



PARLOR GAMES 3.5

WRITTEN FOR THE  
'NAUGHTY NOVEMBER'  
ANTHOLOGY

*Sweet  
Mischief*

**AE LISTER**

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# Chapter 1

He'd told me to meet him at Maverick Molly's Kink Club and Gaming Parlor.

He was heavily into pup play, and I'd never tried it. But there had been a list circulating on social media, in some of the BDSM groups I was a part of, that named off a bunch of kinks and the challenge was to find one you'd never explored. Which had been tricky for me, to be honest.

But my eyes had landed on Pet Play and Leashes. I'd never tried that before. It wasn't, honestly, something that intrigued me the way a lot of other kinks did. But I liked men in masks and those pup hoods were pretty adorable. Circumstance had never offered me the chance to be involved. So I specifically searched for someone in my area who was into it.

The guy's handle was his pup name—Mischief97—I assumed that 97 was the year he was born, since his age was listed as twenty-six. He was a little young for me. I had celebrated my fortieth birthday a few months ago.

He'd seemed decent and actually quite mature when I'd messaged him. None of this coy flirtation that some of the young guys enjoyed, but a straightforward interest in me as a Dom and a person. I liked that.

Then we'd exchanged photos, and he was cute as fuck. He'd replied to mine with:

*!!!! Holy shit and a flame emoji.*

I assumed he'd liked the look of me, too. We'd talked about safety and I'd told him I was on PrEP and could show him negative STI results from a week ago. He was on PrEP, too, but his results were two weeks old, which was inconsequential.

Then we'd had a frank discussion about what we wanted.

**Him:** *I want to be your good pup.*

*I want you to treat me like a dog, in whatever way that means to you.*

*I like bondage and objectification and humiliation.*

*I need to wear my pup gear. I also have some accessories that you can use.*

*I like impact play, but not severe. Tease and denial are a big deal.*

**Me:** *My needs are few. I want your obedience and respect—but I will earn it. I want your enthusiasm. I want to try this to see if I like it. I want to have fun and I want you to have fun also.*

Then we had exchanged our real first names.

His was Atticus. I asked if that was Greek and he'd said yes. He'd said it was his given name and that he was Greek with some Spanish thrown in for texture, winky face. And I'd sent him a laughing emoji.

When he found out my name was Luther, he'd said he'd never met a Luther before.

We texted about where to meet.

**Atticus:** *Have you heard of Maverick Molly's?*

**Me:** *No? Is it a bar?*

**Atticus:** *You'll see. Let's meet there.*

**Me:** *Fine.*

**Atticus:** *I'll book the Bordello, but we can meet in the gaming parlor first.*

**Me:** *???*

**Atticus:** *The Bordello is a kink space in the back.*

**Me:** *Oh. Nice. Is it pricey?*

**Atticus:** *I'll cover it. But you'll have to become a member of the club.*

**Me:** *How much?*

He gave me a number that was pretty reasonable, if the place was as nice as he'd said.

**Me:** *Is it worth it?*

**Atticus:** *I think it is. If we decide we don't want to use the kink space, it's fine. We can at least have a drink together.*

I liked the way he wasn't pressuring or assuming, since we'd never met in person. Some of these young guys were intense. He seemed decent and low-key.

I already liked the sounds of this Maverick Molly's place.

\* \* \*

I'd been picturing a modern gaming establishment, like a mini-casino or something of that nature, so when I saw the old-fashioned signage and walked up the steps to the large double doors, then stepped into history, it was startling.

Even the entry area and the hallway had the ambience of a Victorian drinking establishment. Sounds of laughter, the clinking of glasses, and men's voices drifted through a

nearby archway. It was immediately welcoming and alluring after a long day's work in the office.

My day job at the Translation Bureau in Public Services and Procurement, with the Federal Government, wasn't physically taxing in the least. But the strain of working on documents for eight hours a day could take a toll. I was ready for something that didn't involve reading or, frankly, *thinking*. I needed a distraction, and I certainly hoped Atticus could help me out.

Someone came out of the room to my left, and at first glance, I took the person for a young woman dressed in Victorian undergarments. But I did a double take because something was off. It turned out to be a very handsome young man.

I blinked.

"Welcome to Maverick Molly's!" he said, smiling. "I can see by the expression on your face that you've never been here before."

"Uh...no. Seems I've missed out," I said, my gaze raking over the attractive man in the scintillating costume. He was shorter than me, and svelte, the corset holding him together rather nicely. He had shaggy gelled hair and black eyeliner, and a saucy, full mouth.

"I'll say." He wagged his eyebrows. "My name's Toby. I'm a server here. Are you meeting someone?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact."

The notification sound on my phone alerted me to a text. I dug it out of my pocket, giving Toby an apologetic smile.

**Atticus:** *Look up.*

I gazed into the room beside me. The young man whose photo I'd examined several times was leaning on the bar and grinning. He gave a little wave.

"That's him," I said to Toby, giving Atticus a casual salute.

"Lucky dog. He's cute. Comes here maybe twice a month. Always with a different guy."

Toby watched me to see how I'd react to that information.

I smiled. "I'm not surprised. Today, he's with me."

"Go on, then. I'll be back in a bit, but there are other molly boys in there to serve you while I'm gone, Mr...?"

"Ross. Luther Ross."

"Wonderful. Get a drink and make yourself at home."

“Hold on. I need to sign up or something? To use the back room?”

Toby’s eyes flashed. “Oh! Of course. Talk to the bartender.”

And he was gone.

I hadn’t worn a jacket on this temperate April evening, so I strode directly into the gaming parlor and toward Atticus.

“Glad you made it,” he said, gazing at me with genuine warmth.

He really was cute, with dimples and masses of loose brown curls falling to his ears. His hair was cut close at the back and sides. He had the Grecian features of an ancient sculpture—an aquiline nose and full lips—but his eyes were a hazel green that might have come from his Spanish side. Or not. At any rate, he was more attractive than his photo.

He seemed genuinely excited to see me, and his youthful look and fit body under the slim jeans and grey button-down attracted my appraisal. We hadn’t exchanged nudes or anything like that, another thing I liked about him. But I could see now from the way his clothes clung to him that he had a body to die for. I only hoped he wasn’t disappointed with me.

I’d worn my sexiest black jeans, a pair of shiny Chelsea boots, and a burgundy button down, untucked only because I was self-conscious of my softer belly. There had been a time when I’d been as fit as Atticus, and I still had good muscle tone in most places. Hopefully, he liked the slight lines on my face that had made their appearance over the past few years, and the fact that my short black hair was beginning to grey.

“So? What do you think?” he asked.

My mouth went dry. “I think you’re gorgeous.”

He laughed and blushed, but shook his head.

“No, I mean about the club. But thank you. And, same.” He raked his gaze down my body and it immediately responded to the heat in his eyes.

“Oh! Well, it’s very unique, that’s for sure. I had no idea it existed.” I gazed about me at the antique furniture and general ambience, and noticed several corseted young men in white bloomers and black stockings flitting around, engaging with the men at the circular tables.

“I discovered it last year. It’s a nice change from the usual places. And the straights don’t ‘get it’, so they tend to steer clear. Or so I’ve heard.”

“Nice. So no unwelcome bachelorette parties?”

He made a face. “No. Thank God.”

He shook his head and continued.

“I don’t care if a straight person wants to come to a gay bar, as long as they treat the people who are queer with respect. Sometimes they don’t.”

“Yes, I know. I suppose it’s a problem with becoming so mainstream,” I suggested, trying to keep control of my desire for this tempting man. It had been a while since a random stranger had inspired such hope in me.

“Did you want to get a drink?” Atticus asked. “There’s a table in the corner we could grab. My reservation for the Bordello is in forty-five minutes, so we have time to get acquainted.”

“That sounds great. Also, I need to speak to the bartender about the membership. I’m definitely interested,” I said, giving Atticus another hungry look. “In everything I’ve seen already.”

He laughed and turned to the imposing black man on bar duty. “Hey, Jacob. You’ve got a new convert.”

The man named Jacob smiled blithely. He wore clothes that were tailored to his muscular body and reminiscent of the early nineteenth century.

“Welcome to Maverick Molly’s,” he said, offering me his hand. “I’m Jacob Moriarty. My husband, Sebastian, and I run the place.”

“Luther Ross.” I shook his hand. “What a wonderful idea for a club,” I said, gazing at the young men in Victorian undergarments. “Those handsome servers are a nice touch, I must say.”

“Ah yes, our molly boys. They perform on stage as well.”

“You’re kidding. Like...lipsyncing to songs?” I knew that wasn’t right as soon as it was out of my mouth.

Jacob and Atticus looked at each other and smiled.

“Not exactly,” Jacob said.

“You’ll see,” Atticus added.

“Yes, I think Sebastian’s just coming along now,” Jacob said, winking at someone behind me.

