

**Exposed by
the
Landlord**

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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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.

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Heading Out

1

Chase's heart pounded as he stepped out of the adult store and into the bright light of a summer morning. The warm air washed over him, caressing his face and reaching up underneath his denim skirt. It tickled against his inner thigh and along the drying cum that clung to his skin.

With a blush, he stepped out from the opening so the door closed behind him. As he did, he almost bumped into an older man who was walking his small shih tzu.

"Out of the way..." The old man's eyes widened and then he shook his head angrily. "Bitch."

Chase flushed hotly and looked away. He wasn't sure if the old man saw him as a woman or a cross-dressing man, but either way, he felt exposed by the brief angry gaze. He peeked at the old man as the man stormed away muttering. Chase felt more naked than ever before.

The door behind Chase creaked open and there was a thump against his buttocks.

Gasping, Chase jumped and spun around, his cheeks burning. It took only a moment to focus on Yuri's bulk in the door of the store. The thump came from the plastic bag of dildos and butt plugs that he had just bought.

Yuri stepped out and his wire-rimmed glasses sparkled in the sun. He had a smile on his lips as he continued forward until the heavy weight of his purchases thumped against the ridge of Chase's cock underneath his skirt. "I like that."

Blushing hotly, Chase pressed a hand against the front of his skirt. He could feel the heat of his cock seeping through the fabric, a

moisture that tickled his palm. He wanted to curl his fingers around it, to jack himself into his panties once again. The black fabric wasn't going to survive the day anyways, it was already soaked in enough cum to be forever stained.

Yuri leaned into Chase, the hand holding the bag pressing against his hip.

Chase fought the urge to step back. Instead he raised his head to enjoy the sensation of Yuri looming over him, the larger man easily dwarfing his delicate form. He felt helpless next to Yuri, a wonderful sense of vulnerability that pooled between his legs and sent his cock throbbing.

Yuri's bag thumped harder, the heavy rubber butt plugs sending an impact through his body. "You be looking beautiful."

Chase blushed and lifted his head higher, bringing his lips to Yuri.

The Russian kissed Chase, lightly at first, but then strongly. His lips parted Chase's as his tongue flashed along his nerves.

The world spun around Chase as he reached out for Yuri, pressing his palms against his muscular chest for balance. He loved the feel of silken steel of Yuri's pectorals and the way it flexed underneath his palm.

Yuri pulled back with a moan. "Very good."

Chase's attention was drawn to the thick ridge of Yuri's cock. It was already straining the jeans and there was the hint of a wet spot. Both of them had been teasing each other pretty hard, but while Chase had multiple orgasms ruining his thong, Yuri had the steel will to only leak into his pants.

With a soft gasp, Chase thought about pulling open the jeans. It would be sticky and slick, smelling of the perfect man and heated. Gulping, he felt a welcoming throb in his own skirt. "Y-Yuri?"

"Yes, my *kotyonok*?"

Chase opened his mouth to say something, then frowned. "Kot... yonok?"

"In Russian means kitten."

"And *blyat*?"

Yuri grinned and kissed him again. "Not mean kitten. Mean bitch."

Chase welcomed the throb of heat that coursed down his back and pooled in his balls. A fresh dribble of pre-cum soaked into his jeans.

“Can also mean whore, slut, and...” Yuri leaned forward, his close beard scraping against Chase’s soft cheek. His breath washed over Chase’s ears before he continued, “fuck-hole.”

Chase whimpered. “Can we just get home?”

Yuri’s eyes twinkled. “Why, *kotyonok*?”

Sweat gathered on Chase’s brow. He glanced around but there was no one close. Taking a deep breath, he stepped forward so Yuri’s trapped cock ground into his stomach. “Because I want you to fuck me.”

Yuri’s smile grew wider.

“Hard.” Chase gasped, the spinning around him accelerating as he felt the heat searing at his thighs, ass, and cock. He almost came from it only. “I want you to fuck me hard, really hard.”

Lowering his head, Yuri kissed him. “After lunch.”

Chase whimpered. “After... but, I’m... now?”

Yuri stepped back and gestured to the car. “We have much time today. And you’ll need some food before...” He hefted the bags meaningfully.

Even though he didn’t want to wait, Chase nodded. He sighed and rested his head against Yuri’s powerful chest. “I want to come so badly right now.”

Yuri wrapped one arm around him. “Be trusting me, you’ll be coming.”

There was something about Yuri’s tone that stopped Chase. He looked up but could only see a sly smile and a twinkle in the intense blue eyes of his landlord. “Yuri?”

Releasing him, Yuri stepped away and to the passenger side of the car.

Chase followed. “Yuri?”

At the door, Yuri opened it and looked back at him. “Do you trust me?”

A nod. Chase inched closer and leaned against the door.

“And do you like it when you come for Yuri?”

Chase stopped halfway on his seat, his head dangerously close to the thick ridge of Yuri’s cock. He glanced at it, remembering how

the thick veins felt his palm or the massive head trying to shove into his asshole. His own cock jumped at his thoughts, a heat flash of pre-cum dribbling down his length to cling to his balls. "Yes," he moaned.

"Then come."

Chase whimpered and almost came at the soft word.

Yuri leaned down, pulling his crotch away from Chase. He kissed the panting man on the lips for a moment and then set the heavy bag between his legs. When he drew up, his fingertips caressed Chase's shin and thigh before sliding up underneath the skirt.

Chase's breath froze in his throat as a blast of heat coursed through him. His entire world centered on the thick fingers that caressed his balls and shaft through the cum-soaked panties. He shivered as the heat boiled up and his length twitched with need.

Yuri chuckled as he drew his hand up and down the shaft, a light touch that belayed his strength.

"I'm... I'm going to..."

Pulling back, Yuri brought his hand from between Chase's thighs. The tips of his fingertips glistened with Chase's juices. He lifted them into the sunlight and twisted his hand.

Chase panted, his lips parted, as he stared at the evidence of his excitement. His body shuddered as he fought his orgasm, he couldn't remember how many times he came that day but he knew that he had left a stain in his skirt and maybe even Yuri's seat.

With a deep breath, he leaned forward and opened his mouth further. A burn of humiliation flashed through him, reminding him that he was about to suck on the fingers of another man in full public. At the same time, it only added to the white-hot intensity of his growing orgasm.

Yuri chuckled and shook his head. "No, you need to recover more time."

