

Awakening

Jonah Ravenshead



AWAKENING

READING SAMPLE

JONAH RAVENSHEAD

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CHAPTER ONE

The pounding bass shook Simon's lean body, matching the wild rhythm of his heartbeat as he lost himself in the crowd on the dance floor. The air was heavy with heat, the mix of colognes, and the unspoken thrill of what the night might bring—something that made Berlin's nightlife so magnetic. His short, blonde hair clung to his forehead, slick with sweat, while his slim frame seemed to shimmer under the flickering neon lights. Every part of him felt electric, his muscles loose and alive, his mind racing with a mix of excitement and wonder.

Simon had come to the club with no big plans—just another night of dancing with friends and maybe hooking up with someone to burn off some of that restless energy. But tonight felt different. There was something in the air, a crackling kind of vibe that made his skin tingle with excitement. It wasn't just the music or the crowd; it was something deeper, something that hovered just out of reach, waiting to be grabbed. He could feel it in every beat of the bass, in every quick glance shot across the room—a whisper of something more, something way beyond the usual.

A tall guy with a lean, defined build and a vibe of total confidence pushed his way through the dancers to stand next to Simon. His face was lit up with a sly grin, the kind that made it clear he knew exactly what he wanted. His broad shoulders and tight body were hard to ignore, and the way he moved screamed control and dominance. His eyes were sharp, locking onto Simon's with a look that said he already had him right where he wanted him. "Wanna dance?" he shouted over the pounding music, his voice cutting through the noise like a knife, steady and full of intention.

Simon's body moved instinctively to the beat, but his brain hit the brakes, a spark of discomfort flaring up. The guy was undeniably hot, his rugged charm impossible to ignore, but there was something about the way he came on strong that rubbed Simon the wrong way. He carried himself like he already owned the place—and maybe Simon too—which wasn't exactly a vibe Simon was into. Sure, Simon didn't mind being a one-night stand, but he wanted to be the one calling the shots, not the other way around. This guy? He acted like he could just waltz in and take over without even trying. And Simon wasn't about to let that slide.

Simon liked the idea of control, even when things got messy. It was what made hookups fun for him—he had to feel like he was in charge, like it was his decision. But this guy’s cocky swagger made it seem like he thought he could skip all that and go straight to the finish line. Simon’s lips twitched into a smirk as the dude got closer, hands already reaching for his hips like he had some kind of claim. *Not so fast*, Simon thought, and he wasn’t about to let him get away with it.

With a slick move, Simon caught the guy’s wrists before they could land, holding them back just enough to make his point clear. It wasn’t harsh, but it wasn’t exactly playful either—it was a boundary, and Simon wasn’t afraid to set it. He leaned in, his voice smooth but sharp, cutting through the music like a blade: “Let’s keep it to dancing, yeah?” The message was clear: Simon wasn’t just another conquest, and this guy wasn’t about to change that.

The man’s cocky smirk slipped for a second, a flash of surprise crossing his face before he shrugged and stepped back. “Whatever you say,” he muttered, giving Simon some space. But even as he moved away, his vibe stayed heavy, like he was still trying to size Simon up, testing the waters without saying a word.

Simon let out a sharp breath, his body still pulsing to the beat, but his focus was already elsewhere. This guy wasn’t it—too straightforward, too obvious. Simon was here for something that hit harder, something that made his skin crawl in the best way. The music faded into the background as his mind wandered, the encounter already turning into a distant memory.

With a smooth, practiced move, he threw out a casual, “Cool, but I need a drink,” and slid out of the guy’s reach without a second thought. The guy looked a little thrown, but not hurt—Simon had made it clear he wasn’t interested in playing it safe or boring tonight. This wasn’t about some half-assed hookup; it was about finding something that actually got under his skin.

A few minutes later, someone else caught his eye. This guy was different—less confident, more twitchy, like he wasn’t sure if he belonged. But there was something about the way he touched Simon’s waist, tentative but eager, that got Simon’s attention. They started moving together, and Simon could feel the heat building, the promise of something raw and real.

For a moment, Simon let himself get lost in the heat of the guy’s body pressed against his, their movements syncing up on the dance floor. It felt good—familiar, even. He thought about letting things go further. Another quick hookup, another name he’d probably forget by morning. It wouldn’t be the first time, and it’d probably feel just as satisfying as it always did—for a little while, at least.

But then something stopped him. The guy was sweet, no doubt about it. His eyes were soft, his smile genuine, and there was something almost endearing about how he held Simon, like he was actually into him. Normally, that’d be enough. But tonight, it wasn’t. Simon didn’t just want sweet. He didn’t just want familiar. There was a craving deep inside him, something restless and raw that gentle hands and soft words couldn’t touch.

The club felt charged, like the air itself was alive with something wild and unspoken. Simon’s skin buzzed with it, his nerves on edge in the best way. He didn’t want safe. He didn’t want easy. He wanted something that’d make his heart race and his body ache in ways he hadn’t felt before.

With a quick, “Sorry, I need a break,” Simon pulled back, leaving the guy standing there with a look of crushed hope on his face. Simon didn’t stick around to feel bad about it. His

mind was already racing, his eyes scanning the crowd for something—or someone—that'd give him what he was really after. Something that'd make the night worth remembering.

Simon kept dancing, his body moving on its own to the thumping bass, but his mind was wandering, hunting for that missing spark. His sharp blue eyes scanned the crowd, skimming over faces and bodies—some he recognized, some he didn't—until they locked onto a guy leaning against the bar. There was something about him, something hard to pin down but impossible to ignore, that made Simon stop dead in his tracks, his breath hitching just a little.

This, he thought, might be exactly what I'd been waiting for.

The guy wasn't towering or overly flashy, but he had this vibe that made him stand out. Simon pegged him around forty, though he carried himself like age didn't matter. His short brown hair framed a face that was rough but sharp, and his dark eyes were locked on Simon, so intense it felt like they were cutting right through him. When their eyes met, Simon felt a jolt, like electricity zapping through his veins, making his skin tingle. The man lifted his glass in a subtle nod, the corner of his mouth quirking into a smirk that made Simon's stomach flip.

Simon looked away fast, his face burning, and it wasn't just because of the heat in the club. It was the way the guy looked at him—like he could see every inch of him, like he already knew what Simon was thinking. It was unnerving and exciting all at once. Simon felt like he was under a fucking spotlight, every move, every breath, suddenly hyper-aware. The man's gaze was heavy, almost physical, like he'd reached through the chaos of the club and pulled Simon into his own little world. It was flattering and Simon couldn't decide if he wanted to run or lean into it.

Determined to shake off the intensity of the moment, Simon threw himself back into the music, his body moving with wild, unapologetic abandon. The bass pounded through him, drowning out the noise in his head, but he couldn't shake the awareness that this man's eyes had been on him. Every roll of his hips, every flick of his wrists felt like it was for him now, even if Simon hadn't meant it that way. It was like his body was putting on a show, something raw and undeniable, and he couldn't stop himself even if he wanted to.

When he finally dared to glance back toward the bar, the man was gone. A sharp pang of disappointment hit him, but Simon shrugged it off, trying to play it cool. *Why should I care?* he thought, but deep down, he knew it wasn't that simple. Before he could get too tangled up in his thoughts, a voice cut through the noise of the club, low and smooth, but with an edge that sent a shiver down his spine.

"Great dancing."

Simon turned to face him, the man now standing so close it felt like the air around them had shifted. Up close, he was even more striking—sharp jawline, intense dark eyes, and a silver chain resting against his chest that caught the light every time he moved. He smelled like leather and something musky, something that made Simon's pulse quicken, his skin buzzing with anticipation.

"Thanks," Simon replied, his voice steady, but his eyes gave him away. They locked onto the man's, a mix of curiosity and defiance flashing in them, like he was daring him to make the next move. *What's your play?* Simon thought, his body already leaning into the tension between them. He wasn't sure what he wanted yet, but he knew this was something different, something that could get under his skin in the best way.

Josh stepped in closer, the space between them almost gone, the heat of his body pulling Simon in like a magnet. The bass throbbed in time with Simon's racing heart, each thud echoing through him like a warning—or maybe an invitation. "I'm Josh," he said, his voice low, smooth, but with a bite underneath that made Simon's skin prickle. It wasn't just the sound of it—it was the way he said it, every word deliberate, every syllable heavy with meaning. Like it wasn't just a name—it was a promise, a threat, *something*. Josh was *right there*, his presence thick and heavy, wrapping around Simon like the club's sticky air but hotter, more intense. It wasn't just how Josh looked at him—sharp, hungry, like he could see right through every wall Simon had put up—it was how he stood there, like the room itself shifted to make room for him. Like he owned it. Like he *owned Simon*, and Simon hadn't even said a word yet.

Simon felt a shiver snake down his spine, his body reacting before his brain could catch up. Josh's eyes—dark, unblinking, like they could see every secret Simon had ever kept—stayed locked on his, refusing to let go. It wasn't just how hot he was, though that was undeniable. It was the way he looked at Simon, like he knew exactly what he wanted and wasn't going to stop until he got it. His voice was soft, almost sweet, but there was an edge to it, a roughness that made Simon's gut tighten. *Dangerous*, that's what it was. And Simon couldn't look away.

The smell of him hit Simon then—leather and sweat and something wild, something that made his mouth water and his nerves light up. It was *too much*, and Simon's body reacted like it was wired to it, like it had been waiting for this exact moment. His stomach twisted, his pulse spiked, and something deep inside him stirred, hungry and wanting and way too ready. Josh wasn't just hot—he was a fucking force, and Simon was already caught in it.

Josh moved in even closer, closing the gap between them until the air practically sizzled with tension. Simon could feel the heat rolling off Josh's body, and his mind went wild imagining what those hands would feel like on his skin, what it'd be like to have Josh's breath—hot and heavy—pressing against him. The thought hit him like a punch to the gut, leaving him wired and shaky, a mix of want and nerves that made his heart race.

His chest heaved, the beat of the music barely keeping pace with the way his pulse was hammering. The space between them felt alive, crackling with energy that lit up every inch of Simon's body. His short blonde hair stuck to his forehead, slick with sweat from hours of dancing, and his slim frame glowed under the club's neon lights. He felt *hot*, his body loose and buzzing, every nerve on high alert. This wasn't like the usual flings—this felt bigger, sharper, and the thrill of it sent a jolt through him.