I turned to see a man around my age with blond hair to the shoulders, wearing the same retro clothing as Jacob, approaching.

“Hello,” he greeted me. “New to Molly’s?”

“Yes,” I confessed. “I’m here with Atticus.”

“Mmm. Lucky Atticus.” He held out his hand. “Sebastian Moriarty. I see you’ve met my husband.”

“Yes. I think I’d like to take out a membership.”

“Excellent.” Sebastian and I shook hands. He turned to Jacob. “Who’s signed up for the stage this evening?”

Jacob nodded at the molly boy I’d met earlier. “Toby’s your man.”

“Oh wonderful. It’s usually him when Robin’s not here.” He frowned. “I think we need to incentivize some of the others to perform more. Like Kip. He’s fantastic when he agrees to do it.”

“Yes, I agree. Maybe a monetary bonus if they perform during their shift. Let me think on it,” Jacob said.

“I’m sure Robin and Toby could use some extra money. And the client’s love it, so…”

Atticus grinned. “Well, it’s not something we can see anywhere else, you know.”

Sebastian nodded at me. “Wonderful to meet you, Mr. Ross,” he said, then moved on to take a seat at the piano by the stage. He played a quick riff and spoke into the microphone.

“Would Toby Dunn please come to the stage? It’s time for a saucy and scintillating interlude.”

Applause erupted and there were hoots and hollers as Toby glanced Sebastian’s way and held up his index finger to indicate that he’d need a moment.

Jacob brought out an iPad and presented it to me.

“If you could just fill out this electronic form and show me two pieces of identification, we can get this ball rolling.”

“Sure. Great,” I said, taking it from him. I took a moment to read over the contract, then started to put in my info.

“What do you want to drink, Luther?” Atticus asked. “Nothing with booze if we’re going to do a scene.”

“No, of course not. I’ll have a club soda with lime, please.”

“We can always get a proper drink afterwards. I might need one,” he said, eyeing me up and down.

I grinned at him and winked. “We both might.”



I filled out my information and sent Jacob an e-transfer for the fee. Jacob printed out a membership card.

“There you go. You’re official now, Luther Ross.”

“Thank you.” I turned to Atticus. “And thank you for introducing me to this place. Let’s get that table before the show starts.”

We took our seats at the table beside the huge fireplace. Someone had placed an arrangement of artificial pillar candles in it since the weather outside was too warm to warrant a blaze. The soft glow of their battery-operated flames bounced off the dark walls of the hearth and added to the old-fashioned ambience.

Toby still hadn’t gone to the stage, but Sebastian was singing a version of Frank Sinatra’s Fly Me to the Moon, while we waited. He played quite well and had a lovely tenor voice.

“So...forty, huh?” Atticus said. “You don’t look it. Like, at all.”

“That’s nice of you to say.”

“No, I mean it. I thought so when I saw your photo.” He put his elbow on the table and rested his head in his hand, gazing at me with appreciation. “Just enough Daddy to be sexy as fuck.”

I laughed, blushing with self-consciousness. “Is that what you tell all your dates?”

He blinked softly, like a cat. “I don’t only date older men, you know.”

“Oh?”

He sat up. “I sometimes pull guys my age. Sometimes younger even.”

“Hmm. Is that so?”

“The leather pup community tends to be on the young side.”

“That’s true,” I said. “Do you only hang out with other guys into the fetish?”

He indicated me. “Clearly not.”

“Ah, but we *are* here to indulge it, aren’t we?” I asked. “Where’s your pup gear? Did you bring it?”

“It’s in my backpack behind the bar.”

“Oh. Good.”

“Also, they have some stuff in the space we’re renting.”

“Really,” I said, leaning forward.

“Yes,” Atticus said, grinning with mischief. “It’s stocked with all *kinds* of things.”

“Pup things?”

“Some. And kitty things. And even some pony things.”

“Oh! What, like saddles?” I asked, not quite sure what that meant.

He shook his head. “Probably not. But there’s a bridle and a hitching post.”

“Jesus,” I said, the very thought sending a jolt to my cock. “But...you’re into the puppy stuff only? Or...”

“I might be persuaded.”

I gazed at him. He gazed at me.

“Well. Isn’t that interesting?” I said, my brain exploding. “We should really get to know each other a bit before we head back there.”

“Sure. Ask me anything,” he said, taking a sip of his drink.

“Do you like the name Atticus, or do people call you something else?”

“Oh, you mean, like, a nickname?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, my close friends call me Kit. But I like the way my full name sounds in your mouth.”

“So do I.” Although the nickname was as adorable as he was.

He smiled. “What about you?”

I shrugged. “A few people call me Lou. But I’d prefer you to be more formal.”

He grinned. “Of course. Although when I’m in pup space, I won’t be speaking.”

“Oh. I suppose that makes sense.”

He inclined his head.

“You’ll need a safeword, though.”

“I normally use ‘rainbow’.”

“That works.”

“How about you?”

I smiled. “You think I’ll need one?”

“Maybe.” He gazed at me as if I were a ribeye steak, and I wondered how intense this was going to be.

“I suppose it’s a good idea. I normally use ‘bicycle’.”

“Okay.”

“Now...hard limits. I won't do anything involving choking or breath play. No blood, scat or piss.”

“That's fine. There are rules for the Bordello and that sort of thing isn't allowed. And I'm pretty much the same, anyway.”

“Pretty much?” I said, with a raised eyebrow.

“Well, I like the *idea* of breath play, and I might do it with someone I know well. But not with a hook-up.”

“Fair,” I said. “Best to be safe.”

“Exactly,” he said. “What are your soft limits?”

“In terms of what I'd be willing to do *to* someone, I don't have many.”

His smile broadened. “Hmm.”

“What are your *exact* hard limits, Atticus?”

He thought about that. “Well, everything you mentioned. Don't put anything in my cock.”

“Noted. I doubt they'd have the equipment for that. What about your ass?” I asked, trying not to sound too eager.

He grinned widely. “Oh, my ass is up for anything.”

“Wonderful,” I said. “Do they have...”

“Oh yeah. Big selection. Everything is sterilized in a proper autoclave, since the toys are used on multiple people.”

A squeal of interference from the microphone alerted us to the fact that Toby had finally joined Sebastian for his performance.

“Oooh, sorry about that. Hello, everyone, I'm Toby.”

“We know who you are. Now get on with it,” someone shouted from a table near the door.

Toby gave them a narrow-eyed glare. “Rude. Anyway, I've decided to recite a little poem for you today. Let's see...” he tapped his head, then his eyes lit up. “All right, I've got one.”

He put his hands on his hips and widened his stance, lifting his chin. As he recited, he exaggerated his facial expressions to match with the lines.

“Now, Steve was a fella with plenty of class,

Who knocked the boys dead when he wiggled his...”

Someone yelled out “Ass!”

But Toby continued. “*Eyes* at the fellas as boys sometimes do

To make it quite plain that he wanted to, Go for a walk or a stroll through the grass,  
Then hurry back home for a nice piece of..."

Toby put a hand to his ear and raised his eyebrows.

"Ass!" a few men shouted out.

Snickers and scoffs came from the others.

"*Ice cream* and cake and a piece of roast duck, And after each meal he was ready to..."

He put his hand to his ear and half the room yelled out "Fuck!"

Toby shook his head and kept going.

"*Go* for a walk or a stroll on the dock, With any young man with a sizeable..."

"Cock!" everyone yelled.

"*Bunch* of green bills in a pretty big roll, And if he talked fast enough, he would show him  
his..."

"Hole!"

Toby shook his head sadly at our terrible guesses.

"*Little* pet dog who's subject to fits, And maybe let him grab hold of his..." Toby sang,  
cupping his chemise where the top of the corset rested.

I'd never heard a group of gay men yell out the word "Tits!" so hard.

Toby threw back his head, laughing, then went on.

"*Little* white hand with a movement so quick, Then he'd lean over and tickle his..."

"Dick!"

"*Chin* while he showed what he once learned in France, And asked the poor fellow to take  
off his..."

"Pants!"

"*Coat* while he sang "Off the Mandalay Shore," For whatever he was, fancy Steve was no  
bore."

Toby took a deep breath and put a hand to his brow. "Holy shit. That's a long one."

"That's what he said!" a few men yelled out as Toby gave them the finger and left the  
stage, flouncing in his petticoats like a Victorian strumpet.

I met Atticus' wide grin.

"Utterly magical," I said. "How did I not know this place existed?"

“Most of their advertising is on Instagram,” Atticus said, as Toby waved and bid us all adieu, placing the microphone on the piano and giving a sweet curtsy.

“That would explain it. I have Facebook but I don’t use it much. I’m not on Instagram.”

“Jesus. You *are* old,” Atticus said, with a gleam in his eye.

“Maybe I should sign up. Seems I’m missing out on important information.”

Atticus shrugged. “I like Instagram. It’s more chill than X and more interesting than Facebook. Please tell me you know what X is.”

