

LOVE Has NO Boundaries



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WHAT COMES TO HAND Tripoli

Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

WHAT COMES TO HAND

By Tripoli

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love Has No Boundaries* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a free gift to you.

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what they do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

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

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Photo Description

Two well-built, naked, dark-haired men are in a high-ceilinged room with a wooden floor and white-painted decorative moldings on the walls. The photo catches them in a kiss. The man against the wall is blindfolded with a long length of black lace, and he entwines his legs around the other as he is lifted off the floor, hands grasped firmly, and pressed to the wall in passion.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

I think these two men have decided to spice up their love life a bit by trying something new. They are in a fancy hotel and have used whatever came to hand. Where did that lacy scarf come from?

Take care,

Annette

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: BDSM, established couples, troubled relationship, hurt/comfort, dub-con, medical play

Content warnings: insect play!

Word count: 10,106

Acknowledgements

Special thanks to Anyta and Lenore, our awesome beta readers. Any mistakes remaining clearly come from edits made after their suggestions. Also, thanks to Annette, without whom we wouldn't have discovered this story.

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I jerked awake. The bed was cold—though that was something I should be used to by now. As was the dim light coming through the crack under the door. Swinging my legs out of bed, I stood and debated for a minute before opening the door and padding down the stairs to the lounge.

“Rob?”

No response. Just the gentle tapping of keys and the glow of the computer screen. The computer illuminated his face in a soft blue light, making him look like someone I didn’t know. Not the man I’d spent the last seven years of my life with.

“Rob. Would you stop for a second?”

He said nothing, just hummed, deep in his throat.

The ten-pound weight in my chest settled in further, restricting my breathing.

“Eli. You planning on going to Denny’s retirement party after work?” I sighed and glanced away from the wall of my cubicle, towards Andy. So far today I had counted twenty-three imperfections in the fabric, sharpened four pencils to stubs, and ignored five urgent emails from clients.

“No, I have to get...” Get home? For what? Lonely sheets? “Never mind. I’m in.”

“Great! I knew you wouldn’t miss it. Did you go in with the group to get him a going away gift?”

A gift. Right. Crap.

“Er, no. No, I haven’t yet.”

Andy raised his brows mischievously. “Chip in with me, then. I hit on something I wanted to give Denny on my own. I figure he and Mona would need something to keep each other entertained, seeing as they’ll be around each other all the time from here on out.”

“Uh oh. What did you do?”

Andy’s eyes widened in mock innocence. “Why, whatever do you mean? Besides, you’ll have to wait for the party to see.”

I groaned slightly and turned back to my desk. The phone was ringing again. “No, I don’t think that’s a good idea. Thanks anyway, Andy. I’ll get Denny a bottle of scotch or something. I’ve got to take this call.”

A fading chuckle was the only answer. I sighed again and picked up the phone.

O’Brien’s was packed.

We all piled in once or twice a month after work to drink too much, talk too much, and eat mediocre food. I liked the kelly-green-and-gold interior and the good-natured crowd. The warm wood beams hugged brick walls, and a well-worn bar consumed the back half of the large room. And, well, if there were a few naked figures carved into the wooden beams, they just added to the aged feel of the place.

Andy nudged my ribs. “Denny’s opening my gift now!” Andy’s faced glowed with the excitement of a twelve-year-old boy presenting his mother with his prized catch from a fishing expedition.

I groaned, but my expression of dismay was really just form at that point. By then, the beer had loosened me up too much to care. Still, my eyes were drawn to where Denny was pulling a scarlet bow from a large box roughly covered in purple wrapping.

Lifting the lid, Denny’s cheeks turned ruddy as he worked his mouth, trying to speak. Or breathe, maybe.

“What the hell am I going to do with this?” Denny finally said, shaking his head.

Andy hooted. “Dunno. But you’ve got the time to figure it out now.”

“Let’s see it!” someone yelled.

Denny spluttered for a moment more, before he collected himself and lifted several items from the box. Handcuffs, a spiked collar, a leash, and what appeared to be a series of metal rings of diminishing sizes held together by a long metal strip. The packaging identified it as “The Gates of Hell.” It looked painful.

“Are you sure you didn’t mix up my gift and your wife’s birthday present?” Denny hollered good-naturedly. There were chuckles and guffaws all around as it was Andy’s turn to flush.

Denny took my bottle of Laphraoig with better grace.

I picked up my phone when I felt it vibrate, but put it aside when I saw it was Rob calling and beckoned to a passing waitress instead. “Two shots of Jameson, please.”

The rest of the night passed in a blur. I talked a lot of crap, drank too much, and when I thought vaguely about flirting with the bartender, I figured it was time to bail.

“All right, I’m heading home!” I poked Andy in the ribs. “You okay to get home?”

Andy nodded with an exaggerated movement of his head. “I’ll hail a cab,” he mumbled, as he swayed to his feet.

“All right then, I’ll see you Monday.”

I found myself waving to Andy’s back, wondering blearily how I’d ended up the last one in the bar. After downing the rest of my beer, I looked around for my coat and scarf, finally finding them on the seat of the other booth. How had they gotten there?

As I leaned over to grab them, I stumbled and nearly tripped. Recovering, I spied a gaudy gift box on the floor under the table. I snorted to myself as I bent to pick the box up. I hefted the weight of it in my hands. Denny had obviously “forgotten” it on purpose, but it reminded me of everything I wanted to hold on to.

I was still clutching the box when I scrambled out of the taxi, passing some bills to the driver. Unlocking the front door, I staggered into the darkened hallway. No comforting light welcomed me home, and I dully wondered if I’d hoped there would be or not. I collapsed onto the sofa, throwing the box, my wallet, and my coat onto the floor.

A loud clatter startled me awake. I pulled a cushion over my eyes, blocking out the harsh sunlight. More banging. Pots and pans. Ah. Breakfast time. Joy. I pulled the cushion away from my face, squinting against the glare.

