

Firebird

by Cadee Rivers

Scott's day had started out as an absolute shit storm. He'd woken up late, having to skip making coffee before rushing out the door to work. Then he'd dropped a wrench on his foot while elbows deep in the guts of a broken down Toyota. After lunch, he'd almost gotten crushed under an ancient Cadillac when the jack suddenly slipped. Scott had just managed to scoot out from under the vehicle before it crashed to the ground. Scott's boss Grant had come out at the sound of Scott yelling, and told him to take his ass home.

"Dammit, Grant, I don't need to go home, I need people to watch how they set up their fuckin' jacks!" he growled, throwing an angry glare across the shop.

"The hell you don't, you're as pissy as a stood up prom date, an' I ain't havin' it in my shop. So go home, get your shit together, and don't come back unless that attitude is adjusted." Grant crossed his arms across his chest, his stony visage shutting down any argument.

Scott threw up his hands in frustration. "Whatever," he grouched, spinning on his heel toward the staff room to get his stuff from his locker. Ten minutes later found him sitting in his 1977 Pontiac Firebird, taking deep breaths to keep from pounding out his frustration on the steering wheel. He scowled out the window, staring at nothing. Then he whipped his cell phone out of his pocket.

[sent noise] I need it.

A few minutes later, his phone buzzed with a text message.

[received noise]: Very well. Go home, go upstairs and strip. Fold your clothes neatly and place them on the chest. Get the blindfold from the armoire, take a pillow from the bed and kneel, hands in your lap. Wait for me.

[music]

Scott swallowed thickly, feeling his anger and frustration starting to melt away into anticipation. He started the car, heading across town to his Dom's house. Arriving at the house, he let himself in with his key, and headed up the stairs to the playroom. His hands were starting to shake from excitement. He slowly took off his clothes, folding each item as instructed. He opened the door to the armoire. He trailed his fingers softly over the various toys, excited and nervous about what his Dom would choose. There were floggers, handcuffs, dildos, and plugs of various sizes, along with bondage rope and spreader bars. Scott finally settled on a shiny wooden box. The outside was black leather with green gemstone studs. His Dom had chosen this collar just for Scott, and loved the fact that the stones were the same shade of green as his eyes. Scott blew

out a breath sharply, before buckling the collar around his neck. The collar was lined with lambskin, soft against his throat. At the feel of the collar settling against his skin, some of the tension he'd been carrying all day left him.

<music>

Next, he pulled out a black satin blindfold, and shut the doors to the armoire. He went to the bed and grabbed a pillow, placing it on the floor at the foot of the bed. He knelt, and slowly tied the blindfold over his eyes. He straightened his back, resting his hands on his bare thighs, and just breathed. Already he felt himself start to go into subspace, and he welcomed the quiet.

He lost track of how long he knelt there, letting his mind drift. It could have been minutes, or hours. He didn't register the quiet click *[click]* of the door opening and closing behind him, or the soft footsteps. His trance broke when gentle fingers caressed his scalp. He didn't speak, he hadn't been given permission, but he did lean into the touch a little.

"My beautiful boy," his Dom whispered, scratching lightly at the nape of Scott's neck. "I'll take care of you." With gentle hands, he helped Scott to his feet. Scott's legs were tingly and numb from kneeling on the floor for so long. His Dom led him to the edge of the bed, and helped him lie down. Soft but firm hands began massaging his thighs, working out the stiffness. As they reached higher, teasing the silky flesh of his inner thigh, Scott felt himself begin to stiffen, and found himself making small whimpers and squirming every time he felt fingers swipe close to his dick.

"Patience, sweet boy, we'll get there," his Dom replied with a sultry laugh, "Now, up you get." His dom gently pulled Scott to his feet again, turning his body to face the bed. Scott felt a cuff encircle his left wrist, then his right. His Dom then took his hands and looped the chain over the hook up above his head, checking the tightness of the cuff with a finger to make sure it wasn't too tight.

"Comfortable?" he asked. At Scott's hesitation, his Dom spoke again. "You may answer."

"Yes, sir." Scott's voice managed to croak out his answer.

"Good. What's your safe word?"

"Firebird, sir."

"Excellent. And your color?"

"Green, sir."

“Good, love. Spread your legs.”

