into his blankets and stared up at the man. His eyes had grown accustomed to the dim light and he could pick out the strong chin and curves of his chest. His entire body loomed over him, but it only added to the heat curling inside him.

Yuri tugged the blankets out from underneath Chase, but stopped right before he put them over his legs. His eyes flickered down Chase and a low, guttural moan escaped his mouth. "You are so beautiful."

Chase rocked his body.

"But you also being hard. You sleep that way?"

Glancing down, Chase saw his cock bobbing over his chest. Pre-cum glittered in the light of his alarm clock. "No, I..."

"You be jerking off when I leave?"

Chase nodded. "Y-Yes."

"Help you sleep well?"

He giggled. "Yeah."

Yuri lowered his head.

Chase lifted it to kiss him again, but the large man wasn't going for his lips. There was a brief moment of confusion and then Yuri was kissing the tip of Chase's cock.

"Oh god!"

Yuri chuckled and opened his mouth, drawing the hardness into his lips. It was soft and hot and slick. Chase let out a whimper as Yuri easily sucked him in until his lips were pressed around the shaved base of Chase's cock.

Strong hands rested on Chase's chest and one on his inner thigh. Chase didn't care as his eyes crossed and his entire world focused on the hot mouth bobbing up and down on his shaft.

Chase clenched the sheets of his bed and gasped. It felt better than he thought it would. Being caught halfway between sleep and wakefulness, every surreal quality became intense. He lost himself in the pleasure.

Yuri opened his mouth and used his tongue to pull Chase's balls past his lips. Chase didn't think it could get any better, but when he felt the wet heat surrounding him, he whimpered with need.

His ball slipped back out as Yuri resumed his bobbing. His lower hand slid along Chase's thigh, working his thumb between Chase's buttocks and against his stretched sphincter.

Chase's cock almost exploded as Yuri penetrated him, a slow slid against half-dried lubrication. His thumb was thicker than his dildo but it easily penetrated deeply.

Yuri chuckled and the vibrations ran down Chase's cock, almost setting him off again.

Chase tried to lift his hips into the bobbing mouth, but Yuri pinned him down with his thumb, holding him in place with nothing more than a knuckle-deep digit filling his ass.

It was too much for Chase. With a cry, he came hard.

Yuri buried his face down, slurping up his balls and holding everything in his hot mouth. The scrape of his beard only added to the sensation as Chase helplessly thrashed on the thumb, pinned but still able to jerk and explode deep into Yuri's mouth.

Too soon, the cum stopped flowing.

Yuri lifted up, releasing one testicle and then the other. His strong lips sealed around chase's shaft, cleaning it as he worked his

way to the head. At the tip, he sucked and Chase felt the last of his orgasm flowing his mouth.

When Yuri released Chase's cock, it fell back with a sated smack. Yuri chuckled and pulled the blankets up to Chase's neck. He tucked it in around Chase before leaning forward for a kiss on the lips. "In the morning, 3B."

Chase lifted up to kiss Yuri, moaning softly.

It lasted a long time before Chase fell back.

Yuri smiled and straightened. Turning around, he headed for the bedroom door.

An idea popped in Chase's head. "Yuri?"

"Yes, 3B?" The low rumble of his voice seemed to fill the room.

"Didn't you say it was okay not to fuck every night?"

Yuri looked over his shoulder, glasses glinting in the dim light. "You are very pretty, 3B, and I am just a man. No heart can resist that."

With that, Chase's landlord headed down the hall.

A Trip

4

Chase stood nervously in front of 4D, Yuri's apartment. His hair still smelled of his cherry cheesecake shampoo and a few wet curls of his short dark hair plastered against the back of his neck. He wore a black and white striped top with spaghetti straps and a neat black jacket over it. For the bottom, he wore his favorite denim miniskirt. The bottom of the ragged hem covered his ass, but barely. If he bent over, he would be showing his black thong to anyone who was looking.

He shivered with anticipation, already feeling exposed and humiliated. It made him nervous to be wearing a dress in public, someone he knew might recognize him, but at the same time, the thrill of obeying Yuri was hard to resist. He wanted to obey, he wanted to submit.

