Tie Him Up

by AM505

Summary

During Alex’s EYCTE tour with The Last Shadow Puppets, Nick, Matt and Jamie come across some pretty revealing videos online of Alex and Miles kissing on stage. Naturally, Alex’s boyfriends get jealous and decide to punish him for his recklessness.

Notes

Probably my most explicit/graphic Arctic OT4 fic so far - it's pretty filthy, so be warned! (Enjoy!)

Also, don't worry - if you're following my other fic, The Boy Next Door, it will be updated very soon!

Thanks! xx
“Oh my God,” Nick exclaimed, turning up the volume on his laptop, his mouth hanging open with disbelief, “holy shit!”

Looking around himself to make sure that Matt and Jamie were nowhere near the living room, Nick began to stare into his computer screen with great fixation, feeling like a teenager watching a pornographic video online for the first time, dead nervous that his parents were going to walk in on him.

Feeling naughty, Nick couldn’t help but to laugh. Though he could hardly believe his own eyes, this was great. Fucking brilliant. What on earth was he even watching? Fucking hell – he had never seen Alex dancing like that before; swaying his hips so suggestively, pausing to pose whilst running a hand through his slicked back hair with a dreamy, yet dirty expression on his face that screamed ‘fuck me, daddy, make me yours!’, or perhaps, that was just wishful thinking from Nick’s side. Watching Alex closely, Nick couldn’t help but to admire the sinful dancing, the obvious teasing, the hand running down Alex’s own body, like he was ready to serve himself on a plate – a plate that Nick would be more than ready to eat from, mind you.

Where did all this newly found self-confidence come from? And what the fuck was that cheeky little bitch wearing? Alex’s drainpipe trousers were exposing beautiful, lean thigh muscles and showing off his firm, yet deliciously curved arse, all so wonderfully tightfitting – yet his bottom half wasn’t nearly as revealing as his upper-body. Wearing a loose-fitting, white shirt, only about half of the buttons had been done, leaving Alex to expose his stomach, his chest, and parts of his back every time he bounced back and forth onstage, or knelt down on the floor dramatically, or did a twirl around himself, leaving his audience to scream out both his and Miles’s names, crazy for more.

The Last Shadow Puppets had been touring most of the summer, and though Nick, Matt and Jamie had had plenty of phone calls from Alex and had asked him how everything was going, Alex had never gone into details with anything, and Nick had not yet gotten around to watching any of their performances on YouTube.

Until now.

Bloody hell, only now did Nick realise all the things that Alex had failed to tell them about! He’d never said a word about all the outrageous costumes that he and Miles had squeezed their skinny bodies into, he’d never once mentioned the fact that they had performed with bloody Johnny Marr himself on stage… This tour of theirs was beginning to look crazier and crazier, and Nick was starting to feel bad for not having paid more attention to them, until now.

However, the guilt didn’t get in the way of the fact that Nick was starting to realise just how much he’d missed the younger man. Taking in Alex’s legs, Alex’s exposed skin, Alex’s fluffy, yet styled hair, his big, brown, puppy-dog eyes hidden behind see-through sunglasses, his brilliant, enticing smile, Nick could feel the blood rushing towards his groin, making him harder and harder the longer the performance went on for. Turning down the volume carefully, in case Matt or Jamie were to catch wind of his whereabouts, Nick reached into his own trousers and started to fondle himself longingly, unable to take his eyes off the video.

It wasn’t that he’d been lovesick or anything of the sort; in fact, he had had plenty of fun with Matt and Jamie over the summer, leaving him physically exhausted and drained rather than hungry or curious for more. However, watching this and realising how long it had been without their fourth member, Nick was beginning to feel a desperation, a sudden urge for fulfilment.
It had been almost two months since any of them had fucked Alex, or touched him, or bathed him, held him in their arms at night, or kissed him goodbye at the airport, right before they had to see him take off with Miles. Though it was only this morning that Nick had received head from Jamie, his body was beginning to feel utterly deprived, unsatisfied, and desperate for something he hadn’t been able to have for much too long.

“Alex…” Nick sighed heavily, stroking himself faster. “Come home to Daddy, you sweet, little tease – oh yeah, that’s right, babeh – do your dirty dance for me…"

Nick leant his head back, gasping, then reminding himself that if he didn’t keep his eyes on the screen, this dirty, new version of Alex would disappear on him, making him believe that, perhaps, it was never there in the first place and that he’d only been dreaming. However, as he zoomed back in on the action on stage, he began to notice Alex and Miles dancing closer and closer against one another as things turned surprisingly intimate.

It started with them sharing a microphone, which apparently caused them to stand not only shoulder to shoulder, but to wrap their arms around each other, too; not like you see friends doing when they are out on a bender and decide to take the piss, but more like you would see shy teenagers in love doing; the nature of that shyness being shaped by the fact that young people in love are usually completely innocent and not used to this sort of precious intimacy – the kind of intimacy that is rare, and honest, and easy to identify when you spot it on other people’s faces.

Miles began to move closer, pressing his face against Alex’s, letting both their sweats mingle, until they were forehead to forehead, looking into each other’s eyes almost romantically. Nick narrowed his eyes, watching Alex smile at Miles teasingly, recognising that spark in his eyes from golden memories within their bedroom; it was the same expression that Nick had seen on the younger man’s face hundreds of times before when he was being particularly flirtatious with either Jamie, Matt or Nick himself, like when someone had told him no, but Alex decided to keep on begging, grinning and winking at you until you finally gave in and gave him everything he wanted…

Nick didn’t stop touching himself, but he did feel slightly confused. Was Alex – their Alex – actually flirting with Miles, or were they merely putting on a show for their fans?

“Oh Alexander,” Nick grunted, starting to feel all hot and horny, “you don’t know what you’re doing to me here…”

Alex and Miles continued to sing into their shared microphone, rubbing their faces together almost lovingly, though they would grind against each other like horny, little devils, spurring each other on relentlessly. Then – at the very end of the chorus – Miles leant even further in and placed a quick, though utterly sinful kiss to Alex’s lips before breaking apart from him and walking back across the stage, playing his guitar enthusiastically as he was back to facing the crowd.

All the girls in the audience had started to scream their heads off at the sight of them kissing. Nick, on the other hand, had frozen at the sight, parting his lips in disbelief.

Holy shit… Kane had just kissed Alex on the lips, in front of thousands of people. Their golden boy – their lover, their boyfriend had been claimed by someone else. And Alex had laughed, completely at ease with it.

