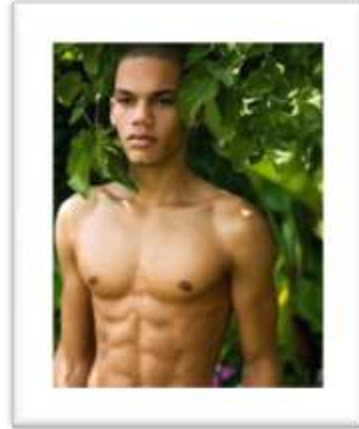


LUA-DE-MEL
by Lee Benoit



Preston would have enjoyed this particular afternoon under any circumstances. Golden with early autumn sunlight and drunk on the buzz of cicadas, warm as a kiss and uncluttered as a guru's mind, it had everything to commend it as one of memory's perfect afternoons.

But something made this afternoon even brighter, more golden. That something was singing appalling lyrics in a beautiful voice.

Preston thought the song owed something -- royalties, perhaps, and certainly an apology -- to Bob Dylan:

*"Well, if you wanna see my cock rise
Honey, I know where
We'll go out and see it sometime
We'll both just sit there and stare
Me with a ring
Wrapped around my root
And you just sittin' there
In your brand new leopard-skin print butt plug."*

Preston shuddered to imagine an animal-motif plug in that perfect, busy ass. Then he smiled. That a plug nestled there was a certainty, even if he hadn't put it there himself.

It had been a good month. Better than good. Honeyed, like lovers' first months together should be. That it had come when he least expected it, and that it was all down to the man singing in his garden, was a source of endless wonder.

Being a stay-at-home Dom with a much younger breadwinning sub had been an adjustment. So had being the slow one in the relationship. Paulo was a whirlwind, working as a mechanic during the days, working on Preston's house and garden in the afternoons and on weekends. Nights, Preston insisted, were for them alone: no carburetors, no new gutters, no aphid annihilation campaigns. Even then, though, Paulo had a hard time slowing down. Wanted fast. Heavy. Harder than Preston thought Paulo was ready for. So they'd had a month of service, postures, obedience...and the minor frustrations of a sub who wanted more, but tried honestly not to top from below.

Preston watched Paulo spread straw over the bed of heirloom berries he'd revealed when he slashed the old garden into submission. Next summer, there'd be plump strawberries, warm from the sun, to share.

That thought stopped Preston's musings in their already happy tracks. Next year. They'd be together, Paulo would still sport Preston's collar, and things between them would be even better. Paulo had been such a revelation this past month, had given so many gifts, both practical and symbolic. It had truly been a honeymoon, a month of honey, a lua-de-mel, as Paulo put it.

It was time for Preston to give a gift in turn. Paulo wanted more from the D/s relationship. This afternoon, he'd get it.

Paulo had decided that Dylan's religiously-tinged songs were seriously underrated. All they needed was a little tweaking.

*"I'm gonna have to serve somebody.
Well, let it be my Master, no other makes me moan,
But I'm gonna have to serve somebody."*

"Paulo."

The quiet word carried over the yard and garden, through his singing, right into his brain and down every rapid-response center in his body.

He straightened.

“Come to me.”

Paulo brushed the straw off his hands and knees and went. Preston sat in the glider under the grape arbor, the leathery vines having long since given up their fruit to make the scant dozen jars of odd pinkish jelly that lined one pantry shelf. As always, the sight of Preston focused on him made Paulo’s blood fizz.

He ducked into the arbor and began to kneel.

“No, boy. Over my lap.”

Oh, yeah! *Don’t think twice, it’s all right.* Spankings were new. Spankings were the closest they’d gotten to their scene from last winter. Spankings were a step in the right direction.

Paulo *loved* spankings.

He stretched out, resting some of his weight on the glider cushion and the rest on his free leg braced on the grass. Preston liked to start spanking through clothes and build, build, build until there was fire. Today, those first thudding blows sounded dusty. Preston forbade washing up before a spanking. Spankings were for when the mood struck. No pun intended.

“You smell like sweet hay and sweaty man,” Preston said, low and intimate. It felt like praise.

Down came Paulo’s heavy work pants, and the smacks got sharper around the edges.

Off came his briefs -- he had never been much for underwear, until the spankings arrived in their life together. Now, undies made everything more...layered.