To Chase's surprise, he brought his fingers to his own mouth and sucked them clean. When he pulled them out, the skin glittered with his saliva.

"Come, my *kotyonok*, time for lunch."

The sharp edge of Chase's orgasm faded but he felt the ache remain. With a whimper, he could only stare as Yuri closed the door shut and headed around the car. There was no mistaking that he

was just as turned on, the patch of moisture was visible even through the windshield, but Yuri said nothing as he got into his side of the car and started it up.

t'Sade

Sergei

2

Lunch was at a small diner at the far end of a junk yard and next to a rental place for equipment. For being near the middle of the city, Chase didn't think there were junk yards but it took them almost a minute of slow driving to get past the endless fields of rusted-out cars, piles of washing machines, and even a steel sculpture of a pit bull that towered over the dog house made out of RVs.

As they pulled into a spot in a gravel parking lot, Chase looked around. Despite the obscure location, there were half a dozen cars already parked there and the line in the gravel indicated that it was a popular place.

Chase tried to find a sign to identify the place, but there was none. Only three neon signs: an open sign that flickered every few seconds, a "24/7/365" one next to it, and a bear holding a beer.

Yuri stopped the car. "This is my cousin's place. Sergei is a good man but he can be a bit rough on the voice and frequently be sticking foot in mouth. But, he be strong man and has a strong heart, you will like this place."

Chase looked back over the diner. It looked like it just fell out of the 50's including chrome on the outside and the booths that were visible from the window. He even spotted a jukebox near the entrance.

"Are you hungry?"

Nodding slowly, Chase got out of the car. He was hungry but also still nervous about being seen in public. He double-checked his skirt, the cum-stain had mostly faded into a slightly darker patch. A breeze tickled the backs of his legs and he was reminded how exposed he was to anyone looking.

When his cock started to respond, he gasped and forced his thoughts away. It was difficult since the only thing he wanted to do was turn around and bend over the Cadillac hood. He ducked his head and clasped his wrists to hide his growing excitement.

Yuri came around. He slipped his arm around Chase's waist.

Chase leaned against his chest, his fear of being exposed disappearing with being pulled close.

"Come, you be liking this place."

Yuri lead him to the diner, opened the door with one hand, and then guided them inside.

Chase expected some sort of cheerful pop to be playing, but instead it was a rapid-fire beat with the singer growling. Death metal. A 50's diner playing metal. After a second, he realized it was Russian death metal. For a moment, he was stunned, but then he smiled. The diner was a lot like Yuri, much different than what it looked like.

The growls filling the background, he looked around the diner. It looked just like a 50's place would be, though the vinyl had cracked and had been repaired with duct tape. The counters were faded with time, but he could see the outlines of a thousand meals in front of each bright red stool.

There were already customers there, mostly older men that looked like they had wrinkled in the sun. A pair of equally old and withered women sat at a booth, talking in rapid-fire Russian with the growl of smoker's voices. Everyone sat close to the jukebox, reading magazines or eating. Very few of them were talking but a group of four playing a game of poker talked in Russian with each other. As far as Chase could tell, every one had a beer or a shot glass near them.

Yuri yelled something in Russian. The only word that Chase recognized was "Sergei."

A heartbeat later, someone answered back. It was a low, rumbling voice much like Yuri's but the accent was thicker and more guttural.

Chase realized that if he was going to stay with Yuri, he would need to know a lot more Russian. At least more than two words.

No one else looked up from their meals or their games.

"Come," Yuri said in a low voice. "Far booth."

Ducking his head again, Chase leaned into Yuri as they headed to the farthest booth. It was just like he expected, though not next to the window. Instead, it lined up with black and white pictures of drag racers running on ice and snow.

Chase slipped into the seat facing the wall. To his surprise, Yuri slid next to him, gently pushing him toward the corner. His heart skipped a beat as he stared up at the looming man, the feelings of fear and excitement rising.

Yuri leaned over to him. "More intimate not looking at those other men." His hand rested on Chase's thigh, the thick fingers easily wrapping around his skin.

Chase inhaled sharply and parted his legs.

"And I think you will be blushing many times for lunch."

Gulping, Chase looked up at his lover. "I-I am?"

"Yes," came the rumble. To prove his point, Yuri slid his hands up Chase's thigh until he could stick his fingers underneath his skirt. The denim rose up as the larger man trailed two fingers along the rapidly growing hardness.

"Yuri!" whispered Chase.

Yuri only chuckled before he withdrew his fingers.

Chase squirmed for a moment. His cock was already sore from his first orgasm. After a few minutes, he realized he had to pee. "Um, Yuri? Can I go to the bathroom?"

Yuri's body tensed for a moment, then he nodded. Slipping out of the booth, he stepped back to let Chase out.

Thankful that his cock had rapidly deflated, Chase headed for the bathrooms. He peeked at the others, but they were still lost in their games and magazines and drinks.

As he passed, he caught them looking at him from the corner of his eye. The appreciative and pointed looks at each other gave him a sense of being sexy and beautiful, Yuri's woman instead of some guy going to the bathroom. He smiled and kept his head low, ducking into the hallway leading into the bathroom with a sexual high threatening to tent his skirt.

Some of the high faded as he stopped in front of the doors. He was dressed as a woman, but he had never done it outside. He wasn't sure which one he should use. Neither looked pleasant but the brief

moment of identity crisis tempered the moment of everyone appreciating his body.

After a moment, he choose the woman's bathroom.

It only took him a few minutes to use the restroom and clean up. He risked someone walking in and also cleaned off his cock, using the water from the sink to scrub off the worst of the cum that had gathered along his length, balls, and buttocks. A few minutes with the hand dryer and his sex tingled with the heat.

He was ready to face the diner again.

And to be teased by Yuri.

When he stepped out of the hallway from the bathrooms, everyone turned toward him. Chase froze in the gaze of the entire diner, wondering if something had happened. His gaze traveled the length of the restaurant to the furthest booth where Yuri sat with his back to the others.

Chase looked back at the others but couldn't read their expressions. He felt a blush coloring his cheeks, a delicious thrill of humiliation without a reason. Gulping, he forced himself to walk down the length of the diner. His hips swayed with his heels and he could see some of the older man's eyes following his ass as he did.

The further down the diner he walked, the more he felt comfortable swishing his skirt and enjoying the attention. Having half a dozen older men staring at his ass made him feel sexy and beautiful. He stopped with a swirl, letting the skirt rise up to show his bare hips before it settled down.