Josh's eyes raked over Simon's body, slow and deliberate, like he was memorizing every detail—the dip of his waist, the way his shirt clung to his damp skin, the way his chest rose and fell as he caught his breath. There was something in that look, something hungry and *dangerous*, that made Simon's stomach clench. Fear and desire twisted together, leaving him breathless.

"You've got something about you," Josh said, his voice low and rough, every word heavy with meaning. It wasn't just a throwaway line—it felt like Josh was seeing something in him, something Simon hadn't even realized was there. The way he said it, calm but charged, sent a

shiver down Simon's spine. It wasn't just a compliment; it was a *promise*, and Simon felt it deep in his gut.

Simon's neck flushed hot at the compliment—measured, deliberate, not the over-the-top flattery he'd heard a million times before. Josh's tone had an edge to it, like he was testing Simon, poking to see how he'd react. It wasn't just a compliment; it was a challenge, a little shove to see if Simon would bite or back off.

"It's... intriguing," Simon shot back, keeping his voice cool even though his pulse was hammering. He arched a brow, his lips curling into a cocky smirk. "That's one way to put it."

Josh's mouth twitched, a hint of a smile playing on his lips, like he was holding back more than he was letting on. "It's rare," he said, his tone casual but his gaze anything but. "Most people don't have that kind of confidence. You do. It's... refreshing."

The air between them got heavier, the noise of the club fading into a dull buzz. Simon felt like Josh wasn't just looking at him—he was seeing him, stripping him down, peeling back layers Simon didn't even know he had.

"I'm not sure I've ever met anyone like you before," Josh murmured, his voice low and smooth, sending shivers racing down Simon's spine. "Most people just go with the flow, but you... you seem to call the shots."

The comment hung between them, thick and loaded. Simon felt a mix of excitement and nerves churn in his gut. He cocked his head, his blue eyes bright with a bratty spark as he locked eyes with Josh.

"Maybe I am," Simon shot back, his voice casual but with a sharp edge. "Guess you'll have to see for yourself."

Josh's smile widened, a flash of amusement lighting up his dark eyes. For a beat, neither said a word, the tension between them buzzing like live wire. It was clear—something had shifted, something neither could pretend wasn't there.

Simon felt a rush as Josh's words hit him, his bratty side taking over. "Maybe you should've come over earlier," he taunted, his tone dripping with playful defiance.

Josh let out a low chuckle, the sound rumbling and deep—and Simon swore it made his legs wobble. "Maybe I liked watching you," Josh said, his hand grazing Simon's arm in a move that felt casual but loaded.

Simon's smirk grew, his eyes flashing with a mix of challenge and curiosity. "Careful," he teased, his voice edged with a wicked gleam. "Keep staring too long, and you might just get burned."

Josh's eyes darkened, a hungry, possessive glint flashing in them. "Oh, I don't mind a little heat," he said, his voice low and rough, like he was savoring every word. "In fact, I fucking love it."

Simon's breath caught, his chest tightening as the air around them seemed to thicken, crackling with unspoken tension. *This*, he thought, *is exactly what I've been waiting for*. The challenge, the raw intensity—it was all there, and Simon wasn't about to let it slip away.

When Josh's fingers brushed against his arm, it was light, almost accidental, but it sent a jolt straight through Simon's body. It wasn't just the touch—it was the *way* Josh touched him, like he already owned him, like he knew exactly what Simon wanted. The heat of it burned through him, leaving him shaky and wired.

Their bodies moved together, hips grinding, skin brushing in ways that made Simon's head spin. The music pulsed around them, but it felt distant, drowned out by the heavy rhythm of their breathing. Simon couldn't look away from Josh, those dark eyes holding him captive, stripping him down piece by piece. Josh's confidence was intoxicating, his dominance like a drug Simon couldn't get enough of. It was too much and not enough all at once, and Simon felt himself teetering on the edge, wanting to give in but not quite ready to let go.

The beat slowed, the club fading into a blur as Josh's voice cut through the noise, deep and commanding. "You think you'll find what you're looking for tonight?" he asked, his gaze sharp, like he was digging into Simon's soul. It was invasive, exposing, and Simon felt stripped bare under that stare.

For a second, Simon's cocky mask slipped. "I... don't know," he admitted, his voice barely above a whisper, fragile and honest in a way he didn't expect. It was dangerous, letting Josh see him like this, but it also sent a thrill shooting through him. Josh *saw* him, in a way no one else had, and it was terrifying and exhilarating all at once. Simon felt unraveled, exposed, and he couldn't decide if he wanted to pull away or lean in even closer.

Josh's eyes went dark, glinting with something raw and hungry. "What if I could give you something more? Something that'd hit you right where you need it?" His voice was low, rough, and full of meaning, like it was teasing Simon with promises he didn't even know he wanted.

Simon's breath hitched, his body moving closer without thinking, like Josh was pulling him in with some invisible force. His lips almost grazed Josh's ear, the near touch sending a shiver down his spine that made his legs feel weak.

Josh's hand slid down Simon's back, his fingers tracing the curve of his spine with a touch that was soft but sure, like he already owned every inch of him. Every nerve in Simon's body lit up, his skin buzzing with need.

Simon's head spun, his thoughts a messy tangle of wanting and not knowing what to do. He'd had plenty of hookups—quick, empty things that left him satisfied for a minute but craving more in the end. But this? This was different. The restlessness that had been eating at him all night finally made sense. It wasn't just about getting off or finding some warm body to press against. He wanted something *real*, something wild that'd set him on fire from the inside out.

It hit Simon like a punch—Josh wasn't just here for a quick fuck. The way he looked at Simon, so intense and knowing, made Simon feel like Josh could see right through him. Not just his body or his moves, but the stuff he kept hidden, the stuff he didn't even like to think about. There was a hunger in Josh's eyes that matched Simon's own, and it was impossible to ignore. The air around them felt electric, charged with something hot and dangerous as they moved together, each step pulling them closer in a dance that was about more than just the music.

The idea was thrilling. Dangerous. And yet, it felt right. Simon had been chasing it all night, through half-assed flirting and soft smiles, and now here it was—Josh. A man who wasn't just offering a quick fuck, but something *more*. Something that could wreck him and piece him back together in ways he didn't even know he needed. Simon wanted it. No, he craved it. He needed to know what it felt like to let go, to hand over control, to let someone else show him the parts of himself he hadn't dared to touch.

Josh wasn't just sexy—he had this raw, primal energy that dug deep into Simon's gut. As they stood there, eyes locked, Simon's pulse went wild, his skin buzzing with excitement and a shiver of fear. He knew this was risky, but fuck, he didn't care. The pull was too strong, too magnetic. Every inch of his body was tuned into Josh, his breath quick, his skin hot. He was strung tight, waiting for whatever was about to happen.

Simon's heart pounded, loud and fast, matching the chaos in his head. He was ready—ready to jump into the unknown, ready to take the risk. Ready for Josh. The man's quiet dominance, that hungry look in his eyes, the unspoken promise of something wild—it all mixed into a dizzying cocktail of want and fear that made Simon's knees weak. He was teetering on the edge, and part of him already wanted to fall.

But before Simon could fully process what was happening, Josh stepped back, a sly smirk tugging at his lips. "Think about it," he said, his voice low and commanding, like it wasn't just a suggestion—it was an order. He pulled a small folded note from his pocket and pressed it into Simon's palm, his fingers brushing against Simon's in a way that sent a jolt straight up his arm.

Simon's hands shook as he unfolded the paper, his eyes scanning the messy scrawl. An address. A time. Nothing else. The simplicity made it feel even hotter, like some secret, forbidden thing he wasn't supposed to see.

When he looked up, Josh was gone—swallowed by the crowd spilling out onto the street. Simon stood there, alone, the note clenched tight in his hand, his mind racing. Excitement and nerves twisted together, sending sparks through his body. His thoughts spiraled with possibilities, each one hotter and more reckless than the last.

The rest of the night melted into a blur of neon and bass, but Simon wasn't really there. He was stuck in his head, replaying Josh's voice, the weight of his stare, the way his fingers had lingered when he handed over that note. Simon sat at the bar, sipping on something strong enough to take the edge off but not enough to dull the buzz in his veins. He wasn't drunk—he was wired, his body humming, his mind racing. That note in his pocket felt alive, like a dare, like a secret he wasn't supposed to keep. It wasn't just a piece of paper; it was a promise. One that teased him with the idea of letting go, of diving into something he didn't even know he wanted.

And Simon, clutching that note like it might slip through his fingers, knew he was going to show up.

His skin felt too tight, his chest heaving like he'd been running. Josh's voice echoed in his head, low and rough, sending sparks shooting down his spine. Simon couldn't shake it—the hunger, the *need* for something to quiet the chaos in his head. Josh's offer was hot, sure, but Friday felt like a lifetime away. Simon needed something *now*, something raw and easy, something to take the edge off.

His sharp blue eyes scanned the crowd, cutting through the sweat and chaos until they landed on Tim. Tim wasn't the kind of guy who turned heads, but there was something about him—something quiet but magnetic. His messy brown hair framed his face in a way that screamed "just rolled out of bed," and the curve of his lips was almost smug, like he knew some private joke no one else got. Simon couldn't look away. Tim wasn't flashy, but he had this vibe that pulled Simon in, hard and fast.

Tim's body was lean, wiry, like he'd never seen the inside of a gym but still knew how to

move. He flowed through the crowd like he belonged there, his movements loose and natural, like he didn't give a damn what anyone thought. There was something about him—something calm but strong, like he didn't need to prove shit to anyone. Simon's eyes dropped to Tim's hands—slender but solid, the kind of hands that could handle him. *Could he fuck me hard?* Simon wondered, his mind already racing. *Could he make me forget Josh for the rest of this night, make me stop thinking, just feel?*

Without hesitation, Simon stepped up, his usual cocky smirk plastered on his face. He leaned in close, his voice low but sharp enough to cut through the bass. "Hey," he said, his tone teasing but with a bite. "You've been staring at me all night. What's the deal? You shy, or just really into what you see?"