“I know what X is. It used to be Twitter. Is it still a dumpster fire?”

“There’s hope for you yet. And yes, it is. I only use it for porn.”

I rolled my eyes but grinned. Of course he used X for porn.

The words flowed between us, as if we hadn’t been total strangers before connecting on the app. It was fractionally alarming to feel this at ease with someone I was planning to enjoy a heavy kink scene with.

I liked Atticus. A little too much.

I didn’t want my emotions involved in this, except at a very basic level. I hoped it wouldn’t put me off my game. But once Atticus had his pup hood on, he’d presumably become an object or a mindless animal for me to dominate. I was excited and didn’t want strong emotions to get in the way of a primal and experimental exercise.

I’d expected to be bored with our time in the gaming parlor, and itching to get into the back room—what was it called? The Bordello—but instead, I found myself charmed and entertained by Atticus’ company.

When Atticus looked at his watch and said it was time to get the key, I didn’t think so much time had passed.

“Oh. Right.” I said, as if I’d forgotten. “Let’s go.”

Atticus put his hands on the table and gave me an impish look, then stood. As I got to my feet, he stayed me with his hand.

“Luther, I have to tell you that I never expected you to be this fucking hot, or smart, or...I don’t know. I’m starting to think I really lucked out here.”

I examined him and waffled between confessing my own feelings or keeping things business-like. As usual, I opted for the latter.

“Thank you. You’re exactly my type, physically, and I’m eager to learn more about pup play.”

He opened his mouth as if to say something else, but closed it again.

“Perfect,” he said with a mischievous smile.

I followed Atticus to the bar.

Jacob looked up. “Is it that time?”

“Oh yes,” Atticus said, his eyes sparkling. The man had an energy about him that electrified me.

Jacob reached under the bar and brought out an antique, rusted skeleton key.

“Oh shit. That’s the key?” I asked.

Jacob laughed, then showed me the small steel key that was hung on it. “That’s the *keychain*. It would be amazing if that were the key, but alas, it’s not.”

“Damn. I was expecting a huge wooden door with an iron latch on it,” I confessed.

“We’ve discussed putting a key code lock on the Bordello, which makes more sense, but we’re supposed to be providing an old-fashioned ambience here. Plus, everyone gets a kick out of the keychain.”

“Is it a real antique?”

“Of course.”

“You have so many beautiful pieces,” I said.

“Thank you. We get everything from a local shop that’s owned by a good friend of ours. We have a deal to get certain items at a discount. And they put aside things that they suspect might interest us.”

“How wonderful.”

“Off you go then. You only have an hour,” Jacob reminded us. “Make the best of it. Atticus knows the rules and they’re posted by the door.”

“Thank you,” I said.

“Can you pass me my backpack, Jacob?” Atticus asked.

Jacob glanced under the bar, then bent and retrieved Atticus’ pack.

“Here you go,” he said with a cheeky grin, passing it over.

Atticus grabbed his backpack, thanked Jacob, and headed out of the gaming parlor, winking at me to follow.

“Is this room as exciting as I’m expecting it to be?” I asked.

“Only one way to find out,” Atticus commented.

I followed Atticus out of the gaming parlor and down a hallway towards the back of the building. He turned left past a door marked Office, and led me to another door with Bordello on it in brass letters.

He turned to me and smirked.

“Doesn’t look like much from the outside, I know. But just wait.”

He put the key in the lock and twisted it, then turned the handle and pushed the door open.

## Chapter 2

Pot lights switched on and gave a soft glow to the room. Atticus flipped a switch and a collection of antique-looking sconces turned on, illuminating the rest of the space.

“Shit. It’s huge.”

I met Atticus’ gaze, and he smiled and blushed adorably.

The door clicked shut behind us. I didn’t know what to look at. My eyes were drawn to multiple items. The space was arranged in discernible sections, the first being the recreation of a Victorian parlor, with a red rug, an antique settee, and a vanity with a mirror and stool. A rack of clothes separated it from another space that seemed to recreate a school classroom, with a blackboard, teacher’s desk and an antique student’s desk.

“Holy fuck,” I said.

“I know, right?” Atticus said, walking past the first two spaces and further into the room. He brandished his arm to a padded spanking bench.

“My favourite,” he said. “But there are so many possibilities.”

He gestured towards an expansive platform bed against the wall with a crosshatched metal grate above it, then some other vintage pieces of wooden bondage furniture. There was a St. Andrew’s cross on the wall between the classroom area and the bed.

“Oh, here’s the hitching post I told you about,” Atticus said, beckoning me over.

It was basically a wooden board with a metal ring in it, attached to the wall near the bondage furniture. The words “Hitching Post” were painted on it, and underneath someone had scrawled “For naughty ponies” in permanent chalk.

I swallowed, gazing at Atticus. “Are you a naughty pony, Atticus?”

He shrugged and drew his tongue across his top lip. “I could be. Maybe.”

“Hmm,” I said, the excitement of seeing all of this kink furniture going to my head. “I want to see you in the gear you brought.”



“Sure. Why don’t you have a closer look at everything while I go change,” Atticus said, heading to a space between the stocks and what looked like an actual Berkley Horse, if I wasn’t mistaken. I’d have to have a closer look at that.

For now, I gave Atticus space to change and walked back to the Victorian parlor setup, which was the least interesting thing I’d seen so far, but lovely in its historical flavor.

The settee itself was beautiful—upholstered in velvet, and quite a sizeable piece of furniture. There was enough space for two men to lounge comfortably together, and for three people to sit. The back of it was painted gold and scrolled with pretty designs. I ran my hand over the bumpy wood. The thought and care that had been put into creating such a space was evident. There was an antique lamp on a small wooden table, and a vanity with a velvet covered stool and an ornate mirror.

I glanced at my reflection, seeing my flushed cheeks and dark eyes. I was ready for anything, and I hoped that Atticus was prepared. I turned and peeked into the back corner of the room, glimpsing movement as he changed into his pup gear and persona. But I didn’t want to see him until he was ready, so I went to look at the clothing hung on the rack.

There was quite a lot of lingerie—both Victorian and modern—sized for men, and some robes and kimonos for lounging around half naked. Maybe this space could be useful after an intense scene, for some lazy aftercare.

“Luther?”

My name sounded muffled.

I turned and took a step back when I saw him.

“Holy shit,” I said, my cock hardening as I took him in. “You look fucking hot. And cute as hell, too.”

“Thanks,” he said, his pretty eyes staring at me out of a solidly crafted leather pup hood, with green accents around the muzzle and the ears. I’d seen these kinds of pup masks before, but hung on hooks in queer kink shops and in photos online. Never on an actual...*pup*.

This was different. And it wasn’t only the hood.

Atticus had replaced his jeans with a bright red jock strap and traded his shirt for a black leather chest harness. What looked like skateboard pads covered his knees, and he also wore leather fingerless gloves with cushioning on the palms and knuckles. He had fastened a black

leather collar around his neck, with a metal tag hanging from it. His broad, attractive feet were bare. I may have looked at them a bit too long.

“Foot fetish?” he asked.

“Maybe. Turn around,” I said, gulping and feeling the blood rush south as he obeyed.

As Atticus turned, my gaze was drawn to his bare buttocks and a rubber appendage that was attached to something—presumably a plug—buried in his ass. The tail waggled and swayed, keeping time with my pounding heart.

Atticus gave a sudden bark that sounded pretty fucking real, and my cock jerked.

“You like?” he murmured from the hood, glancing at me over his shoulder.

“Yes. I like very much. More than—” I laughed. “More than I thought I would.”

He barked again, keeping his gaze on mine.

“Good boy. Such a good boy,” I said, with a smile that I couldn’t hold back.

Atticus swayed his hips, making his tail wag again. I’d bet it felt good, the motion of that rubber tail while the base was inside him. My hands itched to touch him.

“I’m going to stop talking, if that’s okay,” he said.

“That’s fine. That’s perfect,” I said, moving close. “I’ll take over.”

I slid my fingers along the leather collar and examined the engraved tag.

“Hmm. *Mischief*. Are you a good boy, *Mischief*?” I asked, stroking his throat. “Or are you going to give me trouble?”

He gave a little bark and wagged his tail.

I laughed. This was already so much fun.

“Come,” I said, patting my thigh and moving past him. I headed for the spanking bench.

“Oh, and puppies don’t walk on two legs, you know.”

I glanced behind me, pleased to see him drop to his hands and knees.

“Good boy.”

He gave a happy bark and the scuff of his kneepads on the wood surface followed me across the floor.

Any worries I’d had about being turned off by the silliness of a grown man pretending to be a puppy had been banished by how adorable and fucking sexy Atticus looked in his gear. I’d vowed to fully immerse myself in the experience because I was truly curious and open-minded.

I was starting to see what the fuss was about.

“Hmm. Since you’re the first human puppy I’ve ever done a scene with, I need to get a closer look.”