Yuri looked up. And then his eyes scanned down; the intensity of the gaze burned through the fabric and Chase felt the heat gathering in his body.

A shiver of pleasure ran through Chase's limbs and groin. He blushed and smiled, beaming as brightly as he could.

"Very pretty," growled Yuri. He grabbed the plastic bag from the adult shop and stood up.

Chase stepped back and frowned. He didn't think Yuri brought the toys into the diner when they approached. There was no reason the larger man would have brought it in later, it wasn't like he was going to show his cousin the toys he planned on using on Chase.

Yuri stepped to the side and turned his back to the rest of the diner.

Chase turned so his back was to Yuri and slid by, rubbing his ass against the hard bulge he found. He started to slid into the seat when he realized there was almost already there. Stopping, he stared at it for a moment before he realized what it was: one of the butt plugs balanced in the middle of the seat, glistening with lube.

He inhaled sharply. His knuckles tightened on the back of the booth.

Yuri slid one arm around his waist, pulling him back hard against the thick length of Russian cock. “No more teasing,” he said in a low voice.

Chase trembled as he stared at the butt plug. He tried to say something, but it was hard to concentrate with the hard length against his back and the plug sitting there.

“I want you to slide down that bench,” came the low, rumbling command, “and then impale that sexy ass of yours on that.” Yuri’s hand slipped down, cupping Chase’s cock with his palm.

Chase whimpered softly, his body shaking violently. He felt hot and flushed, a hunger and ache burning through his body. If it wasn’t for his earlier orgasm, he would have came instantly as Yuri held him tight.

“You can say no.”

Gulping, Chase shook his head. “N-No, I can do it.”

He was rewarded with Yuri stroking his cock and the hardness digging into his back. “I’ll be right here, my pretty little boy. Holding your hand.”

Sweat prickled Chase’s brow as he sank into the bench. The vinyl squeaked from his movement. He inched over, his cock throbbing and his breath coming in rapid gasps. He reached the butt plug and froze, everything shaking.

His cock tented his shaft and pre-cum dribbled down his length. He was going to leave a wet spot when he got up again. He smiled to himself, the lube stain would probably never come out.

He looked back at Yuri. The Russian was breathing heavily himself, his knuckles white against the table as he poised to slip in after Chase. His lips were parted and a dark stain was already forming along the ridge of his zipper.

Yuri took a deep breath. “You don’t have to.”

Chase nodded and gripped the table with both hands. Slowly, he lifted his body, shaking as he did. His cock thumped against the bottom of the table. When he lifted himself higher, it angled painfully down but he kept the pressure until he felt the greasy tip tickling his butt cheeks.

Yuri sat down on the bench.

The butt plug tilted to the side and Chase sank down to catch it between his cheeks. The slick tip lodged against his sphincter and he felt a burst of heat course through his body. He knew he could take it, though it was larger than the dildo that he had buried into his ass the night before.

A strong hand rested on the seat next to Chase, present but not assisting. A moment later, Yuri reached up and pulled the fabric of Chase's thong aside. The fabric slipped off the tip and it sank deeper into Chase's hole.

Chase fought back a moan as he inched himself down on the butt plug. His cock strained against the table, painful and throbbing. He twisted slightly and it slipped deeper, easily sinking into his body.

Heat pulsed through Chase's body. He took a deep breath and lifted himself up before sliding down. The smooth rubber was nothing compared to the dildo. There were no ridges or veins. It was nothing but gradually increasing girth and pressure.

Chase let out a long breath but it came out as a moan. He lifted and lowered himself again, sinking another inch into his ass. His cock throbbed with the pressure, leaking into his skirt and dribbling down his balls. It splashed against the seat.

Yuri let out a moan of his own, his grip tightening into the seat.

Chase gave him a smile. "Do you like this?"

"Very...", Yuri moan, "much."

"Yuri!" The guttural voice from the kitchen area suddenly filled the room.

Chase gasped and looked over his shoulder. It was a large man, almost as broad as Yuri, and he was walking quickly down the diner. He had a white-streaked buzz-cut and powerful muscles. A black shirt strained over his chest, outlining his pectorals and stretched across his ribs. He wore black jeans and matching boots.

Panicked, Chase looked back. He was in the middle of impaling himself on a butt plug. If Sergei stood in front of the table, it would

be obvious. His heart pounded in his chest and his ass tightened around the plug.

Yuri looked frightened for a moment, then slipped off the bench. “Sergei!”

“Yuri!” He finished in Russian which Sergei answered in return. They chatting rapidly, but Chase knew that Yuri was stalling.

Chase only had two options. He could pull himself off and push the plug off the seat. He gulped and looked at the back of his lover’s. Yuri wanted him to impale himself, to fill himself completely.

Gulping in a long breath of air, Chase gripped the table. He leaned more of his weight on the plug. It slipped deeper into his body, spreading his asshole into a tight ring as he reached the thickest part. He shuddered from the pleasure and the intoxicating rush of impaling himself with a stranger only a few feet away.

“And you got yourself a new girl, I see.”

“Yes, Sergei, but careful what you say.”

“Nonsense, Yuri, come on.”

Even without looking, Chase knew that he was about to be exposed. With a soft whimper frozen in his throat, he steeled himself. He released the tension in his legs and let his full weight drop down on the plug.

The rubber stretched him to his limits and then with a slick surge, his abused asshole reached the apex. His body shuddered as his sphincter clamped on the far end of it, pulling the thick rubber deeper into his body and stuffing him completely. He sank down until his bare cheeks pressed firmly against the slick vinyl and the plug lodged itself into place.

His mouth opened in surprise but then froze as an orgasm burst inside him. Hot jets of cum flooded his panties, instantly soaking the stained fabric and dribbling out of the gaps between his body and the elastic. It tickled his balls as it puddled on the bench.

He was still coming when Sergei and Yuri stopped at the end of the table. Yuri looked nervous as he glanced at Chase.

Chase looked up helplessly, his body clenching and unclenching as hard jets of cum pumped underneath his skirt. His entire body shook and his ears pounded with his heartbeats. He couldn’t do anything but fight the moan that rose in his throat; he was blushing hotly and he could only imagine what the two men saw. He tried to

stop himself by clenching his ass around the toy, but that only drove more cum pouring out of him.

