

All Over Again

“Take me to church, I’ll worship like a dog at the shrine of your lies. I’ll tell you my sins, so you can sharpen your knife.”

“Hey.”

“Offer me that deathless death.”

“Hey!”

“Good God, let me give you-”

“HEY CHRIS!”

“What?!”

“Dinner’s ready.”

Christopher Dekeyser blinked staring at his longtime lover of over five years, Richter Nishi. He was sitting at the computer, earbuds half in, having been cleaning up their bedroom while Richter went about cooking their dinner.

“Oh, damn. You nearly gave me a heart attack. You know how jumpy I am,” he replied.

“Well you’re the one putting on an opera. Come on, before it gets cold,” Richter replied, smiling.

“Alright,” Chris said removing his headphones all together and turning off his music before following the other into the kitchen.

“What’s that?” Chris asked as he peered suspiciously at the stove. He smelled healthy.

“Stir fry,” Richter said.

“You’re trying to poison me, aren’t you?” Chris said, frowning.

“Only a little. Come on, it’s good for you,” Richter said, prodding Chris gently, even though he knew his love would never eat it again after the last time. Still he liked to tease and Chris was always willing to play along.

“You know I only eat corn, potatoes, and green beans. Sometimes black eyed peas,” Chris replied.

“Potatoes aren’t a vegetable. They’re a starch. They have little nutritious value,” Richter recited as he often did.

“They come out of the ground like carrots, turnips, and radishes. Vegetable.”

Ricter rolled his eyes and smiled, "There's corn too and your mother's roast. Happy?"

"Really? Yum!" Chris said brightening up considerably and giving Ricter a kiss on the cheek before the two grabbed up their plates and started filling them, settling down to eat at their small table, Chris' plate stir fry free.

"So how was work last night?" Chris asked.

"Ugh you don't want to know. Pissy bitch screaming about who she is. Like I care," Ricter stated, looking sourly at the roast on his fork as if it were the offending woman.

"Of course you do. Don't you know how much more important she is than you?"

"Important my ass. Go get laid, lady. What about you?"

"Good boy. That's what a woman said to me when I turned the carousel towards her as she used the reverse beep on her scooter to wordlessly tell me to do so," Chris said looking at Ricter with a face that said it all.

"Ooh," Ricter grimaced.

"Yeah, I wanted to slap the teeth out of her mouth," Chris said, ripping a roll in half.

"I'm sorry, baby. I know how much you hate that."

"Meh, could be worse," Chris replied.

"Could be better too."

"I'll get over it, like we always do. So Valentine's Day is coming up. What do you want to do? Or do you want to do anything at all?" Chris asked, bringing up the question that had been nagging at him to bring up for a couple of days now.

"Of course I want to do something. Just not sure what. We're too poor to go anywhere, we don't like romantic restaurants, and staying home is what we do every night. Not that I mind, though," Ricter said, face scrunching up in concentration and making Chris smile.

"We'll figure something out. I mean we've still got three weeks."

"Yeah, three weeks is plenty of time."

2 weeks and 4 days later

"Ugh," Chris said, face smushed against the plastic table in the break room where he worked. It was the final hour of his shift and his feet ached and the tiredness had set in. He was counting down the minutes.

"Still can't decide what to do for Valentine's day, huh?" said a familiar voice.

Chris looked up at the young face of a red, curly-haired woman. This was Heather, the nineteen year old college student and co-worker that Chris had found a good friend in. Their friendship had started over Ouran High School Host Club and Taco Bell and now continued over more taco bell and telling each other regularly to fuck off.

“We have 3 days left. 3 days to decide to do something other than what we always do,” Chris said, placing his face back against the table.

“Because if you don't do something a little different every now and then you end up in a clock tower with a man with a bullhorn begging you to not send another person to the hospital,” Heather surmised.

“Then why do we work at wal-mart? It's the exact same every day,” Chris asked.

“Because we need money and they have money and the only thing they ask for in return is most of our lives and only half of our souls,” Heather said in a fake cheery tone.

“So that's where that dead inside feeling comes from. Snark aside though, what do I do Heather?”

“What are you asking me for? My fiancée is miles away and I only see him every few months if that.”

“Well then what good are you?” Chris asked, mocking anger.

“I don't know, damn it,” Heather said, slamming her coke against the table, playfully.

“Well then you're no help,” Chris said

“You could roleplay Avatar. The blue cat people one. Have wild jungle sex in blue body paint.”

