

LOVE Has NO Boundaries



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FLOATING ON AIR

Aimee Brissay

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He'd heard the rumors. Douglas was back in town. Why was he back? Does he remember Adrian? Does Adrian have a shot with him after all these years?

Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

FLOATING ON AIR

By Aimee Brissay

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

Photo One: A room, with an antique mirror on the wall and a settee underneath it. A toned and fit man, naked save for skimpy black leather briefs and black riding boots, has his back to the camera as he braces one foot on the settee to adjust a boot strap.

Photo Two: A tattooed, sculpted bear stands in profile, his eyes shaded by the hard brim of a black hat or cap. His ginger beard matches the hair on his powerful chest. He wears an elaborate glove on the hand closest to the camera, and the nipple visible is pierced.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

Tonight's the night. I'm heading for my favorite club to play tonight. I'm looking for a Dom to give me all I need and I NEED. Oh, GOD, HE is here tonight. THE Dom. I've never been with him but I've heard and seen, oh have I seen, what he can give. Will I catch his eye tonight? I'm going to do all I can to get him to pick me. Will he keep me if he does? Author help me get the Dom of my dreams if only for one night!

Sincerely,

TJ

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: reunited, age gap, BDSM, fetish, public activity

Word count:3,701

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So the rumors were true. Douglas was back in town. And looking hotter than ever. On the way to the bar, Adrian glanced again at the man who had caught his eye in the first place, swallowing around his dry throat, hundreds of butterflies dancing madly in his stomach.

Yep, Douglas looked good. He had gained a few pounds from the last time he'd seen him, but to Adrian that wasn't a flaw. Just the opposite in fact because he had always liked his men big. And the man was big. Granted, he'd never had sex with Douglas, nor had he ever played with him, but he'd seen him in action enough times to know he was big everywhere. And damn it, they were perfect for each other.

He shrugged just as he reached the counter. Whole load of good that knowledge had done him five years ago when he'd embarrassed himself by practically throwing himself at the man.

“What can I get you, Handsome?”

“Hey, Nick. Just a water, please. Sparkling.”

“No alcohol?”

“No, not tonight.”

Waiting for his drink, Adrian turned around and leaned his back against the counter, scanning the crowd. It was a slow night, highlighted by Nick's availability to take his order that fast, but it was to be expected on a Monday. And yet there he was, looking his best, hoping to get laid. He looked down at his clothes and scowled. He was indeed a bit overdressed for a Monday night. He shifted on his seat, his underwear sticking uncomfortably against his ass. He did hope he'd see Douglas tonight, so perhaps he subconsciously tried to present himself in the best light possible, but really, leather underwear? What was he thinking?

“Here you go.”

A cold water was placed in front of him on top of a paper napkin with the club's logo.

“Thanks, Nick.”

Sipping his drink and fighting the urge to look back to where Douglas was sitting, Adrian took in the crowd, his nose wrinkling as he perused the faces around him.

Hmmm... Let's see. Nope. Not him. Been there, done that. Uh-uh. Nope. No way, no how. Nope. Oh, not him again.

He sighed. He didn't want any of them. He didn't want to top, to be in control, and most of the guys there were seeking just that. Any other night, this would have been just fine. But not tonight. Tonight he wanted to lose himself in his senses, to put himself in another's hands, to hand over his hard earned control to someone else.

Two sips later and another perusal of the patrons, he gave up. There was only one man he wanted, the same guy he'd been lusting over, for over half a decade.

His eyes returned to Douglas, only to find him staring back at him, a smile playing at the corner of his lips.

“He just got back.”

Grateful for the distraction, Adrian turned around to face his friend. “I have no idea what you are talking about.”

“Douglas.”

“I'm not interested.”

“Yeah, right. I watched your face when you came in through that door and saw him sitting there. Besides...” Nick raised his hand, stopping Adrian's incoming protest. “Besides, I was here five years ago. I remember how you pined over him.”

“You're wrong.”

“Am I? Go talk with him.”

Adrian pursed his lips, shaking his head. “Nope.”

“Oh come on, I’m sure he doesn’t remember the incident.”

Adrian’s cheeks burned with renewed embarrassment. “Drop it, man, I’m not going over there.”

“Suit yourself. But I have a feeling you won’t get out of talking to him.”

