



*Jonah Ravenshead*

# *Hot Spring*

*Pick your Desire  
Book 1*

# HOT SPRING

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READING SAMPLE

PICK YOUR DESIRE  
BOOK 1

JONAH RAVENSHEAD

RAVENSHEAD PRESS

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Pick Your Desire 1

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**To my wicked reader—**  
*No shame. No limits. Just desire.*

## CHAPTER ONE

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Simon sat at the edge of his bed, his phone glowing in the dim light of his Berlin apartment. The screen displayed Ethan's profile—a handsome face with a confident smirk, brown eyes that seemed to pierce through the pixels, and a description that made Simon's pulse quicken. "*Looking for subs to play with,*" it read. Simon's fingers trembled as he typed out a message, his heart racing with a mix of excitement and trepidation.

Two days later, he found himself at a cozy corner booth in a bar tucked away in Kreuzberg. The air was thick with the scent of malt and the low hum of conversation. Simon fidgeted with the hem of his black sweater, his mind racing. *What if Ethan doesn't like me? What if I'm not enough?* He shook his head, trying to dispel the doubts.

A voice broke through his thoughts. "Simon?"

He looked up to see Ethan standing there, his presence commanding even in the casual way he leaned against the booth. He was taller than Simon had expected, with a lean frame that hinted at physicality beneath his skater-style hoodie. His brown hair was slightly messy, as if he'd just rolled out of bed, and his eyes sparkled with mischief.

"That's me," Simon replied, his voice steadier than he felt.

Ethan slid into the seat across from him, his gaze never leaving Simon's face. "You're even prettier in person," he said, his tone light but laced with something deeper, something that made Simon's stomach twist pleasantly.

Simon's cheeks flushed. "Thanks. You're not so bad yourself."

Ethan chuckled, leaning back in his seat. "So, I take it you're interested in what I have to offer?"

Simon nodded, his fingers tracing the rim of his glass. "I've... been exploring some things. Had someone before. It worked for me. But he's gone now, and I've been... drifting."

Ethan tilted his head, his expression thoughtful. "Sounds like you're looking for something more than just a quick fuck."

Simon's gaze flicked up to meet Ethan's. "Yeah. I think I am."

The corner of Ethan's mouth quirked into a smile. "Good. Because I'm not into half-measures. If you're going to play with me, you're going to give me everything."

Simon's breath hitched. There was something about the way Ethan spoke, the way his words carried weight, that made Simon's skin tingle.

Ethan reached into his pocket and pulled out three small envelopes, each bound with a twine. He placed them on the table between them. "Here's how this works. You choose one. Inside is a practice—a scene, if you will. We'll do whatever's written there. No take-backs, no limits. You choose, and you commit."

Simon stared at the envelopes, his heart pounding. This was it. This was the kind of dynamic he'd been craving—something that pushed him, something that made him feel alive. He reached out, his hand hovering over the envelopes as he considered his choice.

Ethan's voice was low, almost a purr. "Take your time. But remember, once you choose, there's no going back."

Simon's fingers brushed over the middle envelope. He picked it up, feeling the weight of it in his hand. He looked up at Ethan, who was watching him with an intensity that made Simon's stomach flutter.

"Okay," Simon said, his voice barely above a whisper. "I choose this one."

Ethan's smile widened. "Good boy."

The words "good boy" hit Simon like a wave, flooding his mind with memories of Josh. He could almost feel Josh's hands on him, hear his voice, low and commanding, praising him in that way that made Simon's knees weak. But this wasn't Josh. This was Ethan, and Simon wasn't about to let him off that easy.

A smirk tugged at the corner of Simon's lips as he leaned back in his seat, his posture deliberately casual. "Good boy," he echoed, his tone laced with a hint of sarcasm. "You bet. But you're gonna have to earn me being a good boy."

Ethan's eyebrows shot up in surprise, but there was amusement in his eyes, a spark of interest that hadn't been there before. He chuckled, a low, rumbling sound that sent a shiver down Simon's spine. "Oh, I like you," Ethan said, his voice dripping with approval. "You've got a bite to you. I was hoping you'd be more than just a pretty face."

Simon's smirk widened. "You'll find I'm full of surprises."

Ethan's gaze darkened, and he leaned forward, his elbows resting on the table. "Good. Because I'm looking forward to taming that snark of yours." He picked up the envelope Simon had chosen untied the loop of the twine around the envelope with deliberate precision. Unfolding the paper, he scanned the contents silently, his expression unreadable.