The words hung between them, heavy with flirting and a little edge. Simon's eyes stayed locked on Tim's, his smirk daring him to take the bait. The energy between them was electric, simmering just under the surface. Simon wasn't here for hearts and hand-holding—he wanted raw, messy, something to drown out the noise in his head. And Tim? With that quiet strength and easy vibe, he looked like he could deliver.

Tim's gaze locked onto Simon's for a beat, a flicker of surprise crossing his face before a slow grin spread across it. His lips curved, sharp and playful, like he'd just heard the best joke. His voice was rough, warm, like he'd been shouting over the music or maybe just feeling the beat in his bones.

"You've got this... *vibe*," Tim said, his voice low and husky, just barely audible over the pounding bass. The words were soft but loaded, like they'd been sitting in his chest all night. "Kinda hard not to stare."

Simon's smirk widened, his eyebrow cocking in a challenge. "Vibe, huh?" he shot back, his tone dripping with cocky charm. "That's one way to say it. So, what are you gonna do about it?" His words were a dare, a push, his blue eyes glinting with mischief as they bored into Tim's. Simon wasn't the kind of guy to wait around—he was here to call the shots, and he wasn't about to let Tim forget it.

Tim let out a deep chuckle, the sound rolling through him like a slow beat, and moved in closer. The nearness sparked something in Simon, but it wasn't electric—it was warm, steady, like slipping into a pair of old shoes. Tim was safe, familiar, no surprises. Simon's thoughts raced. Maybe he didn't need the wild, all-consuming heat Josh had promised. Maybe a simple night with Tim would do the trick—a quick way to blow off steam and quiet the storm in his head.

But even as he thought it, something inside him whispered that comfortable wasn't enough. Josh's offer teased him like a dare he couldn't shake. Simon wanted something raw, something that'd push him to the edge and make him scream. Still, his body ached for release, even if it wasn't the kind that'd leave him broken and breathless.

"Take me home," Simon said, his voice low and rough, barely audible over the club's bass. He leaned in, his lips brushing Tim's ear, his tone leaving no doubt what he wanted. "Show me what you can do."

For a second, Tim's eyes flashed with something—curiosity, heat, maybe even a flicker of surprise at Simon's boldness. But then it was gone, replaced by that *easy grin* of his. It wasn't

Josh's kind of control, Simon noted—no, this was softer, safer. Still, it made his pulse jump, even if it didn't set him on fire.

"Your place or mine?" Tim asked, his voice teasing but with a hint of seriousness that twisted Simon's gut. The question hung there, a challenge and an invitation all at once. Simon realized then that Tim wasn't all laid-back—there was a spark there, maybe not bright, but it was there, and Simon wondered if he could stoke it into something hotter.

Simon tilted his head, his smirk widening as he made his choice. "Yours," he said, his voice steady even as his body betrayed him. There was a thrill in the decision, a mix of excitement and a tiny flicker of fear. He wanted to let go, to lose himself in the moment, even if it wasn't with Josh's kind of intensity.

"Think you can keep up with me?" Simon teased, his voice husky and low as he closed the distance between them, his body almost flush against Tim's. The air around them felt charged, like the static before a storm, and Simon could feel Tim's energy shift—that laid-back vibe turning a little sharper, more focused. For a second, Simon almost believed this was exactly what he needed. Tim wasn't Josh, and maybe that was the point. He wasn't dangerous, wasn't the kind of guy who could fuck Simon's head just as hard as his body. But he could still give Simon what he wanted—a quick, hard fuck, no strings attached.

As they left the club, Simon shoved his thoughts to the back of his mind. Tonight wasn't about overthinking—it was about letting go, losing himself in the heat of the moment. If Tim couldn't deliver, well, Josh's note was still burning a hole in his pocket.

But when they stumbled into Tim's dim apartment, the spark Simon had hoped for never really caught. Tim's hands roamed over Simon's body, but it felt aimless, like he was just going through the motions. Simon lay back on the bed, his small, round ass barely shifting under Tim's touch. The room was lit by the faint glow of a streetlamp outside, casting a dull, yellowish light over everything. There was no fire, no passion—just two bodies tangled together in a way that felt more like a habit than anything else.

Simon rolled his eyes, his bratty side taking over. *Is this it?* he thought, smirking faintly. *Guess I'll have to do something about it myself.*

Tim's kisses were eager but sloppy, his lips pressing against Simon's like he was trying too hard to make it count. Simon tilted his head back, his body arching on instinct, but his mind was already wandering. It kept drifting back to Josh—to those dark eyes that seemed to see right through him, to that low, rough voice that still echoed in his head. "A night where you don't have to think," Josh had said. That's what Simon wanted—something deep, something that could consume him. Not this half-assed mess of limbs and sweat.

Tim's hands clumsily worked their way down Simon's slim body, tugging at the waistband of his jeans. Simon let out a soft sigh, helping to shove them off, his movements lazy, his mind still stuck on Josh. Tim's cock was already hard, pressing insistently against Simon's thigh, but even that felt boring, like it was just one more thing to check off the list. Simon spread his legs, the smooth, flushed skin of his own half-hard cock twitching as Tim's fingers brushed against it. But the touch was empty, lifeless, no real hunger behind it. It was just... there. A placeholder for something better.

When Tim finally pushed into him, Simon let out a soft moan, more out of habit than anything else. It wasn't bad—he was tight, and the stretch sent a familiar jolt through him—but it was nothing special. Tim's thrusts were steady, predictable, his breath hot and messy against Simon's neck as he moved. Simon wrapped his legs around Tim's waist, his heels digging into the small of Tim's back as he tried to find something—anything—to grab onto, something to make this feel real. But it was all surface-level, shallow. His body responded, the friction stirring a low hum of sensation, but his mind was somewhere else entirely.

Simon closed his eyes, pretending it was Josh on top of him instead—Josh's rough hands gripping his hips, those dark, hungry eyes locking onto his, that commanding voice growling promises that made his skin crawl in the best way. The thought sparked a flicker of something real, a heat pooling low in his belly. But it didn't last, shattered by Tim's clumsy movements, his grunts of effort filling the small, dim room. Frustration prickled under Simon's skin, a restless ache that wouldn't quit. He needed more, something to make this feel less empty, even if he knew it wasn't coming from Tim.

With a sudden burst of energy, Simon pushed Tim onto his back, straddling him. Tim's eyes widened in surprise, his hands instinctively gripping Simon's hips like he was afraid to let go. Simon sank down onto him, his small, round ass pressing against Tim's thighs as he started to move. He rocked his hips, trying to find a rhythm, trying to pull some kind of spark from the dull, mechanical friction. But it felt hollow. Tim's hands were lazy, his eyes half-lidded with pleasure but with no real connection. Simon's body moved, but his heart wasn't in it.

He tried to focus on the sensation, the way Tim's cock filled him, the way his own muscles clenched around it. But it was all so... routine. No spark, no fire. Just a monotonous drag that barely registered. Simon's mind wandered again, back to Josh, back to the promise of something more. He clenched around Tim, hoping for some kind of reaction, anything to make this feel less like going through the motions. Tim groaned, his hands tightening for a second before going slack again, his rhythm never changing.

C'mon, give me something, Simon thought, his frustration building. He leaned in, his blonde hair messy in his face as he tried to kiss Tim, but it was uncoordinated, their lips barely meeting. Tim's breath was warm, sure, but it didn't have that *heat* Simon craved. He pulled back, chest heaving, and glared down at Tim. "Flip me over," he snapped, his voice sharp with impatience.

Tim blinked, looking confused for a second before nodding. His hands fumbled as he helped Simon onto his stomach. Simon knelt on the bed, his ass raised, the dim light from the streetlamp outside casting a faint glow on his skin. Tim's hands gripped Simon's hips again, and then he was pushing back inside, his cock sliding into Simon like it was nothing special. Simon bit his lip, his body reacting out of habit, but it still felt *empty*. Tim's thrusts were steady, his breath hot on Simon's neck, but there was no passion, no *urgency*. Just the same boring rhythm, over and over.

Simon closed his eyes, gripping the sheets, trying to lose himself in it. But it was no use. He could feel Tim moving inside him, his cock dragging against his walls in a way that should've been electric but felt muted, like a spark that couldn't catch. *This is what it's always like*, he thought, bitterness creeping in. Casual, forgettable, uninspired.

When Tim finally came with a low groan, his hips stuttering as he spilled inside Simon,

Simon just lay there, chest rising and falling, staring at the wall, his own cock still soft and untouched between his legs. Tim's cum pooled inside him, a reminder of an encounter that left him feeling empty, not fulfilled. As Tim pulled out and flopped onto the bed, already half-asleep, Simon didn't even bother saying anything. He stared at the ceiling, his body feeling used but not in the way he wanted. No satisfaction, no release—not even the quick buzz of an orgasm to take the edge off. *What's the point?* he thought bitterly. His cock didn't twitch with the usual post-sex ache, and he didn't even care enough to jerk himself off. It was the first time he didn't want to cum. Not that he couldn't—he just... didn't care.

He lay there in the silence, the room heavy with the faint smell of sweat and sex, and realized how *uninspired* it all felt. His body was still buzzing with unmet desire, but it wasn't for Tim. Simon felt hollow, like he'd been left dry. This wasn't what he wanted. Not anymore.

His mind snapped back to Josh, to the note still tucked in his pocket. The promise of something *more*. The promise of a night where he wouldn't have to think. The promise of a fire that wouldn't leave him cold.

As Simon shuffled through the quiet streets of Berlin, the note in his pocket burned like a secret he couldn't ignore. He pulled it out, the paper catching the dull light of the streetlamps, and unfolded it with shaky fingers. The scribbled address and time stared back at him, bold and unapologetic. Next Friday. His heart kicked up a notch, and his mind raced with what-ifs that made his skin tingle.

He pictured Josh—compact and ripped, his tattoos of occult symbols hinting at something dark and mysterious. Those sharp eyes that seemed to peel Simon apart like he was nothing but skin and bone. Simon imagined Josh's hands—rough but sure—sliding up his thighs, gripping his hips hard enough to leave marks. He could almost feel the heat of Josh's mouth on his neck, the scrape of stubble sending shivers straight to his cock. Just the thought made him ache, hot and needy.