“And why not?”

A quick jerk of Nick’s head pointed behind Adrian. “Because he’s coming over here.”

Unable to stop himself, Adrian glanced over his shoulder and swore. “Oh, man, I can’t believe this.” Meeting his friend’s eyes, he scowled at him. “You suck, you know that?”

Nick’s laughter was his only answer.

A tanned arm joined his on the counter. Adrian took a swig of his drink, his eyes glued to that arm, watching the play of muscles beneath the smooth skin, the strong wrist and the long, powerful fingers. Oh, those fingers... He could see them holding a whip, pinching his nipples or wrapping around his cock, teasing him out of his mind. His mouth went dry, his dick throbbing furiously behind his fly, and he realized he’d been hard since he first laid his eyes on Douglas.

“May I join you?” The low rumble broke the spell that had taken hold of his mind and sent shivers down Adrian’s spine.

He nodded, his heart beating frantically in his chest. Vinyl and leather creaked as Douglas made himself comfortable on the stool next to him.

“How have you been, Adrian?”

The man’s voice was rich and warm, evoking images of satiny sheets, candlelight, leather and hot sex in Adrian’s mind. He dry-swallowed and pushed the images away. First things first.

“You know my name.”

“Yes. I do. You told it to me five years ago. Remember?”

So much for not remembering.

“You’ve been away.”

“Yes, I was. In London.”

Adrian lifted his head, meeting Douglas’ eyes. “Are you back now?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“Why what? Why did I leave or why did I come back?”

“Either. Both.”

Oh so gently, Douglas reached out and brushed Adrian’s cheek with his knuckles. Adrian bit back a moan and fought the urge to lean into the touch.

“You.”

“Me what?”

“You are the reason for both.”

Adrian jerked and the hand caressing him fell away. “Me? You’re blaming me for your leaving?”

“No, I’m not blaming you, but you were the reason behind it.”

“It’s the same thing.”

“No, it’s not. I left because I couldn’t get you out of my mind.”

“That’s bullshit. You barely spoke a word to me.”

Douglas broke into a large grin. “I couldn’t afford to talk with you. You were too much of a temptation.”

That couldn’t be true. Douglas was the most handsome man he’d ever seen. Surely he could have any man he wanted. So why was he telling him these things?

“Screw you.”

“Watch your language!”

“Bite me!”

In a blink of an eye, Adrian found himself nose to nose with Douglas, the older man having wrapped a hand around his neck, pulling him forward. His nostrils flared as he took in Douglas' scent. Leather and a faint hint of aftershave, just enough to inflame his senses, and beneath it all the warm scent of the man, more arousing than all the colognes in the world.

“Listen to me, and listen carefully. First, I don't care for foul language. Never have, never will. Secondly, I never lied to you, and I have no intention of starting now. Are we clear?”

The voice, while not louder in any way, held a distinct tone of command. He opened his mouth to speak, but as his eyes met Douglas', he couldn't find his words.

The hand cupping his neck increased the pressure. Adrian's eyelashes fluttered and he gasped, his body shuddering and relaxing against the hold.

“Are we clear?”

“Yes. Sir.” The last word came out in a gasp, but Douglas must have heard it because his eyes sparkled with amusement.

“The title is not required, but feel free to use it if you wish.”

Adrian nodded and tried it out again. “Sir.” Yes, it feels right.

Douglas' hand on the back of his neck started a slow rubbing motion. Adrian's eyes closed of their own volition and a low rumble rolled through his chest.

“Are you free?”

“Huh?”

“Are you seeing someone?”

Oh my God! Is it really happening or am I dreaming? Oh God, I better not be dreaming.

“Adrian?”

“Oh, sorry. No, I'm not.”

“In that case, may I offer you a drink?”

“Why?”

“Why, what?”

“Why would you offer me a drink? Five years ago you could barely to be in the same room with me.” The hand massaging his neck retreated and Adrian mourned its loss.

“Five years ago you were barely of age and just coming into this lifestyle. I was fifteen years older and far more experienced than you. I had hoped for more than a one-night stand, but you were so young and had so much to discover. I had to leave.”

“Did it occur to you to tell me all that?”

“No, not really.”

Adrian regarded him coldly. “You idiot.”

A dark eyebrow shot up mockingly. “I’m listening.”