He shuffled his feet shoulder width apart. With the blindfold on, it seemed all of his other senses were heightened. Scott could hear the soft whisper of fabric, the hiss of a zipper. *[rustling fabric]* At that moment he absolutely hated the blindfold. One of his favorite things was to watch his Dom undress, to see each inch of skin revealed. Scott jumped as a finger traced down his spine, tracing over the curve of his ass. He bit his lip to stifle a groan.

“Now, now, love, just because you’re not allowed to speak, that doesn’t mean you have permission to hide all those lovely noises you make.”

Scott could feel the heat of his Dom’s body against his back, but his Dom kept the smallest of spaces between them, making Scott growl in frustration. He knew he’d get in trouble for it, but he leaned back anyway, desperate to feel his Dom’s body against his. His back met bare skin for just a moment, before his Dom pulled away, clicking his tongue in disapproval.

“Naughty boy, I didn’t tell you you could move.” He felt a hand slap his ass hard, once, twice, on both cheeks. He gasped, his head thrown back as his body arched.

Teasing fingers danced up his sides, making Scott fight not to squirm, before they circled his nipples. They stiffened from the contact. He groaned, loving both the touch and the warm handprint still lingering on his ass.

“I think you enjoyed that a bit too much, my love,” his Dom whispered, one hand beginning to tease and lightly pull on his nipple, while the other wandered down his torso, to lightly brush the fuzz at the top of his groin. His hand was so close to his dick Scott could almost cry, and he let loose a whimper. “Should I do it again? You may answer.”

“Yes, sir, please, sir, touch me, spank me,” Scott gasped, his breath ragged in his chest from arousal.

“Hmm. I love it when you beg. But I think I have something better in mind,” his Dom answered as both hands abruptly pulled away, and Scott whimpered at the loss of contact. Scott could hear him moving around the room, and he heard the armoire open and shut.

Scott heard a click, and whimpered. He thought he knew what it was, and he was proven right when a lube slick finger slipped between his cheeks and rubbed against his hole.

“Please, please,” he whispered.

The finger withdrew briefly, long enough for his Dom to spank him sharply on both cheeks again. "All in good time, be patient."

[music]

Scott nodded to indicate he understood, and the finger was back, rubbing against his hole briefly before slipping inside, rubbing gently. Scott groaned at the sensation, as the finger slipped in and out. It felt amazing, but it wasn't enough. His growl of frustration was rewarded when he felt his Dom add another finger, and began scissoring them as they pumped in and out, stretching him open.

"Ahh!" he yelped, as he felt a finger graze his prostate. He whimpered and shoved back on the fingers inside of him, trying to get him to do it again. He heard his Dom chuckle, and his heart sank, sure that he was missing the spot on purpose. He whined when his Dom withdrew his fingers completely, missing the feel of them inside him.

"Shh, love," his Dom whispered, breath hot against his shoulder blade. "I've got you," as he gently pushed in what felt like a plug.

Scott groaned in frustration, sure that his Dom had been prepping him to fuck him. His whole body lit up in surprise when the plug began to vibrate hard, buzzing against his prostate. His back bowed, muscles clenching, as he fought the rising pleasure. It could have been minutes, but felt like hours before the buzzing stopped, and his body sagged, the cuffs pulling on his wrists as more of his weight was supported by the chain above his head.

"You're so beautiful," his Dom murmured against his skin, as he gently unhooked the chain, and pushed Scott to lean his torso over on the bed, feet flat on the floor. Soft hands gently moved his dick, pulling the taut flesh past the edge of the bed so Scott wasn't lying on his hard on. His Dom stroked it once, twice, making Scott moan at the contact. The hands then slipped up his thighs, until they swept over his ass, pulling and pushing the flesh. Scott could feel the toy shift and move with his Dom's ministrations, and grunted and sighed as it jostled against that bundle of nerves inside.

The hands pulled away. "Can you keep from coming until I tell you? Or should I put a ring on you? You may answer."

It took Scott a few tries to get the words out. "No, sir, I can be good."

"So good for me," his Dom crooned, mouthing wet kisses down his back, before licking a stripe down his spine. At the top of his ass, the kisses became more playful, biting and nibbling. Scott squirmed and gasped, as each movement caused the plug to move inside him.

He whined again as his Dom pulled away from him again, making the other man chuckle. His whimper cut off abruptly as he felt. . .something caress his back. It felt like

several small strings, with some kind of beads or bumps along each string. He felt it trail up and down his back, before sliding down across his ass cheeks and then up his sides.

“What’s your color?”

“Green, sir, green,” he gasped.