Josh's voice echoed in his head, low and commanding, every word a demand that made Simon's knees weak. "You're mine tonight," he'd say, the words thick with possession. Simon could almost feel the weight of it, like Josh was already pressing him into the mattress. He imagined Josh pinning him against a wall, their bodies so close he could feel every hard line of muscle. "You're going to take everything I give you," Josh would growl, and Simon would nod, wrecked before it even started.

His mind went wild, imagining Josh peeling off his clothes—slow, like he was unwrapping something precious. Those hands would glide over him, teasing his nipples until they were hard and sensitive, every touch a claim. Simon pictured Josh's mouth crashing into his, the kiss deep and hungry, leaving him breathless. He even thought about Josh guiding his hands, making him touch himself while those dark eyes watched, hungry and relentless.

The fantasies got hotter, messier. He thought about Josh's fingers brushing his cock, teasing him until he was squirming. But Simon's imagination stopped short of the darker stuff, the things Josh had hinted at, the things that made his stomach twist with both fear and want. It was a mystery, dangerous, but it pulled him in anyway.

He *needed* it—bad. It wasn't just a want anymore; it was a full-blown craving, like a hunger clawing at his guts. The thought of giving up control, of letting someone like Josh take the reins, made his blood boil, a cocktail of fear and excitement that left him shaky. But even though the idea fucking *terrified* him, he couldn't shake it. Doubt crept in, gnawing at the edges of his mind, but it wasn't enough to stop the pull.

What was it about Josh that got under his skin like that? It wasn't just the promise of getting off—though, fuck, that was a big part of it. No, it was deeper, darker. It was the way Josh had looked at him, like he could see all the fucked-up shit Simon kept buried. *A night where you don't have to think*. Those words kept echoing in his head, simple but loaded. It wasn't just about handing over the keys; it was about what Josh would do with them, what parts of him he'd dig up, how far he'd push.

Simon's mind raced with images—Josh's hands on him, rough and demanding, his voice low and commanding, making him feel exposed but *wanted*. But there was more to it, something he couldn't quite put into words. It was a hunger for the raw, the unfiltered, the parts of himself he'd never dared to touch. And yeah, it scared the shit out of him.

He wanted it. Wanted it so bad it hurt, a need that felt almost *sick*. But could he really do it? Could he let go, let someone like Josh take over in a way he'd never allowed before? Josh was a stranger, after all, someone who felt more dangerous than anyone he'd ever met. But that was part of the thrill, wasn't it?

The answers were slippery, hard to pin down. But as he walked through the empty streets, the note crumpled in his hand, one thing was fucking clear: he was going to find out. Whatever Josh had in store, whatever Simon was so desperate for, he was going to face it. Even if it terrified him. *Especially* if it terrified him.

The note felt heavy in his hand, like it was alive. He folded it carefully, the edges sharp against his skin, and tucked it back into his pocket. Next Friday couldn't come fast enough.

CHAPTER TWO

The week crawled by at a snail's pace for Simon. Every day at his boring admin job felt like torture, his mind constantly drifting to the steamy promise of Friday night with Josh. He'd catch himself zoning out, staring at his computer screen, lost in filthy fantasies of what Josh might do to him. These thoughts were so vivid, so dirty, that they left Simon squirming in his seat, his body buzzing with pent-up need.

One afternoon, during a meeting that seemed to drag on forever, Simon's imagination went wild. He pictured Josh standing over him, those sharp eyes locking onto his with a look that made Simon's cock twitch. In his head, Josh started undressing him, hands firm and demanding, peeling off his clothes like he owned him. Simon imagined the cold clink of handcuffs snapping around his wrists, pinning him down, helpless. Josh would lean in close, his breath hot and teasing against Simon's ear, whispering filthy commands in that deep, bossy voice that made Simon's knees weak. The thought alone had Simon biting his lip, his body on fire.

Simon shifted in his seat, his hard cock pressing uncomfortably against the fabric of his pants. He tried to squeeze his thighs together to ease the ache, but it was no use. His mind was a mess of dirty images—Josh towering over him, his voice low and commanding, telling Simon exactly what to do. He imagined himself on his knees, begging, desperate to please, and the thought made his cock throb so hard he could barely think straight.

By the time the meeting finally ended, Simon was a wreck. His thoughts had spiraled into a full-blown horny frenzy, leaving him so turned on he could barely walk straight. He muttered some excuse and bolted out of the room, his steps shaky as he rushed to the bathroom. Once inside, he locked himself in a stall, his hands trembling as he unzipped his pants. His cock was already leaking, hard and aching, a bead of precum glistening at the tip.

He didn't even need to touch himself. Just the thought of Josh's voice, telling him how to be good, was enough to push him over the edge. His breath hitched as the tension in his balls coiled tighter, his body trembling with the need to let go. And then it hit him—a wave of pleasure so intense it felt like his body was exploding. He came with a muffled groan, biting his lip to

keep quiet. His cock pulsed hard, shooting thick ropes of cum into his underwear, soaking them and slicking his thighs.

For a moment, Simon was lost in it. The release was electric, a flood of relief that made his whole body shake. His chest heaved as he tried to catch his breath, his legs wobbly and weak. He leaned hard against the stall door, his forehead pressed to the cool metal, as the aftershocks of his orgasm rolled through him. It was messy, quick, and totally imperfect, but in that moment, it was exactly what he needed.

But as the pleasure haze started to wear off, Simon felt the weight of reality smack him hard in the face. His cheeks burned red-hot with embarrassment as he looked down at the mess he'd just made. *What the fuck is wrong with me?* he thought, his mind racing like crazy. Here he was, a grown-ass man, jerking off in a fucking bathroom stall at work because he couldn't stop thinking about some guy he'd barely even talked to. It was humiliating, *degrading*, and yet... deep down, a part of him *wanted it*. Wanted Josh, wanted the way the guy had made him feel—like he was just a toy, something to be used and controlled.

Simon cleaned himself up fast, his hands shaky as he scrubbed at his sticky thighs and pulled his pants back up. The shame stuck to him like glue, no matter how hard he tried to shake it off. He felt *raw*, like he'd just exposed some fucked-up part of himself he didn't even know existed. And yet, under all that guilt, there was this little spark of excitement that wouldn't go away. Friday couldn't come soon enough.

He splashed cold water on his face at the sink, hoping it would snap him back to reality. But his body was still buzzing, his cock half-hard even after he'd just cum. His cheeks were flushed, his lips swollen, and his breath still came in short bursts. He stared at his reflection in the mirror, hating how wrecked he looked. "Get it together, Simon," he muttered under his breath, but it was easier said than done. Josh had woken something up inside him—something *wild*, something *hungry*—and it scared the shit out of him.

Part of him wanted to dive headfirst into whatever Josh had planned, to let the guy take control and break him down. But the other part of him was fucking terrified. What if he couldn't handle it? What if he wasn't good enough? The questions swirled in his head, unanswered, as he straightened his clothes and headed back to his desk. His body still tingled with the aftermath of his release, his dick twitching at the thought of what was coming next.

The next day, Simon sat in the break room, the harsh glare of the fluorescent lights doing nothing to keep his mind from wandering. His thoughts kept circling back to Josh—how those sharp eyes had eaten him alive in the club, like they could see right through his clothes. A shiver ran down his spine, and his dick stirred in his pants. Fuck. His imagination went wild, playing out filthy scenes he couldn't shake. Josh's hands, rough and demanding, sliding down his chest, stopping just above the waistband of his pants. That deep, bossy voice growled in his head, "*You're going to be good for me, aren't you, Simon?*"

Simon's breath hitched, his cock twitching and starting to swell. He tried to focus on the sad sandwich in front of him, but it was no use. His dick was already half-hard, and the pressure was building fast. His hand clenched under the table, and he shifted in his seat, trying to ease

the ache. His thighs pressed together, it did not help but it only made it worse. His cock was fully hard now, straining against his pants, so tight it almost hurt. The need to touch himself was fucking unbearable, but he couldn't. Not here. Not with the risk of someone walking in.

The heat in his groin was overwhelming, his dick throbbing with every heartbeat. Simon fidgeted, his squirms and jerks only making him more aware of how fucking horny he was. He could feel the wet spot forming at the tip of his cock, his underwear already damp. His breath came in short, shaky gasps, his body trembling with the effort of holding back. *I need to cum*, he thought, desperate. The tension in his balls was a tight coil, ready to snap. In his head, he saw Josh's hand—big, rough, perfect—gripping his cock, stroking him hard and fast. That voice, dark and commanding, whispered, "*Come for me, Simon. Let go.*" The thought was enough. With a sharp gasp, Simon came, his release spilling hot and sticky into his underwear, coating his skin.

Fuck, he thought, his heart racing. The mess clinging to his cock was a reminder of how little control he had. Cleaning up was annoying, his movements stiff as he pulled his pants back into place. He stood up fast, his damp underwear a constant, uncomfortable reminder of what he'd just done. As he walked back to his desk, the sticky wetness rubbed against him, making it impossible to forget.

But even with the mess, even with the lack of control, there was a part of him that was fucking thrilled. The way his body reacted to just thinking about Josh was a rush he hadn't felt in forever. *Friday can't come soon enough*, he thought, his chest tight with anticipation. The idea of giving in completely, of letting Josh take control, scared the shit out of him—and turned him the fuck on. It was a need he couldn't ignore anymore.



A few days later, Simon was stuck in another boring-as-hell work meeting, and no matter how hard he tried to focus, his mind kept drifting back to Josh. It wasn't like he could help it—the fantasies were fucking relentless, creeping into his head like a dirty whisper he couldn't shut out. They wrapped around him, tight and possessive, like Josh's hands would when he finally got his hands on him. Simon could picture it so vividly: Josh standing behind him, his body hot and pressed against Simon's back, his breath heavy and wet against Simon's neck. The thought of Josh's lips brushing his skin, teasing him with promises of how dirty it could get, made Simon's cock twitch in his pants. He could almost feel the weight of Josh's hands on his shoulders, grounding him, *owning* him, and it sent sparks shooting straight to his dick. Even the way Simon imagined Josh's cologne—dark, musky, and fucking intoxicating—seemed to fill the stale air of the meeting room, making it impossible to think about anything else.

