

Play Time

By Jenna Castille © 2011
(Not appropriate for ages under 18)

Sanctuary. He'd finally manage to escape all the politic and make it home. Garrick tried not to slam the door behind him in his haste, but he did latch the bolt against the world. He closed his eyes, taking a moment to lean on the heavy oak and just not think. In the past few months since his pack was forced to accept Faolan as his mate and give sanctuary to Teague and his daughter, Garrick had barely had a chance to breathe. Finally, Bryce promised he'd take care of everything and Garrick could get some much needed time with his mate.

He took another deep breath, this time to enjoy the scent of that mate. Close and coming closer, Garrick smiled as that wonderful springtime aroma grew stronger.

The heels of Faolan's boots echoed on the hardwood of the foyer to stop directly in front of Garrick.

Garrick held perfectly still, not opening his eyes until he felt Faolan's arms circling his neck. He finally looked down on his faerie mate. Emerald green eyes framed by sharp but delicate features met his gaze. But while delicate, there was absolutely nothing weak about the man in his arms. Steel ran deep, deeper than any piercing Faolan might sport.

"You've had a very hard few days."

Feeling the weight of all the work, the time spent on pack politics and wading through information provided by Teague, Garrick bowed his head. "Yes and more."

Faolan dug his fingers into Garrick's thick black hair, massaging his scalp. "You need to rest, to let go."

"Yes," Garrick nearly purred as he bent down slightly to make it easier for Faolan to reach him.

Faolan let go and stepped back. He flicked his long tail of blond hair behind his shoulder, crossed his arms, and raised a single brow at Garrick. "Then, I believe you know what to do. I'll be waiting for you in the dungeon."

Garrick felt his slow grin cutting across his face. Faolan was right. That was just what he needed, something business had prevented for far too long. With Bryce's promise to handle everything, Garrick could let go and truly enjoy himself to the fullest without any worries about interruptions.

He quickly stripped his clothes, folding them and placing them in the cupboard still sitting in the doorway. Garrick could've gone upstairs and hung them in the closet in their bedroom, but he didn't want to waste valuable sex time.

Bare of everything but the cuff at his wrist, Garrick pulled out the one thing he always kept in the cupboard—a long, flat box. In it was the collar Faolan had specially designed for him, matching the cuff at his wrist that he always wore.

Garrick snapped it into place around his neck before moving deeper into the home his mate kept for them, their place away from the pack.

He paused for a moment in front of a large, heavy door in the den. He stood tall, rolling his head to relieve the stress built up in his neck and shoulders.

Garrick opened the door and stepped inside their hellish slice of paradise.

The dimly lit passage had been carefully designed to set the mood. Garrick's bare feet barely made a sound against the stone steps. Still Faolan had those wonderfully sensitive fae ears of his. Or maybe he'd just been waiting for Garrick. Either way, Garrick hadn't reached the bottom of the short flight of stairs before Faolan stood before him, blindfold in hand.

"You're mine tonight." Faolan looped the cloth around Garrick's head, blocking all sight. "You have no control. You will do as I say, when I say."

The knot that too many days of worry had formed in Garrick's chest loosened ever-so-slightly. "Of course, Master."

Faolan took his hand. "Come, you need to warm up for what I have in store for you. Watch the last step. I wouldn't want you to get hurt this early in the evening, especially not in a way that would give neither of us any pleasure."

Garrick gripped his hand, trusting that Faolan would never let him fall.

Faolan led him to a wall, placing both of his hands against the solid surface. Nimble fingers clicked heavy, leather-lined metal cuffs around his wrists. A warm tongue lapped at his neck before Faolan whispered in his ear, "We wouldn't want you moving too much and spoiling my aim, now would we?"

Garrick swallowed. Recently, they'd been testing how much pain he could endure and still enjoy the process. Garrick had surprised himself. While the cane had been too much for his wolf to endure, Garrick found he enjoyed the bite of the whip.

And his Master had incredible skill with and a taste for the whip.

A snap sounded behind him as his Master unrolled his new favorite toy. Spreading his feet and bracing himself, Garrick prepared for the bite of the lash.

As the first strike sizzled across his back, Garrick couldn't help but gasp. White fire lit his body as lash after lash fell against his back. But his wolf never threatened to emerge. It knew that his mate, his Master, would never harm him. So Garrick fell into the rhythm, absorbed the bit of erotic pain. He lost himself in the sensation.

Thought faded. Only the present moment remained. He began to shake, sinking against the wall for support as his muscles turned into so much jelly. The steady, searing bite of the whip soothed his jagged nerves, burning away his thoughts and concerns. It sent flames of arousal spilling through his form. Garrick's cock strained forward, begging for release while resisting the temptation. Being on the edge felt so good that he didn't want to go over, not yet.

But it felt so good, so right to just let go.