Preston’s hand rubbed Paulo’s finally nude ass gently, lovingly, nonsense sounds of appreciation falling around them like goldenrod pollen.

“You stopped, master.” He tried not to plead for some bare-assed blows, but it wasn’t easy to hold his tongue.

Preston didn’t stop rubbing, and it was driving Paulo out of his mind. “I stopped, yes,” he murmured. Fingers trailed up his spine to play with the collar around his sweaty neck.

“Why, master?” It was so easy, to name Preston so.

“Because I have something else for you tonight. For us. Get up and finish undressing.”

Paulo shivered with drying perspiration and giddy anticipation. He was on his feet and stripped to the skin before Preston drew his next breath.

“Bring the pins from the clothesline.”

There were no neighbors to see him, but the walk to the clothesline and back felt deliciously exposed nonetheless. Paulo’s stiff prick led the way back to Preston, still seated under the arbor.

“Stand on display.”

The commands for postures thrilled Paulo; they were such clear evidence of what was between him and Preston. Obedience. Trust. Love.

With his hands clasped behind his neck and his legs spread wide, Paulo felt every inch Preston’s.

Or he thought he did until the moment Preston fished a clothespin out of its cloth bag and clipped it to Paulo’s earlobe.

Paulo knew there were fifty evil little pins in that cheery calico bag on its old-fashioned hanger. It seemed like all fifty ended up squeezing the blood out of some part of him. Even his toes were clipped. Pins also bristled from the hair at his groin and armpits.

Paulo broke stance when Preston used the last few pins on the skin of his balls, and he might have begged when the very last one closed on his stretched foreskin.

“Master,” he whispered. “Please.” His words were garbled by the clothespin squeezing his lower lip.

Preston’s smile was enigmatic. “Undress and pleasure me.” He leaned back in the glider and spread his arms and legs, every inch the entitled Dom.

“Keep your hands where they are,” he added as Paulo went to lower his arms and reach forward.

Make that smug, evil-genius, entitled Dom.

This required thought. Paulo would have to use his mouth to get Preston’s clothes off. But that would be difficult with the clothespin in the way. He darted a glance up at Preston, who gazed back impassively, smiling a Mona Lisa smile.

“One punishment stroke for each pin that comes off by other than my hand.”

Psychic evil-genius Dom.

Paulo leaned in toward Preston’s mouth and reached his tongue out over the pin there. He knew he must look absurd, but he wanted to taste his master.

As awkward as it was to try to kiss -- or, really, to lick -- like this, the contact was still electric, and Paulo’s eyelids shuttered while his tongue dragged thickly across Preston’s lips.

“Sweet boy,” Preston murmured, and Paulo felt the clothespin pinching his lip release. There wasn’t much pain, just a sweet throb as the kiss suddenly became full of lips and tongue and Preston.

“Ah, master,” Paulo sighed between breaths. “Thank you.”

“No, Paulo, thank you. If you say anything, say ‘you’re welcome.’”

Such a clever master he had. Paulo realized that as intimate as it had been having Preston’s fingers decorate his body with clothespins, it would be twice as intimate feeling them each come off. No public scene could come close.

Paulo was aroused, but still thinking clearly enough to know he'd have to be strategic. The longer each pin was on, the more that part of his body would scream when it came off.

But he wasn't done kissing yet. He moved to Preston's ears, flicking and nuzzling, and vaguely felt the pinches at his own earlobes give way.

"Ah, master, you're welcome. You're welcome."

If he worked his way down, he'd lose the nipple pins too soon. Paulo dropped to his knees in the grass before the glider, and used his teeth to drag off Preston's sandals. He could spend hours on those narrow bones, those elegant toes. Bare feet were so...tender. He would have stayed there forever, planting sucking kisses and pressing his tongue between Preston's toes, if his neck hadn't started to protest the position. Without removing his hands from behind his neck, he moved up.

"Feet, boy," Preston urged, and Paulo sat back in the grass and stretched his feet into Preston's lap, wiggling his own tingling toes in Preston's crotch, relishing the insistent hardness there, while his master opened the pins and freed them.

"Thank--er, you're welcome, sir."

What next? Armpits! Preston hadn't been working as hard as Paulo had this afternoon, but his pits still had that sunshiny sweat smell Paulo loved. He sniffed for a while, and then went to work on Preston's t-shirt. It was more difficult than he'd expected, trying to get the shirt up and over Preston's head without taking his own hands away from his neck. He hooked his thumbs into the back of the collar and tried again. Preston helped, turning just right, and Paulo couldn't resist another kiss at his master's mouth.