Before being able to stop himself, Nick came, spilling his fluids all over his hand and making a mess all over his trousers. He then sat back, pausing the video at a frame of Miles and Alex walking back towards each other and Miles slapping Alex’s arse carelessly.

What the fuck had just happened? If this wasn’t Nick’s most guilty orgasm ever, it damn well came
“Nick! Where are you, babeh?”

He jerked at the sound of feet on the stairs, and even though he felt slightly mortified at the idea of Matt and Jamie finding him like this, he shouted back: “In here!”

Jamie was first to walk in the living room and stop dead as soon as he spotted Nick there, sat on a chair in front of his computer with his still semi-erect cock out and cum all over himself. Nick gulped as the expression changed on Jamie’s face; this was a scenario that neither of them had ever found each other in before.

“Nicholas O’Malley, you dirty bastard!” Jamie chuckled suddenly, as Matt appeared behind him. “You are so busted! I knew it! I knew you searched for porn online, even though you’ve always told us that you wouldn’t think to fantasise about other men! You fucking liar!”

“Woah,” Matt laughed, approaching the table, “what’s going on in here?”

“I…” Nick swallowed thickly, feeling his face go red. “I can explain…”

“Nuh-uh, don’t you dare close your tab,” Jamie intervened, “I want to see exactly what made you cum like that. Do you have some sort of secret fetish that we don’t know about?”

“Oh, I know,” Matt joined in, laughing, “I bet he likes feet! He’s always been weird like that.”

“I do not wank myself off whilst looking at people’s feet,” Nick told Matt with a roll of his eyes, “come on, what do you take me for?”

Before Nick could stop him, Jamie made a quick decision and lifted the computer off the table, rendering Nick unable to close his shameful videos first. Holding the laptop in his hands, Jamie invited Matt to watch the video with him. However, as soon as he’d pressed play, Nick could tell that both their faces grimaced with not only surprise, but with shock and astonishment, too.

“This is – this is Alex,” Matt spoke, his voice tinged with wonder, “and Miles, performing. Why are you watching their gig if you’re wanking, Nick? Holy fuck, what is Alex wearing?”

Matt then widened his eyes, moving his head closer towards the screen. Jamie was suddenly equally hypnotised, it seemed.

“And – why are they touching each other like that?” Jamie chimed in with outrage. “Oi, Kane! Hands off his arse, buddy! He’s not your boyfriend!”

“Fucking hell!” Matt groaned, unable to look away. “Alex is touching him back – right in front of all those people! What the hell are they thinking?”

“I don’t know,” Nick breathed heavily, “but you have to admit – it’s kinda hot!” When Matt eyed him disbelievingly, Nick added: “What? It’s like straight guys watching girl-on-girl action, innit?”

Jamie then handed the computer over to Matt, his attention turned on Nick.

“Did you really cum just from looking at Alex?” He asked with a hint of fascination. “See, Nick – that is kind of hot!”

“Wait,” Nick stopped him, “are you saying that you’re turned on by the fact that I was turned on by Alex? How the hell does that even work?”
“I dunno,” Jamie smiled, shrugging, “it makes sense, though. I mean – you’re both my boyfriends. And I guess I love the fact that you love each other.”

“Christ, Jameh,” Matt interjected with a snort, “I always thought Nick was the odd one out, but there you go…”

“Oh, shut up,” Jamie told him, turning his back on Matt and kneeling down in front of Nick, “why didn’t you include Matt and I in your little orgy, babeh? Hm? I could have helped you cum so easily…”

Nick reciprocated Jamie’s smile, touching his hair lovingly with his hand that wasn’t covered in spunk.

“I know you could have,” Nick winked, “you demonstrated your skills to make me cum perfectly this morning.”

As the two of them continued to flirt casually, Matt ignored them completely as he was still too absorbed in the video of Alex and Miles fondling each other nonchalantly whilst singing their hearts out.

“Guys? Should we be concerned about this?” He asked, though Nick and Jamie didn’t seem to hear him at first. “I said – should we be concerned about this? Do you think there could be something between Alex and Kane?”

“Nah,” Jamie said with a shake of his head, “Alex wouldn’t dare cheat on us. Especially not with his own best mate.”

“Still,” Nick pondered, “even though he’s not exactly cheating on us, I can’t help but to feel slightly…”

“Jealous?” Matt suggested.

“Yeah!”

“That’s just because we miss him, and because we haven’t seen him for so long,” Jamie sighed with saddened eyes, “if he was here right now, we wouldn’t feel the need to be… jealous.”

“I know,” Matt said, biting his lip at the way Alex threw his head back, running a hand through his pretty hair, absolutely attracting anyone watching him, male or female, gay or straight, ”maybe I am starting to miss him… A lot.”

“I can tell,” Nick laughed, eyeing the growing bulge in Matt’s trousers.

“When is he coming home again?” Matt asked as casually as he could, clearing his throat. “When are we supposed to pick him up from the airport?”

“In five days,” Jamie exhaled. “Five whole days, babeh.”

“You know,” Nick said, “I’m starting to think that maybe we ought to teach Alex a lesson. Not just for leaving us for so long, but for – you know – flirting so openly with another man.”

“Oh yeah?” Jamie smirked. “I’m listening.”

“We’ll surprise him when he gets back,” Nick laughed, “we’ll make him realise that he’s missed us so much, he never wants to run off with Miles again.”
“And how are we going to make him realise that?”

“We’ll think of something,” Matt said confidently, putting Nick’s computer away in order to tend to his own urges, “in the meantime, Jameh, stop wasting your time on Mr I’ll-Wank-Myself-Off-Even-Though-My-Boyfriends-Are-Home and get over here.”

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Alex walked out through the Arrivals gate, dragging his suitcase along with him, when he spotted Matt in the crowd and started to run straight towards him.

“Matthew!” He exclaimed with excitement, letting go of his luggage and letting it fall to the ground carelessly as he threw himself upon the bigger man, wrapping his arms around Matt’s neck. “Oh my God – I have missed you so much!”

Kissing Matt’s face recklessly, ignoring the people turning around to look at the two men in surprise, Alex pouted with discontent when Matt carefully untangled himself from his embrace.

“Not here,” Matt told him, though with a reassuring smile, “wait ‘till we’re alone, tiger.”