“Just what we need, to go into hypothermia trying to be furless furies and...” Chris drifted off, mid-sentence.

“What?” Heather asked, brow furrowing.

“You made me think of something I read on the internet,” Chris said, lifting his head.

“Harry Potter porn?”

“Well I've read that too, but no. I'm thinking of a dating article I read back years ago,” Chris said.

“50 ways to tell you love him using just your back muscles?”

“Close. No it was date night suggestions. Stuff to try and bring spark back to dying marriages that should have likely ended long ago. One of them though was to pretend that it was your first meeting all over again,” Chris explained

“So act like you don't know each other and haven't had sex yet?” Heather asked, quirking a brow, “Sounds like prostitution to me.”

“Everything sounds like prostitution to you.”

“Because it is!”

“I know, it is,” Chris said pausing a moment. “Wait, how long have we been on break?”

“Twenty minutes or so?” Heather guessed.

“Think we should head back?” Chris asked.

“They won't miss us for another five minutes at least.”

“Good point.”

That Night

It was late and dark in the tiny apartment Chris and Richter shared. Now two in the morning, Chris looked at his phone again for the fifteen billionth time that night, checking the time and his messages, waiting for his love to come home, safe and sound.

Chris hated that Richter worked into the late night. It was the best thing for them so that they could see each other, but it still made Chris worry about Richter driving on those dark, snow-covered roads so late at night. It made him anxious and then his anxiety ran with it, putting ideas in his head.

'Should I text again? I don't want to seem paranoid or overbearing, but he's usually home by now. Could something have happened? A flat? Could he have had an accident? Oh please don't let him be hurt! One more text can't hurt, see if he's even left the office...' Chris thought as he picked up his phone again, but was stopped when he heard the sound of a car pulling up.

“Get up Mei,” Chris said, giving his dog a gentle nudge as he stood from the couch, the dog having blanketed him in her body.

“Fuck...” Chris heard from the door as it was unlocked and opened. Richter stepped inside looking exhausted and frowning deeply. His eyes scanned the room, ending up on the couch where Chris still stood dressed in fleece batman pajamas.

“I'm glad you're home. I was getting worried,” Chris said, moving to Richter to help him get his coat off.

“I'm sorry baby, I should have sent a text, but I just wanted to get home,” Richter said, flopping down in the couch to take off his shoes.

“It's okay, I understand,” Chris said as he put the jacket away.

“Shouldn't you be in bed? You have to be in at ten tomorrow morning don't you?”

"You know I can't sleep. Especially when I'm worried. Besides I wanted to talk to you," Chris said leaning in for a kiss and then settling beside the other on the couch as Richter's arm quickly wrapped around him.

"What's that, hun?" Richter asked.

"About Valentine's. Have you thought about what you want to do?"

"Thought about it, yes. Decided, no."

"Well I have an idea. See eons ago, I read an article about date ideas. One of the suggestions was to pretend to be meeting for the first time again and I just thought that might be fun," Chris said tentatively.

"Yes! That sounds perfect! I love tha...wait...do we still get to have sex?"

Chris laughed, "Yes, we can still have sex."

"Then let's do it. Though, I would like to make a request," Richter said.

Chris felt a brief flash of panic. Was there something wrong with his idea?

"What's that?"

"Well when we first met I was the one who talked to you first. This time around, maybe you could talk to me first?" Richter asked.

Chris looked worried. "Umm...okay. I mean, if that's what you want."

"You don't have to, just if you can it would be nice," Richter said, not wanting to make his love feel pressured.

"No, it's not that. Just you know how nervous I get and how easily embarrassed I am, but I want to do this, for you," Chris smiled.

"So how should we do this anyways?" Richter asked settling back into the couch.

"Well I was thinking we'd go somewhere we both like and then just "happen" to meet," Chris said, using air quotes.

"Sounds good. How about we go to the bookstore? Then if we want we can visit the other stores on the strip as well," Richter said.

"That would be perfect. We love the bookstore, it's plenty big, we can buy some porn while we're out and there's a cafe so we can get a treat as well," Chris said.

Richter laughed, but it quickly turned into a yawn.

"I think it's bedtime," Chris said standing and grabbing Richter's arm and helping to pull him up

from the couch.

“Me too,” Richter yawned again as he stood, and then allowed himself to be led down the hall and into the bedroom. Richter got dressed for bed and they both crawled into the sheets and curled into each other's arms.