I nodded off again, waking some time later. Rob was walking out of the kitchen, carrying luggage.

“Rob,” I croaked. I tried to moisten my lips, but my dry tongue touched only chapped skin. I worked my jaw, sitting up stiffly.

“Rob. Where are you going?”

“That’s up to you.”

“Wha—” My voice creaked to a halt. I coughed. “What the hell does that mean?”

“Well, we have a weekend booked. *Your* idea. You wanted us to spend some time together.”

I groaned and lay back down again. Fuck. The weekend. I closed my eyes, and my eyelids told me they’d be thrilled to never open again. I could hear Rob zipping up his bag, as he continued talking. “So, as you didn’t bother to come home till after two last night, or call me, or take *my* calls, I wondered if you’d prefer if I take this packed bag and just leave. Save us both some time.”

Fuck.

I heaved myself to my feet and lurched to the kitchen in search of caffeine. In search of the right words, actually, but coffee would have to do. I felt Rob walk into the room behind me. The jug was still hot, so I mixed a cup of instant and let it cool as I poured a glass of water and gulped it down, turning to face him. I ran a hand over my face, rubbing my eyes.

“Yeah, Rob, you’re right. My idea. I’m sorry. I forgot.”

He didn’t reply.

“It’ll be good to get away. We’re lost. I know...” I took a deep breath. “Look. I know things haven’t been perfect, but we—”

“What the fuck do you mean?” Rob was already shouting. “Not perfect? Christ, Eli, you act like I’m your delinquent teenage kid. You look at me and fucking *sigh*. I’ve been looking for a job. No one is hiring. What the fuck do you want me to do? I’m sorry if I haven’t been paying enough attention to you. I’ve got other things on my mind.”

I stared at the wall and sipped my coffee. It was terrible.

“Rob. I care, I do. I care about us. I *want* us. Look, I have to pack a bag—just a few things, jump in the shower, and then I’ll be ready to go. Ten minutes, that’s it.”

I could see the flush creeping up his neck. “You know what? Forget it. We don’t have the money for this anyway. We can barely pay the damn bills. I need to be here to look for jobs. I might have that interview next Thursday. David said—”

“David has been jerking you around for six months! When are you going to get a fucking *clue*? Why not spend a little of your time trying to work on something that *can* be fixed?”

“Not everything broken can be fixed!”

I took a deep breath. “Yes. We can be. And I’m going to the cabin. In ten minutes—no more. I’d like it if you came with me.”

“Or what?”

“I don’t know. I really don’t. But I want you to. I need you, Rob.”

He stared at me, then turned from me and walked into the living room. He sat on the couch and stared at the television, picking up the remote.

I picked up my coat and wallet and that damned box and walked upstairs to the bedroom.

Twenty minutes later, I sat in the car gazing mindlessly at the steering wheel. Was I really doing this? Could I? My hand tightened on the door handle before releasing it. I couldn’t work on this relationship alone anymore. I could only carry the burden so long before it buried me. I just needed a little help, but it wasn’t coming.

I couldn’t see as I started the car, tears burning my eyes.

I jumped at the knock on the window, knee hitting the underside of the dash.

“Dammit!”

Rob stood outside the door, holding his bag. I unlocked the door.

He had gotten in the car, but it didn’t feel like any kind of win. Silence surrounded us, as it had for the last hour, broken only by the hum of the tires on the road surface, the whisper of the air conditioning, and the occasional *clunk* of the car’s suspension as we changed lanes.

Rob faced out the window, staring at the trees and houses as they blurred by. His body was stiff. My finger twitched on the steering wheel as I thought about him reaching out, grasping the back of my neck and pulling my head towards him, hearing his soft breath as he inhaled, feeling his chest rise and fall against mine. I had no idea how to bridge the chasm between us.

I glimpsed the split-tailed mermaid at the same time an SUV pulled out from the curb. I pulled the car over, and Rob looked across at me, eyebrows raised.

“Coffee.”

He nodded, getting out to stretch his legs.

I returned to the car with my Americano and handed him his cup of organic arrhythmia: more syrup than coffee. Rob was leaning against the car, holding a paper bag of peaches and another of oranges. Getting in, he reached into the back seat to nestle the fruit next to our jackets.

He snorted. “Typical. Only now do I realize these are past their best. The peaches are practically fermenting in their skins.”

While he wasn’t looking at me, I spoke quietly. Maybe I hoped he wouldn’t hear me.

“I’m sorry I didn’t come home last night.”

“Or call.” He flipped around, facing rigidly forward.

“And I’m sorry I didn’t call.” I knew that hadn’t been fair. Rob would never do that to me. He was endlessly loyal, and for all of the abyss separating us, I never doubted he would honor his vows to me.

“Here,” I said, handing him my cup. “Hold this?” I buckled myself in and started the engine, pulling out into the light traffic.

“I know you picked this damn car out because it has cup holders *right there.*” Rob pointed to the dash.

“But it tastes better when you hold it for me.”

Rob’s lips moved slightly, and I was almost convinced I saw a small upturn at the corners of his mouth. Probably wishful thinking.

Rob’s head rested on the side window, gaze glued to the landscape, which had slowly changed from endlessly horizontal waves of prairie grass to gently-sloping hills. Perhaps the lull of the road had a hypnotic effect, because his shoulders had dropped about an inch.

Why did he feel so much like a stranger lately, when I knew practically everything about him? His favorite color was hunter green. He loved bad sci-fi

shows. His mind worked at lightning speed, but he was slow to make decisions. He hated making mistakes and detested being wrong. Perhaps that was why the last six months of professional ill-fortune so encompassed his life. Our lives. It was the first time he had truly failed, and he didn't know how to manage that. The poison of apathy had seeped into everything.