Simon's heart raced, his bravado momentarily slipping as he wondered what was written on that slip of paper. Whatever it was, he knew one thing for certain: Ethan wasn't going to make this easy. And for some reason, that only made Simon want it more.

Finally, he looked up, his eyes dark with intent. "Alright, Simon. Here's what we're going to do."

Simon swallowed hard, his anticipation mounting. He could feel the gravity of the moment, the way the air seemed to thicken around them.



"Two days from now," Ethan began with a smooth and unhurried voice, "you're going to come to my place. You'll wear what I tell you to wear. And when you arrive, you'll be completely at my mercy. No questions, no hesitation. Just you and me, and whatever I decide to do with you."

Simon's heart was racing now, his mind already spinning with possibilities. He nodded, his voice was trembling as he responded, "Okay."

Ethan leaned forward, his gaze locking onto Simon's. "And Simon?"

"Yeah?"

Ethan leaned forward, his gaze locking onto Simon's, the intensity in his eyes making Simon's breath catch. "When you walk through that door," Ethan began, "you're mine, Simon. I'll own you in every way that matters. But let me be clear—this isn't about breaking you. It's about pleasure, trust, and connection. If at any point you feel like it's enough, if you want to stop, you say it. Give me a signal, a word, anything. I'll stop immediately. No hesitation. This is about both of us having fun, about you feeling safe and cherished while we explore what makes you come alive."

Simon's chest tightened, his bravado softening him. For him Ethan's words weren't just a statement—they were a promise. A promise of control, yes, but also of care. Simon nodded. His smirk returned, a hint of that bratty edge creeping back into his tone. "I understand," he said, "But let me get this straight—you're saying I can stop anytime, but what about you? What happened to 'no going back'? Or is this a one-way street where I'm the only one with an out?"

Ethan's eyes narrowed slightly, but there was a flicker of amusement in them. He leaned in closer, his voice dropping to that low, commanding tone that aroused Simon in a way only Simon's first dom was capable of. "Careful, boy. You're walking a fine line between bratty and brave. But to answer your question—yes, I can stop anytime, too. But I won't. Not unless you make me. And trust me, Simon, you don't want to make me." His words were firm, but there was a teasing glint in his eyes, as if he was enjoying this little back-and-forth as much as Simon was.

Simon's smirk widened, and he leaned back in his seat, his defiance still intact but softened by the underlying trust Ethan's reassurances had sparked. "Good to know," he said, his tone light but with a sharp edge. "I'll keep that in mind. Just don't be surprised if I test that resolve—you're not the only one who likes to play games, Ethan."

Ethan chuckled, a deep, rumbling sound that made Simon's stomach flip. "Oh, I'm counting on it, Simon. I'm counting on it. But I am quite sure that the only one playing will be me and you will be the toy."

Simon felt a chill run through him, but it was accompanied by a deep, undeniable thrill. "I understand."

Ethan's smile was hungry. "Then I'll see you in two days."

"I'll text you later with instructions on what to wear. And Simon—I expect my demands to be met. No deviations," Ethan said with authority in his voice.

Simon paused, a smirk tugging at his lips. He turned back to face Ethan, crossing his arms over his chest. "Or what?" he asked, his voice dripping with challenge.

Ethan's eyes darkened, and he took a step closer, his presence looming over Simon. He leaned in, his breath warm against Simon's ear as he whispered, "You'll see."

The words sent a quiver through Simon's body, but he refused to let it show. Instead, he raised an eyebrow, his smirk widening. "Is that supposed to scare me?"

Ethan chuckled, a low, rumbling sound that made Simon's stomach flip. "No, Simon. It's supposed to excite you. But trust me, you don't want to test me on this."

Simon hesitated, the bravado in his eyes flickering for just a moment. There was something in Ethan's tone—a promise of consequences that Simon wasn't quite ready to face. He nodded, his smirk softening but still present. "Alright, fine. I'll play along. For now."

Ethan's smile was slow, predatory. "Good."

*After all, Simon thought with a sly grin, where's the fun in giving in too easily?*



## CHAPTER TWO

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The next day at the office, Simon's mind was a whirlwind of anticipation. He couldn't focus on the spreadsheets in front of him, his fingers idly tapping the desk as he waited for Ethan's message. The clock seemed to tick slower than usual, each minute stretching into an eternity. He checked his phone obsessively, the screen lighting up with nothing but notifications for delivery apps and a few memes from friends. Finally, at 11:00 sharp, his phone buzzed with a message from Ethan. Simon's heart leapt as he opened it.