His cock throbbed, the ache slow and insistent, and Simon shifted in his seat, trying to get some relief. The fabric of his pants rubbed against his hard-on, the friction maddening but so fucking good. *Fuck*, he cursed silently, clenching his jaw to keep from showing how turned on he was. This wasn't like him. Simon wasn't the kind of guy who got hard at the drop of a hat—he was usually the one in control, the one who decided who deserved his attention. But Josh? Josh had flipped the script. He'd crawled under Simon's skin and planted himself deep in his thoughts, and Simon hated how much he fucking loved it.

The heat in his body built up, unrelenting, like a fire that wouldn't quit. His cock was fully hard now, straining against his pants, the fabric pressing tight against him, driving him insane. He squeezed his thighs together, trying to keep it under control, but it only made it worse, the pressure building and building until he could barely breathe. *I need to cum*, he thought desperately, his breath hitching. *I need to fucking cum right now*. His mind went straight to Josh's hand—big, rough, and perfect—wrapping around his dick, stroking him hard and fast. That deep, bossy voice whispered in his ear, "*Let go for me, Simon. Come for me.*" Just the thought of it had Simon trembling, so close to the edge he could taste it.

But he couldn't touch himself. Not here. Not in the middle of a goddamn work meeting. The frustration was unbearable, a tight knot in his chest that was ready to burst. He wanted to scream, to rip his clothes off and finally, finally get the release he'd been craving for days. He wanted it to be Josh—Josh's hands, Josh's voice, Josh's control. It had to be Josh. Anything else would feel like a cheap imitation, and Simon wasn't about to settle for less.

And then, without warning, it happened. The tension in his body coiled tighter and tighter until it snapped. Simon came with a silent, shuddering gasp, his release soaking through his underwear and into his pants. *Fuck*, he thought, his face burning with a mix of shame and frustration. He hated the sticky, wet mess against his cock, the way it clung to him, a humiliating reminder of how little control he had. The dampness was impossible to ignore, a fucking testament to how Josh had taken over his body and mind.

Simon's thoughts turned bitter as he sat there, trapped in his own humiliation. *This isn't me*, he thought, his jaw clenched. *I don't just get hard for anyone. I don't cum in my pants like some horny teenager*. He was supposed to be the one in charge, the one who called the shots. But Josh... Josh had ripped that control right out of his hands. Josh had made him weak, and Simon hated how much he fucking craved it.

He shifted in his seat again, the wetness feeling unbearable. He hated that it wasn't Josh's hand that had made him cum, that it wasn't Josh who had pushed him over the edge. It felt like a betrayal, like he'd given in to something second-rate when he should've waited for the real thing. *Fuck you, Josh*, he thought, even though a part of him ached for the man who had completely taken over his mind. Friday still couldn't come soon enough.

At home, Simon flopped onto the couch, the TV's dull hum doing fuck-all to stop his horny brain from circling back to Josh. Those dark eyes, that voice—it was like Josh had crawled into his head and set up camp. Simon's cock twitched in his sweatpants, the friction of the fabric making him groan. He couldn't fight it anymore. His hand slid down his chest, teasing his nipples through his shirt before he yanked it off and tossed it aside. His other hand palmed his cock through the sweatpants, the pressure sending a jolt of heat straight to his balls. In one quick move, he kicked off the sweatpants and his yellow boxers, his dick bouncing free, hard and leaking.

His cock was thick and throbbing, a wet bead of precum already glistening at the tip. He wrapped his fingers around it, his own touch feeling too rough, too basic. He squeezed his eyes shut and pretended it was Josh's hand instead—strong, commanding, fucking ruthless. Just the

thought made his dick twitch. Simon's other hand dropped lower, cupping his balls, rolling them gently as he pumped his cock, his hips bucking into his fist. He started slow, teasing, but the more he imagined Josh's voice growling dirty shit in his ear, the harder and faster he went. His breath came in shaky gasps as the heat in his gut coiled tighter, ready to snap.

But it wasn't enough. He grabbed the lube from the side table, slicking his fingers with the cool gel. He pressed one finger against his hole, the sensation making him gasp as he pushed in deeper. "Josh," he moaned, imagining it was Josh's cock instead of his fingers. He wanted Josh to fucking wreck him, to make him scream, to take him until he was nothing but a shuddering mess. He added a second finger, the stretch burning in the best way. His cock jerked in his hand, the ache unbearable, but he refused to come—not without Josh.

Simon stood up, his legs shaky but determined. He needed more. His fingers worked deeper inside him as he started to thrust them in and out, his other hand stroking his cock in the same rhythm. The sensations were overwhelming, his body trembling with every move. He bit his lip to keep from moaning too loud. The room felt small, hot, like the walls were closing in as he got closer and closer.

He bent forward slightly, thrusting back onto his fingers as he jacked himself off harder, faster. The pressure in his balls was about to explode. "Please," he panted, his voice shaky, "Josh, I fucking need you." He pictured Josh behind him, hands gripping his hips, cock slamming into him with no mercy. The fantasy was too much. His body tightened, the coil in his gut snapping as he came with a loud, broken cry.

His cum shot across the room, splattering the TV and dripping onto the floor. His cock jerked wildly, the last spurts landing on his stomach as his body shook with the force of his orgasm. He slumped forward, hands on the table, his breath coming in ragged gasps. The after-shocks rolled through him, leaving him weak and wrecked. For a second, he just stood there, his mind blank except for the image of Josh, his body still buzzing with pleasure.

Slowly, he straightened up, wiping the mess off his stomach with a shaky hand. The reality of what he'd just done—how deep he'd gone—hit him hard. He felt exposed, raw, but he still wanted more. *Friday really couldn't come soon enough.*

When it was over, Simon flopped back, panting. The mess was everywhere—on the table, the TV, his hands—and he groaned, half satisfied, half annoyed. "Fuck, Josh," he muttered, grabbing tissues to clean up. But even as he wiped the sticky splatters, the thought of Josh stayed, leaving him breathless and desperate for more.

The next morning, Simon stepped into the shower, the warm water soothing his skin. But within minutes, his mind went straight back to Josh. The memory of that look, that promise, sent a shiver down his spine. His cock twitched, already half-hard, no matter how much he tried to focus on showering.

He couldn't help it—his hand slid down, wrapping around his cock in a tight grip. The water running over his hand and dick made every stroke wet and electric. He leaned against the wall, his hips thrusting into his fist. He started slow, teasing, but the more he thought about Josh's hands on him, the harder and faster he went. His breath hitched, and he let out a low moan, the sound drowned out by the water.

Needing more, Simon adjusted the showerhead, aiming the stream at his hole. The pressure was intense, teasing, and he gasped, arching his back as he pressed against the wall, his hand still jacking his cock. The water felt fucking amazing, driving him closer to the edge. His legs shook, his body tight with tension as the heat in his gut coiled tighter and tighter.

He was lost in it, his mind full of Josh—Josh taking him, owning him, pushing him to his limit. “Josh,” he whispered, his voice shaky with need. His body tensed, the coil snapping as he came with a loud, shuddering cry. His cum shot out in thick ropes, splattering against the shower wall, his legs trembling with the force of his orgasm. He leaned against the wall, panting, the aftershocks rolling through him.

As the water washed away the mess, Simon’s thoughts turned bitter. “What the fuck is wrong with me?” he muttered, frustrated. He didn’t get how he could be this obsessed, this weak, this fucking consumed by someone he barely knew. He felt like a horny kid again, totally out of control, and he hated it. But deep down, part of him craved it—craved Josh. “Fuck,” he sighed, pressing his forehead to the cool tiles. Friday was tomorrow, and Simon wasn’t sure if he was excited or scared shitless.

CHAPTER THREE

Friday night, finally. Simon had been busting his ass all week, prepping for this. He scrubbed himself down, wanting to be *perfect* for Josh. The days leading up to tonight? Pure torture. Especially today. First time in forever he didn't cave and jerk off, holding out for the real deal, the kind of experience he'd been itching for.

When it came to picking out underwear, he stood in front of his mirror, trying on *everything*. Each pair felt like a tease, a hint of what was coming. He wanted to look *fuckable*, to light that fire he'd felt when Josh's eyes were all over him at the club. Simon's heart was racing, imagining what Josh had planned.

First, tight briefs. They hugged his ass nice, but the bulge? Too damn tight, not sexy enough. Next, boxer briefs. Comfy, but they didn't make his ass pop like he wanted. Finally, he slipped into a black jockstrap. *Fuck*. The fabric clung to his small, round ass, the thin strap showing off every curve. And the bulge? *Christ*. It was *perfect*, the fabric leaving almost nothing to the imagination.

Simon turned around, checking himself out in the mirror. His smooth, pale skin was glowing under the soft light, totally hairless. His waist was narrow, his chest toned but not too muscular. A body built for *sin*. And he knew it.

He turned slightly, eyes dropping to his ass. *Small but round*, the kind you couldn't help but grab. The jockstrap he'd picked out made it even *better*, the strap biting into his skin just enough to show off. His hand drifted to his bulge, the outline of his cock *clearly* visible through the tight fabric. *Teasing, tempting, almost obscene*. He smirked, imagining Josh's reaction.

Simon's face was a mix of soft and sharp, that youthful brattiness shining through. His blonde hair was styled just right, short but with a bit of a mess to it. Full lips, eyes alive with that mix of nerves and confidence. He tilted his head, a sly smile on his lips as he thought, *Of course Josh wants this. Who the hell wouldn't?*

Simon wasn't just dressing up—he was dressing to *fuck*. He started with clean, white socks, the kind that looked fresh out of the pack. Next came the black skinny jeans, their snug fit

hugging his narrow hips and small, round ass like a second skin. The way they clung to him was a tease, the fabric outlining every curve, leaving nothing to the imagination.

Then came the white t-shirt, tight enough to show off his lean chest and toned stomach but loose enough to leave you wondering what was underneath. It was simple, but it worked. The outfit screamed *look at me, but don't touch—yet*. His smooth, hairless skin, his slim waist, that ass just begging to be grabbed—it was all part of the plan.

Simon stood in front of the mirror, giving himself one last once-over. His blonde hair was just messy enough to look effortless, his lips full and ready to be kissed—or worse. His body was a fucking *trap*, and he knew it. Every inch of him was designed to make guys lose their minds, and Josh? He was already caught. Tonight was going to be wild, and Simon was ready to give as good as he got.