“I didn’t want to explore.”

“So what is it you’re saying?”

“You should have come and talked with me. I wanted you, not to play the field.”

“Is that so? In that case, tell me, what’s it gonna be tonight? Will you submit to me? Will you open yourself to me?”

There, that was his chance. Heart in his throat, Adrian found himself gasping for air. There was just one answer, just one option, that would bring him what he needed the most. What he craved.

“Yes.”

Douglas smiled and wound a hand around Adrian, pulling him close. He climbed down off the stool and brushed his lips against Adrian’s in a ghost of a kiss, but even so, the caress sent shivers down Adrian’s back.

Douglas had taken him down to one of the four dungeons the club offered, the newest of all and one he hadn't yet had the chance to visit, and asked him to strip. Adrian would have preferred to be completely naked, but that went against the house rules, so he kept on his boots and underwear.

Once he was naked, the older man had asked him to wait for him in the center of the room, eyes closed. So there he was, in the middle of a dungeon cell, exposed and vulnerable, aroused beyond measure at just the thought of it.

Something brushed his shoulder and with a jolt he realized that Douglas had returned.

“Sheesh, it's just me. Relax.”

His eyes fluttered closed again and he heaved a sigh in relief.

Hands teased his skin, every inch of his exposed body, until he thought he couldn't take it anymore. Warm lips teased his nipples until they pebbled out and clamps were fastened tight around them, pain shooting through his body, his cock throbbing furiously.

“So beautiful,” Douglas whispered in his ear, just as his palm descended on Adrian's buttocks again and again.

Leather caressed his face, sliding over his cheekbones, before being fastened securely behind his head, covering his eyes and ears. With these senses diminished, the others heightened.

He could feel Douglas' body heat as the man moved around him, circling him like a feline stalking his prey. He could picture the look on the older man's face, having seen it so many times when he'd watched Douglas play—just as others were probably watching them now. How often had he fantasized about being on the receiving end of such a look? He'd been so jealous of all the guys Douglas had taken as play partners. Or to his bed.

Small touches rained across his back and shoulders, his skin breaking out in goose bumps, all thoughts of other play partners leaving his mind. Callused palms wrapped around his hands, lifting them, bringing together behind his neck.

“Keep them there.”

Douglas’ breath tickled the soft skin of his nape, igniting his senses. Padded cuffs were fastened around his wrists. A leather-clad foot pushed itself between his legs, nudging them farther apart. Warm fingers caressed his body, traveling down his spine, over his buttocks, brushing against the sensitive skin of his inner thigh. Adrian fought the need to clench his muscles. More cuffs were fastened on him, secured around his ankles and thighs.

Why this many ties? But he kept the question to himself.

Something colder, sharper, brushed over his shoulder and he shivered in anticipation, bracing himself for the first bite of pain.

Is that a flogger? Is it braided? Is it suede? Oh, let it be suede.

But the stroke didn’t come. Instead, a thick leather strap was wrapped around him and fastened securely against his chest. Taking his time, Douglas placed two more cuffs on Adrian, this time around his upper arms, and with a quick jerk he tested each bond’s resistance and placement on Adrian’s body.

“Are you okay? Not too tight?”

The soft, warm breeze of the man’s breath ruffled the hair on the back of Adrian’s neck, Douglas’ goatee tickling his skin. With a gasp, Adrian’s head tilted to allow for better access, his body shaking and cock throbbing.

“Well?”

Suddenly his head was jerked backwards by the scruff of his hair. Adrenaline surged.

“I asked you a question.”

Oh, fuck!

“No. I mean yes, Sir.”

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, I’m comfortable.”

“When I ask you a question, you answer. Is that clear?”

“I’m sorry, Sir. It won’t happen again.”

A hard smack landed on his already reddened ass, making him jerk.

“You still haven’t answered my question. Is that clear?”

Whack! Whack! Whack!

Adrian bit back a cry. “Yes, Sir.”

“Good.”

The heat of Douglas’ body disappeared and Adrian bit back a protest. Without the older man’s presence, he felt vulnerable, exposed.

In swift moves, locks were attached to the cuffs’ safeties and with a last check, Adrian felt himself being lifted off the ground.