I went over to the spanking bench and easily located the adjustment levers. I’d been around a lot of kink equipment in my life and most of them were built using the same simple mechanisms. Pup Mischief sat on his haunches and waited quietly while I fiddled with it, making a solid flat platform that was decently wide.

I patted the cushioned top.

“Up.”

I stepped back and watched as Atticus carefully climbed onto the bench.

“What a good boy you are,” I said, stepping forward and giving him a rub on the shoulder as he positioned himself on all fours.

“Hmm.” I moved around to stand in front of him and bent down so I could look into his pretty eyes. “Nice and clear. Let’s see your tongue.”

Atticus’ eyes got a bit glazed as he opened his mouth and stuck his tongue out through the leather muzzle, so I figured I was doing this right. He’d said that he enjoyed objectification and humiliation. Well, so did I.

“Mmm. Very nice,” I said, taking the tip of his tongue between my fingers and using two from my other hand to rub gently in the centre. When I released him, Atticus closed his mouth and looked at me with stars in his eyes as I ran my hand over his shoulder and down his muscled arm. I did the same on his other side.

“What a gorgeous specimen you are. I’ll have to speak to the breeder. You’ve got very nice lines, Mischief. You must have an excellent pedigree.”

Yeah, I was getting into this. I’d had pretend slaves on the auction block a few times and this reminded me of that.

I ran my hand down his side, over the strap of his chest harness and past his hip where the red cotton jockstrap contained him. He groaned as I smoothed my hand over the bare skin of his ass and played my fingers along the bottom of the rubber tail.

“I love this so much,” I said. “Very sexy.”

Atticus wagged his rump and the rubber tail started moving again. He gave a little bark of excitement.

“Mm hm. What a good doggy.”

He made a whining sound that very closely mimicked the noise a dog would make, and I smiled. Fuck, he was amazing.

“Very good muscle tone,” I said, running my hand over his back and under his chest and abdomen.

He was a work of art at this age, same as I’d been. Now I was a little softer, although I still worked out a couple of times a week to stay in shape.

I’d accustomed myself to being thought of as a ‘Daddy’. I was a top—mostly—and a Dom, so it wasn’t much of a stretch. Getting older wasn’t ideal but it was better than the alternative.

I ran my hand along his neck, prodding and stroking. I was getting a feel for him and also causing his heart to race and his flesh to goose pebble. He’d expressed an interest in tease and denial.

That was my fucking specialty.

There was nothing I enjoyed more than getting my sub to a place where all they could focus on was trying not to come. I prided myself on knowing just how far I could go, and how to train them to hold off, no matter how much they wanted to climax or believed that they couldn’t maintain control.

Atticus was an experienced kinkster, so I expected him to have some skill. Still, you never knew until you had someone under your hand what kind of stamina they possessed. Which was incredibly exciting—finding out where a man’s weaknesses lay. Not exploiting those vulnerabilities per se, but using them to drive the person absolutely mad with desire, until they were begging and pleading for permission.

I wasn’t religious in any way, but bringing a man to a euphoric state of arousal and release felt like a spiritual undertaking.

And Atticus, with the leather pup hood on and the rubber tail wagging in the air, was intensely arousing to me. He was everything I liked, wrapped up in a scintillating new way.

I was totally into him.

My puppy, my Mischief. Only for tonight, but that was okay. I’d take this experience and open up my mind to meeting more leather pups, and that would only enhance my life.

“Oh, what a good boy, Mischief. What a good puppy,” I said, running my hand over the bulge in his red jock.

He was hard, and the fabric was wet where he'd leaked pre-ejaculate. He made a low growl in his throat and turned his head, meeting my gaze with one of surprised adoration. I was making an impression on him, too.

I winked, and he gave a little grunt, pushing his erection into my hand.

"Not yet, puppy. We've got a long way to go, I'm afraid," I said, reaching past his balls and tapping the base of his tail.

He whined and then sighed. He shook his head and faced forward again.

"Good boy. I need to check out this fucking tail."

He shuddered and made a soft sound as I moved behind him.

The rubber tail was about a foot long, and it curved adorably over his lower back, so any movement he made caused it to tremble and sway. I'm sure he felt the vibration deep inside as I stroked my fingers along it.

"What a nice tail you have, Mischief. So long and shapely. How big is the part that's inside you, I wonder?"

Atticus cursed under his breath but covered it up with a canine whine. I grinned.

I trailed my fingers along the length of the tail to the thicker base and grasped it, giving it a little shake.

Atticus moaned and panted. *Perfect.*

I tugged, and Atticus whimpered. I shoved it deeper, and he groaned.

"Arch your back. I'm going to pull it out. I want to see it."

Atticus' breaths were hard and fast now, and I tugged on the tail again, easing the hard and wet rubber out of him as he trembled and sighed.

As it slid out, Atticus uttered a delicious moan. I hefted the sizeable plug, the weight a surprise. I jiggled the tail, making the rubber sway and snap back and forth.

"Oh fuck, yes. That must feel pretty good inside you, hmm?" I murmured, pressing the plug against his hole and pushing it back in without a problem. "Nothing like a sub with a receptive bottom. My favorite fucking thing."

Atticus yelped as I lodged the plug firmly in his ass and smacked him on the bottom.

"Wag that tail for me, puppy," I commanded.

Mischief wagged his ass and the rubber tail moved with it.

"Down on your elbows," I ordered, pleased when he obeyed without question.

Now he was on the bench with his beautiful, plump ass in the air, that ridiculous tail arching upward.

“Keep wagging. Don’t stop until I say.”

He wiggled his ass back and forth and I couldn’t take my eyes off of it.

“So cute. So obedient. You’re really not mischievous at all, are you?” I said, huffing a laugh.

Atticus gave a sharp bark, as if he were offended by my assertion.

“Hmm. We’ll see. Anyway, there’s nothing wrong with being a very good boy, is there?”

I slapped his pretty behind again.

“You can stop the tail. Down on the floor, my good puppy. Now.”

Atticus obediently got off the bench and went to his knees. Then he dropped to his side and rolled over, gazing at me upside down out of his pup hood, his hands drawn up and his knees bent. His tongue lolled out, and he panted with excitement, his eyes bright and eager.

It might have been the most adorable and sexy thing I’d ever seen.

It was obviously a submissive position, and I appreciated his dedication to, and enjoyment of, my dominance. It also gave me an idea.

“Hmm. Can I fit my fat cock into that muzzle?”

Atticus’ whole body jerked. He let out a happy bark and nodded his head with vigor.

“Excellent. Up you get. On your knees.”

Immediately, Atticus—Mischief—righted himself and reared up before me, his leather muzzle at the perfect height for what I wanted.

“Good boy,” I said and reached out to pat him on the head, between his perky leather ears.

Those fucking eyes, staring at me adoringly out of the mask, were going to be my undoing. There was something incredibly alluring about a man in a mask, and this pup hood was something else. I’d not realized how hot it would be to have a half-naked leather-pup at my heel.

I was painfully hard, and it was a relief to fumble at my belt and open my fly. I gave my cock a couple of pulls, maybe showing off a little. I wasn’t above average in length, but I was thick, and I saw those puppy eyes go wide. He made a sound low in his throat, and I waved my dick in his face.

“If you’re a very good pup and suck my dick the way I like it, I’ll give you a reward.”

He moved forward, bumping the head of my cock with his ‘nose’.

I guided it into the opening and into his open mouth.

It was a little awkward, but the hoods were designed for this kind of access. Once I was in position, Atticus went to town.

It felt amazing, as it always did, to be sucked off by a submissive man. I gazed down on Atticus, marvelling at the sight of my cock disappearing into the leather muzzle and hearing him slurp and gag on it. He was giving it a hundred percent, and I expected no less.

“Good boy,” I panted. “Good doggy,” I said, breathless and really fucking turned on by this new dynamic. “Now stay still while I fuck your face.”

I cupped the back of his head and shoved my cock down his throat, the sounds he made adding to my arousal. His eyes were closed, fingers gripping his thighs, as I thrust my cock in and out of him.

I was careful, as always, but rough as well, since most men in the kink scene liked it that way. I felt a momentary pang of regret that I couldn't grab a fistful of Atticus' hair. Then my gaze locked on his perky little ears.

I wrapped my fingers around one and clutched it, holding him still.

“Oh fuck yes. Oh Jesus. So good.”

I was getting close, and I needed to stop or I'd come down his fucking throat.

“Stop. That's enough,” I said, letting go and stepping back.

He followed, moved forward, as if to swallow me down again, like he was in a trance. But he settled down on his heels, blinking and gazing at me with that dazed, subby look I knew so well.

Fuck yes. I tucked my cock away, with some difficulty, and did up my pants.

“Over to the bed, Mischief,” I ordered, pointing to where I wanted him.

He crawled over, and I had a good view of his ass as he did.

“Lean over the edge of the bed, with your arms stretched out in front.”