"White briefs, white muscle shirt, white socks. And pants you can get rid of quickly."

Simon grinned, his fingers trembling slightly as he typed out a reply. Got it. See you tonight. He shoved his phone back into his pocket and tried to return to work, but his mind was already racing ahead. White briefs, huh? He had plenty of those. But Ethan hadn't specified the cut—so Simon decided to make it interesting.

As soon as he got home, Simon dove into his dresser, pulling out drawer after drawer of underwear. He laid them out on the bed, a sea of whites and pastels, thongs and briefs and bikinis. He held up a pair of white bikini-cut briefs, the material snug and smooth against his skin. They were sleek, hugged his hips just right, and made his ass look fantastic. He smirked, imagining Ethan's reaction.

He tried them on, standing in front of the mirror. The briefs sat low on his hips, the fabric clinging to his thighs and framing his cock perfectly. He turned, checking himself out from every angle. The way the briefs cupped his ass made him feel... vulnerable. Exposed. He liked it. He paired the briefs with a fitted white muscle shirt that showed off his slim, toned frame and a pair of black sweatpants that were easy to slip off.

The next day after work, Simon spent two hours preparing. He showered meticulously, shaving his mostly hairless body until his skin was smooth as silk. He moisturized, dabbed on

a hint of cologne, and even trimmed his nails. By the time he left his apartment, he felt like a gift wrapped in black sweatpants.

Ethan's apartment was in a quiet part of Kreuzberg, tucked away in one of Berlin's old buildings. The street was quiet, no traffic noise or chatter, just the soft hum of the city in the distance. Simon took a deep breath, straightened his shoulders, and knocked on the door.

Ethan opened it almost instantly, as if he'd been waiting right there. He was dressed casually—baggy black jeans, an oversized white T-shirt that hung off his lean frame, and bare feet. His messy brown hair was tousled, and his brown eyes sparkled with mischief. He leaned against the doorframe, arms crossed, and let his gaze travel slowly up and down Simon's body.

"Well, look at you," Ethan said, "Right on time."

Simon felt excitement as Ethan's eyes lingered on him. It wasn't just a glance—it was a scan, deliberate and thorough. Ethan's gaze started at Simon's feet, taking in the white socks and the way his sweatpants hung loosely on his hips. He moved up, his eyes pausing at the waistband of Simon's briefs, which peeked out just above the sweatpants. Then higher, to the muscle shirt that clung to Simon's chest, and finally, his face.

Simon swallowed, his heart pounding. There was something about the way Ethan looked at him—like he was already calculating how to take Simon apart.

"I like what I see," Ethan said, his lips curving into a slow smile. "Come in."

Simon stepped inside. The apartment was warm and dimly lit. The space was small and cozy, with a sleek leather couch, a low coffee table, and a bookshelf filled with what looked like a mix of novels and... toys? Simon's eyes darted to a pair of handcuffs on the shelf, and he felt a flutter of excitement in his stomach.

Ethan closed the door behind them and walked over to the couch, sinking into it with an easy grace. He gestured for Simon to sit across from him, on a small ottoman. Simon obeyed, perching on the edge of the seat, his hands resting on his knees.

Ethan leaned back on the couch, his eyes narrowing with a playful glint as he crossed his arms over his chest. "So," he began, his voice smooth but laced with curiosity, "let's see what you chose for the underwear. Strip those sweatpants off."

Simon hesitated for a moment, his pulse quickening, then stood and slid the black sweatpants down his legs, letting them pool at his feet. The white bikini briefs hugged his hips, the fabric taut against his smooth, toned skin, his cock clearly outlined beneath the thin material.

Ethan's gaze darkened as he took in the sight, again his slow smirk spreading across his face. "Bikini briefs, huh?" he drawled with a low and teasing tone. "That's quite the choice."

Simon tilted his head, his own smirk tugging at the corners of his mouth. "You didn't specify the cut," he said. There was a hint of defiance in his steady voice. "I figured I'd make it... interesting."

Ethan chuckled, a low, rumbling sound that again excited Simon. "Oh, it's interesting alright," he said, his eyes glinting with mischief. "But interesting isn't always easy. You sure you're ready for what's next?"

Simon swallowed hard, his heart pounding in his chest, but he nodded. "Bring it on."