Chase considered knocking again, but he knew that Yuri was watching him through the peephole, enjoying the way Chase squirmed with fear every time someone walked on a lower floor or there were footsteps on the stairs. For a Saturday, it was relatively busy and Chase could hear potential humiliations every few seconds as the other tenants of the twelve-unit apartment headed out to whatever they were doing.

He gulped and glanced at the door behind him. The neighbor across the hallway from Yuri had caught Chase once already. He didn't know if she knew his secret, but it was hard to hide his face or body when he was dressed like a slut. There wasn't a lot covering his body and his three inch black wedges didn't help.

The front door of the apartment building creaked open and someone walked inside.

Chase jumped and held his arms over his exposed midriff. There was only an inch of visible skin, but he felt naked with it. He cocked his head and listened to the footsteps, mapping them out as they headed up the first flight of stairs. The creaking steps echoed up the stairs.

He cringed and reached back to make sure the skirt covered his ass. His questing fingers caught his bare buttocks. He shivered at the touch and tugged up on the skirt just to feel the air teasing his cheeks.

And then he remembered the woman behind him. His blush grew hotter and more intense. He smoothed the skirt down over his ass and stopped flashing her with his bare buttocks. Guiltily, he peeked over his shoulder but he couldn't tell if she was watching him through the peephole.

The footsteps below came around to the second flight of stairs, the heavy tread thudding loudly.

Chase glanced at the top of the stairs and back again. He didn't know what he would do if someone caught him, but he didn't want to find out. Squirming, he tried to imagine what he looked like standing in front of Yuri's door. He shifted his body to minimize the change anyone would see the bulge sticking from the front.

When the walker hit the third flight, he started to get nervous. The footsteps were getting louder and he glanced down the hall in fear that someone would be seeing him. There was a steady thump of footsteps as someone came around the top of the third floor and headed toward the stairs.

Chase whimpered. He had nowhere to go, nowhere to hide. He considered knocking again, but didn't. Instead, he fought the blush burning on his cheeks and tried to turn away from the stairs so it wasn't quite so obvious that he was waiting with a hard-on.

When the footsteps started on the fourth and final flight, he gulped. The world shuddered around him as his breath came faster and harder. His heart pounded against his ribs. At the same time, his cock throbbed with the anticipation of humiliation, the knowledge that someone would see him dressed up as a woman and he wouldn't be able to escape.

A shadow loomed on the opposite wall and revealed that the steps came from a broad-shouldered man. There was only one person in the apartment who looked like the shadow: Yuri.

Chase let out a sigh of relief but it didn't stop his rapidly-beating heart or the burn on his cheeks. He smiled and tilted his body back to the stairs, revealing his profile for when Yuri came around the corner.

The long seconds until Yuri reached the top were painful and he couldn't wait for the response. It took all of his effort to turn back to his door and lower his head, posed to show a submissive sissy waiting at his door.

The steady thuds of Yuri's boots filled the air. A stair creaked and then the banister, he was at the top. As he came around the stair, Chase could hear how the timbre of his footsteps changed.

And then silence.

Chase fought the urge to smile. Instead, he arched his back slightly to push out his ass. The edge of his miniskirt rose just a bit, the hem tickling his bare buttocks.

Slowly, he looked at the stairs.

Yuri stood at the top, his mouth open slightly and his hand gripping the banister. He wore his typical outfit: a white button-down shirt, well-worn jeans, and black boots. A pair of wire-framed glasses rested on his nose. He was carrying a box in one muscular arm but Chase could see how he was about to lose it.

Chase blushed and glanced away before peeking back. "Like what you see?"

"Yes, pretty boy, I like very much."

A hot flush coursed over his cheeks, somehow redoubling the heat. He wanted to look at the door behind him in fear that the girl would be leaving her apartment. No one ever called him a pretty boy in public before.

Yuri resumed walking, covering the distance very quickly. His eyes never left Chase as he did. Chase felt as if Yuri was stripping him with his eyes and his cock stirred with the thought of what would follow.

As Yuri approached, Chase lifted his eyes to keep looking into his landlord's face and worried his bottom lip.

“Very pretty,” growled Yuri. His jeans bulged over his crotch, outlining the heavy cock Chase knew was growing underneath.