“Sweet dreams,” Chris said.

“Nini,” Richter said.

“NighTERS.”

3 Days Later

Valentine's day and the two had woken excited. Richter hadn't taken any overtime and Chris had begged his manager for the day off. Both free for the day, they had made their plans.

They had started off their celebration the night before. They stayed up late into the night, Chris playing on his playstation and Richter taking to his tablet to work on comics until they could hold their eyes open no longer and then both slid into bed together. Once awake again Chris had made them a late breakfast and then they sat about the house, waiting for what they hoped would be a more ideal time.

3 o'clock came rolling about and so they got dressed and ready and got into Richter's car and started down the busy streets. They knew that it would be busy no matter what time they went, after all, it was a holiday and on the weekend. All the people who didn't have plans, had forgotten to purchase something, or were out on similar dates would be up and down the shops. They hoped though that there would be somewhere close to a decent time, a tiny lull in the chaos.

“I feel bad for the people who have to work today,” Chris said as he looked out the car window at the packed parking lots.

“Yeah I know, makes me grateful for the day off,” Richter grimaced, knowing that any holiday meant a rush for him and his co-workers at the call center.

“After last Christmas, I can barely stand to be out on holidays. I'm already dreading the end of the year,” Chris said.

“You and me both.”

“Hey, drop me off here,” Chris said.

“What? Why?” Richter asked.

“It's hard to meet if we walk into the store together,” Chris explained.

“Good point,” Richter said and he waited for the first available moment to pull to the side of the road, letting Chris get out of the car.

Chris waved to the man and then let him drive off. Shouldering his messenger bag he walked

down the block, feeling the cool wind on his face and having to shoulder past people on the narrow sidewalk.

Snow was everywhere, it still being plenty cold and Chris pulled his jacket in closer around himself. He then pulled his earbuds from his pockets and fit them into his ears, using his phone as a little MP3 player. Tuning the world out as he often did he walked up the parking lot for the line of stores on the strip, headed for a two-story red brick building.

He entered into the store, hearing the ding of the bell vaguely over head and felt the heater instantly set into his cold skin. The building was a large square building with stairs leading up to a second level and all around him was rows and rows of books for anyone from infants to the elderly. It made him feel at home. It had been an often retreat for the couple whenever they had a bit of spending cash to buy books and a sweet.

Chris looked around, not able to see even a hair of Richter, though he had a feeling the other went to the Shakespearean section first. So Chris decided to head to his third favorite section in the store. Heading up the stairs he wandered towards the section meant for young adult readers, though he didn't necessarily feel that the reader had to be young. Though he had to admit some of the quality had decreased in the wake of Twilight. The majority of the section had become knockoffs of the teen romance and so it was sometimes difficult to find what he enjoyed anymore, especially since his favorite series had long since ended. Still though, there was always a gem to be found and so he picked up a Larten Crepsley novel and then decided to leave the section be.

Slipping back down the aisle he went to a corner of the store where he was delighted to find the thing that had gotten him through high school, the manga section. He passed by the N's, which was in large part Naruto. He briefly wondered how many of the damn things there was going to be, but didn't keep it in his thoughts long. He wandered around and around the shelves, trying to decide which ones he wanted the most. Finally decided on a D. Gray-man and an Attack on Titan before looking to his phone to check the time.

He had been here for about thirty minutes already. That was enough time to just happen upon someone he felt, so he headed back down the stairs to the section that he was sure he would find his boyfriend in. Their favorite section of all, the one they lovingly coined the "porn section", the adult-rated manga.

Just as Chris had thought, there was Richter standing in front of the puny section that took up little more than two sets of shelves in the entire store. They didn't mind though, it still had plenty of potential for good reading, they would find the hidden gems within and take them home.

Though the thoughts of his beloved section were now fading fast as he remembered what he was there to do. Richter was standing there in jeans and jacket, face serious as he judged the offered art with no mercy in his heart. Tall and handsome with dusty brown hair, all the parts that Chris loved, from his head to his toes.

Okay! It was gametime! Had to do this right!...How did he do this right?! What do you say?! Chris suddenly realized how limited his knowledge was. He had never gone cruising for guys, never flirted all that much either. Richter had just started talking to him one day and then it slowly transformed into an intense friendship and from there a deep romance and now today, an everlasting bond.