The roads had gotten narrower and more treacherous as we climbed into the mountains, less than an hour from our destination. I looked over, startled, as I felt something on the back of my right hand, which was resting on the armrest between us. Rob was gently tracing the veins just under my skin. My throat grew tight. It had been so long since he voluntarily touched me. My skin tingled where his hand brushed me.

I wanted to say something, anything, but I couldn't speak; the band in my throat wouldn't give up its grasp. His fingers wove through mine, squeezing softly, as I drove on.

The place was a bit crumbly, but it was right next to the water. The age of the building added to its character. It was... pretty. Picturesque. And, all right, it wasn't as elegant as the brochure had portrayed it to be. Clearly an old building, but well-built, well-lit, and right next to the water. Our cabin was secluded, out of sight of its nearest neighbor, far enough away that I doubted we'd even be able to hear them. Or vice versa.

Rob looked out the window, and I saw him taking in the view of the lake.

"So no one can see in." I grinned.

"This must have been expensive. More than we can afford, at least," he said, slowly walking around the perimeter of the room. His attention went to the bed first. It was king-size, with a black iron frame and a canopy: solid and immovable. Rob grasped a bedpost and gave it a shake, to absolutely no effect.

I saw him take in the hairline cracks on the walls, for all they were painted a brilliant white. I hoped he wouldn't make a snarky comment. I needed him to invest in this weekend. He stopped by one of the windows and ran a fingertip

along the worn wood frame. The window was open and a gentle breeze blew in, making the sheer curtain move slightly. Charmingly, I thought.

Of course, that was when we both heard the distinct buzzing.

“I think there’s a wasp’s nest here,” Rob said.

“They’re called cicada killers. They’re solitary wasps with a very mild sting. Or at least that’s what the website claims.” I came up behind Rob and peered out of the window, looking down at the rust-colored pattern of burrows on the lawn below. I shuddered. “Scary looking buggers all the same.”

Rob was standing by the window, looking out, but I didn’t think he was seeing anything. He looked remote, like his mind was elsewhere. I slid my hand up his back, rubbing him through his shirt. “Want to try out the bed?”

He turned away, reaching for his luggage. As he moved, my hand fell from his back. I grabbed for him and tried to pull him onto the bed. He shrugged me off and carried a pair of pants to the closet.

“Not now, E, I’m unpacking.”

“You can unpack later. No one here will care if it’s a bit wrinkled.”

“No point doing it later if I can do it now.”

“You’ve just *got* to have everything your way, huh?” The words burst out as he walked around me and calmly finished unpacking. I bit my lip, regretting the comment.

He looked at me, and asked, “Didn’t that used to be what you wanted?”

“Hey, I’m not the one who stopped—” I bit back my reply, dropped my own bag on the rack, and sat down on the bed. I stretched out, groaning as my stiff muscles pulled taut beneath my skin, then lay back, watching Rob as he precisely folded his underwear and lined them up in the dresser.

When Rob finished with his bag, he unzipped mine. I saw a familiar glimpse of garish paper.

“Don’t—”

Rob's eyebrows rose. He reached in the bag and pulled out the box. Denny's box.

"What's this? A present?"

I laughed shakily. "No. At least, not one for you."

"You're buying presents for other men? Or you're *getting* presents from other men?"

He pulled the lid off and raised his hand, cuffs dangling from a single fingertip. He examined them, looking almost perplexed.

"No, it was Denny's retirement present. From Andy, the joker."

Rob looked at me curiously. "And you stole his present to bring away with us. Is there something you want to share, Eli?"

Fuck it. Nothing ventured...

I rolled onto my belly, then pulled myself to my hands and knees.

I crawled across the bed, trying to think sexy, prowling thoughts. I pushed myself upright and reached for Rob's hands. I walked forward, pushing him against the wall. I circled his wrists, and slowly drew them above his head, pressing them into the wood paneling. "Don't move".

"What... What the hell are you doing?" Rob stammered.

I felt awkward. This wasn't exactly what I wanted, but I was willing to try. Maybe he needed to relinquish control for a while, as much as I wished I could.

Rob's eyes were wide, startled. "But I—"

"No talking," I interrupted. I pressed my lips against his, gently at first, then harder. Mouth closed, but stamping myself upon him.

The cuffs were still grasped in his hand, above his head. I gently pried his fingers away, staring at the cuffs. I could almost feel them tightened on my wrist. The glinting metal entranced me, but cuffs seemed wrong for Rob. I glanced to my side and spied a piece of black lace, standing in for a curtain

tieback. Dropping the handcuffs, I tugged the lace loose with one hand, running my fingertips over the cloth. A soft scratch rasped against my skin.

I lifted the lace, whispering, “Hold your arms there. Don’t move them.” Rob stared at me as if I’d lost my mind, but he held his position.

I placed the lace gently against his eyes, tying a loose knot against the back of his head. I grasped his arms, still flush against the wall. It felt good to use my slightly larger frame to lift him up for a change, lick his lips, push my tongue inside, and kiss him roughly. I lowered him to the floor and pulled his arms down by his sides, gripping them tightly.

“Eli?”

“Shhh...”

“Eli, you don’t want—”

“Let’s try this, okay? Trust me.” If only I trusted myself. I was improvising, every minute, every detail. But I knew him. Or I thought I did.

My hands dropped to his shirt, slowly undoing the buttons. It had been so long since we had taken the time to explore each other. As his shirt fell open, I saw the hard, brown nubs of his nipples poking out at me, begging for my mouth. I leaned over, teasing one with my tongue. Rob gasped as I bit lightly. I couldn’t decide which nipple to focus on, so I switched back and forth until both were bright red and swollen, before the thin trail of his hair drew me down.

Rob wore khakis, but I could see the thick stalk of his cock straining against his pants. As I unbuttoned them and drew them down his thighs, I saw the heart-shaped head peeking out of the top of his briefs. I wanted to taste him—so damned bad—but I also wanted to tease him. As Rob stepped out of his pants, I drew my tongue up the length of him, through the thin cotton of his underwear. I laved his cock, then leaned down to take one of his balls into my mouth. The fabric hampered my efforts, but I didn’t care.