“Thank you,” whispered Chase.

Yuri stopped next to Chase, looming over him. His deep breaths seemed to shake the air as his eyes raked over Chase. “Let,” he cleared his throat, “Let me be putting this in my apartment and then we leave.”

Chase nodded and stepped back.

Yuri’s eyes followed him for a long moment before reluctantly turning away. He unlocked his apartment and set the box inside. Closing the door, he locked it again and then turned around.

To Chase’s surprise, Yuri held out his arm. Chase shivered with anticipation as he slipped his delicate fingers along the hard muscle, finding a spot where it felt right to cling to. He had put on fingernail polish that morning and the dark blue was a startling contrast to the white shirt.

Together, they headed down the stairs. Chase worried that one of the tenants would open their door and look, which only made his cock ache harder and his cheeks burned. He loved the thrill of being exposed just as much as he enjoyed every inch of the man leading him down the stairs.

It was a bright and sunny Saturday morning, the perfect weather for a drive. Yuri led him around to the parking lot and then to the furthest car. It was an older Cadillac, probably ten years old, but it still dripped from being freshly washed.

Chase smiled at the idea that Yuri had done it for him. He felt special and loved.

He didn’t know what to do as they approach, but Yuri did. The larger man lead him to the passenger door and opened it. As soon as Chase slipped down, his skirt rising so his buttocks pressed against sun-warmed leather, Yuri closed the door and headed out.

Chase didn’t know where they were going, but he couldn’t wait to find out. It was going to be the best date he had ever had.

Teasing

5

For a Saturday morning, the interstate was packed. The thick press of cars slowly shifted toward downtown. Judging from the brightly colored banners and colors in the car, Chase suspected that most of the vehicles were heading to the football stadium for a game; he thought the orange and dark blue was a Chicago team but he wasn't sure.

Inside the car, there was quiet. He glanced over his shoulder at Yuri. The large Russian tapped the top of his wheels as he peered into traffic through his wire-framed glasses. He seemed content to focus on traffic, shifting and sliding the Cadillac through the stop-and-go traffic.

Yuri glanced at him, and then looked again. He smiled, his lips curling into a broad smile.

A wave of heat rippled through Chase. He smiled back.

“What you be thinking?”

“I'm thinking you are very handsome.”

Yuri chuckled. “And you are very pretty. That outfit,” he gestured to Chase's skirt, “is very distracting.”

Grinning, Chase looked down. His jeans skirt had ridden up his thighs, exposing a little bit of his black thong between his pale thighs. He slowly parted his legs, lifting his right up against the car door and tilting his hips. “Is this better?”

Yuri made a low noise in the back of his throat. A blush darkened his cheeks and he looked back at the traffic. “No, that is worse.”

Glancing down, Chase saw that Yuri's hardness had returned. The thick bulge strained his jeans, forcing the flap to open and the zipper to press out along the hard length that he knew was trapped

inside. He licked his lips in anticipation, he was going to have that inside him one day.

A shiver coursed through his body. He looked away himself as his own body grew hot and hard. He could feel the silk of his thong sliding against his hips as his cock grew harder. It pulled away the tight fabric until the resistance of his skirt held it down. Blushing hotly, he peeked down at the peak forming in blue fabric. With a smile, he forced himself to look out the window and enjoy the skyline and the cars around him.

“It being another ten minutes and then we can get off the road.”

Images flashed through Chase’s mind, of things he could do to Yuri while they waited. He imagined himself reaching over the center console and unzipping the thick cock. But, he could also imagine distracting Yuri and having the thick cock in his mouth when someone rear-ended the Cadillac. With a sigh, he shook his head and tried to pull his thoughts away from the thick shaft he wanted so badly.

The minutes stretched by, each second feeling like a year. The cars continued to inch by. In the next lane, an older man was singing along with the music that Chase was pretty sure came from the eighties. His entire face was painted orange and blue. Next to him, a woman about the same age was signing along but she didn’t have the war paint of what Chase assumed was her husband.

Yuri’s hand rested on his thigh, right at the knee.

A ripple of pleasure coursed along Chase’s skin. He glanced down and saw how easily Yuri’s hand dwarfed his body. The pale flesh was almost white compared to the rough fingers that caressed his inner knee. The heat coursing through his body gathered at his balls until they tingled with anticipation.