So he wanted to do this right, to make Richter happy, but he didn't know what resources to draw upon. He wasn't smooth enough for a movie introduction. He thought of the men that hit on him when he was at work, wondering if he could use something they had said. 'You're prettier when you smile,' was the often phrase...NO! That was creepy, no matter the situation! That's not the way to go.

Okay Chris, breathe! You can do this! Just walk over there and pick something up and say hi. That's not hard. Not hard at all. That's a good way to start, yeah...yeah...who was he kidding?! It was the most difficult thing in the world! Why was it so hard to just walk up to a man he not only knew but had slept with!

Stop! Calm down, breathe. Act casual! Chris' mentality jumped back and forth before finally realizing that he had been standing in stunned silence at the end of the aisle for the past two minutes. He had to do it before it became even more awkward than it already was. So he walked towards Richter and stood beside him, trying to make it seem unintentional.

Chris picked up a book by Yaya Sakuragi, one of his favorite manga-kas that Richter had introduced him too. Reading the description on the back he placed it with the others and then looked to the man beside him finally, chancing a glance. He seemed completely unaware that Chris was even there.

"Um...h-hi," Chris said nervously. "That's a good one," he tried, gesturing to the book that Richter held.

"Oh? I was admiring the art," Richter replied.

"Oh, yeah Fumi Yoshinaga is a very good manga-ka," Chris said, feeling awkward now. He already knew that Richter liked Fumi Yoshinaga, making it seem stupid to bring that up.

"Yeah, I really liked Antique Bakery," Richter replied, smiling.

"Gay of demonic charm," Chris said under his breath, more out of habit than anything else.

Richter laughed, "Ono was my favorite."

"Mine too. Everyone needs a demonically charmed gay in their lives," Chris said, feeling a little calmer now.

"Oh? Are you offering?" Richter replied.

Chris' brow furrowed. Offering?

"Because I think I'm already falling for you," Richter said, looking down at Chris with a smooth smirk.

Chris couldn't help blushing. It was surprising to him that he could still feel these butterflies in his stomach at those cheesy words. After all this time, it was like nothing had changed. Their relationship had grown stronger, their feelings deeper. Life had changed around them and they had evolved in personality, but they were still the same men who loved each other, who could not exist without the other.

“Well you are my type,” Chris replied, trying to sound confident.

They both stared at each other for a moment before bursting out laughing, sharing a look that spoke of how awkward, but fun this seemed to be turning out.

“My name is Chris,” the older man said, holding out a hand.

“Ricter,” he said, taking the offered hand and giving it a shake.

“Well Ricter, you seem like a good judge. What would you suggest that I read next?” Chris asked, gesturing to the small manga section before him.

“Hmm...I'm going to bet that you like happy endings,” Ricter said, looking Chris over critically, as if he wasn't fully aware that Chris was a total softy and hated sad endings. “So I'll first say that you should stay away from Truly Kindly.”

“Already read it. It made me cry,” Chris pouted.

“Ah-ha! So my suspicions were correct! So how about...Hide and Seek 3? My powers of deduction tell me that you already have the first two,” he said, knowing full well that it had actually been he who had purchased the first two in the series as gifts for Chris.

“Oh how'd you guess?” Chris smiled taking the book in hand and adding it to his small pile. “You know, I'm just about to go check out. You want to join me at the cafe for a treat? I'm buying.”

“That sounds like a lot of fun,” Ricter said. “Let's go.”

They went around and paid for their purchases and then dropped by the cafe. They shared pieces of strawberry shortcake and chocolate decadence cake, Chris with a cup of coffee and Ricter with a cup of tea.

They sat talking about things that they already knew about each other and a few that they didn't, retelling stories they'd told a hundred times, using jokes they had long since forgotten about till that exact moment when they were able to resurrect them and the humor that came along with. When they'd been sitting for an hour and a half they considered for a moment that it might be time to go, but then Ricter suggested, “Let's go walk the strip.”

“Let's,” Chris agreed heartily and so they left the bookstore and started down the strip of shops. They talked more, stopping at a clothing shop to try and clothing, some of their choices because they liked them, some of them simply to laugh at how ridiculous they looked. They passed by a store that was blaring 'Applause' by Lady Gaga into the street outside and decided to stop to sing along, being a bit too loud and laughing the whole time. When the song ended though they ended up a tad embarrassed as they realized they had drawn a crowd of onlookers with quirked brows and disapproving sneers. They slunk off towards the next store, but then ended up just laughing more at the ridiculousness of it all.