I was breathless and so fucking horny, but I needed to spank that ass. It was begging me.

But when I got there, I couldn't help touching him in a softer way, enjoying the warmth and smoothness of his skin.

“That was very, very good. I liked that very much. You are such a good puppy, Mischief,” I crooned.

Atticus laid his hooded head on his arm and seemed to drift in subspace as I spoke. But I wanted to wake him up.

“Just because you’ve been a very good boy, that doesn’t mean you couldn’t benefit from a decent spanking,” I said, flicking a finger against his flank.

His head snapped up.

I gave his ass a slap, the sound of flesh on flesh echoing off the walls as Atticus groaned.

The rubber tail started waving again. I’d bet he was feeling that thick rubber plug now.

“Fuck yes. That plug is going to feel fatter than ever while I spank you, Mischief. And you need to be quiet for me. I want you to be silent as I spank you for being a very, fucking, excellent, boy.”

He started to moan and then cut it off, but I could tell he liked the sound of that. He enjoyed hearing me telling him how I was going to treat him.

I gave him several hard slaps on the ass, and he gasped in surprise. Oh yeah, I might have been middle-aged but I could still give a sub a good hiding.

He lifted his ass as if to say, *Thank you, more, more, more!* I gave it to him in spades, alternating from cheek to cheek, watching his skin darken. Atticus rocked his body against the mattress and I thought it prudent to warn him.

“Don’t you dare come, naughty pup. Rubbing yourself like that. Naughty, naughty,” I said, spanking in time with my words.

Pup Mischief took it pretty well, at least at first. But as it went on and the spanks got a bit harder, he started to make involuntary noises.

Spanking a sexy guy with a dog tail plug inside him was fun as hell. That fucking tail would be my undoing. I lost myself to the motion of it, and to the rhythm of the hard slaps I delivered.

Atticus’ muscles were taught, and he quivered with the effort to stay still.

“You like that?”

He made a frantic sound.

“You want more?”

His ass was turning a bright, beautiful pink color that made me very happy.

He hesitated, then shook his head from side to side. I immediately stopped and soothed the raging skin.



“Do you need to safe word?” I asked.

He hesitated, panting and uttering soft moans that I couldn’t tell were from the pain or from something else. I waited.

“No. No, I’m fine,” he said, trying to steady himself.

“Are you sure? I can stop.”

“Don’t stop,” he gasped. “Don’t stop.”

All right then. I resumed and gave him a dozen more, in quick succession.

My hand was smarting by the time I’d finished, and Mischief’s ass was a lovely color. The room was silent but for his gasps and stutters as he tried to ground himself.

I glanced at the clock on the wall. We’d been in this room for thirty minutes.

I left him there to recover while I took a condom and a tube of lube from a basket on the table by the entrance. I took my time walking back, so I could appreciate the way he looked with his hooded head hanging down, his chest rising and falling with still frequent breaths, and with his sleekly muscled arms and legs braced on the padded bench.

He watched me approach and gave a little yip when he saw what I held in my hands.

“Oh yes, Mischief. You are about to get fucked, my sweet, naughty little pup.”

Mischief wagged his rubber tail, and I grinned.

“Stand by the bench,” I said.

It took him a moment to understand. He got off the bench as I stood close in case he needed my help. He didn’t. I took him in again, the lithe muscles and olive skin. The front of his jock had darkened from all the pre-ejaculate I’d spanked out of him.

“Fuck,” I said. “You *did* like that, didn’t you?”

He didn’t respond except to gaze at me with adoration and desire as he stood there, chest rising and falling, hands clenched, body a taut wire of suspended need.

“Strip. Everything but the hood and collar.”

I watched with growing desire as Atticus obeyed, pushing the jock strap down and off. His circumcised dick bounced against his belly as he bent and pulled the jock strap over his feet.

I held my hand out for it. “Give it.”

He passed it to me and I fisted it, rubbing my thumb over the damp area, then lifted it to my nose. I closed my eyes and inhaled the scent of him, even going so far as to touch the wet fabric with the tip of my tongue.

Mmm.

Atticus made a low sound in his throat as he met my gaze. I licked the damp spot again and again as he held it.

Then he forced his eyes off mine and worked on getting the chest harness off.

He was fucking beautiful with no clothes on. A gorgeous Greek God of a man that I'd been lucky enough to meet by chance. I didn't normally become attached this quickly, but I was entranced by Atticus' beauty, his obedience, and the novelty of the fetish. I hadn't expected to like it so much. I already knew I'd want another hook up with Atticus, and I only hoped he'd be agreeable to it. This was not the time to ask.

He tossed the chest harness to the floor and stood there, his feet planted shoulder width apart, looking nothing like a submissive and more like my equal, gazing at me out of that fucking adorable hood with those gorgeous eyes that made my insides go liquid.

"Play with yourself," I said, voice harsh with need. "But don't come. You aren't allowed to come yet, Mischief. I need you to be a good boy."

He made another sound in his throat as he gripped his erection and stroked himself lightly, idly, as if he didn't dare go any faster or the game would be up.

I threw the lube onto the mattress. I watched him track it, then dart his gaze back to mine, his desire evident. I undid my belt and unzipped my fly and took out my cock.

His eyes widened, even though he'd already seen it. I broke open the foil packet and held his gaze as I rolled the condom on myself, gritting my teeth to keep control.

"Get on the bed. Hands and knees. Give me some space behind you."

He didn't move right away, but I saw him take a couple of deep breaths as he took his hand off his cock. Then he turned and climbed onto the mattress, leaving me plenty of room. When he was in position, he twisted to look at me, the heat in his gaze almost unbearable.

"*Good boy,*" I breathed, caught in a trap of my own making.

Fuck, he looked so hot, naked but for the leather hood, the collar, and that fucking tail waving over his back, as he splayed his thighs in an invitation.

"Such a good boy, Mischief."

I pushed my jeans off and climbed onto the bed behind him with the lube. Splaying my hands on him, I slid my thumbs between his cheeks and spread him to get a look at the base of the plug.

“Fuck yes. This tail is so fucking hot. I love it.”

Knowing that he’d feel everything, I traced my finger up the underside of the rubber tail before wrapping my hand around it and giving a gentle tug.

He groaned and widened his stance, his head hanging down, his hands splayed on the mattress. He cursed under his breath.

I played with the tail, slapping it this way and that, giving him lots of time to anticipate what was going to happen. That was such a huge part of all of this—the wanting, the yearning, the needing.

“So fucking sexy. Such a good boy.”

He moaned and crouched down, arching his back in eagerness and wiggling his hips.

“You want it, pup?”

Mischief growled from deep in his throat. He’d gone from being cute to being wild and primal.

I grabbed the base of the tail and rocked the plug back and forth, eliciting so many lovely sounds. They hit me right in the balls and I had to stifle my own as I focused on the task at hand—tail out, cock in.

I eased the plug out, watching as he came undone.

The high-pitched whimper turned into a breathy moan as the plug stretched him wide and then slid out. And I was holding the tail and staring at that pretty, shiny hole. A drop of lube trickled down his taint.

“Fuck,” I said.

He barked, and it was like a call-to-action. *Come on and fuck me already.*

I tossed the tail aside and slapped his ass, hard. The skin was still tender from the spanking, and he cried out with pain.

“I’m running the show, not you.”

He whimpered, and I forgave him in an instant. I could tell he was fucking desperate and that made me happy.

I slapped the inside of one quivering thigh.

“Spread ‘em. Wide.”

He did, and I wasted no time dripping more lube into his crack and spreading it around that hole that was stretched and ready for me. He'd waxed or something because everything was smooth but for the wrinkled skin there. I didn't mind a bit of hair, but this was nice, too.

"Oh fuck yes," I said as I pushed a finger in to the knuckle, then pulled it out and replaced it with two.

His reaction was immediate. He moaned and pushed back against my hand, whimpering like a crazed animal.

"So soft. So pretty. Such a good boy," I murmured.

I took my fingers out and lubed up my sheathed cock, running out of patience as I nudged the tip against him.

"Open up for me, pup. I'm gonna fuck you so hard."

He yipped again, and I laughed as I shoved the first few inches of my cock into him, gripping his hips and pushing in further. He was already stretched, and I was desperate. More so than usual.

"Oh my God. Atticus. Fuck."

I hoped that my use of his human name didn't mess with his head space, but it was such a beautiful name and I wanted to connect with him as well as his pup persona.

I bottomed out to the sound of his long groan.

"Oh my fucking God. How are you so tight after wearing that plug? It's magic in here."

So I got poetic when I fucked a tight ass. Sue me.

God, I needed to come. It had all been so much fun and I'd been hard before we'd even got here. Now I just wanted to fuck this man and get my own reward. Then maybe I'd let him have his.

I started thrusting, holding his ass in a punishing, painful grip that must be painful grip, my thumbs spreading him as I moved in and out, so I could see it all.