Chase’s breath came faster and a moan vibrated in his throat. He lifted his far leg higher to give Yuri more access to his sex.

“Look away,” came a low whisper. Yuri was focused on the road ahead of him, but Chase could see that he was struggling himself. A wet spot had formed in his jeans, right at the tip of the thick ridge of fabric. His lips were pressed into a thin line as he pointedly stared at minivan ahead of them with “Go Bears!” written across the back window.

It took all of Chase's willpower to look through the side window. His breath fogged the glass, but he couldn't concentrate on anything but the thick hand that started to stroke from his knee.

Yuri had strong fingers that scars and ridges. The bumps caressed Chase's smooth thigh as he stroked up and down, a maddeningly slow movement. Chase wanted Yuri to reach further up, under Chase's skirt, and grab his balls. But, instead the landlord drew his fingertips along Chase's inner thigh until his knuckles touch the skirt, and then back again.

Chase moaned softly and watched the ripples of his breath against the glass.

Yuri drew his hand up, pushing his skirt, and Chase tensed with anticipation. But, there was only a brief touch against the thong-covered hardness before he drew himself down.

Chase whimpered softly and started to look back.

"No," came the warning.

Forcing himself to stop, Chase turned back to the glass. His eyes fluttered as he concentrated on Yuri's hand drifting high against his leg and then down again. The heat from the touch pooled in Chase's sex, a maelstrom of desire that was leaving a wet spot in his panties. It wouldn't be long before he had a matching spot on his skirt.

Yuri's knuckles brushed against Chase's balls and held there for a moment.

Chase held himself still, silently begging for Yuri to dig into his panties. The fabric was already pulling away from his skin from the pressure of his cock.

And then Yuri drew his fingers back to Chase's knee.

With a whimper, Chase peeked at Yuri. The older man had a smile on his lips. He was teasing Chase. Below, though, his thoughts were betrayed by the larger spot soaking into his jeans and the pulse of his cock that was visible even through the thick fabric and the bumps in the road.

Chase turned back to the window, a smile on his lips. He let his eyes close and then leaned into Yuri's hand, enjoying the teasing movements that fueled the flames. Even if he wasn't going to get a hand-job in the car, he was going to get something before the day was over.

Before he knew it, the Cadillac pulled off the interstate. Yuri drove one-handed, keeping his other on Chase's thigh. The engine rumbled as it pulled into a poorer area of the city, one where the houses were pressed tightly together and the stores were crammed into first floors of buildings.

Signs in Spanish and Russian became more obvious, a strange mixture of languages that contrasted each other even in print. The stores were obvious, just the names were foreign. Chase watched them pass with a strange sense of growing fear and anticipation.

Yuri's hand never stopped stroking his thigh. It was maddening and teasing. Chase's cock jumped with his pulse, fighting against the pressure of his skirt. He could feel his pre-cum dribbling down his legs and soaking into the fabric of his thong. More of it soaked his buttocks and, no doubt, the leather underneath.

It wasn't until Yuri pulled into an angular parking spot that Chase realized their destination. It was a non-descript store nestled between a laundromat and a liquor store. The sign above it was written in Russian, but the last two words were painfully clear in English: Adult Shop.

Chase's breath came out in a rush. In the front of the store, there were two mannequins. Both of them were dressed in fur-trimmed outfits, one pink and the other blue.

"We are here." Yuri squeezed Chase's thigh before releasing him.

Chase whimpered and looked at Yuri. "H-Here? The adult store?"

"Da. I being buying a present for you." The grin grew wider. "For both of us, actually. It won't be taking long."

Cheeks burning, Chase could only stare in shock.

Yuri glanced down and then grin. "We be giving a few seconds to calm down and then we be going inside."

"F-For what?"

"You want be ruining the surprise?"

Chase looked at the store and then back. He gave a little nod, humiliated that he couldn't speak.

Yuri leaned over to him until he loomed over Chase. Their lips were only inches apart. "Because, you have a pretty ass. And seeing you on the couch with that big toy sitting next to you make me thinking you are trying to stretch that pretty hole for Yuri's dick."