Around nine that night Chris announced he was hungry again and Ricter agreed. They stepped into a fast food joint and purchased some burritos to go and ate them back along the strip again and towards Ricter's car. They got inside to finish off their burritoos, continuing their conversation on the

sex lives of smurfs which had somehow become an epic debate between the two.

“It's getting late,” Richter said and that brought Chris back from his happy reverie.

Chris looked at the radio dashboard and realized it was now 10 o'clock. It seemed that the playacting was over. He felt happy after such a fun day, but disappointment filled his chest as he realized it was coming to an end.

“You wanna go back to my place?” Richter asked, making Chris blink and then smile. So it wasn't quite over.

“I don't know, I mean I barely know you. It seems a little irresponsible to go with you,” Chris replied.

“I have video games...” Richter said in a sing-song voice.

“Well that's all the convincing I need,” Chris said quickly, making them both chuckle before taking a moment to simply take each other in.

“I love you, Richter,” Chris said, taking the other's hand.

“Love you too Chris,” he said, leaning in and sharing a loving kiss.

Chris reached out and grasped at the man's shirt, his other hand going to Richter's head and running his fingers through the man's hair. He felt hands running along his sides and then fingers reaching just barely into the waistline of his pants to run along the lace that was lined along the hem of panties that he knew Chris was wearing.

“You want to go home and get laid,” Richter asked as they broke apart.

“So much,” Chris breathed back, realizing that their night was far from over, even if the playacting was. They still had plenty to enjoy.

The drive home took a while, having to be careful of the snowy, wet roads, the darkness pressing on the little car. It was a long enough drive as it was, but it was a quick and easy trip to an accident if they weren't careful and patient, but they made their way with little trouble.

Chris took the time in the passenger seat to admire his lover. It brought a warm grin to Chris' lips to see Richter so very focused on the road ahead, concentrating on making sure they made it back home safe and sound. Chris trusted the man completely. They would arrive home, whole.

As Chris predicted after a long, quiet drive, they pulled up into the parking lot and rushed inside to get out of the cold. Once they had taken off their jackets and turned on some lights they had to let the dog out to go to the bathroom and then put down food for the animals. Once they felt everything was settled they went back to their bedroom, closing the door behind them.

There was no hesitation to end up in each others embrace again. A heated kiss, clothes being shed so fast it was a wonder they didn't end up torn. When they were standing in nothing but their underwear, Richter leaned in and whispered into Chris' ear, “I'm going to fuck you now, Mr. Dekeyser.”

Chris blinked for a moment before bursting out in laughter, having to grab Richter's arms for balance as he bent over with the giggles. He looked up at Richter with tears in his eyes, seeing the big grin on the younger man's face.

"Oh my God, Richter! Don't make me think of that abomination right now. It just about killed my erection. Besides there's no tampon in my ass for you to pull out," Chris returned, this time sending Richter into fits.

After they were both composed, Richter leaned in for a kiss, "Mmm...Safe word is Louisiana."

"You just want to hear me say it funny," Chris said, nipping the others lip.

"I do think it's funny."

"Fine, Louisiana it is," he replied, getting a giggle out of Richter.

"Do you want me to put on the collar?" Chris asked, speaking of the black leather collar that they had designed together on line. They then purchased a little tag that said "Chris. Property of Richter."

"Go get it," Richter said, Chris retrieving the object from inside the closet. He then got Chris to turn around for him and then applied the collar himself. Chris then turned around again, letting Richter admire the way the leather pressed against that fair neck, that silver tag glinting in the light.

"You're so sexy," he said, making Chris blush.

"Would you like me to get on the bed?"

"Yes, please," was the answer and Chris was quick to comply, while Richter turned to the stereo and hit the power button. Letting it play was something that made Chris more comfortable as the man had trouble feeling comfortable in complete silence. Plus, it made him a little more relaxed and less self-conscious of any sounds he made during their love-making. Richter choose Demon Days from Gorillaz, a mutual favorite of theirs.

He then turned and stopped for a moment, taking in the sight of Chris lounging on the bed, waiting for him. Resting on their comfy bed in nothing but a pair of black hipsters with a lace trim and that collar, smiling at Richter, inviting, wanting. His nipples were already hard from the how cold it was today and Richter knew he had to touch them.

He settled on the bed and leaned in to suck one of those brownish pink nubs that caused Chris so much pleasure. Richter gave it a little bite and the soft little sigh he got from Chris made shivers run down his spine.