Simon arrived at Josh's apartment a few minutes early, his stomach twisting with anticipation. The building was sleek, modern, and oozed quiet dominance. Simon stepped into the elevator, his heart racing as it climbed to Josh's floor. The doors slid open, and there it was—the door to Josh's place, slightly ajar.

He hesitated, then pushed it open. The room was dim, the air thick with a heavy, horny energy. Josh leaned casually against the wall, dressed in a black muscle shirt and black sweatpants that clung to his lean, defined body. His white socks stood out sharply against the dark wood floor. His presence was *overwhelming*, the kind that made Simon's knees weak.

"Hi," Simon managed, his voice shaky. He caught himself, annoyed at how nervous he sounded. *Get it together*, he thought. *You're here because you want this. You're ready*. He closed the door behind him, his hands damp but his determination solid.

Josh didn't move. His dark eyes were intense, unreadable, but there was something *protective* in them. He drank Simon in, from his messy blonde hair to the tight jeans hugging his ass. "Before we start," Josh said, his voice low and steady, carrying a weight that made Simon's pulse spike, "there's something you need to know." He paused, letting the silence stretch, making sure Simon was hanging on every word. "You don't have to do anything you don't want to. Ever. If it's too much, you say stop, and I stop. No questions. No hesitation. Your safety, your comfort—they come first. Always."

Josh stepped closer, his presence even more *dominating* now. He tilted his head, his dark eyes locked on Simon's. "Do you get it?" he asked, his tone firm but not harsh. "This is your call, Simon. Your power. Not mine. So I need to ask you, and I need you to be honest—with yourself and with me: Do you *really* want this?"

Simon's breath caught, his body buzzing under Josh's heavy gaze. For a moment, he felt completely bare, like every secret, every desire was out in the open. He swallowed, his throat dry, but his resolve didn't crack. "Yes," he said, his voice steady despite the shiver running through him. "I do. I want this."

Josh's eyes locked onto Simon's, searching, testing, like he was trying to see right through him. After a beat, he gave a sharp nod, his face shifting ever so slightly. "Good," he said, his voice

darker, rougher, and fuck if that didn't send a jolt straight to Simon's groin. "Now strip. Down to your underwear."

The command hit Simon like a punch to the gut, heavy and electric, and he felt his cock twitch in response. Every nerve in his body lit up, his skin prickling with anticipation. This was it. The moment he'd been craving, and he wasn't about to chicken out. His fingers fumbled a little as he grabbed the edge of his shirt, but there was no hesitation. He was ready for this.

Simon's breath quickened as he pulled the shirt over his head, his bare chest exposed to the cool air. He remembered the socks—white, crisp, perfect—and made sure to leave them on. They were part of the look, part of the tease, and he wanted Josh to see every goddamn detail.

Josh's gaze was a fucking *laser*, burning into him, and Simon felt a flicker of that bratty defiance creep in. He wanted to say something smart, something cocky, but the raw authority in Josh's voice shut him up fast. No room for games here. Just the unspoken command to obey.

His hands moved to his jeans, unbuttoning them with shaky fingers. His cock was restless now, pressing against the fabric of his jock, and he was sure Josh could see it. No turning back now. *This is what you came for*, he told himself, even as his heart thudded in his chest. *You want this.*

But fuck, Josh's voice, that commanding tone, it did something to him. It wasn't just the clothes coming off—it was the way it peeled back his bratty armor, leaving him bare, vulnerable, and itching for more. His body was on fire, every inch of him screaming for what came next. And Josh? He was just standing there, watching, waiting, like he already knew exactly how this was going to go.

Simon peeled off his jeans, standing there in just his black jockstrap and those white socks. The room felt *electric*, his body on full display, every inch begging for attention. Josh's eyes roamed over him, and Simon's throat tightened, the weight of that stare making his skin buzz. Normally, he'd have some smartass comment ready, but Josh's energy shut him down hard. No sass, no games—just raw tension.

Simon's breath came fast and shallow. He felt *exposed*, like Josh could see right through him, like every secret and craving was laid bare. He was where he wanted to be, but damn, Josh had him right where he wanted him too.

Josh moved closer, his gaze skating over Simon's body, taking it all in. Simon's bulge strained against the jockstrap, the fabric barely containing him. Josh's eyes lingered there, the heat of that stare making Simon's cock twitch. "Turn around," Josh ordered, his voice low and firm.

Simon obeyed, spinning so his back was to Josh. He could feel Josh behind him, so close but not touching. The air between them felt thick, charged. Josh's eyes were on him, burning into the curve of his small, round ass, the thin strap of the jock digging into his skin. Simon bit his lip, annoyed at himself. On other occasions where men looked at him like this he'd have some cocky remark, but Josh's voice stripped him of every shred of control. It pissed him off—how easily Josh could make him feel like this.

As he stood there, laid open for Josh, Simon's body betrayed him even more. His hole clenched,

a tiny, needy spasm that shot straight to his cock. He shivered, biting back a moan. *Fuck*, he was already so turned on, and Josh hadn't even laid a finger on him yet. *How does he do this to me?* Simon thought, his frustration mixing with a desperate hunger. *Just a few words, and I'm fucking wrecked.*

Simon's hand instinctively twitched toward his cock, aching to relieve the tension building in his groin. His dick was already thick and stiff, pressing hard against the fabric, and his hole clenched needy again. But before his fingers could even brush his bulge, Josh's voice cut through the air like a whip, deep and commanding.

"No," Josh said, his tone sharp but not cruel. "Not yet."

Simon's breath caught in his throat, his body shivering with a hot mix of frustration and raw need. *Fuck*, he hated how Josh's words could shut him down so fast, how a single command could leave him so exposed and desperate. He dropped his hand like it had been burned, his fingers twitching at his side. His hole pulsed again, wet and tight, as if begging for something—anything—to fill it.

Josh didn't move, didn't touch him, and that only made it worse. Or better. Simon wasn't sure anymore. Every second felt like torture, the silence thick and heavy, and he wondered if Josh could hear his heart racing, if he could see how fucking wrecked Simon was just standing there, barely holding it together.

He's in charge, Simon thought, his stomach flipping with a mix of nerves and excitement. *And I'm letting him.* He stayed perfectly still, his body trembling slightly, his cock throbbing and his hole clenching on nothing. The wait was killing him, but he didn't dare move.

Simon still stood frozen, his body shaking with the effort of holding himself back. His hole was dripping now, clenching and relaxing in a rhythm of its own, while his cock was rock-hard, straining against his undies so much it hurt. His mind screamed: *Just fucking touch me, let me touch you.* The urge was almost unbearable, loud and desperate, like it could burst out of him and into Josh's head. But no words came. He stayed silent, obedient, every part of him focused on the man behind him, waiting for whatever Josh had planned.

"You still good?" Josh growled, his voice thick and low.

"Yeah," Simon choked out, his voice shaky but defiant. His chest heaved, his body screaming for attention. *But fucking hell, Josh, are you just gonna stand there all night?* he thought, his mind racing. Not that he was complaining—his cock and asshole were. His cock was still throbbing hard against the jock, his asshole was now twitching like crazy, begging for something to fill it. But Simon wasn't about to admit how bad he wanted it. Nah, he'd cover it up with some snark. "You gonna keep staring, or...?" he muttered, his voice dripping with bratty attitude, but the way his breath hitched gave him away. *Jesus, just fucking touch me already.*

"On your knees," Josh ordered, his tone sharp and final.

Simon paused for a split second, then dropped to the floor, the cool wood biting into his knees and sending a jolt through his body.

"Hands behind your back," Josh commanded, his voice cutting through the air.

Simon did as he was told, his wrists pressing together behind him. His heart was pounding, his cock so hard it hurt, and his hole was clenching like crazy. *This is it*, he thought, his breath

catching as he felt the cold metal of the cuffs snap shut around his wrists. It was real now—no more fantasies. The weight of the cuffs was heavy, grounding, and sent a wave of raw, fucking excitement through him. *Holy shit*, he thought, a low moan slipping out. *This is so much wilder, so much better than anything I dreamed about all week.*

The cuffs felt stranger and hotter than anything he'd imagined in his daydreams the past few days. His body was on fire, every nerve buzzing, his cock started leaking, his hole twitching like it was begging for more. Josh hadn't even touched him yet, and Simon was already wrecked. But he'd never admit it. Not yet. *Fuck, I'm so fucking ready*, he thought, his body trembling. *Just do it already.*

Simon had thought about this non-stop all week—when he was lying in bed, showering, even zoning out at work. But no fantasy could match the real thing: Josh's dominance, the cold metal of the cuffs pinning his wrists behind his back, and the way it left him totally open. The cuffs bit into his skin just enough to remind him he wasn't in control anymore, and goddamn, it turned him on. His shoulders strained slightly, pushing his chest out, his body on full display. Every breath made his heart race faster.

Josh didn't say a word, but Simon could feel his eyes on him, hot and heavy, taking in every inch of him as he knelt there, cuffed and completely at his mercy. The silence was fucking electric, thick with tension and unspoken hunger. Simon's mind was racing, his body buzzing with a mix of nerves and raw lust. The cuffs weren't just binding him—they were a promise of what was coming next. And Simon wanted every second of it.

A soft moan slipped out, half defiance, half desperation, like he was trying to remind Josh he wasn't going down without a fight. But his body didn't care about that. *Fuck*, he thought, a mix of frustration and need bubbling up. *He's barely even touched me, and I'm already falling apart.*

This was it—this was what he'd been craving. His dick strained harder, the straps of his jock digging into his skin, and all he wanted was to rip it off and jerk himself until he came. But he couldn't. Not with the cuffs on. He was trapped, and every second made him hotter.

"Suck," Josh growled, his voice rough and commanding.

Simon's heart was pounding as he stared at the bulge in Josh's sweatpants. His own cock throbbed, aching for the stretch of Josh inside him, tearing him open in ways he'd never felt before. He leaned in, his lips brushing the fabric, and his breath hitched when he felt the shape of Josh's cock underneath. The heat of it burned through the material, teasing him, driving him fucking crazy. Simon's tongue flicked out, tracing the outline through the sweatpants, the taste of cotton and sweat making his hole clench in desperate need.

