

Welcome Home

A Blue Ruin teaser from Katrina Strauss

Blue stepped out of the bathroom. A cloud of steam trailed in his wake as he closed the door behind him. Toweling his hair, he padded across the hardwood floor to the plush rug of the bedroom area. His bare skin prickled with gooseflesh from the air conditioned climate of the loft.

While it was a rare luxury to have the apartment to himself, Blue felt a pang of loneliness at the reminder that Derek wouldn't be home for a while. The computer tech had sent Blue a text message earlier, saying he'd been invited to drinks and dinner with a rep from the contracting agency. Apparently the powers that were had some new project in the works and required Derek's expertise.

Bearing his master's return home in mind, Blue carelessly tossed the towel to the floor. Derek would likely "punish" him over such sloppiness, but then punishment was sort of Blue's goal. Just thinking on the possibilities sent the blood surging straight to Blue's prick, leaving him half-erect and aching for some hands-on stimulation.

His prick leading the way, Blue fumbled through the nightstand drawer for Derek's chrome butane lighter. A relic from the reformed smoker's not-too-distant past, the lighter now served more worthwhile purposes.

Blue lit the candles scattered throughout the apartment, each of them plain, unscented beeswax. He paused in between to turn off a lamp, then switched off the track lighting. Gradually, the loft grew suffused with candlelight, the warm glow flattering the taupe and black shades of Derek's tasteful furnishings.

Returning to the bed, Blue clicked the lighter shut and tossed it on the nightstand. He crawled under the covers, the satin cool and sleek against his naked body. He flopped around and

rumpled the sheets to lend them a slept-in appearance. Satisfied with his efforts, Blue had one last detail to set in place -- himself. He stretched on his side, then rolled slightly forward, crooking one knee while extending the other leg, allowing the sheets to slip partway down his torso. Worried his posture might appear too contrived, he inhaled, then exhaled, allowing his limbs to relax. No, too relaxed. He rolled completely onto his stomach, the barest hint of ass showing. Trusting he'd achieved a sexy yet natural pose, he propped his head on his arms and closed his eyes.

He caught himself drifting off to sleep. His day at the salon had left him more tired than he realized, but he supposed standing on one's feet for eight hours had that effect on a person. He willed himself to stay awake, as Derek would be home any minute. But really, it felt nice to lay there, sprawled across the comfortable mattress while the slick satin sheets caressed his skin. Eyelids fluttering, Blue looked at the time on the digital clock. Derek should have been home by now. He wondered what the hold up was.

Yawning, Blue shifted his limbs and burrowed his head deeper into the pillows. The sheet slid down his ass another inch, but that was fine. He'd go ahead and take a short nap...just a little one, before Derek arrived home...it wouldn't be long now...

He woke with a start at soft lips tracing the curve of his ear. "Welcome home," he mumbled with a lazy drawl. "What're you doing?"

"I like smelling my shampoo in your hair," a low baritone murmured.

Blue shivered pleasantly at the warm breath against his neck. "What else do you like?"

Derek nuzzled the back of Blue's shoulder, inducing more shivers. "I like smelling my soap on your skin."

Blue sighed as Derek's mouth ghosted down his spine, teasing and tantalizing with a warm stream of breath. He uttered a soft cry at the gentle bite on one ass cheek, squirmed at the silken tickle of Derek's hair along his hips.

Fully awake, Blue glanced at the clock and saw Derek was two hours later than expected. Deciding he didn't care, he dipped his spine and arched his ass to better receive his lover's kiss.

Blue gasped at the fingers digging into his flesh and spreading his buttocks wide, cried out at the flick of the warm, wet tongue directly beneath his balls. His cock twitched and lengthened against the mattress, causing him to draw up fully on his knees.

"Like it there, too?" Blue managed to ask.

Derek grunted something noncommittal in reply. Granted better access, he sucked and licked at the sensitive taint spot, sending tiny thrills of pleasure through Blue's nerves. His mouth drifted, his tongue and breath teasing up the crevice of Blue's ass.

"Oh, God." Blue gasped and clawed at the sheets. He spread his thighs wider, arched his ass higher. He moaned at the delightfully taboo sensation, his swollen cock pulsing in time to the skilled ripple of his lover's tongue in his most intimate place.

Derek withdrew all too soon, only to trail his tongue over Blue's tailbone and back up Blue's spine, leaving a trail of heat and damp in his wake. As the kiss reached the nape of Blue's neck, something long and hard prodded between Blue's buttocks. Apparently Derek had already opened his pants. Blue ground back, letting his master know he was more than ready to be fucked.

Derek slipped his cock inside Blue and they groaned together, the ease of penetration surprising them both.

"Slut," Derek teased, giving a quick, sharp thrust.

“You made me this way,” Blue shot back, his last word clipped by a grunt as his lover gave another shove. Long fingers wrapped tight in his hair and tugged against his scalp. Blue reared back to find himself seated on Derek’s lap.

“Ride me,” Derek said, leaning back, holding steady.

Following his master’s cue, Blue worked his body up and down, sliding down onto Derek’s cock, pulling back up to what he’d learned to be the maximum extent before dropping back down with his full weight. Gritting his teeth, he grunted with pained exertion even as he delighted in the way Derek’s length stretched and filled him.

He found equal satisfaction in the desperate way that Derek clung to his ass and hair, deriving a certain sense of power in the groans of pleasure rising from the other man’s throat. He spit in his palm and began working his own cock, partly to facilitate his pleasure, partly because he knew the harder he came, the tighter his muscles would squeeze Derek. He sped up the pace, his brow beading with sweat, his breath coming harder and faster to match that of Derek’s. The candle flames around him blurred into a single, soft glow.

Blue slammed back one final time, his buttocks slapping hard against the solid bunch of Derek’s thighs. His balls tightened, his muscles clenching of their own accord. He held there, head thrown back, losing himself in the dizzying rush that made his senses reel, yelling out as he gripped his shaft and pumped his load all over the crisp, clean sheets.

Melting back against Derek for support, he felt his master’s firm body shudder and tremble and succumb to their mutual pleasure.

Blue gave a soft laugh. “You really know how to wake a guy up.”

Derek’s lips curved against his scalp. “I should’ve popped your ass with that towel you left on the floor.”

“What changed your mind?”

“I decided there are better things to do with your ass.”

“I’ll say,” Blue agreed. And his master did those things well.

-- Excerpt from the upcoming novel

Blue Ruin 4: Need You Tonight

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