“Eli, I need to feel you.”

When the cloth of his briefs was translucent, I leaned back. I had always loved Rob's cock. It was perfectly shaped—not too long, but thick; sturdy, like Rob. A few prominent veins ran under the surface of his skin. His cock curved slightly to the left. I loved that curve. Mostly when he was inside me.

“Eli, it's cold. The fabric—” Oh. I hadn't thought about that. Well, I would warm him up. I quickly drew his briefs down until he stepped out of them, then gently swiped the head of his cock with my tongue. His precome—his essence. It was like coming home. His hands gripped my hair as he tried to force his cock into my mouth. I didn't object—it was where I wanted him. He filled my mouth steadily until he bumped against the back of my throat. I held him there, not wanting to lose an inch of him until I needed to breathe. As I eased back, I inhaled the aroma of him. Musky, spicy, with a touch of citrus. I had missed him too much.

My own cock was throbbing, almost to the point of pain, but I ignored it as I focused on his. Rob was demanding, pushing his cock into my throat quicker and deeper each time, as I concentrated on using my tongue and lips and mouth to make him feel amazing.

“God, Eli, don't stop!”

All too soon, I felt his balls tighten. I pulled off quickly, drawing a tight circle around the base of his cock with my thumb and forefinger. I didn't want him coming yet, but I felt like a trespasser, holding his orgasm hostage.

His fingers tightened on my hair, trying to push me back to my ministrations, but I resisted. I stood up, quickly stripped, and stepped between his legs, our chests and cocks brushing together. My hands returned to his wrists, holding him in place as our legs tangled. His right leg came up, wrapping around the back of my leg. As I grabbed his hips and pushed against him, his other leg wrapped around me. I grabbed his wrists again and pushed them back against the wall beside his head. I almost felt the blood thrumming through his veins.

“I could push inside you, take you,” I breathed into his ear.

“I know,” he murmured, as I took his earlobe gently between my teeth. I ground against him, my cock in the crease of his hip, his cock rubbing against my own hip. Already, like this, we were closer than we’d been the few times we’d fucked in the last six months.

My pace quickened, our cocks lubricated by precome.

“Oh fuck,” Rob groaned as his head leaned back against the wall. I felt the warmth of his come against my hip, and couldn’t stop myself from coming as well. We were both panting as he eased his legs down until he was standing again. I leaned my head against his shoulder while I caught my breath.

After a minute, Rob straightened and removed the lace covering his eyes. “Shower?” he asked.

“Go ahead, I’ll be there in a few.” I sat on the edge of the bed, as I wasn’t certain my legs would support me for long. My skin felt itchy, tight and... wrong. That had been the hottest sex we’d had in a long time, but I somehow felt... empty inside.

I was still sitting on the bed when Rob got out of the shower. Droplets of water gleamed on his chest, and a towel was slung low on his hips. He reached out and ran his hand through my hair, slowly trailing the backs of his fingers down my cheek. So what if I felt a little off after sex? This... I’d do anything to have this back.

I woke up with my wrist stretched over my head and gripped by Rob’s hand. He was tying it to the bedpost. “I guess you don’t want to go down to breakfast,” I joked.

He finished with the wrist and reached for the other one. I obligingly gave it to him. The dried semen from our earlier antics itched on my hip. I couldn’t scratch it.

He reached for my right leg.

“Oh come on, what if I want to wrap those around you?” I made as if to shift it out of his reach but he was surprisingly fast as he pinned it against the

bed. He tied first one foot and then the other, until I was completely immobilized. He wrapped the lace curtain tie around my head, just as I had done to him.

“You know, those toys you bought are cheap pieces of crap.”

“I didn’t—” I tried to sit up, protesting.

He leaned forward and licked my mouth. “No,” he whispered. “Lie back down. No talking.”

As I settled back, Rob touched his hand to my lips, speaking in a low voice like he was talking to himself.

“All sharp edges, tacky fittings. Luckily, you don’t need any of that to have fun. We still had some gear in the car. It calls for some improvisation, of course. Whatever comes to hand.”

He sat up.

“I think I do feel like going down to breakfast, after all,” he said. Bastard. He patted my thigh. “If you’re a good boy, I’ll bring something back for you.” I could hear the smirk in his voice.

“Boy?” I queried. Rob ignored me, getting up and heading for the door. Wait, he really meant it? “Hey!”

But I was talking to an empty room.

When Rob returned, I felt as if I’d been waiting hours. Weeks. Six bloody months.

As soon as I heard the door open, I yelled, “What the fuck, Rob?”

Silence.

“Rob!” Oh, shit, what if it was a maid or something? I didn’t think they’d be here till after we left on Monday, but what if? “Rob, is that you?”

Steps walking toward me. And then he was pulling the blindfold off my face and grinning down at me while I blinked.

My anger bubbled to the surface. “How could you leave me? What if something had happened?”

He tsked under his breath. “Did I leave you?”

I thought back. His footsteps had faded away, the door had opened and closed. The utter absence of sound. The certainty I had been abandoned. “You were gone. I heard you.” Or rather, I heard nothing. The silence of an empty room.

He lifted my hand and placed an object in it. Cool plastic, a screen, and a keypad. “My cell phone?”

His lips brushed my ear. “I called myself on it before I left—the phone was on the nightstand the whole time. I could hear every sound you made. Every sweet whimper.” He paused a moment, then stepped away.

Rob quirked his lip, those gorgeous eyes shining with delight as he spoke. “I think it’s time I returned the favor from last night.”

“You wanna top?” I grinned back at him, relieved. I could roll with that. “How about you feed me first?”

“But you haven’t been a good boy, have you?” He looked at me consideringly, as his smile suddenly vanished. “I heard you yelling before. You said some not-so-nice things. And you’re not addressing me with the proper respect.”