Ethan's smirk deepened as he reached into his pocket and pulled out the envelope from

two days ago. He held it up, letting the flicker of the dim light catch its edges. Simon's throat went dry at the sight of it, his fingers twitching with a mix of anticipation and anxiety. Ethan's voice cut through the silence, smooth yet commanding.

"Open it," Ethan said, his tone leaving no room for hesitation.

Simon's hands trembled slightly as he took the envelope, his fingertips brushing against the cool, crisp paper. He glanced up at Ethan, searching for reassurance or maybe a hint of what was inside, but Ethan's expression was unreadable—calm, expectant, and utterly in control. Simon swallowed hard, his breath shallow, and carefully peeled open the envelope.

The sound of the paper tearing seemed unnaturally loud in the quiet room. Simon pulled out the card, his eyes darting over the words written in bold, elegant script:

"Hot spring."

Simon blinked, confusion flickering across his face. His lips parted, a snarky remark already forming on his tongue. "Hot spring? What kind of—"

Ethan's voice cut him off, sharp and commanding. "Read the back."

The words hit Simon like a whip, silencing him instantly. His chest tightened as he flipped the card over, his eyes scanning the lines written there. His breath hitched as he read the description aloud, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Cum will flow," Simon read aloud, his voice trembling slightly as the words rolled off his tongue. His eyes widened as he continued, "But not only cum. Imagine the warmth of fluid, a gift given freely, as it coats your skin, slips down your throat, fills your mouth with its heady taste. Wet. Messy. A flood of sensation, a surrender to the body's deepest desires."

Ethan's smirk deepened as Simon's cheeks flushed, his breath catching in his throat. The description was vivid, almost too vivid, as if Ethan had already mapped out the scene in his mind. Simon's pulse quickened, and his hardening cock showed his arousal. He glanced up at Ethan, his lips parting as if to protest, but no words came. The possibilities hung in the air between them.

Simon's cheeks flushed a deep red, his pulse quickening as the words sank in. His mind raced, trying to process the implications, but Ethan's voice broke through his thoughts.

"Well?" Ethan said, his lips curving into a sly smile. "Do you understand what's expected of you?"

Simon hesitated, his throat tightening. His mouth suddenly dry and he licked his lips. He could feel the heat creeping up his neck.

"I... I think so," Simon stammered, his voice faltering.

Ethan leaned forward, his eyes darkening with intensity. "Good. Because tonight, you're going to experience it firsthand. Every drop. Every sensation. Every... mess."

Simon's breath hitched. He trembled with a mix of fear and excitement. The thought of it—the warmth, the fluid, the taste—was overwhelming. His mind raced, torn between doubt and curiosity. He had always set boundaries, lines he never crossed, but now... now this felt different. Ethan's calm control, his unshakable confidence, made Simon pause. Maybe this was the night to push past those limits. Maybe this was the night to discover something new, something raw and unfiltered.

He glanced down at the card again, the words blurring for a moment before snapping

back into focus. *Hot spring*. It was both a command and a promise. Simon's heart pounded, his palms slick with sweat, but there was a spark of defiance in him too. If Ethan knew what he was doing, then why not? Why not let go completely? After all, this might just be as good as any other night to surrender, to dive headfirst into the unknown and see how deep he could go.

His lips parted, a shaky breath escaping as he made his decision. He would do it. He would let Ethan guide him, break him down, and rebuild him in whatever way he saw fit. The fear was still there, sharp and gnawing, but it was overshadowed by something else—a thrill, a craving, a need to be consumed. Simon blinked, his resolve hardening as he looked up at Ethan. This was his moment. And he was ready.

Ethan leaned back, his smirk widening as he watched Simon's reactions. "Ready?"

Simon nodded, his voice barely a whisper. "Yes."

Simon's knees felt weak, but he forced himself to stay steady. He looked at Ethan, waiting for the next move.

Ethan's eyes locked onto Simon's, his voice low and commanding. "Come here," he said, gesturing toward the center of the room. Simon hesitated for a moment, his pulse quickening, then stepped forward. The moment his foot touched the flat pool on the floor, he recognized it—a shallow, soft surface designed for exactly what Ethan had in mind.

"Stand in the middle," Ethan instructed, his tone leaving no room for argument. Simon obeyed, his breath shallow as he positioned himself at the heart of the pool. The sensation beneath his feet was strange, almost like standing on a cloud.