At that moment, the moment when Garrick was about to give in to his body's demands, the blows stopped.

His Master stepped away.

Delicate fingers dragged through his hair, tilted his head to the side. Soft lips nibbled at his neck muscles, working their way up to his ear. "Nice, that was very nice. The pattern on your back looks marvelous. I wish you could see it. But that's for later. Now, I think you need a reward." His Master moved closer, his hard cock rocking against Garrick's ass. "I know I'm ready for one."

Garrick didn't resist as his Master reached up to unlock his hands. He meekly followed as Faolan led him to the middle of the room, pressing his pelvis against something he'd never noticed before.

“You’ve been working so hard lately, I thought I should get you a present.” Faolan pushed Garrick down, folding him so his feet still touched the ground while his belly lay against a slightly inclined surface. Garrick’s hands were raised above his head where he found grips to latch onto. Again, cuffs locked over his wrists.

Kicking Garrick’s feet apart, Faolan lashed his legs to the table’s supports. Garrick gripped the handles and braced himself as best he could.

His Master lay against his heated back, pulling a hiss from Garrick. He then let his long blond hair tickle Garrick’s sides. “Are you ready for me?” he taunted, nipping at Garrick’s neck. “I want to hear the words.”

“Please, Master. Fuck me. I need you to fuck me, please.”

Still Faolan waited. His Master remained still, lying against Garrick’s back and lapping at his neck.

Garrick had forgotten the magic words.

“I *beg* you, *beg* you. Please fuck me.”

“That’s right,” his Master growled, running his fingernails over the welts on Garrick’s back. “Beg me. I love to hear you’re pleading.”

Garrick groaned but didn’t have to wait after that. His Master pushed relentlessly forward into his ass. Garrick’s fingers dug into the handles as he thrust his ass back as much as his restraints allowed.

His Master gave him a quick slap on one ass cheek. “No bucking. I’m the rider and this isn’t a rodeo. I decide how fast we go and how hard you get it.”

Garrick gripped the handles harder and fought the urge to arch. Only, God and Goddess, it was difficult. He wanted to feel that sensation of being filled along with that slight bite of pain from the invasion.

But he should have trusted his Master to know what he needed. Before Garrick had time to pout, Faolan pulled out until only the head of his cock held Garrick open. He then slammed in, starting a punishing rhythm designed to bring them both to the edge of pleasure and pain.

Faolan rode Garrick hard, giving him everything he needed. Garrick lost himself in sensation, letting go for the first time in what felt like weeks. Every time his Master hit Garrick’s prostate, that feeling of disconnect grew stronger. The world boiled down to a helpless feeling of striving, striving for that connection, for that explosion.

Garbled words fell from his lips but even Garrick couldn’t tell what they were, what they meant. But his Master took it as encouragement. Faolan’s fingers dug into Garrick’s hips as he proceeded to pound even faster, pegging that wonderful gland in Garrick’s ass over and over.

Garrick felt the wood of the handles creak and splinter under his grip. They didn’t shatter completely. A cold metal core met his palms and helped him brace himself and push back.

Fuck, fuck, fuck. It felt so good, so very good.

His Master paused, leaning over his back. He licked at Garrick’s neck. “Are you ready to come? Tell me.”

“Yes, yes! Need it. Let me, let me please.”

Garrick felt Faolan’s hand reach between his legs. There was a quick popping sound followed by a metallic squeak as the wood under his pelvis fell away. Garrick’s

legs shook at the unexpected resumption of his weight, his knees feeling pleasantly wobbly.

But that was nothing compared to how his entire body felt as Faolan used the room to grab Garrick's cock in a firm grip. Garrick bit his lip as his Master jacked him to the same steady, quick rhythm.

Garrick tried to hold back, he really did. He wanted to savor each precious second of his Master's touch on him. But it was impossible, especially with a man who knew his body so well.

With a deep howl, he spilled over Faolan's fingers over and over again.

An answering grunt signaled the start of Faolan's orgasm, his cum filling Garrick's ass to overflowing.

Faolan collapse on Garrick's back for a moment before scooting forward to release Garrick's bindings. Garrick groaned as he moved his arms down. Faolan pulled off Garrick's blindfold and massaged his shoulders.

"Better, love?" he asked, turning Garrick's face for a deep, tongue twisting kiss.

Garrick hummed and licked his lips with their mouths finally parted. "Much, much better." Garrick swung around until he sat on his new toy. Faolan remained standing, running his fingers through Garrick's thick hair, massaging his scalp. "I needed that, needed not to think about everything."

"Well, don't start thinking now. Take the night off already, Mr. Alpha." Faolan smiled down at him. "You need to remember, even big boys need occasional play time. And we still have the rest of the night."

Garrick grinned, his heart expanding. He was so very lucky.