Chase's cock jumped and he felt more pre-cum oozing out. He gulped and rested his hands on the tent under his skirt, flinching when his palm pressed against a warm, sticky patch.

Yuri chuckled and inched closer. "Tomorrow morning, I want to be fucking your ass."

A moan of desperate need escape Chase's throat.

"And that means tonight, we need slightly bigger things to go inside. Then, it will feel good for our first time, yes? Very good? Maybe balls deep?"

Tears in his eyes, Chase could do nothing as his cock threatened to spasm in his skirt. He gripped it tightly, squeezing down on the base to prevent an orgasm from ruining his outfit.

Yuri leaned in and kissed him. It was short, but powerful. When he pulled back, he gestured to the store. "I be going in. And when you can," he looked down, "you be coming in. Yuri will buy you pretty things for both of us tonight. And then, tomorrow, you will be waking up in my bed."

It was too much. Chase's cock surged and he came into his thong. It splattered against the fabric and dribbled down. A long wail ripped out of his throat as he imagined being pinned by Yuri's body, cock pounding into his ass. The thoughts keep his cock surging, soaking into the fabric and down along his shaft. It bubbled out of his thong and soaked his buttocks and the seat underneath him in a matter of seconds.

Cheeks burning, Chase said, "I-I'm sorry..." He gasped as another surge poured out of him. "I'm... I ruined...."

Yuri chuckled and pulled back. "Do not be worrying about the seat. Cum cleans out." He reached back and pulled out a pack of wipes. Pulling out two, he leaned forward and rested his hand between Chase's thigh.

Chase whimpered as he looked up into the intense blue eyes of his neighbor. His vision blurred as Yuri reached up underneath his skirt with one of the wipes, sopping up the cum from the fabric.

There was nothing he could do as Yuri cleaned him. There was no anger or pity in Yuri's eyes, just a soft smile and an intense gaze of lust. His hands were strong against Chase's skin but also gentle as he reached into the thong to gather up the cum. When he finished, he

swapped out the wipe for a cleaner one and delved back in, gentle rubbing Chase's balls and buttocks before pulling out. "Better?"

Still feeling humiliated, Chase glanced down at his cum-stained skirt. "I come too easily."

"I like it. Makes Yuri feel sexy."

"You are sexy."

"And so are you. So, you came fast and then I come hard."

Chase peeked up. "Hard inside me?"

Yuri grinned and kissed him. "Hard inside or outside. I get hard thinking about you and I want to be hard deep inside your pretty ass just so I can feel you cum many, many times."

Sniffing, Chase kissed him back. "I want that."

Yuri leaned back. "You be needing a few more minutes for that?" He gestured to Chase's cock. "To calm down?"

Blushing, Chase nodded. "Just no more teasing?"

"Oh now, Yuri not be teasing any more today."

Somehow, it sounded ominous.

And exciting.

The Store

6

Together, they entered the sex store but with Yuri leading the way and Chase following behind with a blush on his cheeks and his hands covering the wet spot in his skirt. Together, they managed to clean up the worst of his cum but there was no way the dark spot could dry out with anything less than coming back in the afternoon. But, Chase knew that Yuri enjoyed watching him be embarrassed and fought through humiliation to keep walking.

It had been years since Chase had entered an actual sex store. The Internet made everything easier to purchase in safe, anonymous packages. But, even time couldn't fade the unmistakable smell, a mixture of rubber and fabric with a hint of cum hanging in the air.

The Russian sex shop was a small one with dark walls that went for almost half the length of a block. Along one side was a wall of DVDs and Blu-ray disks, the images of naked men and woman just a flesh-colored mosaic punctuated by little signs written in Russian and Spanish. The titles were all in English, though, and Chase could tell they catered to all interests from straight to gay to she-males to everything in between. He even spotted a midget video near the front door.

On the other side were the toys and outfits. The individual displays were framed by wire shelves, the individual sections sticking out into the center where the novelty gifts, statues, and larger display cases were. He spotted an entire corner dedicated to leather, with terrifying collars and bondage equipment gleamed under florescent lights.

Chase had no idea what turned Yuri on, except for cross-dressing and younger men, twink. Looking at the store and seeing a hint of other perversions, he wondered what lay in store for him in the care of his landlord.