What the... oh. “Sir?”

“Yes, Eli?”

“Will you please feed me, Sir?”

“No.” Shocked, I watched as he turned to the table and set down the paper bag he’d been holding. “Maybe if you behave, you can have some fruit later. Right now, I have other plans for you.”

“Look, I want to play, but I’m hungry!” I whined. “And I gotta go! You tied me up without even letting me piss this morning.”

He smirked. “I know.”

“Rob!”

“Ah-ah.” He wagged his finger at me. “Wrong address. I’ll have to punish you for that.”

“Sir,” I amended. I wanted to play too, but... “Sorry, Sir. Please punish me... but maybe not till you release me and let me eat?”

“You know, you are much too mouthy. I’ve been letting you get away with far too much. I think maybe the blindfold should go back on until you’ve re-learned proper respect.” He walked around to the other side of the bed and climbed on, crawling forward until he straddled me, his weight squarely on my overfull bladder. I squirmed beneath him, but mindful of his calling me “mouthy”, I stayed silent. It didn’t stop him from producing the black lace again and winding it around my head, covering my eyes. I felt him leaning closer, his breath on my face. “I want a kiss.”

He pulled my lower lip into his mouth and sucked gently on it. It was being tied down and utterly helpless that did it to me every time; I melted into his kiss. I strained to feel his arms around me, to be surrounded by his power. I needed his strength more than anything. I shuddered when he pulled away and whimpered when I felt him climbing off the bed again.

I heard the crinkle of the paper bag and then his steps walking away toward the bathroom. Damn, he’d turned the water on. I tensed in an effort to hold it in.

And then he was back, suddenly slapping a cold wet towel on my cock. I gasped at the shock of sensation, shrinking away. My testicles rebelled, trying to climb into my body. He rubbed vigorously, and I warned, “I’m gonna either piss or come on that towel.”

“No, you won’t. And you forgot the ‘Sir’ again.” He took the towel away. I heard a small squeak, like a bottle opening, and smelled rubbing alcohol. What the hell?

“Sir, what’re you doing?”

“Quiet.”

Something cold and wet enveloped my cock again, and the smell of alcohol strengthened. He gently cleaned me, concentrating on the slit of my cock, pressing on it. My confusion returned, as did my pressing need to urinate.

“Uh, Sir?”

“Quiet.” He said again. “And don’t move. Or you might hurt yourself.”

I wasn’t about to move, but worry was turning into something a bit darker. I started shivering, unable to stop thinking about the alcohol. Was he going to cut me? There were some lines, and blood play was one of them.

I felt his hand holding me straight and his fingertip pushing against my cock, firmly, rhythmically. The slit felt weird, something squishing inside it. Lube?

A moment later, something sharp poked at the head of my cock and was abruptly pushed inside.

He laid my cock down on my stomach, and I felt him moving up, his hands going around my face, fiddling with the blindfold and then pulling it off.

I blinked up at him, at the broad smile on his face. Together we looked down my body at the clear plastic tubing sticking out of my cock, a simple clothespin clamping it closed. I yelped, twisting away as much as I could.

“Stop that!” The command was reinforced by a sharp slap against my stomach. “It’s happening, so you’d better accept it.”

“Christ, this is too much!”

Another slap against my stomach. “Address.”

Damn it. “Sir! I don’t want to be catheterized, Sir!”

“Too bad. You’re the one who started this again.” I didn’t need to see him to know he was smirking.

I felt the tube going in more, moving incredibly fast, until I thought there must have been a foot of it in me. The urge to pee became overwhelming.

When the tube stopped moving, I was panting from clenching my abs and bladder. Rob sat beside me for a long, quiet moment, holding my cock still,

running his fingers tenderly down my flank. The only sound in the room was my fast, unsteady breathing, until even that quieted and calmed.

“I’m in charge. You move when I say you can. You piss when I say you can.”

He knelt up, running his palms across my chest, up my neck, cupping my face. “I’ve missed you, Eli.” He grinned. “And it looks like I brought you breakfast after all.” He triumphantly raised a muffin. Sitting next to me he broke it into tiny pieces, feeding morsels to me one by one. While I chewed, his hands roamed across me, grasping firmly one minute, then softly caressing. When I was done, he tilted my head up and held a water bottle to my lips. I groaned silently, but sipped obediently. He tipped the bottle a few times to let me breathe, and brushed the crumbs away from my lips.

“You good?” he asked.

I nodded. I was going to explode. He must have seen the agony in my face, because he took pity on me and reached for the clothespin.

“I... can’t—just take it out.”

His hand paused as he looked at me consideringly. “Eli, we’ve been together the better part of a decade. I’ve seen you pee before.”

He wasn’t just watching. He was controlling it. Directing it. Taking even my most basic bodily functions and making them his. He said nothing, just resumed stroking my stomach. Rob looked me in my eyes, his voice soft and loving. “You can do this for me. You want to do this for me.”

I paused, pondering his words. I wanted to please him. But I couldn’t let go of the feeling of shame. Shame that I wanted this, that I needed him to do this to me. Shame that vanilla was never going to be a strong enough flavor for me. Rob tenderly stroked my abdomen, waiting for me to decide. Accept him. I finally just... let go; of my cramping muscles, of my worries, of my tension. I reveled in the relief and let myself float.

I glanced at Rob for reassurance as he took the clothespin off. Yellow liquid made its way through the clear tubing to where Rob had stuck the other end into an empty water bottle. My face filled with heat.

He smiled, almost dreamily, and continued rubbing my stomach for long minutes. “I knew you could do it. Better now?”

I nodded, worn out.

He replaced the clamp and took the bottle to the bathroom to empty and then placed it next to the bed, but he didn’t sit down again. Just stood there, looking at me, face expressionless.

“Thank you, Sir,” I tried.

“I’m going to check out some reading,” he said. “You need to be quiet. I want to know that you’ve thought this through—about how you want us to be. We don’t have to do this, you know.”