As he laved and snuffled in the soft, dark hair in Preston's pits, he felt one, two, three, four pins release their tension on his own tightly curled pit hair.

"Mm, welcome, sir."

Belly button next. Around and around he licked and sucked, rimming it, clenching his ass around the plug he'd been wearing since arriving home from work. He'd come, for sure, if he kept this up.

“May I come, sir?”

“What, now?” There was a warm chuckle in Preston’s voice. “From eating out my navel?”

Paulo met his master’s eyes. “Well, no, sir. I just wanted to know.”

“You’ll come when I make you come.”

Okay, that cleared things up. “Yes, sir.”

Paulo’s nipples had gone completely numb, and he knew it was time to beg for those pins to come off. He begged with his lips and teeth and tongue, more urgently than any pleas for mercy. Preston’s nipples were sensitive, very, and Paulo found himself chasing them down as his attentions set his master writhing.

“Aaah!” The rush of blood back to his own nipples took him by surprise. “Sir!”

He panted through it, trying to maintain contact with Preston’s nubs.

“What do you say, boy?”

“Wel-welcome, sir. Welcome.”

“That’s my boy.” Hands traveled over his hair, digging in and pulling gently. “Now, hadn’t you better free your balls?”

Paulo had almost forgotten about the five pins on his balls and cock, and the three clinging on his pubes. But the mention of them rocketed awareness back down there.

Bending, his hands still behind his neck though his triceps were starting to ache, he addressed himself to Preston’s balls. Preston didn’t shave. He wasn’t super hairy, but the not shaving made his balls so interesting, made them smell so good after a warm afternoon outside. The pins coming off his balls were flicks of sensation. Preston accomplished their removal with his toes. The knowledge, along with the slightly clumsy juggling of his ball sac, nearly shattered Paulo’s control.

Paulo's mouth was full, so his 'you're welcome, sirs' were garbled, but they did the trick. He moved on to Preston's cock with a sense of purpose.

Up and down, dragging his tongue and his face along his master's length, he lost himself, until a warning growl sliced through his haze. "Up here"

Getting onto the glider was a graceless scramble. Paulo didn't want to release Preston's dick, but he had to for a moment. It felt cool going back into his mouth, and that distracted him, until Preston's hand suddenly surrounding Paulo's prick snapped his concentration right back where it needed to be. Preston gave the last pin, the one pinching his foreskin over his cock head, a few teasing tugs.

"With me, Paulo."

Oh, that growl saying Paulo's name, that was too much. Deep throating from this position, kneeling precariously beside Preston on the glider, was not easy, but the effort was worth it to hear his master shout his name. Preston's hand convulsed around Paulo's shaft, painfully tight, and then moved to drag the clothespin off.

Paulo grunted as his freed foreskin slid back over his swollen glans.

"Paulo!" The grunt must have added just enough sensation for Preston, and he began to pump, hard, into Paulo's mouth.

The feeling of his cock head meeting the air, the tingle in his stretched 'skin, and the taste of his master, would have been enough, Paulo was sure. But Preston's hand was there as well, dragging roughly up and down, and Paulo lost it. He flung his arms around Preston's waist, sucking the last jets of come, and just let go, tipping over the edge as if gravity had somehow gotten more forceful. He fell for the longest time, moaning around Preston's prick.

"Up here, boy," came Preston's voice. Neither of them had gone fully soft, and Paulo wanted to feel his master's length alongside his, so he clambered bonelessly over to straddle Preston's lap.

"You broke position, Preston said when Paulo was settled.

"But I didn't lose any clothespins," Paulo reasoned.

The sat there, barely rocking, coming down. After a long time, Preston spoke again. “Mmm, been a good first month, Paulo.”

“Yes, sir. Best month ever. Best lua-de-mel.”

“Sweet boy. Thank you.”

Paulo listened to the cicadas, the breeze through the grape leaves, and his master’s voice. “You’re welcome, sir.”

© Lee Benoit

This story appeared as part of a [Torquere Press anniversary event](#).

[Interact with Lee Benoit](#)

[Learn more about Lee’s stories](#)

Image is by [Dylan Rosser](#); model is Courtland Anderson.