Driving back home in Matt’s car, Alex could neither stop talking, nor stop touching Matt’s thigh flirtatiously; Matt had always been a confident driver and had successfully managed to flirt whilst keeping his eyes on the road tons of times before, which had Alex thinking that he wouldn’t mind his playfulness.

“I can’t believe it’s been two months since I’ve seen you,” Alex told him, sighing and pining heavily, “you look great, babeh. Did you get a tan or summat? Your skin is… glistening.”

“No,” Matt said, grinning, “in all the time you’ve known me, Alex, you must have noticed that I don’t tan well. I think you’re trying to flatter me.”

“Maybe,” Alex admitted teasingly, looking over at Matt with nothing but love and lust in his eyes, “is it working?”

“Mm,” Matt hummed, “but you’ve got to be patient, love. Wait ‘till we’re home.”

“Why? We could just pull over and have a quickie,” Alex joked, “no one would ever know.”

“Is that so?” Matt smirked. “I wouldn’t tire myself out too soon if I were you.”

“What?”

“Nothing,” Matt assured him, “let’s just concentrate on getting you back home, shall we?”

“Seriously, though,” Alex persisted, “I thought that Nick and Jamie would have come to pick me up, too. Where are they? I’m guessing they haven’t missed me as much as I thought they would.”

“Aw, trust me, love,” Matt chuckled, “they will find a way to make up for that. Like I said, just be patient.”
Matt carried Alex’s luggage inside the house, but Alex would have rather that he had paid more attention to him instead. He honestly couldn’t understand why Matt seemed to be holding back like this – he thought the other man would have been all over him, seeing as they had never been apart from each other for such a significant amount of time before. And what was going on with Nick and Jamie? When Alex had found that they hadn’t bothered to show their faces in the airport, he had at least expected a phone call, or a message saying “welcome home.”

It was almost as though they were all trying their hardest to pretend that Alex hadn’t been away in the first place. Like they’d been too busy to notice that someone was missing.

“I’ll take your suitcase upstairs,” Matt told Alex, “wait for me here. I’ll be right back.”

“Where are Jamie and Nick?” Alex asked him, beginning to feel slightly worried. “Are they not even home?”

“Just wait here – I’ll be back in a tick.”

Alex heard the door to the bedroom upstairs opening and closing. But after that, everything seemed to turn silent up there and Alex could no longer hear the sound of Matt’s footsteps anywhere.

“Matt?” He called, but there was no answer.

Waiting a little while longer, Alex didn’t understand what was going on. When it was beginning to seem obvious that Matt wasn’t coming back downstairs, Alex frowned and moved over to stand by the foot of the stairs.

“Matt?” He called again, losing his patience. “I’m coming up!”

When he didn’t hear anyone protest to this, Alex started to walk upstairs, slowly, holding his breath in anticipation, even though he wasn’t sure what to expect. Knocking on the door to the bedroom, Alex hesitated once again.

“Matt? Are you in there?”

He opened the door cautiously, almost aware that something was awaiting him on the other side. Almost aware.

In the matter of only a second, Alex found himself being seized from behind and pushed to the floor, forced to kneel down on the carpet while his arms were being twisted behind his back and held there, captivating and trapping him completely. Instinctively, Alex struggled desperately to free himself, even when he realised that this wasn’t part of a burglary and that the two men holding him down weren’t random attackers, but indeed Jamie and Nick.

“What the fuck!” Alex uttered, gasping and twisting. “What the hell are you doing?”

“Shh,” Jamie leant in to whisper in Alex’s ear, “it’s okay, babeh. We’ve got a surprise for you.”

“Welcome home,” Nick laughed in Alex’s other ear, tightening his grip on Alex’s arm in order to make sure that he had no chance of escaping, “did you miss us?”

“Oh, I’m not so sure anymore,” Alex chuckled, his heart still pounding from the shock they’d given
him, “ow, not so tight – what’s going on? Where did Matt go?”

Then the door to the walk-in closet opened, with Matt stepping out from there wearing only a pair of trousers, topless.

“I’m right here, darling,” Matt announced with a smirk, approaching Alex slowly. “And I’m bringing presents for everyone.”

Throwing a clattering, fluffy, purple, yet shiny object across the air for Jamie to catch, Matt laughed as Alex looked around him in confusion. Suddenly, Nick began to work at his hands. Bringing Alex’s hands tightly together behind his back, Alex soon felt the cold metal fastening around both his wrists, locking them together.

Nick had handcuffed him, it seemed.

“Seriously?” Alex grunted slightly, though his face lit up as he grinned, impressed with the development. “I didn’t even know we had handcuffs! Did you buy them just for me?”

“Shut up,” Matt told him playfully, “wipe that smile off your face, beautiful; we are not rewarding you.”

“You’re not?” Alex said, cocking an eyebrow.

“Quite the opposite,” Jamie laughed, holding on to his shoulder, steadying him.

“This is your punishment,” Nick agreed, seizing Alex’s other shoulder, capturing him firmly, “you’ll see.”

“My punishment?” Alex panted, though he was feeling more excited than scared. “My punishment for what?”

“Oh, like you don’t know,” Jamie huffed, licking suddenly at Alex’s cheek, “you know what you did, Al. We know what you did.”

“Really?” Alex laughed. “Tell me – what did I do?”

“Oh, he’s much too happy for my liking,” Matt told Jamie and Nick as he squatted down next to Alex, “he thinks we’re joking, doesn’t he?”

“Yeah – but don’t worry, love, we’ll have him begging us for mercy soon,” Jamie taunted, tugging at Alex’s hair to show him who was in charge.

“He doesn’t even know what we have in store for him,” Nick chimed in, bringing his mouth down to Alex’s neck. As he began to suck at his skin, Alex turned his head around, hoping that Nick would kiss his lips. He hadn’t had a proper kiss from either one yet, and he was dying to feel the passion of someone who’d missed him terribly through all these weeks. Unfortunately, instead of kissing him, Nick pulled back and resolved to biting lightly at Alex’s shoulder, teasing him cruelly.

“Fuck,” Alex exhaled, shivering from the sensation of Nick’s teeth on his skin, “what did I do? Tell me!”

“Enough out of you,” Matt mocked him, “Jamie! Shut him up, will you?”

Without having to pry his mouth open, Jamie was able to stuff a large handkerchief inside Alex’s mouth; mainly because Alex decided to go along with it instead of biting at the fingers that were now
silencing him. Finding himself unable to talk and unable to move, Alex watched helplessly as Matt inched closer, studying him with gentler eyes than before.