“Good, good,” his Dom answered, before turning the plug on again.

Scott jumped, but the toy must have different settings, as this time the vibrations weren’t as intense as the first time. He jumped again as the other object was slapped lightly against his ass. *Flogger*, he thought as it struck his skin. His Dom continued to strike him lightly with it, up and down his back, and down his ass. The twin sensations of the flogger and the plug overwhelmed Scott with pleasure. He felt like could drown in it.

He yelped again as his Dom kicked the plug up a notch, and the flogger began to come down a little harder. It didn’t hurt, exactly, but each hit felt like sparks against his skin, turning up his arousal. His dick was so hard it throbbed.

“Do you want to come?” his Dom asked with a low growl.

“Yes, sir, please, I want to come, please, I’ll be good, please let me come,” Scott panted.

“Soon,” his Dom replied.

Scott groaned in frustration as the plug and the flogger stopped. “Be patient just a little longer, sweet boy,” his Dom promised, as he helped Scott roll over onto his back, scooting up on the bed a little. Scott felt his legs being moved up on the bed, spread wide, and his breath caught in his throat as he felt the plug removed. He started to whimper at the loss, but it quickly turned into a groan of pleasure as he felt his Dom start to fill him. He hadn’t really been prepped enough to go from the plug to his Dom’s dick, but his Dom knew how much he loved the burn of the stretch, feeling his body give way. Inch by inch, he was slowly filled, gasping and writhing. When his Dom was finally, finally in as far as he could go, he stilled, his hands coming to rest on Scott’s hips, his thumbs rubbing lightly on his hip bones.

“Color?” he asked, his own arousal making his voice breathy.

“Still green,” Scott gasped, fighting the urge to move.

Slowly, he felt the other man begin to move, small thrusts that just teased. Scott gritted his teeth and moaned, wishing his Dom would just move, already. He arched his hips, meeting his Dom’s thrust, making him hiss. In response, his Dom’s fingers trailed up

his chest, dancing around his nipple briefly before tugging on it sharply. Scott gasped as his Dom chuckled.

The sharp sting of the punishment quickly faded, as Scott finally got his wish. His Dom began to fuck him hard and fast, each stroke causing Scott's erection to slap against his belly. Scott couldn't help the near constant stream of noises that seemed to stream from his mouth. He was entirely focused on holding down his rising orgasm.

"So fucking beautiful, the way you submit to me, Scott," his Dom growled, his hands tightening on his hips hard enough that Scott knew he'd be bruised tomorrow. "Say it, say who you belong to."

"You, sir, you, only you," Scott cried. He was so close, so fucking close.

"Come, Scott, come now!" his Dom commanded, and Scott exploded, his vision whiting out as his orgasm rocked through him. Through it all, his Dom kept fucking him at a brutal pace, ramming over and over again against his prostrate, keeping his orgasm going. Scott heard someone screaming, registering distantly that the sounds were coming from his own throat, before he felt his Dom thrust once, twice, and stutter to a halt, painting Scott's insides with his come.

Scott floated in a haze for a time, as Jason cleaned him with a wet towel, his low voice murmuring praise into Scott's skin. Gentle hands unbuckled the cuffs around his wrist, rubbing the tender skin gently.

"Scott? Sit up, I need you to drink this," Jason said softly, pulling Scott gently to a sitting position, cradling him against his chest. He held up a bottle of orange juice for Scott to drink. With fumbling fingers, Scott managed to hold the bottle, gulping the contents greedily. When he finished, he slumped back against Jason with a sigh, his head lolling back against the other man's shoulder. Jason pulled the blindfold away, leaving Scott blinking against the light.

"Feeling better?" Jason asked, pressing a kiss to his forehead as he wrapped his arms around Scott's torso.

"Yeah," Scott slurred, but he didn't protest when Jason handed him a bottle of water, drinking deeply. "Just a shit day."

"Want to talk about it?"

"Nope. I'm good now. Thanks, though."

"I'm glad, then," Jason kissed his cheek gently. Scott heard rustling, before Jason pushed a piece of chocolate against his lips. Scott took the candy, letting the chocolate melt against his tongue, savoring the taste.

“I love you, Jason,” Scott whispered, nuzzling against Jason’s neck and shoulder.

Scott’s eyes fluttered shut as he felt Jason press soft kisses against his forehead. Feeling warm and content, Scott drifted off to sleep, sated and warm in Jason’s arms.