“W-wait, you’re leaving me here?”

“No, I’m staying. I’m staying right here. But I have to know if you still want this.” He touched the catheter tube gently, and I felt it shift deep inside me. “And this.” He tied the blindfold again. “And all of it.”

I listened to the faint tap of his retreating footsteps and the harsh screeching scrape of wood on wood as he dragged the easy chair across the room. A drawer opening. The quiet flap of a dust jacket. Rob sinking into a chair. The almost imperceptible brush of Rob’s finger down paper, and then the slow, rhythmic sound of pages turning. I felt his hand on my foot, just touching. Resting. Being there. I let my breath out, drifting off.

The heat of the day rose, and I fell into a restless slumber. When I woke, I felt like the pressure in my bladder had increased again. The room was utterly silent.

“R-Rob?” I quavered.

There was no response. I rubbed my head against the pillow to see if I could get the blindfold off, but Rob had done a pretty good job of securing it. It didn’t shift at all. I yelled Rob’s name this time. Nothing.

I felt my heart rate start to climb, my breath shorten. And then, like a benediction, a hand on the top of my head, pressing oh so lightly, stilling me. The relief overwhelmed me. I think I might have cried a little. The fingers played with my hair, tugging softly, then stroking. At some point I dozed off again.

I jerked awake, I don't know how much later, when I felt a pull on the catheter tube.

“Rob!”

A hand rested on my forehead. “Shhh.”

“Good boy.” His voice, rich with approval, sent a shiver of warmth through me. He fumbled with the blindfold and drew it away. I blinked open my crusty eyes.

He was so beautiful, watching me with tenderness as his fingers stroked down the side of my face. He had a soft damp cloth, and he wiped my face and eyes carefully. “You were so patient. Do you need to go again?”

I nodded, a little desperately.

“Just be patient a little longer. For me?”

I was bursting, but the deepest part of me wanted to please him more than anything. Despairing, I nodded again.

“Such a good boy.” His hands stroked down from my head, caressing my shoulders and chest. He gripped my hips while trailing open-mouthed kisses over my chest and pinching at my nipple with his lips. A wave of arousal made me dizzy, momentarily pushing back the need to relieve myself. My skin felt hyper-sensitized, tingling at every touch.

Rob unfastened my right leg and turned my hips, rolling me to the side. He ran his palms over my ass, massaging, kneading. He pulled my knee up, placing one leg over the top of the other. I craned my head to look and saw him holding a bottle of lube. I felt him position it at my hole, squirting until the slippery fluid filled my crack and seeped in.

He was so focused, his whole attention on preparing me just for him. I squirmed back, wanting more. His fingers massaged the ring of muscle at my anus but didn't penetrate, just pressing in every direction, then stroking down to the tender spot behind my balls, until I thought I'd burst with need. A high-pitched whine escaped my throat, wordlessly pushing him to *hurry*. To give me more.

"Needy." He breathed, and his cock replaced the teasing fingers, shoving in, all in one thrust. I moaned, welcoming the sharp pain and the feeling of fullness. My bladder felt full and my cock was so hard; the mix of sensations was driving me wild. Rob thrust fast and hard, and I knew he wouldn't take long. I didn't last at all, the ridge of his cock head pressing on my prostate, forcing the orgasm out of me. I looked down, as my come burbled out of my slit, around the catheter, dripping onto the sheets. I closed my eyes in ecstasy. A cry told me Rob had come right after me, and then his heavy body collapsed on mine. We lay together for long minutes, catching our breath. I could feel the drumbeat of his heart against my back, and reveled in it.

Rob reached for the empty water bottle, stuck the end of the catheter tube in, and removed my clamp. I felt no shame this time, too relaxed to try to halt anything, as the stream of fluid rushed out of me.

The relief was so great, having him here with me, that I was swamped with gratitude and love.

"Thank you, Sir!" The words came out without any second thought.

"You are very welcome." Rob smiled at me as he held my limp cock patiently until the last drops fell from the catheter. He carefully and gently extracted the tube from my body, then retrieved the damp cloth from beside the bed, cleaning the come from our bodies. He leaned forward and kissed the soft skin of my prick, as I let my eyes flutter closed momentarily and blessed my good fortune.

I felt Rob lean over me, reaching for something out of my view. A paper rustle, then the familiar clack of a pocketknife. A sweet, cloying smell. Peach.

Seconds later, juice dripped on my chest. I imagined it running out of the fruit, between Rob's tightly gripped fingers, as he straddled me, pinning my hips.

I looked up, to find Rob grinning mischievously as he shifted the peach in his grasp and slowly, oh so slowly, peeled away the outer layer. The skin dropped onto my belly, and I squirmed as I felt the juice run down my side.

"Housekeeping is going to wonder what the hell we were doing with these sheets," I rasped, as Rob carved out a section of peach. He reached forward, touching the flesh to my lips. I curved upwards, trying to grab the slice with my teeth.

I could see Rob's face in deep concentration as he pulled the peach just out of my reach. I jerked my wrist ties and snapped for it, playfully, trying to catch the juice in my mouth. Rob touched it to my tongue, then jerked it away.

He dragged the peach slice downwards, skirting my nipples, over my abs, then, shuffling back, teased me all the way to my cock. He rubbed the slice up and down my shaft, as I moaned. The sensation was delicious, but too teasing, too soon after coming. Fuck, I couldn't keep still. I wanted his hand on me, but all I had was this gentle, soft, wetness. He moved the slice down to my heavy balls, rubbing almost too roughly, and I caught my breath. Then lower still, and I grunted as he worked his thick finger into my hole, pushing the residue of the peach in alongside his come. He leaned forward and let his tongue dance over my hole. I could hardly hear his whispered words, "You are so sweet."

In moments, I could barely sense the trail the peach slice had left behind; the room was already hot and humid, and my skin was damp with sweat. The too-sweet smell of peach juice was sugary and overwhelming.