“Look at you,” Matt grinned, palming Alex’s cheek gingerly, caressing him, “I bet you hadn’t seen any of this coming, had you, love?”

Alex looked into Matt’s eyes calmly, waiting for an explanation.

“Why don’t you show him what we found?” Jamie suggested, yanking at Alex’s hair again before leaning in to smell his hair products and his aftershave. “Oh, shit – I had almost forgotten that smell,” he hummed, resting his forehead against the top of Alex’s hair, closing his eyes with pleasure.

“Jameh, you slag,” Nick whispered, “I knew you wouldn’t be able to help yourself.”

“Oh, I’ll show him exactly what we are talking about,” Matt said in response to Jamie’s original comment. When he dug the phone out from his pocket, Alex began to watch Matt with bewilderment and interest. “Look what we have here, Alex,” Matt snorted as he held up his phone close to Alex’s face, dangling the small screen in front of his eyes in order to crave his attention, “does this ring any bells, sweetheart?”

Alex frowned. It was a picture of himself and Miles on stage; Miles swaying his back and bending his knees as he played the guitar intensely while Alex was stood behind him, leaning his head in over his shoulder, hugging him from behind. From the way the picture was captured, it very much looked like there was something romantic going on between them. Miles was playing him a love song, while Alex clung to him, showing him his affections.

If Alex hadn’t had his mouth stuffed, he would have been smiling smugly. He suddenly understood what was going on with the lads. They were jealous.

“Oh, don’t give us that look like you don’t know what we’re talking about,” Nick spoke in his ear, tickling him with his warm breath, “and that’s not all we’ve found. There is more.”

Matt touched the screen, swiping on to a new picture, holding the phone back in Alex’s face. There he and Miles were again; only this time, Alex was intertwining his fingers in Miles’s short hair while the two of them were caught pressing their lips together momentarily, in a quick, swift, putting-it-on-for-the-camera type of kiss that the two mates had only managed to pull off due to their close friendship. Alex remembered how hard it had been to not burst out laughing every time he and Miles would chase each other around onstage, singing to each other romantically, blowing each other air-kisses, or slapping each other’s arses mischievously.

“Yes, that’s right,” Matt smirked, looking into Alex’s eyes, “I can tell you know what we’re talking about now. And don’t think for a minute that we haven’t been watching your music videos as well. What’s with the dancing in Miracle Aligner, eh? The Italian voice-overs? The rose petals blowing in the wind? The fake spray tan? Do you want us to think that you and Kane have been seducing each other behind our backs?”

“Not to mention your little video for Aviation,” Jamie added, biting at Alex’s earlobe, “was that you living out one of your fantasies, Alex? Hm? Do you like being restrained by other men? Do you like it when they trap your hands behind your back, restricting you?”

In that instance, both Jamie and Nick gripped his arms again, even though he’d already been handcuffed and to Alex’s own surprise, he began to moan, though he was muffled by the fabric in his mouth.
“That’s what I thought,” Nick laughed, “he does like it rough!”

“That’s fine, love, that’s all very good,” Matt whispered, shushing Alex tenderly, “but when you decide to flirt with other men in public, you are just asking for trouble, aren’t you?”

Alex moaned again, though obviously, this form of communication didn’t get him far.

“Look at me, darling,” Matt breathed, leaning in closer, “it looks like you’ve now got to convince us just how sorry you are. Do you understand? There are a lot of things that we are going to need you to make up for.”

Alex felt his heart beating faster and faster as Matt began to touch him. Stroking Alex’s chest and unbuttoning the top of his shirt, Matt began to stroke his nipples gently, playing with him. Alex was already so desperate, he began to squirm and writhe under Matt’s skillful hands, heaving with excitement. Attempting to get up from his knees and crawl closer to Matt, Jamie and Nick held on to him firmly, keeping him in place.

“You’re not going anywhere,” Nick laughed, “we’re setting the pace here.”

“Aw, I think someone’s eager to seek forgiveness,” Matt taunted, petting Alex’s hair, “do you want to play along, love? Are you going to treat Daddy real nice in order to say you’re sorry?”

Alex groaned and managed to spit the handkerchief out of his mouth.

“Yes!” He wheezed pleadingly. “Yes – let me show you how sorry I am, Daddy!”

“Who told you to spit that out?” Jamie complained, picking up the fabric from the floor. “We already told you, pet, you are not in charge.”

“Sorry,” Alex rasped, “I’m sorry – I’ll make it up to you.”

“Damn right you will,” Nick smirked, fingering Alex’s jaw suggestively.

Jamie was about to insert the handkerchief back into Alex’s mouth when Matt held up a hand to stop him.

“I have a better idea,” he said coquettishly, “let’s give him something else to suck on. Give him a chance to redeem himself.”

“You better make him work for it, though!” Nick argued.

Matt got back up on his feet and began to unzip his trousers slowly, putting on a show. Even though Alex couldn’t take his eyes off him, a sudden urge had him protesting:

“Wait! Don’t I even get a kiss first?” He begged, struggling against Jamie and Nick’s hands one more time. “Matt, please – I missed you, babeh.”

Matt gave Alex a hesitant look, like he was considering it. Then he simply pulled down his trousers and his underwear, walking up to Alex to stick his erection in his face.

“Like we said, we are not rewarding you yet, love,” Matt told him firmly, poking his hard cock against the smaller man’s lips, “not until you’ve proven to us who you belong to.”

Alex was about to say something when Matt cut him off and entered his mouth ruthlessly, pulling him close by grasping at his hair and holding him steadied as he rolled his hips and thrusted all the way into the back of his mouth. Alex’s eyes widened and he gagged immediately; not only because
he loved being the drama queen in this relationship, but because, truthfully, he hadn’t yet prepared himself. Matt had been too quick for him and now, Alex was struggling to breathe through it.

“Mff!”

“Aw, I’m sorry, babeh,” Matt teased him, thrusting further into Alex’s mouth, “was that not how Miles did it? Was he gentler with you?”

Alex closed his eyes, feeling Matt invade his throat torturously. Though he tried his best to relax and to take the bigger man in without struggling so obviously, he could feel the tears sting in his eyes as he fought to suppress every gag, every urge to choke. And yet, at the same time – there was something so oddly arousing about being restricted and put in your place by the men you loved the most. Feeling Jamie and Nick’s hands on him, and feeling the ‘attention’ that Matt was giving him, too, Alex couldn’t help but to revel in the stimulation that this was causing him.