Ethan sank back onto the couch, his posture relaxed but his gaze sharp. He leaned forward slightly, his eyes sweeping over Simon's body with a slow, deliberate scan. "Those sweatpants," he said, his voice a low drawl. "Take them off."

Simon swallowed hard, his fingers trembling as he reached for the waistband of his black sweatpants. He slid them down his legs, the fabric pooling at his feet, leaving him in the white bikini briefs, white socks, and the fitted muscle shirt. The briefs hugged his slim hips like a second skin, the fabric taut against his smooth, toned thighs. The outline of his cock was unmistakable, the material straining slightly against the bulge. His ass, small but perfectly rounded, was framed by the snug briefs, and the muscle shirt clung to his chest, revealing the faint contour of his abs beneath.

Ethan's eyes darkened as they roamed over Simon's body, lingering on the bulge in the briefs. He leaned back again, his hand sliding lazily down to his own crotch. Slowly, almost absentmindedly, he began to massage his cock through the fabric of his baggy jeans. His gaze never left Simon's, and a sly smirk tugged at the corners of his mouth.

"Good," Ethan said, his voice thick with approval. "You've got the body for this. Now, let's see if you've got the nerve."

Simon's breath hitched, his body trembling under the weight of Ethan's stare. The air between them was charged, electric, and Simon could feel the heat rising in his cheeks. He stood there, exposed and waiting, every nerve in his body on edge. Ethan's hand continued to move, a slow, deliberate rhythm.

This was it. The moment where everything would change.

Ethan's voice cut through the tension, sharp and commanding. "On your knees. Spread your legs. Hands behind your head."

Simon's breath hitched, but he obeyed without hesitation. He sank to his knees on the soft surface of the pool, the material yielding beneath him. He widened his legs, his thighs trembling slightly with the effort, and raised his hands to cradle the back of his head. His body was taut, every muscle pulled tight like a bowstring, yet there was a grace to the way he held himself. His back arched subtly, his chest pushed forward, and his hips tilted just enough to emphasize the curve of his ass. The white bikini briefs clung to him, framing every inch of his lithe frame, and the muscle shirt stretched over his chest, revealing the faint outline of his nipples.

Simon's body was on full display, and he reveled in it. The way Ethan's gaze lingered on him, hot and probing, sent a surge of pride through his veins. He knew he looked good—his smooth, toned legs spread wide, his pert ass framed perfectly by the snug white briefs, and the muscle shirt clinging to his chest like a second skin. He felt a raw, unshakable confidence. Kneeing there, sinking into the soft surface, he felt gorgeous. Ethan's stare wasn't just a command—it was an acknowledgment, and Simon held his head high, daring him to look closer. His smooth skin glowed under the dim light, his posture radiating a quiet confidence. His breaths came quick and shallow, his chest rising and falling in a rhythm that only heightened the tension in the room. His cock strained against the fabric of his briefs.

Ethan's eyes roamed over him, dark and hungry, and Simon again felt a shiver run down his spine. He knew it wouldn't be the last. The weight of Ethan's gaze was almost tangible, like a touch that seared his skin. Simon held the position, his body slightly trembling with the effort but refusing to falter. He was on display, every inch of him laid bare for Ethan's appraisal, and he relished it. The vulnerability was intoxicating, the surrender a thrill he hadn't anticipated. Simon loved it.

Ethan, his voice low and approving. "You look perfect like this."

Simon's lips curled into a faint smirk, his defiance flickering despite his submission. He knew he was playing Ethan's game, but he was playing it well. And he was ready for whatever came next.

***End of reading sample***

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**Pick Your Desire** is a seductive series exploring the depths of submission and the thrill of surrender. After discovering his true cravings in ***Awakening***, Simon embarks on a journey of sexual exploration with different men, each encounter pulling him deeper into the world of kinks and submission. From the softness of silk restraints to the pain of denial, Simon learns that true freedom lies in giving up control. Every story is a new temptation — a test of trust, vulnerability, and unfiltered desire.

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR




**Jonah Ravenshead** is a Berlin-based author known for their deeply descriptive and evocative queer erotica. Drawing inspiration from personal experiences and desires, Jonah writes in a stream of consciousness style that captures the raw, unfiltered emotions, thoughts and intimacy of their characters. With a background in the golden days of LiveJournal and Tumblr, they craft stories that explore vulnerability, trust, and the complexities of desire within queer relationships.



When not writing, Jonah enjoys Berlin's vibrant queer scene, getting lost in a good book, or savoring a strong cup of coffee.

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