"Can I tie you up?" Richter asked, hand running down Chris' stomach, the plane of flesh twitching slightly from the ticklish feeling.

"Yes," Chris replied, watching as Richter reached to the bedside table and into a drawer there, pulling from it some fur-lined cuffs. Chris obediently placed his wrists at the center of the headboard and let the younger man apply the restraints, forcing him to keep his hands far and away from the

action, submitting to Richter's mercy or lack thereof.

Richter loved the fact that Chris gave him this control. The older man had at first been very wary of being tied down. Instinct and past experience with trusting others had led Chris to believe it best not to ever allow someone that much power over his body, even if he had a naturally submissive personality in most things. Now though, Chris trusted Richter implicitly to never harm him in any unwanted way.

“Feel alright?” Richter questioned.

“Yes, though a little tight on the right,” Chris replied and it was quickly rectified. “Much better.”

The younger man then straddled his lover, leaning in for a kiss before trailing his lips down along that pale body so lovingly offered to him. He went along the others neck and then nipped at a collar bone. Chris went between little giggles when it tickled to soft gasps of pain whenever Richter bit at the sensitive flesh, leaving dark marks here and there that would arouse them both later on.

Chris felt hands on the hem of his panties again, pulling them down in the front so that Chris' half-hard erection rested on the band.

“You have such a cute cock,” Richter chuckled as he wrapped a hand around it and began to jack the appendage off.

Chris' hips quickly began to move, gyrating and lifting to meet up with that warm hand, little moans dripping from his mouth.

“And I love the way your hips move,” Richter whispered, knowing to lay the praise on thick.

It hadn't been quite that long ago that Chris had barely been able to kiss without feeling like an idiot. Richter had spent a long time boosting Chris' self-esteem to get him comfortable enough so that they could have any kind of intimate contact. Chris' extreme self-consciousness still reigned a lot of the time, but with Richter he had slowly begun to open up and allow himself to relax.

It had been slow going to get to this point, Richter making sure that there had never been any pressure for Chris to perform. No matter how much Richter wanted to make love to the man he cared so deeply for, he held himself back, allowing Chris to grow at his own pace. The work had been worth it.

Richter stopped mid-stroke as soon as he felt Chris was fully erect. Chris gave out a pitiful whimper, but it didn't soften Richter's heart in the least. After all, he had plans. He went to their little secret stash and pulled out a couple of their favorite toys, a set of nipple clamps connected by a chain and a blue anal vibrator. Richter displayed these to Chris, looking like a child who was waiting for praise.

“You have ideas,” Chris said.

“Don't I always?” Richter smirked and then approached the bed, removing the last bits of clothing from both their bodies and leaving them quite nude.

He then took to Chris' chest and applied the nipple clamps. The simple devices had become a prized object in their kinky arsenal. One of Richter's favorite parts of Chris' body was his nipples. Ever since the first time he had seen them he had wanted to place them in clamps and it had brought him great joy whenever Chris admitted shyly that he enjoyed the mix of pain and pleasure as well.

Chris mewled quietly, toes curling as he felt the padded clamp squeeze his tender flesh. It was a delightful pain that made him bite his lip. His nipples had always been a sensitive area and somehow years of playing with them during masturbation sessions had led to this.

Next Richter reached into their bedside table again and pulled out the bottle of lubrication that they used without hesitation. He spread out Chris' legs and looked down at the feast before him. Chris' cock was standing up straight, aching and twitching with want. His little testicles were adorably smooth, hanging down over the puckered pink anus that Richter had fond memories of preparing and then eventually penetrating for the first time. There wasn't time to go down memory-lane though, he had a job to do!

He popped open the bottle of lube and squirted some onto Chris' waiting hole and then a couple more drops onto his own fingers, never being shy with the essential liquid. A finger entered into Chris, causing him to dig his heels into the mattress, feeling Richter's lips on his stomach as that finger moved about inside him.

"Baby, you're so beautiful. I love everything about you," Richter said, running his tongue along that belly.

"I love you too, Richter. Haa....it feels so good. Please keep going, love" Chris urged and was rewarded with another finger entering him.

Richter pressed three fingers into that anus before he felt that Chris was properly stretched and ready to take something larger. He sat up once more and took the blue vibrator into his hand. It wasn't a very fancy vibrator, having been cheap, but effective. A simple tapered design with a flared base and a motor inside to make it hum pleasantly.

Richter covered the sex toy with lubricant as well and then pressed it inside Chris', the man able to take it easily.