He tried to distract himself from the pleasurable impalement by focusing on Sergei. The new Russian had a scar on his face, a white line that ran from his cheek to his chin. Otherwise, he had a broad face with laugh lines spreading from the corners of his eyes. His broad shoulders looked like he worked out as much. He was clean-shaven but somehow inherited the same piercing blue eyes that Yuri had.

Sergei looked over Chase for a moment and then smiled. “No, Yuri, I was wrong. You didn’t find yourself a pretty girl.” Sergei’s eyes were piercing and Chase felt a flutter griping his stomach. “You found yourself a very pretty boy, didn’t you?”

Chase whimpered. Thick torrents of cum splattered against his skirt, soaking it as he looked up at the two large men. His hips rocked slightly, a barely perceptible movement that felt exposed with the two men looking down at him with unmistakable lust. Every twitch of his body caused the plug to swirl in his insides, forcing more cum to pour out of his shaft.

Underneath the table, he heard cum splattering against the floor.

Yuri said something in Russian but his eyes never left Chase.

Sergei answered, the same look in his eyes. One hand rested against his crotch where an unmistakable bulge strained the front of his jeans. It was just as large as Yuri’s.

Chase panted. The last of his orgasm faded and his body stopped twitching. He took a deep breath to calm himself, but it couldn’t slow his rapidly beating heart. He looked down at the table. His hands were white as he gripped the edge of the table.

Underneath, he could feel cum dribbling down the backs of his shins from where it overflowed the table. More of it soaked into the rear of his skirt and pooled around his buttocks. When he sat up, it would be obvious that he was sitting in a puddle of his own cum.

Gulping, he looked back up, a sheepish look on his face.

Sergei chuckled. “Now I see why you ran back to your car, Yuri.”

The whimper finally escaped. Chase looked at Yuri and wondered if he could be any more embarrassed.

Sergei smiled broadly and pointedly shoved his hands into his pockets. “I see you are busy with cousin’s toy. I am Sergei.”

“C-Chase,” gasped Chase. He closed his mouth, swear pouring down the sides of his face.

Sergei turned to his cousin. “I will be getting you many napkins. It looks like your *suka* is going to need some.”

“*Blyat*, Sergei.”

Sergei winked at Chase. “*Blyat* then. Yuri’s *blyat*.” He spoke as if he was tasting the name. After a second, he nodded. “A good start.” Patting Yuri on the shoulder, he said something in Russian and then strolled away.

Yuri let out a long breath as he sank down on the bench. Everything tilted toward him and Chase slipped, thumping against his body. “You okay?”

“I... I... I don’t think I’ve ever been as embarrassed in my life.”

Yuri’s fingers delved between them and then up along Chase’s thigh.

Chase parted his legs with a whimper and then gasped as the butt plug slipped further into his ass. He arched his body as and gasped, his eyes blurring with the pleasurable pressure being inflicted on him.

Yuri trailed his fingers through the cum coating Chase’s body. He chuckled and leaned closer. “You are wet.”

Chase looked up at him. “I... I came.”

“Very hard, very pretty. Took all of Yuri’s effort not to be fucking you on the table right now.” He drew his fingers up and showed Chase the cum clinging to his fingertips.

Gulping and his cock throbbing, Chase leaned forward and sucked his juices off Yuri’s fingers. He could feel the guttural groan vibrating from the larger man. “I be thinking lunch will be fast.”

Chase peeked up at him. His entire body tingled with hunger and excitement. It pushed away the humiliation of his orgasm and also the growing puddle of cum that formed at his feet and on the seat. With a soft moan of his own, he popped Yuri’s fingers from his mouth and breathed on them, surprised that his panting had calmed down with Yuri’s presence.

From the back, Sergei yelled something.

Yuri grinned. “And to go.” He yelled “*Da!* back across the diner.

Chase’s breath froze in his throat. “I-I came. My skirt is soaked.”

Yuri's eyes twinkled. "But we are leaving soon. I need to be taking you home and licking that sexy ass until you come again."

"E-Everyone will see me."

Yuri cupped Chase's cock with his fingers, one finger questing back to explore the tightly stretched ring of Chase's sphincter. "Yes."

"I-I..."

"You will be getting up and walking out, cum dripping down your thighs and soaking your skirt. And... when you get out, I want to be seeing you bend over and showing the entire place that you have a sexy ass."

Heat exploded inside Chase. His length surged but there was no more cum to shoot out. Yuri's hand tightened over his length, enveloping it. "Yes, you like that idea."

"I-I have a plug. They'll see it." It was huge, there was no way that Chase could hide it underneath his skirt.

"And they are going to see a pretty boy's ass stuffed for Yuri. I want them to see it, to know that you are Yuri's *blyat*. To know that I'm going to shove my dick inside you before tomorrow night." Yuri tilted Chase's head back and kissed him. "Will you do this for Yuri?"

Chase whimpered as he nodded. The humiliation and anticipation exploded inside him, adding to the heat. He clutched the table for balance, trying to imagine what it would be like to walk in front of complete strangers like a slut, exposing everything about him from his cross-dressing to the thick toy buried inside his ass.

Yuri pulled back and smiled. "Thank you, my *blyat*."

It took ten minutes for the food to show up. The longest ten minutes of Chase's life as he tried to will his cock to soften, but the anticipation kept it hard and throbbing. Every time he squirmed, he felt it squelching around his buttocks.

Yuri kept his hand on Chase's thigh, stroking through the drying cum and breathing heavily himself. His cock was painfully obvious, a wet spot forming over the tip.

Finally, Sergei set down a plastic bag filled with food on the table. "Your meal, cousin."

Yuri chuckled and pulled his hand from Chase's legs. They were dripping white which he wiped on a napkin. "Thank you, but I'm afraid I am about to be embarrassing you."

Sergei shrugged. "Not the first time."

"No, not the first." Yuri chuckled.

Chase whimpered, his body trembling. He was about to humiliate himself.

Sergei looked down the diner and chuckled. "I be cleaning up after you. No one uses this booth anyways. Go out with a bomb and show off your pretty to all these old men. They need to see a bit of ass anyways, been too long and they need the dreams."

Yuri slipped off the bench and stood up. The two large men hugged each other for a moment. "Take care, cousin."

"And you."

Sergei reached out for Chase, his hand almost as large as Yuri's.

On the other side, Yuri did the same.

Chase whimpered as he stared at the two men. He knew Yuri was enjoying every moment, but he didn't expect Sergei to do the same. His eyes flickered down to the bulge and then back up.