“Forgive me, darling, I think you’ve bitten off more than you can chew,” Matt then whispered as he was starting to feel a bit bad, “give me a sec – here we go.”

Pulling out of Alex’s mouth for a moment, Matt allowed him to catch his breath. Perhaps he was suddenly worried that this was a game that Alex wasn’t willing to play, but needless to say, Alex was hungry for more. Stretching out his tongue, without being able to move his head, Alex was only just able to reach the tip of Matt’s dick, which was still hovering right there, wetly and stickily in front of his face, tempting him. Licking at the very tip, asking Matt to give him a second taste, Alex smiled wickedly, looking straight up into Matt’s piercing blue eyes.

“Fuck me,” Matt hummed with obvious pleasure, “you are really trying to make amends now, aren’t you, sweetheart?”

“Let me suck it for you, Daddy,” Alex flirted shamelessly, “I’ll be a good boy from now on. Promise.”

Granting Alex his wish, Matt moved his groin back in his face, ready for some action. This time he didn’t even have to fist Alex’s hair and hold him steadied; opening up his mouth like a well-behaved boy, Alex took him in easily, opening up his throat for Matt, squirming with pleasure as he did so. Slurping and sucking away at Matt’s erection, it seemed that Jamie and Nick were getting increasingly desperate to join in. Though they were still keeping him in his place strictly, they began to toy with Alex, using their imagination. Nick reached a hand underneath the hem of Alex’s shirt, feeling his flat torso with want and need, whilst Jamie began to kiss his collarbone and suck at his skin, forcing Alex to close his eyes and tilt his head with pleasure. It was only when Matt rammed himself down his throat once again in order to get his attention that Alex sputtered and remembered to suck, and to not get carried away so easily.

“Oh, fuck! Fuck yes, that’s what I’m talking about!” Matt laughed in delight, pushing his pelvis closer against Alex’s face until the pubes were entering the other’s nose. “I knew you were still Daddy’s good boy – I knew you would be loyal.”

Alex continued to suck and to swirl his tongue around the tip of Matt’s cock relentlessly, offering the bigger man all the pleasure that he could get, even when his jaw grew tired and started to ache. Luckily, Matt wasn’t far from climaxing.

“Shit – you’re pushing me over the edge already,” Matt sighed heavily, pulling out from Alex’s mouth, “I know, I know, you were looking forward to swallowing everything you could get, but guess what? I’d much rather do something about that beautiful, slicked back hair of yours. It’s way too pretty like that, don’t you think? It needs messing up.”
Matt stroked himself once before spilling his semen all over Alex’s hair, grinning evilly as he dragged his orgasm out all over the width of Alex’s scalp, saving one last spurt which he aimed at Alex’s forehead. With the semen running downwards through his hair, also dribbling down his face and on the back of his nose, Alex inhaled sharply, out of breath. Matt’s fluids were ticking his skin, rendering him desperate for an itch; however, as soon as he tried to break free from the handcuffs, Nick and Jamie’s guarding hands were on him again.

“That was – that was amazing,” Matt panted with exhaustion, smirking at the state of Alex, “but don’t get too comfy just yet, honey-pie. One down, two more to go.”

“I have an idea,” Nick then giggled, winking at Jamie, “we’ll handcuff him to the bedpost this time. Gives us a bit of freedom to move around.”

Alex was clever enough not to struggle or try to run away when he was released momentarily, only to have his hands restricted one more time, the only difference being using two handcuffs on him instead of one, stretching his arms out instead of keeping them behind his back. As he was fastened to the bedpost securely, Jamie came up with an extra touch; using a scarf, similar to the handkerchief that had been silencing Alex earlier, the blond man now tied the dense material around Alex’s head, blindfolding him kinkily.

Before they’d handcuffed him again, Alex had been stripped off his shirt, and now that he was once again trapped and vulnerable, Nick resorted to yanking him out of his jeans, hungry for some skin.

“What’s happening now?” Alex questioned sheepishly, seeing as not being able to see anything had left him slightly self-conscious. “Nick? Jameh?”

“Guess who’s cock you’re sucking now, love,” Nick then sniggered, bringing his erection to Alex’s mouth keenly. Nick’s impressive eight inches would have been pretty hard to misidentify, but nevertheless, Alex played along and opened up, acting all eager to find out. Instantly choking on Nick’s length, Alex retched and fought against the handcuffs keeping his hands in place above his head, “too much for you? Aw, but babeh, we’ve only just started.”

Nick drove himself in and out of Alex’s mouth a couple of times before retreating, allowing Jamie to take over.

“Don’t worry, Al, I’ll be real gentle with you,” Jamie purred, surprising Alex by touching his naked chest, “as always, I’m your bestest friend.”

Perhaps Jamie’s tender flirting was meant to compensate for the (slightly) rough treatment so far, and for the fact that Alex was blindfolded and unable to fend for himself. However, Jamie’s voice could also be deceptively kind, which was indeed the case now. Leaning in to lick at Alex’s nipple, Jamie made him jolt with astonishment when he sunk his teeth into his skin and bit him brutally, forcing Alex to yelp.

“Sorry, sweet-cheeks, I just had to get that out of my system,” Jamie joked, “but you’ve been such a dirty boy lately, haven’t you? You can take it.”

Alex smelt the warmth from Jamie’s erection coming at him and luckily, he was able to prepare himself this time. Sucking readily as Jamie stuck it in his mouth, Alex moaned obscenely, bobbing his head back and forth. Nick’s hands (big, rough, easy to recognise by sensation) began to feel him up, blatantly travelling down towards Alex’s own erection. Jolting at the way Nick fondled him for a moment, turning him on until it was nearly unbearable, Alex sighed heavenly and swallowed around Jamie’s dick, slurping down all the fluids and the pre-cum.
“My turn,” Nick interrupted, pushing Jamie away gently, “I’m still upset about you kissing Miles, so you better make me forget about it, gorgeous.”

Sucking urgently at Nick’s length in an attempt to atone for his sin, Alex strained himself until his jaw was cramping painfully and his lips desperate for release. It was getting harder to breathe through his nose as Nick’s crotch was blocking his nostrils, but as soon as Alex slowed down in order to spare himself, Nick wanted to go faster.

“You can do better than that, pretty-boy,” Nick grunted, “I’ll show you.”

Alex wasn’t able to see the grins on everyone’s faces, but he could basically hear the amusement in Nick’s voice. Finding himself being caught and pulled forward by the hair, Alex gulped when Nick pushed further into his mouth, swiftly, leaving him no other choice but to take him all the way in.