He wanted it. He needed it. The thought of Josh shoving into him, claiming him, made his ass twitch like crazy. Every part of him screamed for it, the cuffs behind his back making it even worse, keeping him open. Simon's mouth watered as he imagined Josh's cock sliding against his tongue, then shoving deep, spreading him apart, stretching him until he was howling. *Christ*, he needed that cock inside him, stuffing him full, milking the sounds out of him. For now, though, all he had was the damn fabric, the teasing hint of what was coming, and it was driving him insane.

Josh let out a low groan, and it sent a shiver through Simon's body.

Simon kept going, his lips and tongue working over the fabric, feeling Josh's cock swell even

more beneath the sweatpants. His ass pulsed again, imagining it—not the biggest he'd ever taken, but fucking *thick*, the kind of girth that would split him open. The thought made his dick jerk in his jock, craving for relief. He licked and sucked, his tongue exploring every curve through the material, picturing the stretch, how Josh would fill him up, wrecking his small ass.

Josh yanked his sweatpants down, his thick, hard cock springing free, already slick with precum. Without wasting a second, he grabbed Simon's face, forcing it upward. He leaned in, spat directly into Simon's open mouth, and watched as the younger man gulped it down, his face a mix of embarrassment and raw hunger. The taste of Josh's spit was salty and warm, sending a ripple of need through Simon's body. Before Simon could even think, Josh's hand cracked against his cheek in a sharp, stinging slap. The sound echoed in the room, and Simon's breath hitched, his eyes wide with shock.

Josh's grip on Simon's chin tightened, holding him firmly in place. "Open," he commanded, his voice rough and steady. Simon obeyed, his lips parting eagerly, his breath coming fast. Josh spat again, the warm fluid landing on Simon's tongue, and Simon swallowed without hesitation, his body betraying just how turned on he was. Another slap followed, this one harder, and Simon winced, but his asshole clenched in response, a tiny, needy spasm that sent a jolt through him.

Why does this feel so fucking good? Simon thought, his mind racing. The sting of the slap stuck around, mixing with the humiliation and the dirty thrill coursing through him. His cock strained against the fabric of his undies, and his asshole twitched again, like it was begging for more. *Is this what he meant in the club? Pain and pleasure rolled into one?*

Josh's eyes locked onto Simon's, full of dominance. He spat one more time, never breaking eye contact, and Simon swallowed again, his heart hammering in his chest. The third slap was even harder, and Simon gasped, his cheeks burning with a mix of pain and pleasure. His hole clenched again, and for the first time, he wondered if he could come just from this—just from Josh's control, the way his body reacted to every command, every touch, every slap.

Josh's hand stayed on Simon's cheek for a moment, the heat of the slap still burning, before he guided his cock to Simon's waiting lips. Simon didn't hesitate, opening his mouth wider, his tongue flicking out to meet the tip of Josh's cock. The taste was fucking addicting—salt and musk and something primal—and Simon moaned, his body trembling. He wanted this, needed this, more than anything. The pain, the spit, the slaps—it was all part of it, part of what Josh had promised in the club. And now, as he took Josh's cock into his mouth, Simon knew he was exactly where he was supposed to be.

Simon's lips wrapped around Josh's cock, his tongue sliding along the shaft as he started sucking. Spit pooled in his mouth, spilling out messy and slick, dripping down his chin in a lewd display.

Josh's hands fisted tighter in Simon's hair, yanking hard. "Make it sloppier," he growled, his voice dark and demanding. "I wanna see more dripping."

Simon obeyed, letting his jaw go slack as he slurped and sucked like a cheap whore. The sound of his wet, sloppy mouthwork echoed in the room, mixed with Josh's ragged breaths. Simon's cheeks hollowed as he took Josh deeper, the tip hitting the back of his throat. He gagged, pulling back just enough to breathe, but Josh didn't let up. He shoved forward, forcing his cock deeper, and Simon's eyes watered as he choked around it.

A flash of shame hit Simon as he imagined how he looked—drool running down his chin, tears leaking from his eyes, completely owned by Josh. It should've been degrading, but his body screamed otherwise. His asshole clenched tighter, begging to be filled, showing how fucking turned on he was. Simon felt laid bare, at Josh's mercy, but it only made him hotter. The messy, wet sounds of his mouth working Josh's cock matched the needy whimpers slipping from his throat. He was turned into a wreck, and he knew it, but that just cranked the heat higher.

Josh's grip tightened, shoving Simon's head down harder. "Show me how much you need this," he grunted, his voice heavy with approval. Simon's asshole twitched again, like it was answering Josh, proving how badly he needed this—how much he belonged to Josh right now. The shame was there, but it was drowned out by the sheer fucking need coursing through him, the way his body bucked for every pull, every thrust, every harsh word. Simon was leaking everywhere, and not just from his mouth.

Josh pulled his cock out, slick with Simon's spit. He grabbed Simon's face, forcing it up, and spat straight into his open mouth. Simon's lips quivered as he swallowed, a needy whimper slipping out. "Mmm," he moaned, his voice shaky but hungry. It was the first taste of Josh he ever had, and it sent a jolt through him—degrading but so fucking hot. His cock still throbbing, pre-cum leaking through the fabric down to mix with the mess of spit already pooling on the floor. His hole clenched hard, like it was screaming to be filled, and another low moan broke free, sounding very desperate.

Josh shoved his cock back in, wet and slick now. Simon's tongue swirled around it, his lips sucking deeper, but his mind was off somewhere hotter. He wanted that cock inside him, splitting him open, fucking him raw. His hole twitched harder at the thought, like it was begging for it. *God, I need him in me*, Simon thought, his breath hitching around Josh's dick. *I want him to stretch me until I'm finally wrecked.*

Spit dripped steadily from Simon's mouth, making the floor wetter, messier. Every lick, every suck was a silent plea for more—not just in his mouth, but everywhere. He imagined Josh on top of him, that thick cock pounding into him, slamming into that spot deep inside that would make him howl.

Josh groaned, his fingers gripping Simon's hair tighter as he guided his head. Simon moaned around the cock in his mouth, the vibrations making Josh shudder. The sound was muffled, but the message was clear: *Take me*, it said. His hole clenched again, desperate, and his cock strained painfully against the jock, even more pre-cum leaking. *Please, just fuck me already*, Simon begged in his head, his lips working feverishly, like he could suck his way to what he really wanted.

The room was filled with the wet, sloppy sounds of Simon's mouth, each one a testament to how badly he needed it. He wanted more than this teasing, more than just the taste of Josh.

But for now, all he got was Josh's cock in his mouth, the weight of it on his tongue, the taste of it making him crave more. Even as he sucked and licked, Simon's mind was stuck on one thing: *When the fuck is he going to give me what I really want?*

"Lick my balls," Josh barked, yanking his cock free from Simon's mouth. Simon paused, his face a mess of spit and shame, then leaned in to obey. But before he could, Josh's hand smacked his

cheek hard, the sharp crack echoing in the room. Simon gasped, the sting sticking to his skin while his asshole clenched tight, betraying how much he wanted it.

“Open,” Josh growled, his voice rough and commanding. Simon didn’t hesitate, parting his lips wide, his breath coming fast. Josh spat straight into Simon’s mouth, the warm glob landing on his tongue. Simon gulped it down. Another slap landed, harder this time, and Simon winced, but his hole clenched again, needy and wet.

“Now, lick ‘em,” Josh ordered, his voice thick with authority. Simon leaned in, his tongue flicking out to press against Josh’s smooth, shaved balls. The skin was warm, musky, and it sent a jolt through him. He started slow, licking and exploring, then took one into his mouth, sucking gently. The taste was sharp, primal, and it made Simon’s dick throb again. And again.

Josh hissed, his hand gripping the back of Simon’s head, pushing him closer. “Don’t hold back,” he said, his voice rough and demanding. “Soak ‘em.”

Simon obeyed, his tongue working over Josh’s balls, coating them in spit. He could feel Josh’s cock twitching above him, the weight of it brushing against his cheek as he worked. Knowing he was the one making Josh react like that sent a flicker of pride through him. He sucked harder, his lips working the skin, until Josh yanked him back up.

Josh’s cock was slick with spit, and he dragged it across Simon’s face, leaving a wet trail down his cheek. Simon shivered, his body trembling with need. He wanted more, *needed* more. The pressure in his balls was unbearable, his breath coming in ragged gasps. His hole twitched like crazy, matching the tension in his cock, and he thought, *Fuck, I’m gonna cum*. Every inch of him was on edge, screaming for release.

The room was thick with heat, the air heavy with the sound of Simon’s wet, messy work. His body was a wreck, his cock aching, his hole begging to be filled. But all he could do was kneel there, cuffed, waiting for Josh to give him what he wanted.

Another sharp slap cracked across Simon’s cheek, the sting burning but somehow making him hotter. His body jerked, and then it hit him—his cock pulsed, and he came hard, spilling into his jockstrap. The wetness soaked through the fabric, dripping onto the floor in a messy puddle. Simon cried out, his voice muffled but raw, his body shaking with the force of his release.

Josh watched, a cocky grin spreading across his face. “Good,” he muttered, his voice low and filled with approval. Simon’s chest heaved, his body still trembling from the aftershocks. He felt wrecked, but that one word from Josh stuck in his head, buzzing with questions. *Did he know this would happen? Did he plan for me to cum like this?* The thought sent a thrill through him, mixing with the fire still burning in his gut. If Josh had seen this coming, what else was he cooking up? The idea kept Simon’s hunger alive, simmering under the surface, ready to explode again.

“Back to my cock,” Josh ordered, guiding Simon’s mouth back onto his shaft. Simon opened wide, letting Josh slide in, the wetness making it smooth, easy. He gagged as Josh pushed deeper, his throat tightening around the thick intrusion, but he didn’t pull back.

Josh’s hips rolled forward, fucking Simon’s mouth with slow, steady thrusts. Drool spilled out of Simon’s mouth, his face a wet, sloppy mess as he tried to keep up. Every so often, Josh would yank out, spit straight into Simon’s mouth, then shove back in, the act a reminder of who was calling the shots. Yet, despite the humiliation, Simon felt a twisted kind of pride. *This*

is my mouth, my throat, and he's using it like it's his. The thought sent a jolt through him, mixing with the raw submission flooding his veins. His hole twitched with every thrust, like it was begging for more, echoing the rhythm of Josh's cock sliding in and out of his mouth.