"Yes, *blyat*, I'm enjoying this too. It's been a long time since anything so fuckable has entered my diner."

Trembling, Chase took both offered hands. He felt small and delicate as he scooted off the bench and then stood up. As he did, the blush became a bright burn as he saw the tip of his cock tenting his skirt. A large stain, dark and tinged with white, marked the very tip. Cum dribbled down his thighs, tickling the back of his shin before splashing down. He knew there was more of it on his backside.

Sergei glanced over Chase's shoulder and then raised an eyebrow. Chase ducked his head. "Sorry."

Sergei looked at the diner where the others were beginning to look at Chase and then leaned toward Chase. "Show Sergei your pretty ass, please?"

Chase shivered and looked at Yuri, helpless but also excited beyond comprehension. More pre-cum began to ooze out of his aching shaft.

Yuri shrugged. "Only if you want."

Gulping, Chase reached back and peeled the skirt off his soaked ass. It slid over his buttocks until his thong and the butt plug were exposed.

Sergei's fingers were light but Chase still jumped. He ran his finger down Chase's ass crack and around the back before pulling back. "Very nice. You picked a lovely boy, Yuri." Turning to Chase, he nodded. "You can be dropping the skirt."

Chase release the skirt and it smacked against his ass, the sodden fabric clinging instantly to every curve.

"You ready to be exposed?" asked Yuri.

Chase wanted to dive under the table. His heart was pounding but he loved the sight of lust in both men's eyes. Sweat dripping down his face, he nodded. "Y-Yes."

Yuri picked up the food and the bag of sex toys. He turned and held out his elbow for Chase, a smile plastered to his face.

Trembling, Chase rested his tiny hand against the muscular thigh and stepped into view. His knees shook as Yuri guided him back down the diner. A patter of cum struck the ground behind him, somehow audible even over the death metal playing on the speakers.

The other customers turned to look at him, looks of surprise naked on their face. And then, individual expressions came out. There was lust, hunger, and jealousy plastered on the faces of the older folk as Chase walked past him. He could feel their eyes boring into his skin, stripping him naked with only their sight.

His cock surged again, oozing cum out from the abused length. It added the cum soaking his body but, thankfully, none of it splattered to the floor.

Someone exclaimed something in Russian. And then another.

At the door, Chase had to push twice to open it. He was flustered but also more excited than he had ever been his life. They were all looking at him, seeing him as a slut and a cross-dresser, but also as a beautiful creature. There were a few smiles among the lust as he gave the diner one last look.

Outside, Yuri set down the bags by the seat and unlocked the door. Pulling it open, he gestured inside. There was already a towel on Chase's side, though he didn't remember when Yuri put it there.

Remembering the last request, Chase peeked over his shoulder at the diner. Everyone stood at the glass and stared at him. Sergei was in the door, one hand on his crotch and a smile on his lips. The large man nodded and Chase could see his teeth from his smile.

Chase took a deep breath and bent over to pick up the bags. He started to bend at the knees, but then realized he didn't want to. Instead, he bent over at the waist, letting the soaked skirt rise up over his buttocks as he spread his legs apart. The knowledge that everyone watched him expose his butt plug set him off again and he came hard, flooding his panties.

As thick dribbles of cum splattered to the ground between his legs, one balls slipped out and dangled. There was no question that he was a guy, but somehow he didn't think it mattered.

Chase held himself still, shuddering with the hard, brutal orgasm that tore through him. He watched as white cum hit the ground for a long moment before stopping. Breathing hard, he reached back and tucked his testicle back into his thong before straightening.

He didn't dare look back as he sat down in the car.

Yuri shut the door on Chase's side and hurried over to the other side. He limped slightly and Chase followed him with his eyes, enjoying how the stain in his own jeans had spread to outline his entire length. It was achingly huge.

And it was for Chase.

When Yuri got into the car, he said nothing. Instead, he started up the engine and peeled out of the parking lot a bit faster than was safe. No doubt to bring Chase home to do things that either could do in public.

t'Sade

Yuri

3

When Yuri slammed Chase against the apartment door, it let out a resounding thud but held. Chase's back stung from the impact, but then Yuri's mouth was once again against his and he lost himself in the powerful embrace. His soft moans drifted from Yuri's more guttural noises.

Strong hands plucked at his clothes, tugging the stripped top from his body before sliding up underneath the fabric. The touch against his stomach was electric, sending tiny tingles of excitement coursing through his body.

Pinned between Yuri's body and the door, Chase moaned and fumbled with Yuri's buttons. It was hard to open up the white button-down shirt, but somehow he managed to slip his delicate fingers into the opening and press against the powerful body that held him in place.

Yuri broke the kiss to growl, "So fucking sexy," and then he plastered his mouth against Chase again.

The lack of oxygen added to Chase's pleasure. He hiked up one leg against Yuri's hip. He wanted Yuri to tease him more.

The Russian took the hint and pulled his hand out from the shirt and slid it along the curve of Chase's thigh. A moment later, a strong hand cupped his ass and tapped against the plug still buried inside. It was wet and sloppy between his legs, but neither Yuri nor Chase seemed to mind as Yuri pulled his lover tighter to his body.

Both of their cocks were aching hard. Yuri's felt like a steel pole jamming into Chase's belly, a crushing pressure that threatened to bruise him from the short strokes that Yuri drove into him. They

were almost fucking, if it wasn't for the clothes or the door that blocked them.

With a whimper, Chase broke the kiss. "The door," he gasped.

Yuri growled and smiled. "Having trouble... concentrating."

Chase arched his back and ground his panties-covered cock against Yuri's jeans. He wasn't sure where his skirt was, he thought they lost it a floor below. It didn't matter anymore, at least for now.

Yuri's body shuddered and he drove forward, crushing Chase against the door with his hips. His hardness drove into Chase's belly, right at the edge of comfort, but also against the rubber plug still buried inside him.

"That help?" whispered Chase through his moans.

"No," breathed Yuri. He fumbled for the door, trying to unlock it blindly.

Chase moaned and let his head slump back, thumping against the door. He wasn't touching the floor anymore, with one hand and Yuri's hips holding him up. The sensation of being disconnected from the ground was exhilarating as was the fear of falling into Yuri's apartment when he managed to pry the door.

He rocked his hips up just to enjoy the slide of pre-cum-slicked skin against the rough denim. His panties were no longer a barrier to anything, just a bit of friction and nothing else.