“Yeah, you like that, don’t ya?” Nick hissed, tugging at Alex’s hair until it hurt. “It’s a shame I can’t see your eyes, babeh – I’m sure they would be begging me for more!”

Alex had to open his throat, even though it meant holding his breath until it was over. Nick thrusted himself deeper inside, entering his throat like a pencil case entering a nostril, and Alex kept completely still, concentrating hard on suppressing his gag-reflex. Nick’s hands were now moving behind his neck, keeping Alex there, and keeping himself pressed up against his face in order to make the deepthroating last a little while longer. Then, deciding not to drag things out, Nick began to thrust again, hard and vigorously.

The tightness from Alex’s throat had him cumming in no time.

Alex sputtered frantically, wrestling against the handcuffs, choking as Nick ejaculated without pulling back. An unwise cough from Alex caused the semen to spill out though his nose as he was unable to swallow. Filling Alex’s mouth up with his fluids slowly, Nick waited another moment – then he pulled out. Alex gagged horribly and fell forward, hanging his head in defeat as he drooled the cum down his chin and then down his chest; his sore jaw preventing him from swallowing properly. For a moment, it was only his tied-up hands, which kept him from falling to the floor. Nick had winded him completely.

“Look at you, love,” Matt laughed in the distance, though obviously, Alex wasn’t able to see a thing, “you’ve got spunk all over you now. What a filthy boy you’ve become!”

“A filthy boy who’s not done yet,” Jamie remarked, grasping a fist of Alex’s messed-up hair again. “Come here.”

Jamie drove himself into Alex’s mouth without further ado, taking advantage without being sorry at all. Encouraging Alex to suck by slapping his cheek lightly, Jamie buckled his hips for a moment before he was able to pick up a steady rhythm, fucking Alex’s face passionately. Alex sucked and pleased Jamie’s dick with his tongue, working as hard as he could despite the aches in his jaw and cheeks. When Jamie whined and shot his first load into Alex’s hot mouth, Alex slurped dutifully, drinking from the tip of the dick and swallowing before he could make an even bigger mess of himself.

“Fuck, I’m ready to go again!” Matt then announced. “I’ve got such a hard-on just from watching that!”

No – not again… Alex heaved, feeling his cheeks grow all warm and red. Inhaling sharply as to prepare himself, Alex tensed when Matt didn’t come at him straight away. Stilling himself and listening, he could tell that someone had started snogging each other fervently right in front of him,
the sound of lips and tongues sliding over each other wetly giving them away.

“Wait a minute!” Alex complained, thrashing slightly. “Who’s kissing? How come I still haven’t had a kiss?”

“Because you haven’t earned it yet,” Matt panted, breaking apart from Jamie, or Nick, or whoever he’d been snogging in order to provoke Alex. “Don’t be jealous, though – I’ll give you plenty of attention…”

A small part of Alex had actually hoped to feel Matt’s lips pressing against him next, but naturally, it would take more convincing than that. Instead, Matt’s cock found its way in for a second time, causing Alex to whimper with exhaustion. He was so tired. He had already abused his muscles plenty and though this hardcore foreplay did genuinely arouse him, it had been going on for so long now, its intensity was wearing him out. Trembling with fatigue, Alex sighed and allowed Matt to exploit his tender throat one final time, using his last strength to keep up with the bigger man.

“Oh babeh,” Matt breathed, plunging further in between Alex’s parted lips, “feels so good…”

Pleasing and satisfying Matt with all his might, Alex lost himself in the moment. Sucking way harder than what was good for him and licking away at Matt’s head in order to offer the other maximum pleasure, Alex had once again become utterly submissive.

“That’s it! Oh yeah, babeh!” Matt hollered, retreating from in between Alex’s teeth. Ejaculating meaner than the first time, he squirted his seed straight in Alex’s face, though his eyes were, thankfully, protected by the blindfold. Alex gasped and opened his aching mouth, hoping to catch a shot of it on his tongue.

“Bloody hell,” Nick laughed, petting Alex’s erection without warning, making the smaller man squirm, “don’t say you’re thirsty for more, you filthy, little vixen!”

“No,” Alex begged suddenly at the thought of giving oral sex for the fifth time, “no more – please! I can’t…”

“It wouldn’t be up for you to decide, sweetheart,” Jamie reminded him, touching at the cum spilling down Alex’s cheek, smearing it all over his skin, “but luckily for you, we’re done using your pretty, little mouth. For now.”

Much to Alex’s relief, the blindfold was suddenly loosened and removed from his eyes, enabling him to look up at the three men who were stood hovered over him, laughing.

“Can I,” Alex gulped, licking his lips, “can I have a kiss now?”

“No, you can’t,” Nick told him firmly, “not until we’ve decided.”

However, as Matt began to unlock the handcuffs, freeing his hands, Alex was too thankful to complain. At his release, Alex drew his tired hands to his chest, nursing the sore skin by his wrists.

“You did well, love,” Nick praised him, “but we still haven’t forgiven you.”

“Go clean yourself up,” Jamie then ordered him, referring to his hair, his face, his chest, every part of Alex that was now covered in white fluids, “then we’ve got another task for you.”

XxX
In the shower, the images of Miles touching his face and looking into his eyes deeply kept reappearing inside Alex’s head. He remembered what it had felt like to kiss his best friend’s lips in front of those huge crowds of people who were all cheering them on, who would all have happily witnessed Miles picking Alex up and riding him off into the sunset, or the other way around. He remembered the salty taste of Miles’s skin, bathed in sweat under those heavy stage lights from the arenas, he remembered the smell of Miles’s aftershave, he remembered the sting from every slap that Miles had delivered to his unsuspecting arse…

And then it occurred to him. Though he loved Miles with all his heart, the touch of him hadn’t run through his body like electricity, hadn’t made the breath hitch in his throat, or caused his heart to flutter with giddiness or excitement. Alex’s knees hadn’t at any point gone soft. Matt, Jamie and Nick were the only men who had ever truly managed to send him reeling like that, head over heels in love, smitten, entranced, dizzy with emotion. They were the only men who had ever managed to make him absolutely lovesick and at the same time, had managed to have him gagging for it, up to the point where Alex would behave whoreishly just to get a taste, or a feel, or a fuck from either one of them.