"Okay hun?" Richter asked.

"Yes."

"Good," Richter said taking up the controller for the toy and turning it up to a medium setting. He watched as Chris gasped and then bit his lip again, his hips beginning to move, cock rising into the air. He loved to see Chris in the throes of their passion, enjoying himself completely, letting go. He could have sat there for hours watching Chris, listening to him enjoy his pleasure, but there were still things to do.

Richter kissed his way back up the older man's body and locked lips with the other, feeling Chris' gasps on his lips.

"Now, my little pet, I want you to suck me off," Richter said coming to Chris's ear. "I want you to

use your mouth and get me wet and hard for your hole. If you cum before I'm ready, I'll tighten the nipple clamps while I fuck you."

Chris moaned, caught somewhere between arousal at the thought of being dominated in such a pleasant way and dreading the potential punishment if he can't keep himself under control.

"Yes, my love," Chris said and then found Richter straddling his chest, the man's cock presented before him, already plenty hard. That wasn't really the point though. It was the endurance, the play, the fantasy of giving himself in so completely to his lover's whims to make them both all the more aroused.

Still though, Chris was a tad intimidated by the erection placed before him. He had never felt very good at giving blowjobs. He tried for all he was worth, but he had a terrible gag reflex that meant he could never take Richter very deep. So they worked around it, Chris usually keeping to licking the offered appendage and shallowly sucking the head. Richter didn't mind, he understood his boyfriend's limitations. He just loved having those plush lips wrapped about his cock.

So Chris did his best to never disappoint. He ran his tongue along the hot flesh, leaving chaste kisses along it, and then trailing down to the man's balls to give them attention as well. He greedily licked one and then the other, before bringing his head back up to the tip that stared at him, wanting.

Chris looked up at Richter as he took that head into his mouth and began to bob his head slightly, putting his tongue to use the entire time. Richter gripped the head board and moaned loudly, their eyes connecting as Richter looked down, seeing there the submission and love given to him by the Texan boy he intended to spend forever with.

"Yeah, like that baby," Richter groaned, it taking a good deal of concentration not to give into his more base wants and start thrusting his hips. It was a difficult urge to fight off, but one he did so happily, knowing he would never cause Chris discomfort just to feel good.

Chris for his part was doing his best to keep his mind at the important task before him, but it was far from easy. His thoughts kept drifting to the clamps digging into delicate skin and the vibrator which buzzed on callously. It made his hips wiggle and writhe, ass digging into the mattress.

Chris wanted so much to please Richter, wanted to avoid his punishment, but he also wanted to cum! It had been a while since he and Richter had the chance to make love so he was aching for his release. He didn't know how much more he could take!

"Richter...mmm please let me cum!" Chris moaned as he pulled away from Richter's cock.

Richter couldn't help but smirk. Oh how he loved that pleading tone.

"Not yet, love," was the reply, earning him a frustrated groan from Chris, though that was his only protest. "Besides, I think I'm ready now," Richter said admiring his saliva covered dick before moving back down the bed.

Richter pulled the vibrator from Chris's ass, it still buzzing away without a care, before the man hit the power button and it stopped its whirr. The removal of the toy made Chris give a sound of mixed relief and irritation.

“Ask for me,” Richter commanded.

Chris blushed, always feeling laughable when he used any form of dirty talk. “Please...put it in me,” he said quietly.

“Do what?” Richter asked, always enjoying teasing Chris, though lightly.

Chris' face flushed even harder, “Please...please put your cock inside me,” he said, doing his best to keep his voice above a whisper.

“Good boy,” Richter said, leaning in and giving Chris a kiss on the forehead, causing Chris to smile.

Richter settled between Chris' legs and then took up the bottle of lube once more, applying more to his penis. He then lined himself up with Chris' eager anus.

“You ready?” Richter asked, looking to Chris.

“Yes, put it in,” Chris replied and Richter complied.

The younger man edged his cock in slowly, being mindful of his love, wanting to make sure he never caused pain or fear. Sex was never more important than the man before him.

Chris moaned long and low. He felt full and spread out, opening, accepting. Richter felt huge inside that small cavity.

Richter took his time getting to the hilt and once he did he paused. He looked to Chris and waited until he got a small nod from the other, his permission, Chris was ready for more. Richter pulled back his hips and then dug in again, deeply.

Chris gasped, chest heaving high as he panted hard. He loved giving into this, giving into his more base desires and forgetting, at least for a little while, his more timid nature. He loved giving it all up for Richter, to please him, to offer his most intimate moments, places, feelings.