"Fuck yes, fuck yes, fuck yes," I panted. There were times to fuck a submissive silently and with dispassion, and to pretend you weren't affected at all. But this wasn't one of them.

I was feeling so much and I needed to let it out.

"I'm close," I said. "I'm close to coming inside you. Fuck, you feel so good around me."

I fucked him harder, listening to his cries and watching him try to stay still. Then he made a choked sound that I recognized from years and years of fucking men, and I knew he hadn't been able to hold back.

I glanced underneath him and saw jizz spurting and landing on the mattress, like milk from a cow's pulled teat.

"Fuuuuck," I cursed, not even upset, only delighted that he could come hands free. I'd punish him for it, of course, but shit. I hadn't known too many men who could orgasm without a direct touch. I'd never been able to.

"Oh, you naughty, naughty boy," I groaned, and then gasped as I came hard, crouching over him and giving shallow, sharp thrusts as the pleasure rode me. "So fucking naughty, you gorgeous creature," I said through clenched teeth.

He made lovely whimpers in the moments after. We took gasping breaths together as we tried to recover. I gave him long, slow strokes of my still-hard cock, because I couldn't let him go just yet.

"You beautiful, disobedient, cheeky boy," I murmured, kissing his shoulder and nuzzling his neck below the edge of the pup hood. "So hot. So fucking hot, watching you come like that."

I reached beneath him and played with his cock, deliberately teasing the sensitive skin and making him yelp with frustration.

"Oh, you have no idea what I'm going to do now, you naughty thing," I muttered, letting go of him and giving another couple of deep thrusts. "We still have..." I glanced at the clock.

"Well, fuck it."

We were only ten minutes away from the end of our session.

He started to shake, and I realized he was laughing silently.

"What's so funny?" I asked, grinning as he raised his head and gave a realistic howl.

I held onto the condom and pulled out, slipping the thing off and tying it. Then I took a moment to enjoy the sight of a freshly fucked man recovering from a fierce ravishing.

"All right, all right. Forget it," I said, giving him a slap on the ass. "You were a pretty good pup, I suppose."

He gave me a skeptical look out of the pup mask and I had to laugh.

"Fine. You were wonderful. But you owe me one."

He sat on the edge of the bed and unbuckled his pup hood, then drew it off. His curls were matted with perspiration and his skin glowed.

“Holy shit, Luther. You’re a fucking boss.”

I winked. “Thanks. That was fun.”

“So much fun,” he said, wiping his forehead.

He looked down at the leather hood in his hands, then glanced back up at me.

“I don’t suppose you’d—”

“I’d love to.”

“You don’t even know what I was going to say.”

“Sure I do. You were going to say, Luther, I want to get together again so you can punish me for coming without permission.”

He laughed, a lighthearted, joyful sound. “Okay, fine. That was exactly what I was going to say.”

“Excellent. Because I’d love to see you again.” I sat down beside him, immensely charmed and unexpectedly emotional. “Want to see if this space is available next Saturday? Same time, same station?”

“Absolutely. You sure, though?”

“What do you mean?”

He shrugged. “Not many of my hookups ask for a repeat.”

I cocked my head. “That’s so strange. I thought I’d have to beat them off with a stick.”

He laughed. “I don’t know. Not everyone is into pet play. I was worried you wouldn’t get it.”

“Honestly? I wasn’t sure how I’d like it. Never expected to fucking love it.”

“Did you really?”

“Yes.”

His eyes widened, and he put a hand to his chest. “Oh my goodness. Be still my beating heart.”

I laughed. “Not all my hookups are this much fun. I don’t see why we can’t get together again.”

“Let’s talk to Sebastian about reserving the room.”

“That hitching post is calling to me. Would you be up to try some pony play?”

He gazed at me, his face glowing with happiness. Then he nodded and gave a wonderful approximation of a horse's neigh.

## Chapter 3

“I’d like to reserve the Bordello for Saturday next. Eight or nine o’clock,” I said to Jacob with a glance at Atticus, who nodded.

It was strange to see him in his regular clothes again, and to know everything I did about how he looked without them, and how he felt under my hands and around my cock. And how he looked with that fucking tail arching over his back.

I passed the key to Jacob.

My dick was starting to fill again, but I willed it down.

Atticus’ hand landed on the small of my back, and something warmed in my chest as he rubbed me through my shirt, a silent communication that I loved.

“Excellent,” Jacob said. “I guess it went well.”

“Very,” Atticus responded. “You should pay me a commission.”

Jacob and I laughed.

“You got your commission already,” I muttered, giving him a molten glance and delighting in his blush.

“Snap,” he said with a grin. “I sure did.”

\* \* \*

I woke up the next day wanting to text Atticus. But in the interests of being polite, I didn’t. Our encounter in the Bordello had stirred me more than I’d imagined it would. It was concerning in a way, but also exciting.

Every time I checked my phone, I half hoped for a text from him, but maybe he was caught up in the same conundrum.

That night I decided that not texting him, when I really wanted to, was ridiculous. I was a forty-year-old man, and too old for these games.

**Me:** *Hey, just checking in. How’s your ass?*

I was a grown man, but I was still a slut.



He didn't reply right away, of course, and I tried to go about my business and not think about it. But the delight that rose inside me when he did text me back was unexpected.

**Atticus:** *My ass? Laughing face emoji. Peach emoji. Question mark.*

**Me:** *All right, all right. Just making sure you're okay.*

**Atticus:** *Oh honey, I am not okay. I don't know if I can wait until Saturday.*

I grinned and tapped a reply.

**Me:** *Well, you have to. And you'll do it patiently, while thinking of that hitching post.*

**Atticus:** *Shocked face. Oh God. I need to find my inner pony, but I think he just high-tailed it for the barn.*

**Me:** *Laughing face. I'm doing my research. You have no idea what you're in for.*

It took a moment for him to respond, but then he sent a photo of a horse with blinders on.

**Me:** *Just keep it in your pants until Saturday. No orgasms between now and then.*

**Atticus:** *shocked face. What!*

**Me:** *Kidding. Maybe.*

I sent him a laughing emoji.

But he had the last laugh. It took some time, and when I got the next photo, I realized why. My phone notified me just as I was preparing to leave the office. I wouldn't have checked it right away, except that I knew I'd be driving for the next twenty or so minutes and wouldn't be able to.

It was a photo of Atticus, standing in a very well-equipped walk-in shower. He was holding a hand-held sprayer over his head, his curls wet and sticking to his scalp.

He wasn't naked. Oh no. He was in a pair of drenched white briefs through which I could see the outline of his dick, and an open black jean jacket, also soaking, with splotches of white where bleach had been splattered to great effect. His lips were parted. He wasn't looking at the camera, but down at the bottom of the shower, and the image was the sexiest fucking thing I'd seen since we'd been in that room together. Maybe for a long time before that.

I was paralyzed, standing there by the door, taking in the utter beauty of this sexy as hell photo, when my co-worker Laney came up behind me.

"Earth to Luther. Did you get a dick pic?"

I shoved my phone in my pocket, giving a fake laugh. "No, no. Nothing like that."

*Everything* like that, but *better*.

“That’s a shame,” she said as she moved past me. “See you tomorrow.”

I lifted a hand in a cursory wave, then checked behind me and brought my phone out of my pocket to look at that goddamn photo again.

I wasn’t sure why, but the fact that Atticus was wearing clothes in the shower made it so much hotter than if he’d just taken a picture of himself naked.

I saw the three dots fading in and out under the sent photo.

**Atticus:** *What do you think?*

I checked my surroundings again and sent him six flame emojis, hoping that would convey my appreciation.

He sent back a peach and eggplant.

*I had to use a tripod to take that. Otherwise, you’d have had it sooner.*

Jesus Christ. This man would be my undoing.

\* \* \*

I was the first to arrive at Maverick Molly’s that Saturday.

We’d texted back and forth all week, joking around and being silly. Honestly, the exchanges brightened my days—and nights. He hadn’t sent any more photos, because I’d told him that nothing could compare to the perfection of the one he’d sent. I even asked his consent to jerk off to it, and he’d said that he would be honored, and asked me to send a photo of the results. I’d done so, hoping it wouldn’t be flagged by the Apple Gods who probably had better things to do than monitor my phone messages.

It was a shot of my hand coated with jizz.

**Atticus:** *I want to lick it off. Tongue hanging out emoji.*

**Me:** *Don’t worry, you’ll get your chance.*

So here I was, sitting at a table in the gaming parlor, watching the pretty twink serving drinks in their Victorian underwear, and trying to be patient. Atticus had texted that he was running late but on his way. I kept checking my watch, and it was getting closer and closer to the time of our reservation. I didn’t appreciate my subs being late to a previously arranged encounter, even if they had notified me. It was so disrespectful.

When he did show up and breezed into the gaming parlor with a friendly smile, I frowned and tapped my watch.