And then he realised how funny this whole situation was. Though they hadn’t admitted it yet out of pure stubbornness, Alex knew it in his heart that Matt, Jamie and Nick weren’t feeling threatened by his close bond with Miles. Not really. Rather, they were out to punish him for having been gone for so long, without calling home every day, without even sending a postcard… Alex had been busy, which forced him to neglect them. He had been acting like he was fine without them, like he wasn’t homesick at all when, really, Alex had been so desperate to sleep in his boyfriends’ arms at night, to feel their naked skins again, that he’d been wanking himself off in secret every time he’d thought of them.

Stepping out from the steamy shower, Alex reached for a towel with a foolish grin plastered on his face. He was more than ready to redeem the remainder of his sin.

XxX

Feeling at his sore jaw, which was still aching with overuse, Alex found himself stood naked in front of the three men who were now going to decide his fate. He had been forbidden to tend to his own erection so far, and though the shower had worked as a great distraction for him, he was now again painfully hard and desperate for some action.

Nick moved over to seat himself on the edge of the bed and Alex followed him with his eyes curiously, wondering what was about to happen.

“Go over to him,” Jamie then told him, shoving Alex forward, “sit in his lap.”

Alex walked over to Nick immediately, hesitating shortly when he wasn’t sure how they wanted him.

“Here,” Nick guided him, gently, showing Alex what to do, “like this.”

Alex was then sitting in Nick’s lap, facing the bigger man while wrapping each leg around Nick’s back, trying hard not to fall off him. Staring up into Nick’s big, blue eyes, Alex felt a chill of
excitement run through his body at the idea of pressing their naked groins against each other.

“Gather your hands behind my neck,” Nick instructed him further, “for balance.”

Alex did as he was told, and as soon as his hands were wrapped around the back of Nick’s neck, Matt walked up behind Nick, carrying a black leather belt in his hands.

“Wh-what is that for?” Alex questioned uncertainly, but had no reply. It was only when Matt seized Alex’s wrists and bound them together using the belt that he understood.

“And don’t think you can raise your arms and remove yourself from Nick that way,” Matt told him sternly, “you will not let go of Nick. Stay put, sweetheart.”

“I will keep you in place,” Nick then breathed, looking into Alex’s eyes. When Nick’s hands moved down to hold on to both Alex’s thighs, Alex couldn’t decide if Nick had said this as a warning or as a comfort.

With his wrists restricted and tied together once again, Alex grimaced when he could feel the tight leather material from the belt rubbing his abused skin raw. The way that his hands were sealed behind Nick’s neck and his legs wrapped around his middle, the angle was causing his back to curve, exposing the outline of his spine to Jamie and Matt.

Needless to say, he was beginning to feel totally and utterly vulnerable.

“Before we get started,” Matt grinned, walking back to stand behind Alex where the smaller man couldn’t see him, “the three of us have decided a few things. One – you will be blindfolded again. That way, you won’t get distracted as easily.”

Before Alex could respond to this, Jamie snuck up behind him and pulled the scarf back over his eyes, taking Alex by surprise. Tightening it cruelly, Alex’s heart sank slightly when he was no longer able to look Nick in the eyes.

“Two,” Jamie whispered in Alex’s ear, taking over from Matt, “we would like you to wear a collar that we’ve picked out just for you. Pet.”

Alex gasped when he felt something being wrapped and fastened around his throat and neck, pressing against his Adam’s apple, choking him lightly.

“That’s… a little tight,” Alex croaked, inhaling sharply and with difficulty.

“It’s supposed to be tight,” Jamie said without sympathy, and without loosening it whatsoever.

“Three,” Matt intervened, perhaps feeling slightly guilty for not giving Alex a break, “we’ve decided that you can kiss Nick if you need to. Our only condition is that you don’t oppose to any of this.”

A loud smack was suddenly causing Alex to jerk when a sharp pain assaulted his naked backside, and he yelped at the sting as well as the surprise of it.

“What was that?!” Alex rasped, tensing his body. “Did you buy a fucking whip?”

“Hush now, love,” Matt laughed somewhere behind him, “you can take this. We know you can.”

At the sound of another hard smack, Alex jumped and cringed, and he would have fallen over had he not been attached to Nick by his tied-up hands trapped behind the other’s neck. Panting and exhaling desperately, feeling the collar press against his windpipe slightly agonisingly, Alex thought
for a moment that he was in over his head. He’d only ever been whipped once or twice in his life, and he was finding now that he was slightly sensitive to this sort of domination, which played at his helplessness.

The whip was swung against his backside again, and Alex whimpered.

“Here, babeh,” Nick told him gently, “come closer. Let me help you out.”

Searching blindly for the man he was resting against, Alex felt Nick’s lips pressing against him and he relaxed almost instantly. Finally treated with the tender intimacy that he had yearned for so much, Alex unwounded and felt himself loosen up. Though he could not see Nick, he could feel him, sense him, smell him, taste him, and it was enough to enable him to ignore the constriction around his throat. Breathing softly and delicately, Alex felt Nick’s tongue entering his mouth affectionately. He soon couldn’t keep himself from moaning.

“Someone’s enjoying himself a little too much,” Jamie sniggered, looming over Alex’s shoulder.

Again came the whip. Not just once, but two, three, four times in a row, delivering quick, solid whacks to Alex’s skin, forcing him to tense and tremble all over, groaning into Nick’s open mouth.

“It’s okay, babe,” Nick soothed him, nibbling at Alex’s bottom lip, “relax.”

Engaging Alex in a deep kiss, Nick had him curling his toes and pressing his chest close up against him, basking in the warmth from Nick’s naked body. The kiss grew urgent and insistent; Alex’s hands struggled behind Nick’s neck, not to be untied, but to touch the other and hold him closer. WHACK! Alex cried involuntarily – he couldn’t help it. Though the blows were burning rather than actually hurting him, he had no chance of preparing himself for when the next one came. Unable to see and to protect himself, Alex was forced to rely on Nick to keep him steadied. SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! Three times in a row the whip sounded, leaving Alex to crumble and collapse against Nick…

“Well, well, well, look at that,” Matt grinned in a mock-tone, “have you had enough, darling? Do you really think you’ve paid your debt already?”

Alex was then pulled back as someone was tugging at the back of his collar, tightening the damned thing around his throat and causing him to choke. It was only when Alex complied and arched his back the best he could that he was allowed to breathe again.

“Are you going to beg us to let you go so soon?” Jamie chuckled, ruffling Alex’s hair.

Nick began to kiss and nibble at Alex’s jaw quietly, offering him little pecks to keep his strength up.