Rob stood up, and moved to stand beside my head.

"Shhh. Close your eyes."

The back of his hand stroked my brow, and then his fingertips were in my hair, working my scalp, rhythmically circling and stroking. I hummed and shut my eyes, sinking into the bleached cotton in deep bliss.

"Did you think about us?" he mouthed against my hair.

I nodded my head, choking the words out through my tears. “I’m certain. I’ve always known what I want.”

He looked up at me from under his soft, brown hair, eyes meeting mine.

“You’re sure?”

“Yes. Yes, Sir.”

“Then don’t move. It’s okay. Just wait there.”

His hands continued for a moment and then left me. I leaned back, eyes closed, the tension holding my muscles tight. I strained to make out Rob’s movements from sound alone. I could hear his soft footfalls on the floorboards, and my heart leapt for a moment, as I wondered momentarily if he was leaving after all.

A light thump. More footsteps. Then the unmistakable sound of duct tape being peeled off the roll. A squeak, then a soft, slightly sticky noise. Scissors? Cutting? A pressure at the side of the bed, next to my hips. The scrape of metal on glass. I could feel my blood pulse as my dick stiffened, and my Cowper’s glands wept, anticipating Rob’s mouth. I let out a faint groan, aching for his touch again.

Suddenly Rob’s hands were on my cock, along with the edge of something hard. What the hell? Was Rob putting that cock cage on me? From the gift box? We had never done that, but if he wanted to try... I was still semi-hard though. I stirred restlessly. I wasn’t sure how much more my cock could handle.

“Wait,” came Rob’s command. The cage settled around my length. I felt a gentle prickling. My head tilted almost imperceptibly as I tried to work out what he was doing. Warming lube? Bengay?

Rob huffed out a breath, full of satisfaction.

“All right. You can open your eyes now.”

I opened them, but his hand blocked my view.

“Eli.”

My eyes flicked upwards to where Rob stood over me. His face looked intense, but pleased. I craned my neck, trying to look around his hand, to see what was happening with my cock.

“Eli! This is very important. Are you listening to me? Stop. Look at me.”

Some hint of urgency in his voice registered with me, and I paused.

He spoke slowly and deliberately as he lowered his hand.

“Eli, it’s crucial you hold still, do you understand? Don’t struggle. You’ll make them mad.”

Part of me heard what he was saying, but his voice seemed very far away. Beyond Rob’s fingers, over my genitals, an inverted iced tea bottle stood, held upright by Rob’s other hand, and trapped within it, a dozen wasps. And my cock.

Terror struck me with a hollow ringing in my ears. Fuck, I wanted to move, to leap to my feet and run and run and never stop. Fuck. They’re on me. On me! Oh, God help me, I could feel their fucking feet as they crawled over my dick! As I watched, a wasp traversed my frenulum, circling the glans. A drop of pre-come hung there, trembling to my pulse. The wasp lowered its mandibles, sampling the sticky goo. Its companions roamed over me, insect mouths lapping at the sweet sticky liquid on my skin.

I froze, except for my eyes, which frantically searched out Rob. He smiled as he pulled long strips of duct tape off the foot of the bed and taped the bottle to my thighs, belly, and hips, keeping it upright.

Instantly, I was jerking to get free, flailing my free leg, without conscious intent, my body moving from some deep, primitive instinct. I barely registered the high-pitched hum as the wasps became agitated, but I felt the sharp pains in my cock telling me they were less than impressed. My balls mounted a full-scale retreat up into my body.

“Ow, shit!” I cried.

Rob grinned broadly and ran his thumb over my lip. “Eli, I told you to keep still. Just take this, okay? Because this is what I choose to do to you. I want this.”

“You want this?” I looked at him, questioningly, as he gave a decisive nod.

Then another sting, and my cock throbbed. The pain was deep now. What if my cock swelled? What if I couldn’t get it out of there?

“Ow, fuck. Yellow, goddamn it! Fuck, no, stop, I’m not fucking kidding.”

Rob sat back and looked squarely at me. His gaze searched my face, and, not for the first time, I wondered just what he was looking for. God, I hoped he found it.

I tried to take a deep breath, but panic was gripping me. “Hon, please. Yellow, okay? I need up. All right? Please?” I could hear the edge of hysteria in my voice.

He reached a calloused hand out to my face and stroked my cheek tenderly.

“We both know you don’t mean that.”

My breath caught in my chest.

And then I screamed and screamed. I wished for hypoxia, begging silently for anything to distance me from this room, this bed, the crawling bodies that were touching me, invading me. I desperately hoped this wasn’t happening. Please. *Make this not be real. Get them off me.*

Every time I inhaled, I heard a soft voice, speaking calming words. I couldn’t understand a single syllable. The crawling, stinging, aching sensation on my dick extended for a lifetime.

Finally Rob’s voice kicked in, and my tears stopped, my breathing calmed. “Eli. Hi.” He smiled at me. “You’re still my good boy, Eli. Well done.”

I opened my eyes and there was a hand in front of my face. He was holding a small, incongruous, cheerily lime green object in his hand. He settled on his knees by the bed. His hands drifted to the soft inside of my thighs, caressing softly. “I want this. I’m in control again now, OK?”

I nodded quickly. As much as I tried, I couldn't control the... excitement that bubbled up inside me. This Rob, the one with the fast hands and knot skills, was familiar, but he'd been gone for so long he seemed almost a stranger. The moment he lost his job he'd stopped being my Dom, as if my need for him controlling me ceased along with his paycheck.

His hands kept stroking my thighs, the movement hypnotizing—calming me. I could feel the crawling sensation still, but I felt as if I had passed right through the terror, to some calm, still place beyond, where all I wanted was to know what Rob wished for.