Chris opened his eyes and watched Richter. His eyes were closed as he focused on thrusting in at just the right angle to make Chris drunk with pleasure. It made a smile spread across Chris' face. It came to him again that he loved everything about this man. From the way that Richter's body dripped with sweat, to the way his hand fisted into the comforter, to the quiet and gentle encouragements that he received during their love making and throughout their days, to the complete and utter sense of love and trust that filled the room.

Richter opened his eyes and looked to Chris, returning the smile. They leaned in for another long kiss, pressing tongues and Chris biting Richter's lip as they parted.

“What are you thinking about?” Richter asked, voice husky and panting.

“Smurf sex,” Chris said, getting both of them laughing again, Richter having to stop mid-thrust as his body rolled with the fit of glee, his head resting against Chris' chest until it was over.

“What?” Richter asked as he slowly got himself back under control.

“No...no I was just thinking how much I love you. How glad I am to have you in my life. You mean everything to me, Richter,” he said, gazing up at the other.

“And you're my soul-mate,” Richter replied readily, leaning in to kiss at Chris' neck.

“And you're mine,” came the reply and then a gasp as Richter's hips began to move again, getting back into the rhythm. “Yes...more,” Chris breathed.

Richter grabbed at the older man's thigh and pushed in all the harder, increasing the speed of his thrusts, adjusting Chris to a higher position to get deeper. Chris could feel him inside, pressing against his walls, hitting his prostate in delightful little jabs that sent shock waves along his body.

Richter stared down at his lover, watching those clamps bounce and jerk in sync with his thrusts along with the tag upon the collar, watching his beautiful sweet lover who had given him so much. Chris had always tried so very hard to make him happy and he was forever grateful for it. Oh how he needed him. They were forever, he thought briefly.

“Richter, I'm going to cum!” Chris cried suddenly, bringing Richter back to the present and making him realize that he wasn't too far off himself. That tight feeling was deep in his loins, waiting to reach it's peak.

“So am I,” Richter replied. “Cum for me, baby. Let me see you,” he commanded.

“Yes...” Chris breathed before giving out a breathy moan as he finally reached his climax. His back arched and then a long sigh. Semen spurted from his tip and spilled out over his stomach and staining the blankets.

Richter let the sight sink in, wanting to remember this moment, to have it always in his memory. He buried his cock into Chris with a last few thrusts and then pressed to the hilt on his last and then let it all go. His cum poured out inside of his lover.

They sealed their mutual orgasm with another passionate kiss before Richter pulled away and gave a sigh and lounged out over Chris' body, being mindful of the clamps still attached.

“Mmm...A plus sex...” Richter groaned contentedly, feeling his cock sliding from Chris' body as it went flaccid again.

“Yeah...it was,” Chris panted, pausing for a moment as they snuggled there in the afterglow. “Now untie me, I need to pee.”

Richter laughed again, but knew that Chris was quite serious. He always need to pee after an orgasm. He sat up and started with the nipple clamps, removing them slowly, Chris whimpering in pain as blood rushed back to the nubs and made them ache.

“Are you okay? Nothing feels wrong?” Richter asked, wanting to make sure they hadn't caused any damage.

“No, hurts, but that's normal,” Chris replied.

“Okay,” Richter said, then going for the cuffs and undoing those as well before standing up from the bed. “Let me take you,” he said, picking Chris up bridal style and taking him to the bathroom.

Chris settled on the toilet and relieved his bladder, feeling some of Richter's semen slip out of his anus and fall to the water below. He'd have to clean that out later, but he was too tired to do it right that moment.

“You want me to help you douche?” Richter asked, always thinking ahead.

“No, I'll do it in the morning,” he said after cleaning himself up and then reaching up to have Richter take him back into his arms once more.

They went back to the bedroom where Richter pulled down the comforter and settled Chris before sliding in himself. Richter rested on his back and Chris stretched out onto his side, resting his head on Richter's chest, wrapping their arms about each other.

“You want to take off your collar?” Richter asked.

“No,” Chris said.

“Okay then,” Richter smiled, pausing. “That was an awesome first meeting. Who knew you were so easy?” Richter smirked as he closed his eyes.

“Easy I may be,” Chris yawned, “but you better call me later or else I'm removing body parts.”

Richter smiled sleepily, “Love you baby,”

“And you, my love.”

The End.