The room was filled with the sounds of wet sucking, Josh's low growls, and Simon's occasional gags. Simon's face was a wreck, his chin and chest slick with spit, but he didn't give a fuck. All that mattered was making Josh feel good, giving himself over completely. The shame was there, but it was drowned out by the heat tearing through him, every degrading act only making him hotter. His hole clenched tight, a silent scream for more, like it could feel Josh's cock pounding into it with every thrust. *God, I need this so bad*, Simon thought, his mind drifting to the ache between his legs, the way his body was begging for more. His hole twitched again, and he moaned around Josh's cock, the vibration making Josh groan.

Josh groaned, his hips jerking forward. "Yes," he growled, his voice rough and full of heat. Simon's hole clenched hard, as it still was begging for the same treatment, and he moaned around the cock in his mouth, the sound vibrating against Josh's shaft. *I need this*, Simon thought, his mind going blank except for the hunger burning in his gut. *I need it so fucking bad.*

Simon's cock was throbbing now, the jockstrap almost too tight. He wanted to grab himself, to ease the pressure, but he couldn't. Not without Josh's okay.

Josh's hips picked up speed, his cock sliding deeper into Simon's mouth. Simon could feel the tension building in Josh's body, the way his muscles tightened as he got closer to the edge.

"Swallow it all," Josh growled, his voice rough and hungry.

Simon nodded, his mouth stuffed, but his mind was somewhere hotter. His hole spasmed, clenching around nothing, like it could feel the ghost of Josh's cock pushing into it. He wished it was buried deep inside him, stretching him wide, filling him like no one else ever had. The thought made his dick ache, his body screaming for more. He imagined Josh's thick shaft slamming into him, the stretch so intense it would make him yell, and his desperate moan vibrated around the cock in his mouth.

Then, the first shot of cum hit his tongue, hot and thick. It almost spilled out of his mouth, the force of it catching him off guard, and he swallowed fast, his throat working hard to keep up. The taste was sharp, salty, and raw, and Simon moaned again, the sound low and needy as he gulped it down like it was all he needed. His hole clenched tighter, imagining that same warm load flooding his ass instead, filling him completely. He wanted to feel it, to feel Josh mark him in the most dirty way possible.

When Josh finally pulled out, Simon's lips were slick with spit and cum, a messy proof of how far he'd gone. Josh looked down at him, eyes dark with satisfaction, and Simon's body shook with what just happened. His hole twitched again, and he couldn't stop the soft whimper that slipped out. He wanted Josh inside him, to feel that same release deep in his ass, claiming him. The thought alone made his cock throb, and he bit his lip to hold back another moan, though the needy sound still escaped.

"Clean me up," Josh ordered.

Simon leaned in, his tongue dragging slowly along Josh's cock, lapping up every last drop with a mix of hunger and obedience. This was his job now—cleaning him, serving him, making

sure nothing was left behind. He swirled his tongue around the shaft, sucking lightly at the tip to catch the last remnants of cum, the salty taste making his dick twitch in his ruined undie. It wasn't just about the act; it was about being the one Josh trusted to do this, to leave him spotless and satisfied. The thought sent a dirty thrill through him, his hole clenching like it was jealous of his mouth.

"Good," Josh muttered, his voice low but full of approval.

The word hit Simon like a punch to the gut, sending a rush of heat through his body. Pride, yes, but also something hotter, deeper—he'd pleased Josh. It wasn't just the praise; it was knowing he'd done exactly what Josh wanted, that he was worth it. His whole body shook, not just from the arousal still thrumming in his veins, but from how fucking exposed he felt. Laid bare, completely at Josh's mercy, and loving every second of it. He looked up, his eyes wide and pleading, silently begging for more, for Josh to wreck him even harder.

But as he knelt there, cuffed and trembling, his mind started racing. *What the fuck is this?* he thought, the question clawing at the edges of his brain. *What's he turning me into?* It had only been a few days since the club, since that brief moment of eye contact that had him hooked. And now here he was, willing to do anything Josh asked, craving it like some desperate slut. He'd never felt this way before—this raw, insatiable hunger to be owned, used, fucked until he couldn't think straight.

Simon's breath hitched, his hole throbbing like it was alive, begging for something to fill it. He needed Josh's hands on him, his body pressed against him, his cock splitting him open. The thought alone made his dick throb painfully, his unstrained earlier load still soaking through his jock. He bit his lip to hold back a whimper, but it slipped out anyway, soft and needy.

Please, he begged silently, his eyes locked on Josh's. *Fuck me. Break me. Make me yours.*

It wasn't just about getting fucked anymore. It was about the way Josh could wreck him with one word, one look, one fucking command. Simon had never been the type to give in like this, but here he was, on his knees, cuffed, and silently begging for more.

Is this who I am now? he thought, the question hanging in the air like the taste of Josh's cum still on his tongue. *Is this what I've been craving all along? Really?*

The answer was obvious in the way his body shook, the way his breathing turned ragged, the way his asshole pulsed, empty and desperate for Josh's cock to fill it.

Simon waited, every second dragging on like torture, his need spiraling out of control. He didn't know what was coming next, but one thing was clear: he was ready for it.

Simon's mind flooded with dirty images—Josh's hands on him, those long fingers wrapping around his dick, jerking him off hard and fast. He pictured Josh's mouth on him, sucking him with the same rough intensity he'd just shown. It had to be his turn, right? Simon had let Josh wreck his mouth, take control, use him like a toy. Now it was only fair.

His hands, still cuffed behind his back, twitched, desperate to grab his cock. The ache was too much, and he shifted slightly, the move making the tip of his dick brush against the soaked fabric of his jock. The contact sent a jolt of pleasure through him, and he bit his lip to keep from moaning.

Just a quick touch, he thought, just to take the edge off.

Simon's fingers inched lower, brushing against his ass. His skin felt hot, alive, and he let out a shaky breath as his fingertips pressed into the soft flesh. He wanted more—needed more—but before he could go further, Josh's voice cut through the haze.

"Stop," Josh growled, his tone sharp and fucking final.

Simon froze, hands still pressed to his ass, the words spilling out before he could stop them. *There it is*, he thought with a smirk. His bratty side hadn't fully disappeared after all. It felt good, knowing he could still push back, even if it was just a little, even when he was *this* wrecked. He tilted his head up, eyes pleading but laced with a fuck-you edge. "But... isn't it only fair?" he said, voice shaky but with a bite of sass. "I gave you what you wanted. Don't I get something back?"

Josh stepped closer, his gaze sharp, almost cutting. "Fair?" he repeated, voice low and *dangerous*. "This isn't about fairness, Simon. This is about what I want. And right now, what I want is to see how much you can take."

Simon's breath hitched, a flash of doubt creeping in. *Was this a mistake?* The sheer weight of Josh's control was suffocating, and for a heartbeat, Simon wondered if he'd gone too far. But before he could overthink it, Josh's hands were on him again.

Josh grabbed Simon by the hair, yanking his head back. Simon gasped, the sting of the pull sending a jolt straight to his cock. *Fuck, that's hot.*

"You did good," Josh said, voice softer now, a hint of approval that made Simon's chest swell with pride.

Then Simon felt the cuffs loosen, the metal sliding off his wrists. His heart skipped a beat as Josh's hands replaced them, hauling him to his feet with a grip that was firm but steady. Simon's legs wobbled, shaky from kneeling so long, but Josh held him up, his touch total, commanding but safe. Simon clung to it, his body still trembling, his hole twitching with every step like it was screaming for more. *Please*, Simon begged silently, his mind racing. *Just fuck me already. I need this. I need you*, repeated Simon his thought.

Josh led him across the room, his hand never leaving Simon's arm, guiding him with a confidence that made Simon's knees even weaker. Every step felt like torture, his cock throbbing, his asshole clenching tight, begging to be stuffed. Simon's breath came in short, ragged bursts as they moved into the living room. *Please*, he thought again, the word a silent scream in his head. *Fuck me. Break me. Make me yours.*

Josh's touch was everything—dominating but steady, rough but reassuring. It was control and care wrapped into one, and it made Simon's head spin. His body was a mess, his dick hard as steel, his asshole dripping with need. He wanted Josh inside him, tearing him apart, filling him until he couldn't think straight. The thought alone made him groan, his hole pulsing like it could feel Josh's cock already buried deep. He was wrecked, but he didn't care. He just needed more.

The living room was dark, the air heavy with the same raw energy that had been dripping from the walls since Simon walked in. Josh pulled him to the center, and Simon's breath caught, his brain firing off with anticipation. The fear that had nagged at him earlier was still there, but it was drowned out by something hotter—*need*. A desperate, clawing need for Josh to take him, to shove his cock in deep and make him feel every fucking inch.

Simon's body was on fire, his dick throbbing and his hole twitching like crazy, like it was

begging to be filled. He looked up at Josh, his eyes wide and pleading, silently asking for what he wanted more than anything. *Please*, he begged without words, his whole body screaming for Josh to bury himself inside, to stretch him open, to make him feel owned.

Josh's grip on his arm was firm, steady, the only thing keeping Simon from falling apart right there. He held onto it like it was a lifeline, his heart pounding in his chest—half nerves, half sheer fucking desperation. *This is it*, he thought, his cock jumping at the idea. *He's finally going to fuck me.*

Simon's hole clenched tighter, wet and ready, like it was already imagining Josh's thick cock shoving into it, splitting him wide. His body was a goddamn mess, trembling and dripping, but he didn't care. He just needed Josh to *do it*, to wreck him so hard he couldn't think straight. The thought alone made him whimper, his cock leaking into his ruined jockstrap.

Josh's dark eyes locked on his, and Simon's breath hitched again. *Fuck me*, he begged silently, his hole pulsing like it could feel Josh's cock already pushing into it. *Break me. Make me yours.*

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.

Contact & Social Media

To learn more about Jonah and stay updated on their work, visit <https://linksta.cc/@ravenshead> and follow them on social media:

-  mastodon.social/@ravenshead
-  bsky.app/profile/jonahravenshead.bsky.social
-  x.com/JRavenshead