A bored-looking woman pushing ninety looked up from her book. She glanced at Yuri and then said something in Russian. He answered briefly and then stepped back to slip his arm around Chase's waist.

Heart beating faster, Chase gave her a hesitant smile and then let himself be drawn further into the store. He didn't know if she was watching him but it didn't matter as Yuri guided him toward the video.

"What things be turning you on?" asked Yuri in a low voice. "Besides being pretty?"

With a start, Chase realized that Yuri wanted to know the same questions. Relieved, Chase let out his breath and leaned into the Russian, enjoying the hard muscles that pulled him close. He felt safe next to Yuri, comforted and excited at the same time.

They slowly worked their way down the wall of videos. Yuri picked out a few using the pretext of buying to show things. Most of them were large men fucking twink, something that Chase knew turned on both of him.

About halfway through the section, a cover caught Chase's attention. It was a gay video but one with two large men fucking a thin younger man from both ends. The sight of seeing two huge cocks impaling the smaller man in mouth and ass sent a bolt of pleasure through him. The image looked like the middle of a proper fuck, not a posed image.

Chase had imagined himself being spitted before, but he didn't know what Yuri thought. He shivered with desire, but then tried to keep moving before Yuri noticed his attention.

Yuri didn't move.

Glancing up, Chase saw Yuri scanning the videos with a smile on his lips. A sinking sensation filled Chase, Yuri knew that he saw something that drew his attention.

Yuri pointed to a video of a man fucking a twink's face. "This one?" he asked quietly.

Chase hesitated and then shook his head. After a moment, he nodded. "I want that one... too." Inwardly, he berated himself for tacking the "too" on the end of his response.

A thick finger lowered to the next row, closer to the video Chase first saw. It was another oral sex one, this time with the younger man bent backwards over the end of the couch with a cock buried in his throat. The image was shown from behind the man's lover, with his balls partially obscuring the sexy look from the young man.

Chase tensed and nodded.

"No, this not be the one you really want," Yuri said. "That would be fun though, yes?"

"Y-Yes?" squeaked Chase. He could picture himself bent over Yuri's couch in many ways, on his back was just one. He hadn't been able to deep-throat the massive cock, but if there was a position it was possible, that would be it.

As Yuri ran his fingers along the plastic cases, Chase felt his heart beating faster. He didn't know how Yuri would respond, but it was obvious that his landlord knew that Chase saw something more than oral or ass fucking.

Trembling, Chase reached out and pressed his finger against the DP video. His finger rested on the hard cock dangling from the man being impaled at both ends. His own cock jumped with his thoughts and he looked away to avoid revealing his blush.

Yuri pulled the video out from underneath Chase's grip. There was a brief moment and Chase cringed waiting for a sharp comment.

"You not able to take Yuri's cock in your pretty ass and you already want two of them?"

Chase's shoulders slumped. He had said the wrong thing.

"Let's get you opened up first?"

Surprised, Chase looked up at his lover.

Yuri winked. "Yuri is not a jealous man." He shoved the DVD back on the shelf, pulled Chase close, and then kissed him. "I have shared before."

Chase moaned and melted into the embrace, trusting the strong arms would keep him standing. The heat of both of their bodies was overwhelming and he could only moan.

When Yuri broke the kiss, Chase gasped for breath.

"Today, though, your pretty ass is mine."

Chase giggled softly. "Yes."

"Good. Now, let's see what else excite you."

Somehow the kiss broke the tension. Chase found it easier to point out the scenes that he liked: being face-fucked, various positions, and pinned against the wall. The entire cross-dressing section got him hard and he had to keep one hand against his skirt to cover his stiffness.

Yuri also pointed out some videos. Most were many of the same ones that turned Chase on, though his interests led down a slightly more rougher videos than Chase would have picked himself. Apparently, Yuri really wanted to pound Chase's ass. After looking at the videos, Chase warmed up to the idea and he nodded with breathless anticipation.

There were a few videos that Chase wasn't sure about, mostly the bondage ones. Yuri liked the idea of tying someone's hands behind their back. Chase had never considered it, but he had to admit it was sexy to see someone on their knees, unable to do anything as someone lined up a cock to their mouths. He squeezed Yuri's muscle and gave an almost imperceptible nod.