"Got it!" growled Yuri. He gripped Chase tighter and shoved open the door. It banged against the wall. The Russian walked Chase inside, never letting him touch the ground, and kicked the door to shut it. It bounced and he kicked it again before it finally latched.

Chase moaned and clutched to his lover. "Where do you want me?"

"Everywhere."

A smile ghosted across Chase's lips. "Where do you want me right now?"

Yuri answered by carrying Chase down a short hall to his bedroom. Yuri slept on a large bed, a king sized, with white sheets and red blankets. There were half a dozen pillows at the top, but otherwise, it was nothing but shimmering crimson covering a very soft bed.

With a grunt, Yuri tossed Chase on the bed.

Chase's ass struck first and he slumped back, spreading his legs as he did. The edge of the plug caught on the blanket and he felt it swirling inside, pushing up as he did. With a moan, he arched his back to relieve the pressure.

Yuri stood at the end of the bed and stripped rapidly. To Chase's surprise, he heard buttons snap as the man ripped off his shirt and tossed it aside. His hairy chest, covered in gray-streaked hair, flexed as he fumbled for his belt. It took a moment to ease the leather out of the buckle, but Chase watched with rapt hunger. He wanted Yuri more than he could imagine.

With a grunt, Yuri worked the zipper over his cock. As he did, the massive girth swung out of the opening. It was large and purple with desire, a heavy weight that didn't quite bow down. The head, a swollen knot of pleasure, glistened with pre-cum and hours of teasing. Underneath, two heavy balls twitched with Yuri's desire.

Chase looked into the eyes of his lover and spread his legs further. The thin strip of his thong strained against his own hardness. It pulled away from his body, revealing his own soaked sex to Yuri.

Yuri's boot thudded against the ground. The other hit the bedroom door. And then he was crawling onto the bed. His weight shifted the entire mattress and Chase felt himself sliding toward the angry cock that hung below his body.

"I want you, pretty body."

Chase moaned, his body trembling with desire. "You can have me. Any way—"

The words ended when Yuri grabbed his panties and yanked down. The fabric dug into Chase's ass for a moment and then snapped.

Chase gasped as he was exposed, the sense of vulnerability increasing to the point he almost came. He managed to hold back, but it was hard to resist. Only hours of coming himself, coupled with the humiliation, kept the orgasm at bay.

Yuri's glasses glinted as he dove down, sucking Chase's cock from tip to base in a single stroke.

"Fuck!" cried Chase, gripping the blankets tightly.

Yuri knew how to blow another man. His lips were strong as he bobbed up and down, gulping loudly at the pre-cum that flooded his mouth.

Chase whimpered and lifted his hips to meet his lover's mouth. He felt lost at sea and right at the end of falling, but the tight pressure and heated mouth kept him anchored.

Fingers teased his plug, exploring the tight ring that held it in place. Then he felt a pressure as Yuri started to pull it out of his asshole.

Vision blurring, Chase moaned and rocked up into Yuri's mouth, fucking his landlord's lips as he lifted himself off the plug.

The pressure build, the swell of the thick plug coming out easier than it sank in. But, it was a slow tug instead of a single frantic thrust. With every inch it slid out, Chase could feel the discomfort and pleasure building inside him.

Yuri's mouth managed to distract him. Before he knew it, the thickest part of the butt plug was lodged right at Chase's sphincter, the feeling of being able to slide in either direction rose inside him; he was at a cliff and one side would leave him filled with hardness and the other empty.

To his surprise, Chase almost wished Yuri would shove it back.

Yuri tugged on it and Chase's body pushed it out. With a slick sensation of being emptied, the plug slipped out of Chase's ass and thudded heavily on the soft blankets.

A gout of cum flooded into Yuri's mouth but then the Russian buried his face against Chase's belly and clamped down with his lips. The pressure held back the orgasm, but Chase's shaft twitched and jumped into the liquid depths of his lover's mouth.

Chase gripped the blankets, his body trying to come but held back by Yuri. His hips rocked against the mouth. Thankfully, the pressure at his base only left him writhing with aching need.

Thick fingers replaced the butt plug. Chase wanted to stop him, two fingers was too much, but then the words froze as Yuri easily speared his ass.

The sensation of being pried open, the pressure and tension, was almost too much. He jerked up, his belly grinding into Yuri's mouth. He was being fucked by Yuri.

The Russian withdrew and shoved it back in, using the lubrication to slide in. Soon his knuckles smacked against Chase's buttocks.

The tiny impacts of two fingers driving deep into his ass was almost too much for Chase. He sobbed as he tried to come again, forestalled by the hard lips around his base. "Y-Yuri."

Yuri only responded by finger fucking him faster, a steady thump as the fingers drive deep inside him. There was pressure, but it was only pleasurable. Hours of being pried open by the butt plug had done its task, he had been opened up.

Chase gasped and twisted on the bed, his pale legs rising up to hook around Yuri's head. He couldn't do anything else, he didn't want to do anything. He wanted to be teased and fucked and that was exactly what Yuri was doing.

Yuri added a third finger, which stretched Chase out to his limits but he quickly adjusted to three fingers pounding his asshole. The wet slurps of the lube echoed against the walls.

Chase moaned, his body jerking with another attempt to orgasm. He needed to feel the release. With the pressure, it felt like his balls were about to explode with his need. "Y-Yuri! Please!"

The fingers grew harder, almost violent. Each impact shot through Chase, pushing him along the bed before he sank back into Yuri's mouth. The knuckles punched against his buttocks in a steady rhythm that echoed the pounding of his heart and the helpless surges of his cock.

Moans echoed against the wall, mixing in with Chase's whimpers. Every second stretched out into a torturous pleasure that wracked his senses. He had to cum.

Desperate, he reached down and grabbed Yuri's hair, partially for balance and to also see if he could move the unmovable. There was no give, only a glinting of Yuri's glasses.

"Yuri!" he screamed, his body spasming once again.

Yuri jammed four fingers into Chase's ass, stretching it wide open, but then held it there. Four fingers shoved into a hole that was too tight.

It sent off a fire of ecstasy that burned brightly across Chase's senses. His cry rose into a shrill pitch of desperate need as he thrust deep into Yuri's mouth, desperate to orgasm.

This time, his cum came out in a searing jet. He felt it splatter inside Yuri's mouth and the delicate vibrations of his lover swallow. He tried to thrust up, but the four fingers jerking inside his ass and the firm lips catching him kept him pinned in place.