“You’re late, Atticus.”

His smile wavered. "I'm so sorry, Luther. I didn't mean to be."

"Apology accepted," I said, standing and keeping my expression neutral, even though I was delighted to see him. "But we need to get moving."

"Yes, Sir," Atticus said, his eyes going wide as I took his elbow and brought him to the bar where Sebastian was cleaning up.

"Holy fuck," he said, glancing at me. "I like you when you're bossy and grumpy."

"I'm not grumpy," I said in a sober tone, turning to Sebastian. I didn't let go of Atticus, though. "Can I get the key, please, Sebastian? I have a punishment to deliver." I glanced at Atticus. "Two punishments, actually."

"*Two!*" Atticus remarked.

"Don't you remember? Or should I tell Sebastian?"

"Oh wait. Yeah. And I guess I'm getting punished for being late, even though I apologized?"

"Of course."

"Hot dog!" he said, and both Sebastian and I looked at him. I tried not to laugh at the excited look on his handsome face. "Oh sorry," he said, frowning with mock displeasure. "I mean, oh no!"

A laugh did escape me—the kid was too cute—but then I resumed my stern expression and took the key from Sebastian.

As soon as the door to the Bordello shut behind us, I told Atticus to strip. He hadn't brought his pup gear this time, because we were going to make use of some of the supplies that were stocked in this room.

It didn't take him long to get naked. I watched as he revealed all of that soft Mediterranean skin and shook out his curls after pulling his t-shirt over his head.

"On your knees. Here." I said, pointing at my feet. I was still dressed.

Atticus went down and sat on his heels, gazing up at me with the sexiest fucking look on his face.

"You're going to let me fuck your face, and I'm going to come down your throat. Got it?"

He blinked. Then nodded.

"Since you're not pretending to be an animal at the moment, you can answer me."

"Yes, Sir. Got it."

*Better.*

I'm sure he had a legitimate excuse for being late, but he needed to know how I expected him to behave. Punctuality was important to me. I had a busy life and things to do, and I needed him to be where I asked him to be when he said he'd be there.

I watched his face as I took out my cock, already hard and ready.

"Use your tongue first. Get me wet," I said, aiming my dick at his beautiful mouth.

"Yes, Sir," Atticus gasped, rearing up and surging forward, bracing his hands on my thighs as he nuzzled the wet tip of my dick. A trail of moisture snaked across his cheek and chin as he licked the head in timid little darts.

"Don't fucking tease it. Lick it properly."

"May I use my hands, Sir?" Atticus asked.

"Yes, you may."

He took the base of my cock in one hand and went at the tip like it was a fucking rocket lollipop, as I tried to keep my knees from buckling. It felt incredible, of course, but the sight of Atticus gazing up at me with the same adoration he'd had in the pup hood, made me dizzy.

He seemed to be enjoying himself, and I let him go on for a while before telling him to stop.

"Open your mouth, wide," I instructed. "That's it. Now stick out your tongue as far as you can. Oh yeah. I need you to be a good little slut for my cock."

I stroked myself while I looked at him kneeling there, with his mouth open wide and his tongue out, and thought about simply painting his face with my jizz. I could have. But I wanted to come down his throat.

"You want me to come in your mouth?"

"Yes, Sir. Please, Sir," he said, sticking his tongue out eagerly once he was finished speaking.

"Good boy," I said.

I tapped the flat of his tongue with the head of my cock, watching as a string of pre-ejaculate connected us for a moment. Then I slid my cock into his mouth, enjoying the warmth and wetness, and thrilling to the depraved look of it. I grabbed a handful of his curls and held him still.

He was a good boy, accommodating my actions even when he coughed and choked. I lasted longer than I thought I would. His face went pink, but he gazed up at me with a blissful expression. As rough as I was, I made sure he was able to take breaths and not in actual distress.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” I gasped, the orgasm coming hard as I watched Atticus’ cheeks bulge and his throat work. “Oh fuck.”

I let my dick slide from his slack mouth, and he struggled, the fluid dripping over his lips and chin as he swallowed what he could. So fucking hot. I loved making an absolute mess of a sub.

I dropped to my knees and kissed him, licking the jizz off his lips and delighting in his eagerness to accept my probing tongue. We rose up against each other, and I couldn’t stop my hands from roaming over him, my fingers from pushing into his crevice, and my fingers from teasing his hole.

I pulled back and stared at him. He stared at me. More was said between us in that silent moment than had been verbalized the whole time we’d known each other. But this wasn’t the time for endearments.

“All right, then. You gonna be my pretty pony?”

“Fuck yes,” he said.

I raised an eyebrow.

“I mean, fuck yes, *Sir*.” Atticus’ grin was beatific and adoring.

I pushed myself up and tucked myself away. It wouldn’t take me long to get hard again—not in this room with this man—and when I did, after we’d played pony for a bit, I was fucking him again. And maybe, after I was done, Atticus would get to have an orgasm. Perhaps I’d leave him in a state of arousal, have him phone me later tonight, and listen while he gave *himself* one.

“Get up and follow me.”

He stood, his dick sticking straight up against his belly as he walked, a sight that was so pleasing I could barely keep my eyes off it. I found myself eager to touch Atticus’ cock—tease and suck it, hear his moans—and that wasn’t something I normally did with casual hook-ups. The men I met up with were there to service me, for the most part, and they enjoyed it.

I led Atticus over to the hitching post.

As per my request, Sebastian had laid out the items I'd requested on a nearby bench. I grinned as I lifted the large rubber plug with the horsehair tail cascading from it. There were army boots in Atticus' size with a pair of wool socks.

"Oh my fuck," Atticus breathed, his eyes almost crossing.

"Put on the socks and boots, please. You can sit on the bench."

I watched him do it. I had a thing for boots, so I was quite fascinated with the process. When he'd finished I had him stand and I walked around him, delighting in his nakedness and the contrast between this vulnerability and the solidity of the footwear.

"You want a tail, pretty pony?" I asked, twisting the plug in the air to make the tail swish back and forth.

"Yes, please, Sir. *Please.*"

"Bend over and hold on to the hitch, then."

Atticus bent and wrapped his fingers around the metal hitch, sticking his ass out eagerly while I smeared lube over the plug.

"Spread your legs."

As he widened his stand, I noticed that his hole was already slick and shiny.

"Did you..." I asked, "Did you get yourself ready for me?"

"Yes, Sir. I hope you don't mind, Sir."

*Mind?*

"Of course I don't mind. I admire your forethought."

"Thank you, Sir," he said, while I fingered him, stretching him.

"Wait," I said, "That's not why you were late, is it?"

"No, Sir. Again, I'm sorry for being late. I'm usually on time for things."

"Just don't be late again."

"No, Sir. I won't."

I slathered lube all over the pony tail plug, then ran the tip along Atticus' crack, teasing at his hole.

"What a sweet fucking pony you are. I should give you a name."

I used my thumb to spread him and pushed the plug home as Atticus made soft sounds of submission.

"That's it, my pretty pony."

My cock swelled, filling out my jeans as I watched and bit my lower lip. The sizeable plug slipped in with relative ease—a testament to Atticus’ capabilities as a slutty bottom.

Gold star.

The sounds he made, my God. I had to clamp down on my own rising desire. This man was so fucking amazing and he looked so good with the black horse hair cascading down the backs of his thighs.

“I’m going to call you Midnight,” I said, stroking his tanned flank and watching his muscles tense and quiver as he got used to the invasion. “Now stand up while I tack you with the rest of the gear.”

Atticus obeyed, gazing at me out of those raw and expressive eyes as I picked up the bridle. It was made of leather straps and had blinders affixed to the sides, and tall black leather ears on the head strap, and even a slim rubber bit.

“Open your mouth.”

I slipped the bit between Atticus’ teeth, my knuckles sliding over his soft tongue. Leather reins dangled from each side of the rings to which the bit was attached.

“Bite down. Good boy, Midnight. Such a good pony.”

I drew the rest of it over his head, the pony ears making him look fucking adorable as the leather straps of the bridle flattened some of his curls and went behind his ears. I made sure the blinders were standing properly to prevent him from using his peripheral vision, then tightened the straps so that it fit him properly.

“Oh yes. This is perfect,” I said as I took a step back.

Pony Atticus, a.k.a Midnight, gazed at me with adoration, blinking slowly as he agitated the rubber bit with his tongue.

There was a chest harness similar to the one Atticus had worn on our previous encounter, and leather arm bands with buckles. I fastened everything onto him, taking a moment here and there to stroke his soft skin.

“So pretty. What a pretty pony.”

He had to turn his head to look at me, since the blinders prevented him from seeing anything not directly in front of him.

So I went behind him.

“Fold your arms behind your back.”

I buckled the forearm cuffs together, liking what this did to his posture.

“Good pony,” I said, slapping his ass, hard, and eliciting a moan. “Let’s get you hitched.”