The more extreme bondage didn't interest Chase and, thankfully, Yuri didn't point out any of the videos.

They reached the end of the videos. Most of them were too extreme for either of their taste, but then Chase saw one that caught his eye. The video was distasteful, something about being a toilet slave, but the man in the video had "Yuri's Bitch" written across his chest. It was completely surprised and Chase froze as he stared at it.

"What?" asked Yuri. "Which one?"

Chase pointed to the video.

Yuri pulled a face. "You are into that?"

"No..." Chase gulped and tapped on the words.

The larger man peered closer. "Yuri's... oh." He looked back. "You want to be Yuri's bitch?"

Chase blushed hotly and his cock surged. He grabbed it, squeezing down to avoid an orgasm.

Yuri stood up, slipping his body between Chase and the videos. Large arms caught Chase and pulled him close. "You can be my bitch —blyat—if you want."

Shivering, Chase looked up and nodded. He smiled and then leaned against the hard chest. "I do."

"Good." Yuri kissed him again before guiding him away from the videos and toward the other parts of the store. They passed the leather section, but Chase had no interest in anything there. He was more into lace than leather anyways. At the overpriced outfits for women, they slowed down but Chase couldn't find anything he liked. The material was cheap, it was designed to be worn once or twice where the stuff in his boxes at home was designed to be sexy forever.

He spotted the old woman watching both of them and he couldn't resist blushing under her gaze. She didn't know if she saw a pretty girl or boy hanging on Yuri's arm, but there was no question who was the dominate in their relationship. He ducked his head and clung tighter to Yuri, enjoying the strength.

Yuri's grip tightened for a moment and he leaned over. "She is watching you."

Chase whimpered and his cock grew hotter.

"I like to see you squirm, you know."

Worrying his bottom lip, Chase nodded.

They came up to the toy section and Yuri stopped Chase. They looked at the vast array of toys, some in boxes and others display.

"Now, my *blyat*, how can we open you up?"

The world spun around Chase and he clutched to Yuri.

Yuri reached out and grabbed a thick dildo. It was about the same size as the one Chase couldn't get into his ass. It also had a similar rounded head and deep ridge behind the glans. "How about this one?"

Chase shook his head. He trembled as he took it from Yuri and pointed to the head. "T-This doesn't go in very well and this," he shifted his finger to the ridge, "hurts."

"I have a rounded head."

"You aren't made of rubber."

Yuri grinned and took the dildo from Chase's hands. "Then, not this. But, I like be finding something that looks like my dick."

Chase panted as he pointed out the dildo he already had, the one with the long shaft that easily fit inside. "I can get this inside."

Yuri pulled out a huge black cock. It looked like a log in his hand. "And this be about my size."

Nodding, Chase gulped. He wanted Yuri so badly but he didn't want it to hurt.

Yuri chuckled and set down the obscenely-sized dildo. Reaching down, he picked up a set of butt plugs in a single plastic box. There were five in the pack, the pink rubber graduated in size from the width of Chase's finger to a large plug that rivaled Yuri in size.

Chase stared at them and his body grew hotter. He could imagine putting them inside him, shoving if he had to, and loosening himself up for Yuri. After a few seconds of looking at them, he nodded.

"Good, then I be buying this and this." Yuri grabbed a bottle of anal lubrication and held both in his large hand.

"I have lube."

"I do not and I would rather you be wearing a dress when you come up to my room, not carrying big toys and lube. Easy to explain a skirt, harder to explain dripping butt plug."

Chase giggled. His eyes never left the plugs. He couldn't wait for Yuri to ease one into his backside, or even to try it out in the privacy of his apartment. Either way, he was getting closer to having the man where he finally wanted him, balls deep in his ass.

Yuri grunted. "Come, we need to leave because I cannot take much more."

Chase glanced down. Yuri's cock was hard again, the hard length pulsing underneath the jeans. He glanced around and then pressed his hand against it. Even through the fabric, he could feel the heat radiating from that. With a grin, he looked up. "Do you need help with that?"

Yuri chuckled and pulled Chase close. "Yes, but first we have lunch."

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

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