Chase could only cry with need as he came in Yuri's mouth, flooding it with hours of teasing and needed. Waves of trembling ran along his body and he lost his balance, somehow falling against the blankets. He slumped back as his wail faded into a low moan.

Yuri pulled his mouth off Chase's cock. The entire length of the purple length glistened but there was still a river of cum pouring down his length. "Was it worth it?"

Chase opened his mouth to speak but couldn't remember the words. He nodded and closed his eyes.

"Good," came the rumble. Yuri braced one hand against Chase's thigh before he withdrew his fingers from the younger man's ass. Each ridge of the thick digits caressed the strained opening.

Chase tried to clamp down, to keep him inside, but there was no resisting Yuri as the Russian pulled out his four dripping fingers. The smell of cum and lube flooded through the bedroom.

"You be coming very sexy. Worth the wait for Yuri."

Still panting, Chase managed to open his eyes. He looked into Yuri's intense gaze. There was a strand of cum across the wire-rimmed glasses. And a smile on his lips.

Lowering his gaze, Chase looked down at Yuri's naked cock. It was still an angry red in color, a swollen club that hung from his body. The head was the side of Chase's fist, but with Yuri's excitement, the wrinkles along the head were smoothed over into glistening smoothness. Thick droplets of pre-cum clung to the head, gathering up into a large glob before splattering on the red sheets.

Chase smiled. He wanted Yuri more than he could imagine. But, there was no way he could get anything that excited into his mouth. He felt sad that he couldn't give Yuri the same pleasure than the Russian gave him.

He clenched his sphincter, marveling at how easily four fingers slipped inside. After his orgasm, he felt limp and sated, relaxed.

And then he knew what he had to do. Trembling from the effort, Chase pulled one leg out from around Yuri and brought it across his body.

“Kotyonok?”

Chase rolled over to his stomach and then brought his legs to both sides of Yuri before sinking down. His ass clenched before he forced it to relax. He shifted so his cock was pinned between his belly and the blankets with his balls sticking out from his body. He slowly looked over his shoulder as he raised his buttocks for Yuri’s hungry gaze. “*Blyat*. Yuri’s *blyat*.”

Yuri’s mouth opened with surprise.

Chase felt a thrill of excitement. If he was ever going to take Yuri’s entire length, it would be then. “I want you. Now.”

“It not be fitting.”

A shiver of need coursed along Chase’s body. “Yes, it will.”

Yuri’s cock jumped up. When it came down, it smacked the back of Chase’s thigh. It felt like being punched by a dripping log.

“Yuri,” whispered Chase.

Yuri looked up, his hands clenching into fists.

“Fuck me.”

The cock jumped again.

“I want you inside me, balls deep.”

Yuri’s chest swelled as he took a deep breath. He reached out and hooked his hands along Chase’s hips. “Are you being—”

“Fuck me,” repeated Chase.

Yuri chuckled. He released Chase long enough to take his glasses off and toss them to the side of the bed. Then he clamped his grip back on Chase and pulled him back.

Chase almost came as he was positioned at Yuri’s cock. The thick hardness thudded against his sphincter, a swollen heat that burned with Yuri’s rapid bets. It was too large, too slick, but Chase didn’t care anymore. He lowered his eyes and clutched the blankets, letting his attention focus on the one place it matter.

Between the lube already there and Yuri’s pre-cum, the tip lodged easily into the hole.

“Ready?”

Chase bit on the blanket, saying “Fuck me” in a muffled voice.

Yuri pushed.

At first, it was the same as before. The hole resisted and Chase felt the pressure driving it into his body, the skin of his buttocks being drawn in.

But then four fingers and a butt plug changed everything. The tiny hole relaxed and the swollen head started to pry him open. It was hot and slick as it slid into him, shoving him open further than he thought possible.

Chase cried out into the blanket and held himself still, trusting that Yuri would drive it home. It was uncomfortable but also burned with an intoxicating promise of an orgasm that would change his life. He clenched his entire body even as he tried to relax his asshole.

The rounded head slipped deeper, driving deep. It was different than anything Chase had before. It was hard as steel but still had a softness that no rubber toy could ever imitate. It gave in the right places, molding to the Chase's resistance as much as Chase stretched around its girth.

The pressure built as it inched further inside him. His abused ring strained against the intruder, but there was nothing Chase could do to stop him. He cried out into the blankets as it build up, forcing him open beyond anything he had taken before.

Strong hands gripped him tighter and pulled.

Chase was almost ripped open. He felt his body screaming at the agony but then there was a rush as the head slipped inside. Like the plug, Chase's anal ring sucked it deep and he clamped tightly behind the head of his lover.

Yuri was inside him.

Sparks of white floated across Chase's vision. He lifted his body and inhaled, he didn't realize he was holding his breath.

Yuri made no attempt to move and Chase was thankful for that.

His entire world focused on the sensation of being impaled by the massive cock, forced open. He tried to squeeze on it, but there was no give, no movement. He was stretched open by the most beautiful cock he knew.

For a long moment, neither could move. Chase felt Yuri's pounding heart through his cock, it shook his body and blended with his own panting. He moaned softly, transfixed by the hardness inside him.

He didn't know which one started moving, but one moment they were rocking into each other. The cock barely moved but their bodies were move in synchronization.

Yuri released his hips to trail his fingers along Chase's shoulders and back, tracing the line of his spine. His breath was hot and heavy, a guttural vibration of moans as he shifted.

Chase whimpered softly as he rocked into Yuri. The movement wasn't perfectly matched and the thick cock shifted deep inside his body. It hurt for a moment, then it blossomed into a cherry-hot glow of pleasure.

He moaned again and continued to rock, enjoying how their movements caused the cock to swirl inside him, inching in and out. His body tensed and relaxed around him, the pain fading away into an intense sensation of being filled.

The two lover's rocking grew faster and harder as did their movement grow out of sync. Soon, it wasn't less than an inch that slid out of Chase's ass, but inch-long strokes into his body. The thick head filled him, ground against his prostate, and then slipped out. Pre-cum flooded his insides, lubricating the way as Yuri's strokes grew deeper and faster.

The fingers along his back added to the pleasure. There was no pressure, to force. Just teasing caresses against his skin as the thick member worked its way deeper.

Chase lowered his head back to the blankets. With a smile, he let out a soft sigh. "Harder."

Yuri obeyed, thrusting his hips to drive the swollen cock inside.