I took the leather reins that dangled from the bridle and brought Atticus closer to the board affixed to the wall. I tied them with a simple secure knot and had Atticus take a step back to make them taut.

“Now another,” I said.

In order to do that, he had to bend at the waist, because the reins kept his head where it was. This was perfect.

“Very good. I’ll give you breaks so it’s not so hard on your back, but I want this ass stuck out like it is.”

Midnight snorted, and I grinned. I’d had no idea that pet play could be so much fun, and it was my new favorite thing. But then, maybe that was Atticus.

I’d made sure to keep the crop hidden, but now that he had to face the wall and the blinders prevented him from seeing anything else, I picked it up and swatted it through the air a few times. Atticus’ muscles tensed at the sound—a sharp swish that he was probably familiar with.

I tapped the inside of his thigh with the leather tip.

“Good ponies need a crop used in just the right the way,” I murmured, tracing it along the tender skin to the top of his boot, then down the inside of his other leg. “Such a pretty pony, Midnight. And you’re mine.”

Midnight pulled at the reins, trying to turn his head.

I changed my position so that I was beside him, then wrapped the fingers of my free hand around his arching cock. He groaned as I gave it a few hard strokes and let go.

He whimpered. He couldn’t turn his head and he couldn’t see me because of the blinders.

“Mmm. That’s a very nice cock. A fine example of a dick and very fucking hard, which I like to see.”

I pressed the folded leather end against his sack and traced the crop along the underside of his cock, pleased to see a bubble of fluid grow and then drip over his glans. I caught it and dragged the now wet tip of the crop over his sensitive skin.

Atticus gasped.



Fuck, he was glorious. Muscles straining, body held in that uncomfortable position and subject to whatever I chose to do. I was in my glory as I teased my beautiful submissive, causing delightful sounds of frustration as Atticus' cock twitched and bubbled over, again and again.

"Now for your punishment," I said, giving my pony a playful tap on the outside of his thigh. Atticus groaned as his hands clenched into fists.

I laughed. "Oh yes. Naughty, naughty pony."

I traced the poetic curve of his buttock and then brought the crop down hard against the dimple there. Yeah, he had fucking *dimples* in his buttocks when he clenched. I wanted to lick and kiss them. One day, I'd spackle his sweet ass with my spunk and watch it collect in those fucking dimples. But for now, this.

I started with moderate strikes that soon became stinging and hard. Atticus reacted beautifully. I watched his muscles clenched and imagined how huge that pony tail plug must feel. The horsehair tail quivered and shook as Atticus reacted to the punishment. A sheen of sweat coated his shoulders and lower back as he struggled to maintain composure.

I only went really hard for a few moments, savoring his cries and moans, then stopped and lowered my arm.

"Very good pony. Such a good pony. My beautiful Midnight," I crooned as Atticus panted, chest rising and falling, his entire body flushed and his bottom a ruddy pink all over, with pale welts that would disappear by tonight.

He stomped his foot, and I chuckled.

"Too much?" I asked. It was a rhetorical question. He knew to use his safeword if he wanted me to stop.

Atticus gave a low groan. He was fine, only perhaps not thrilled about that kind of treatment, which was too fucking bad. Maybe he wouldn't be late again, and I'd bet he'd be more careful not to come without my permission.

"I want you to remember this when you're struggling to hold off from now on," I said, giving his cock a few more strokes, then helping him forward so that he could straighten up and take the strain off his back.

I moved in close and kissed him on the cheek, smoothing my palm along his shoulder and down his back, then over his tender rump as he hissed.

"You are fucking beautiful, my Midnight. So incredible and perfect."

I was free with my praise as I soothed him with soft strokes to his sweat damp skin. Once he'd calmed, I unbuckled the forearm cuffs and lowered his arms to his sides.

I kissed him on the corner of the mouth, where the bit stretched his lips, and whispered, "I want to fuck my pretty pony now."

Atticus gave a low moan that trailed off in a pitiful plea. He was desperate for it and so was I.

"You will not come with my cock inside you. I have other plans, and I want to see you control yourself."

He whimpered.

In all honesty, it wouldn't be the end of the world if I saw that hands-free come-shot again, but I wanted to see if he could manage himself. The situation was win-win for me.

I dug out the condom I'd pocketed earlier and made a show of ripping the packet open and sheathing myself. He pulled against his reins again, but he still couldn't see anything but the wall in front of him.

He huffed a breath and stomped his foot. I laughed. It seemed to be exactly what a horse would do if it were mad, but didn't hate you enough to bite.

"Settle down, Midnight. And spread those legs for me."

It sounded filthy coming out of my mouth, as if I were about to fuck a horse, when Atticus was so obviously human. I stripped off my clothes, stealing glances at the fine figure he made.

It was necessary to take that gorgeous tail out of him before I could fuck him, and you can believe I made a fucking show of it, rocking the plug and teasing him as I pulled the thing from his ass. I put the shiny plug aside, careful not to get the horsehair wet, and added more of the slippery liquid to Atticus' glistening hole. His breaths came quick and with lovely little whimpers that made me eager to get on with it.

Spreading him with my thumbs, I pushed myself in, enjoying his long groan. I went deep into that silky embrace until my hips touched the heated skin of his ass. I had to close my eyes and focus for a moment.

Then Atticus made a pitiful sound and arched his back.

I wrapped my arms around him, sliding a hand up to his throat, splaying my fingers across it and whispering into his ear as I fucked him.

"Oh fuck yes, my pretty pony. So hot and beautiful and sexy."

He was so fucking tight and hot, and my desire was inflamed from the games we played.

I fucked him mercilessly, delighting in the moans and groans and grunts I pulled from him, and the way he trembled under me. My breath scraped my lungs as I gasped, the force of my pleasure radiating to all parts of me as I held onto his hips to keep myself buried inside him.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck,” I said as the aftershocks ripped through me. “Don’t you dare fucking come,” I told him, just in case he was on the verge. “Hold back, Atticus, and I promise I’ll give you everything you desire.”

I leaned over and kissed his shoulder, then grabbed the base of the condom and pulled out, tying it off and throwing it onto the floor by my jeans.

“Luther. Please. Please,” he begged, his words garbled by the bit.

“Stay still. I’m putting the tail back in.”

Atticus whimpered, but he let me insert the pony tail plug again.

Now I unhitched the reins and told him to face me and lean back against the wall with his hands braced on it. Then I dropped to my knees and gazed up at him.

“This is your reward,” I said as I swallowed him to the hilt.

Atticus made a startled sound and shoved into my mouth as I went to town, excited to finally taste him. I made it messy, using my fingers to spread my saliva around.

I was getting hard again, delighting in the shape and taste of him, and his desperate sounds. I savoured every groan and tortured gasp. The horse-hair tail quivered behind his tense thighs.

I pulled off, only to say, “Come in my mouth.”

He gazed down at me with lips parted and eyes heavy-lidded, his face flushed and his curls sticking to his forehead under the leather bridle strap. The stiff blinders framed his beautiful gaze, and the tall black ears gave him a supernatural, god-like, persona.

I swallowed him down as far as I could, until he made a frantic sound and filled me with hot seed as I clasped his buttocks and moaned with delight.

He kept coming and coming, and it was a good thing I could hold my breath for a long time. When he pulled out of my mouth and fell to his knees, I took great, shuddering breaths to the pounding of my heart.

“Fuck, that was...*Jesus Christ*,” he said.

I could only smile, and then he was taking my mouth in a searing, grateful kiss that made me warm all over. Finally, he pulled back and gazed into my eyes with intense emotion.

“I’ll be your pony or your pup whenever you want, Luther. You’re so fucking good at this.”

I grinned and shook my head. “It’s you, Atticus. You bring it out of me.”

We watched each other for another long moment.

“Atticus, I realize that this is probably the wrong time to ask, but I want to take you out to dinner.”

He blinked. “Like...on a date?”

I sighed. “Exactly like that.”

“I...”

“I know we only hooked up for the pet play and to get off, but I think I want to get to know you more than this.” I waved my hand at the room and the hitching post. “Although it’s been fantastic, and maybe I should be happy with make-believe.”

He smiled, and it lit up his face like the sun.

\* \* \*

Maybe there was such a thing as fate. And maybe I’d done something to convince the powers that be that I was worthy of something so wonderful, because everything worked out in a way I’d never expected.

By our fourth real date, he let me start calling him Kit, although I called him Atticus whenever we played. I asked him to be my boyfriend. He became my lover, as well as my pony, my puppy, and my beautiful slut, and I didn’t know what I’d ever do without him.

*This short story takes place in the world of the **Parlor Games** series.*

*Are You There, Moriarty?: <https://books2read.com/moriarty>*

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## About the Author

AE Lister

AE Lister is a non-binary author of erotic queer romance who enjoys spinning sexy yarns with characters who fall hard in spite of themselves. Her stories frequently feature age-gaps, kink, and journeys of self-discovery.

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