“Somewhere along the line I forgot what we were to each other,” he started. “We can't do that again. I *won't* do that again. So... I... I'm giving us a physical reminder. He lifted the lime green implement, caressing its stubby tines. His other hand never stopped gently rubbing my thigh. I could feel my cock hardening, reaching for his hand, despite my awareness of the constant caress of wings and feet.

“What is that?”

His grin was a smidge mischievous, but wholly evil. “It's a spork.”

“A what?” I was sure I had misheard him.

“A spork. On one end, a regular spoon with tines, but *here*... well, as you can see, the serrated edge might come in handy. Don't worry, I sharpened and disinfected this end. It's entirely safe.”

A baseball was stuck in my throat. I was sure of it. “What's it for?” I rasped. I could barely talk—my vocal cords had seized. Rob's fingers never stopped caressing my thigh. My skin was becoming numb from it.

“Like I said, I forgot what we were to each other. That won't happen again. This spot,” his thumb pressed harder against my thigh. “This spot is now mine. I own it. Well, I always did, but now... now you will carry me with you.”

“I don't understand.”

“You don't need to. You just need to lie still.”

“Please, Rob.” My eyes filled with tears.

Rob sighed, then leaned down and traced his tongue where his thumb had been. “My name. It will go here. Each morning, I will trace my name in your skin with the blade. Just a scratch, not enough to cut, mind you, but I’ll keep the skin raw, open. The longer we can keep the abrasion open, the better scar will result. You will always feel me there. I will always know I’m there, etched into your skin—*under* your skin. Every day. “

“You want to scar me?”

Rob smiled. “I want us both to know you’re mine. That I’m under your skin as much as you are under mine.”

“Don’t you know that already?”

“I do, but I need to see it. I need to know it in my bones.” His eyes welled, before he nuzzled into the side of my face. “I lost myself, Eli. I didn’t feel like I had a right to own you, and I lost myself.”

He pulled back, and his face grew serene. “You can’t move, not at all.”

I wasn’t certain about this, but his confidence was enough to carry me through. I needed the Rob I knew back. God knows, I already belonged to him in every way. If he needed this... I nodded.

Rob swiped my thigh with what smelled like an alcohol pad, then placed the barely-sharp serrations against it. I couldn’t watch, but I could feel the burn against my thigh as he drew a line about an inch thick down the inside of my leg. It wasn’t painful initially, and I began to relax slightly, but the crawling on my cock held me back from reaching the peaceful place where the pain wouldn’t touch me.

With every movement of Rob’s hand, the pain deepened. After a few minutes, the burn became almost unbearable. “Rob—I can’t anymore. It hurts.”

He paused, leant forward, kissed my lips. “You can take a little more. For me. You can.”

He carved deeper, and I struggled to find my calm inner peace, to not move, not squirm.

After what seemed like years, he announced, “Okay, I’m done”. He set the spoon on the desk and blew lightly on my thigh. The cool air soothed the burn slightly. When he moved his head back I saw a raised red “ROB” on my inner thigh, about two inches high. He leaned in and licked it, running his tongue up towards my groin, where the wasps circled defensively. He turned away for a moment, then his fingers returned to my thigh, rubbing in a minty-smelling cream with his fingertips.

“Ow—FUCK, what is that?”

“Toothpaste. This will ensure the wound scars properly.”

I flopped back, letting go of all my tensions, as the burn seeped through me. Letting Rob in.

When he’d ceased torturing my wound further, he wrapped it in gauze and released me from my bindings. He kissed me gently, tongue outlining my lips.

“I’m proud of you. It will hurt more tomorrow, but I know you can handle it. We’re going to get this off you now.” He reached for the jar, and his nails scratched at the duct tape, slowly peeling it up, piece by piece. My hairs caught and he gave the tape little jerks to free it, as I winced and tried to lie still. I was not going to look. Finally he lifted the jar off, and I couldn’t stop myself—I glanced down to see him pick huge hornet-like shapes off my cock, one by one, and drop them in the jar.

“See,” he grinned at me. “No permanent harm.”

I lay calmly, perfectly still, and Rob walked to the window and shook the wasps free. Everything ached with released tension. My cock burned and throbbed; it felt the size of a mango. My skin still shuddered reflexively.

Leaning over me again, he freed my wrists and remaining ankle and dropped the jar to the floor.

“Roll over.”

It took me a few tries. The stiffness in my joints wasn’t going away quickly; I’d been on the bed for most of the day. Rob knelt, then lay down beside me, partly covering my body with his; slightly smaller, slightly lighter,

but strong enough to keep the world back. It was safe to cry. Rob looked up at me from under his lashes for a moment, then leaned in and kissed my bicep. He didn't raise his head again, mumbling calming nothing-words against my skin I felt more than heard.

I sobbed for a while as he held and petted me. I held desperately onto him, touching wherever I could get my hands on skin, grasping his back, kneading his shoulders. I needed to know he was here; that he'd never leave me. I was nothing without him.

I tried to speak, but snot blocked my nose. I was incapable of forming words.

I finally choked out, "Thank you. Thank you so much, Rob. That was exactly what I needed."

I rested my chin on the top of his head, feeling his warm forehead on my collarbone, tears still running down my cheeks. I registered how sore my throat was from screaming. I was embarrassed as I croaked, "Rob, you're my everything. I don't care what you do for a living. You're always my Dom—that never changes."

Rob nudged my head back, cupping my face in his hands, and gifting me that heartbreaking smile.

"I'm sorry I left it so long."

I just held onto him and nodded. I tried to reply, but I could barely force out an inarticulate grunt before I shuddered and started to cry again. Everything hurt. Rob tenderly kissed my lips, my eyebrow, my cheek, over and over, until my tears stopped.

"I love you, Eli."

"I love you too, Sir."

I fell asleep, finally cradled in his warm arms.

THE END

Author Bio

Tripoli is a collaboration by three avid readers of male-male romance. Mild-mannered professionals by day, dub-con fiction enthusiasts by night, they thought they would try their hand at writing something just a little unsettling.

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