As it sank into him, Chase tried to cum but the pressure from his insides refused to let any cum out. Instead, his cock jerked with need and his body shuddered. He pushed back against the cock, enjoying every ridge that slipped into his ass.

When they parted, Chase traced out every bump and ridge of Yuri's cock as it impaled the tiny sphincter. He felt like a tightly stretched balloon, with every bump outlined in stark relief.

He was thankful that Yuri's cock was mostly a single pole. There wasn't any deep ridges or swollen parts. It was nothing more than ridged shaft that sent sparks of need coursing along his nerves.

Yuri's hands trailed down to grip Chase's hips again. The thick fingers held on the bone, still allowing Chase to move but reminding him that he could stop the slender man instantly.

Chase pushed back, his vision blurring from the pleasure of being impaled. "I..." He gasped. "I want to feel you come inside me."

The cock swelled for a moment.

“Entirely in me. Balls deep inside me.”

Yuri answer was to tighten his grip, stopping Chase’s movement but not the thrusting of the immense cock impaling Chase. The movement turned from a shared rocking into a thrusting, a force that impaled Chase.

Chase moaned and stretched out, gripping the blankets as he bit back on the blankets. It smelled of Yuri’s body and cum.

Yuri moved faster and deeper, driving at least half of his length into Chase’s body. It was tight, like a rubber glove wrapped around the shaft, but every bump and ridge pushed Chase toward an orgasm his body refused to release. The pleasure tore at his senses, sparking along his nerves as he was fucked, truly fucked.

Chase moaned louder and tried to thrust back. He couldn’t move in Yuri’s steel grip. He wasn’t fucking, he was being fucked. Helplessly and wonderfully fucked.

Yuri grunted and the pressure increased. Every stroke yanked the thick cock to the head before spearing it back. It buried deep inside Chase’s insides, distending his belly with the pressure and shaking his body with the force.

And then it felt like someone punched his balls.

Chase stiffened as the impact came back, a heavy pounding against his nuts. It took him a second to realized what it was: Yuri’s own balls were slamming into his. The realization came a rush of excitement, he was almost completely impaled.

Yuri’s much larger balls smacked heavily against Chase’s moments before Yuri’s hips impacted with Chase’s buttocks. Every inch of the burning shaft was inside him, filling him from asshole to his lungs.

When Yuri drove deep, Chase had to exhale. When he pulled back, the pressure caused him to inhale with a soft moan. He couldn’t even breath on his own, the cock that dominated his body forcing the breaths in and out of his body.

Chase’s body spasmed again with a need to orgasm. He couldn’t with the pressure, but the attempt was enough to bring an explosion of lust searing through him.

Yuri grunted and pounded Chase, fucking him with long, heated strokes that drove the thick cock deep inside. When he withdrew,

Chase inhaled a moan and lost himself in the ridges that traced against his burning nerves.

He craved when Yuri drove back into him, spearing his ass and forcing the pole deep into his body. The sensation of wrapping around the steel rod as it sank became everything. It was better than he could image.

Yuri's grunts grew louder and the shaft swelled inside Chase. He was about to come.

Chase reached back and gripped Yuri's hands, pulling him to encourage him.

Yuri answered by a single powerful thrust that crushed Chase's balls against his body and impaled every inch of his cock into Chase.

Chase cried out, his body spasming. Even through the pressure in his ass, the cum finally burst out from his shaft. It was intense, but it was nothing compared to the hot jets of liquid shot into him, filling his intestines with Yuri's spunk.

Yuri groaned and shuddered but kept his cock buried deep. His grip released Chase's hips to grab his hands.

Hand-in-hand, they came together. Hot cum flooding Chase's insides and Chase soaking the blanket. Their bodies shuddered together, slick with sex and sweat.

Chase stopped coming long before Yuri did. The Russian shaft continued to pour cum into him, swelling him almost to discomfort. Chase's belly grew with the pressure, distending around the thick cock and grinding into the cum-soaked blankets below.

Yuri chuckled and then released Chase's hands. He leaned forward and Chase was helplessly to do anything but sink down as the larger man lay across him. Soft kisses pattered against Chase's shoulders, back, and head. "You are beautiful."

Still impaled by the hard cock, Chase tilted his head so he could look in toe the flushed face of his lover. He didn't trust the words so he kissed him instead.

When Yuri kissed him back, Chase clamped down on the cock, enjoying the pulsating length that still buried inside him.

"You want me out?" whispered Yuri.

"Not yet," Chase said with a smile. "I just got you."

t'Sade

Two in the Morning

4

Chase woke as Yuri finally pulled out, the soft shaft easily slipped from his abused asshole. There was a moment of emptiness and then a flood of cum poured out. He moaned as he spread his sweat-soaked legs and enjoyed the thick torrents of heated liquid that splashed along his balls and into the blankets.

Yuri chuckled and fumbled for his glasses. It was dark in the room, only the light of a single red clock lighting up the place. It was 2:13.

Chase, flushed with an afterglow, remained in his own sweat-soaked position and felt the air conditioning prickle his skin. He felt too limp to move, despite the torrent pouring out of his ass.

“Light?”

Chase murmured yes and closed his eyes.

The lamp was blinding.

He blinked against it until his eyes cleared. When he could focus, he saw Yuri looking over him with a smoldering lust. Grinning, Chase tried to lift his hips but his body wouldn't move.

“You are so fucking beautiful.”

Chase smiled. “Thank you.”

Yuri's cock twitched. He grunted and picked up the largest terrycloth robe Chase had ever seen. “But, you probably not sleeping in your cum. Think you can get off so I can be changing the blankets?”

As soon as Yuri mentioned it, Chase realized the cum underneath him was cold and sticky. He winched and tried to pick himself up, but the orgasm had torn all the tension out of his body. With a sated moan, he slumped back and shook his head.

Yuri knelt on the bed and chuckled. “Then, first I be taking you to the shower to clean off. And then I be changing the blankets before you go.”

Chase tensed. “I have to go back?”

A kiss on his shoulder-blade. “No, back to bed. I want to be cuddling in warm blankets, not cold cum. Shivering pretty body not as sexy as spooning sexy boy. Better chance of accidentally slipping back inside.”

With a moan, Chase lifted his hips as the last of the cum dribbled out of his ass.

Yuri scooped Chase from the blanket and pulled him close. They kissed for a moment before Yuri carried Chase to the shower to continue their night together.

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

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