The pressure on the cuffs increased, restricting his movements. He felt the older man arranging his limbs in a more comfortable position. Breath caught in his throat. For a second, the walls closed in on him and the tightness of the bonds became almost unbearable. Douglas’ reassuring hand settled on the small of his back and just like that, Adrian felt liberated, like the whole world was his. And this time, when the warmth of the hand disappeared, it didn’t matter, because it was replaced by the sweet bite of the flogger.

He was flying, floating on air, his senses high, acutely aware of Douglas’ presence. His moves, his scent, the warmth of his body, they all spurred Adrian higher.

Soft blows landed on his back, sending shivers down his spine. Slowly, the lashes of the flogger descended to his ass cheeks, avoiding the tender area protecting the kidneys, their strength increasing as they reached his buttocks. Douglas moved around, brushing his groin against Adrian’s, the heat of his arousal burning his flesh, and the soft cords of the flogger were replaced by the hard string of the whip.

Head thrown back, Adrian let himself feel.

“That’s it, Baby, go with the pain. Embrace it.”

The licks of the whip ran deeper than the flogger's, spreading warmth throughout his body. His mind opened up, each blow taking away some of the pent-up stress and frustration.

“You look so beautiful like this, all soft and mellow.”

Hard lashes landed expertly on his already sore ass and then down his thighs, until the pain turned to pleasure and everything else but Douglas disappeared.

The string bit deeper, catching the soft skin of his inner thigh, just under his sack. His balls drew tight, his breath coming out in pants, as the blows zeroed in.

“Work through the pain, Baby. Let it flow.”

His breath settled into a rhythm similar to the throbbing of his dick and nipples, the lashes catching him straight against the scrotum and the base of his cock. The strength behind them leveled out, his excitement growing and his skin tingling.

“Still with me, Baby?”

Douglas' voice, low and gruff, increased Adrian's arousal. He nodded, his head lolling lazily on his shoulders.

“Talk to me, Baby.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“I can't hear you, Baby.”

The whip bit harder, the blow stinging just right.

“Oh God, yes!”

“You like that, don't you?”

“Yes, oh God, yes.”

Tension gathered under the skin, body shaking. A quick succession of sharp blows against his balls culminating with a couple of hard, full lashes across his ass and thighs and he exploded. Nerves zinged, muscles relaxed, his body sagged against the bonds, but his mind soared.

The strokes decreased, dropping just often enough just to prolong his flying.

Through a haze, he felt Douglas' hands caressing him, bringing him gently down from his rush, whispering sweet nothings in Adrian's ears.

When he gathered himself enough to open his eyes he found himself cradled in the older man's arms, the hood and clamps gone, the dull ache in his nipples the only reminder of their earlier presence.

"Hi there."

"Hi yourself. How are you feeling?"

"Great. A little tired."

"I never realized you were so responsive to pain."

Adrian could feel the heat rising to his cheeks. He had wanted to make it last, but as it turned out his body had other plans. He tried to stand up but Douglas' arms tightened around him, holding him where he was.

"There's nothing to be ashamed of."

Maybe to you. But you didn't go up in flames at the slightest touch.

"May I ask you something? Two things actually."

His heart sank. Was he going to be asked to leave? "Uhm, sure."

Douglas smiled down at him, his fingers tracing small circles against Adrian's chest. "May I take you home, and how do you like your breakfast?"

The younger man's mouth broke out in a huge grin just as Douglas' lips descended on his.

THE END

Author Bio

Born in Romania, land of the Iele and Vlad the Impaler, she'd spent all her life surrounded by books. She rode side by side with d'Artagnan and The Three Musketeers to retrieve the Queen's diamonds, set sail on the Erasmus in search of the Japans, fell in love with Rhett Butler and roamed the Wild West along Old Shatterhand. She walked in the footsteps of the Olympian Gods and searched for Zalmoxis' sanctuary in the Carpathians. In her mind, she'd never been the damsel in distress but rather the knight in shining armor fighting for a cause.

With a background like this, turning to writing was no surprise. She discovered erotica early on in life and never looked back. Now she can write anywhere, even in a crowded room or a busy subway station, but she loves solitude.

When she's not at her evil day job, she can be found writing or playing with her cat. She welcomes messages from readers and promises to answer all of them as soon as possible, which, knowing herself, won't be that soon.

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