“No,” Alex panted, feeling the sweat tickling at his forehead, “no – I want it harder!”

“Oh,” Matt laughed loudly, “did I hear that right? Harder you say?”

WHACK!

Alex whined.

“Is that hard enough for you, babe?”

Alex released a shaky breath. “H-harder,” he rasped, screwing his face up in discomfort.

“And why is that?” Jamie questioned as he drew his tongue along Alex’s bared neck, licking him
tauntingly. “Why do you need it to be harder, love?”

“Because – because I deserve it,” Alex grunted, preparing himself.

WHACK! SLAP! POW!

“Other reasons, honey-bunch?” Matt giggled with amusement.

“Because I – I need to be taught a lesson,” Alex cried, biting his lip.

“That’s right, you do,” Jamie hummed, pinching at Alex’s skin with his fingers, smiling as he made him squirm, “who do you belong to, Al?”


“And who do you not belong to?”

“Miles,” Alex gasped, struggling to keep a straight face, “or,” SLAP, “anyone else!”

“And?” Matt exclaimed. “What else do you have to say for yourself?”

“I’m sorry!” Alex yelped, wincing as the collar made it painful for him to swallow. “I’m really sorry for what I did!!”

“And again!” Jamie commanded ruthlessly, swinging the whip, making Alex howl.

“I’m sorry!” Alex wailed, feeling like his entire backside had been set on fire. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry! I’ll never kiss anyone else again! Not even for fun!”

He fell against Nick with exhaustion and the bigger man allowed him to rest his head on his chest.

“That’s all we needed to hear,” Matt gloated, “now, was that so hard?”

Suddenly, the blindfold was removed as swiftly as it had been placed over his eyes, and Alex’s pupils constricted when he was met by the brightness of the room. Looking down his own naked body, Alex could only imagine his backside being red and swollen and yet, he had the biggest boner, resting up against Nick’s belly.

“What about the collar?” Alex asked warily, finding that it was still making him wheeze uncomfortably.

“That’s up for Nick to decide,” Jamie told him, playing with Alex’s hair adoringly, admiring how softly it fell against his forehead, “it’s his turn to have some fun with you now.”

“Keep it on,” Nick grunted, suddenly eyeing Alex with more danger than romance. “Come here, pet.”

Letting himself fall backwards unto the bed so that he was sprawled out on his back, Nick took down Alex with him, forcing the smaller man to flop against his chest, seeing as his tied-up hands were now trapped beneath Nick’s head. With Alex lying on top of him, Nick removed his hands from his legs and ran them down Alex’s tender back. At first, he was caressing him gingerly, though Alex shivered slightly, feeling sort of fragile. Then Nick’s big hands travelled down towards Alex’s bum, stilling himself there.

“Since you took the whipping so well, darling,” Nick muttered, looking up into Alex’s restless eyes, “I am only going to be spanking you to a merciful degree. How much can you take? Should we
make it forty slaps?”

“How about t-twenty?” Alex pleaded anxiously, stunned that Nick had invited him to negotiate. “Please?”

“We’ll make it thirty, then,” Nick decided, grinning at the nervous look in the smaller man’s eyes. “You can take it, love, I know you can.”

“Can I – can I still kiss you?” Alex begged, but Nick didn’t fall for his play of innocence.

“You can cry and you can moan all you want, love, but you’re not gonna get kissed. Not until we’re done here. You’ve been a very naughty boy, Alex, and Daddy’s going to have to give you an extra punishment.”

Jamie and Matt had started touching themselves enthusiastically at the sight of Alex’s readied bum being caught and squeezed in between Nick’s hands. Alex wriggled nervously, preparing himself for whatever was coming his way.

“Nick, please go easy on me,” Alex begged before crying out cuttingly as he was struck by Nick’s open palm for the first time. “Fuck!!”

Alex had almost forgotten the size of Nick’s hands! Bloody hell, that stung!

“Daddy needs you to address him properly,” Nick reminded Alex, smirking at the other’s struggle. “Otherwise you’re only making things worse for yourself, babeh.”

“Daddy!” Alex keened when he was slapped again, Nick targeting the very same spot as before. Nick was putting extra strength into his slaps, causing Alex’s skin to burn for ages after he was hit. “Daddy, you’re too strong!” Alex complained, biting his lip, closing his eyes in agony.

Nick looked up into Alex’s face, enjoying what he saw.

“Quiet now, my love,” Nick dismissed him, “or I’ll punish you with even more force.”

Nick raised his hand and struck it down hard against Alex’s other butt cheek, loving the way that Alex jumped on top of him. As they were lying chest to chest, Nick could almost feel Alex’s frantic heartbeats leaving the skinny man’s body and pour into Nick, running through him like wildfire, thrilling him.

Not to mention the way that their erections were pressing and rubbing together, turning each other on…

“It hurts, Daddy,” Alex moaned and for a moment, Nick feared that he had tired the small man out already, “it hurts so good…”

“Remember, love, this is not part of your reward,” Nick chuckled, slapping Alex brutally, “you have been a very bad boy, and Daddy needs to discipline you.”

“Yes,” Alex gasped, “yes, Daddy – I have been so bad… Punish me.”

Nick struck him meanly and Alex squealed, twisting and twitching, clenching his bound-up hands.

“Jameh, Matthew,” Nick sighed, feeling himself get carried away, “are you guys watching? Are you keeping count?”

“Oh, you bet we’re watching, Daddy,” Matt giggled, wanking himself off carefully, trying his
hardest not to cum.

“Twenty-five more to go,” Jamie panted, stroking himself equally as excited, “and those gorgeous butt cheeks are turning pink already.”

Nick raised his hand and stilled it mid-air, making Alex hold his breath in anticipation, dreading when the next smack was going to hit him. With his other hand, Nick was feeling Alex’s ribs up, before moving his touches down towards the smaller man’s bony hip. When Alex expressed his pleasure to be touched and caressed, Nick delivered a quick slap in order to shatter his romantic illusion.

“Daddy!” Alex whined, writhing on top of Nick’s broad chest. “It burns!”

“It’s supposed to burn, precious. Otherwise you’ll never learn.”

After that, Nick sped up the process significantly. Slapping Alex vigorously, Nick lost count as he got caught up in striking Alex with both precision and power, repeatedly, trying to out-do himself each time. And he did indeed increase his impact on the other; though the spanking remained playful, stimulating, Alex’s bared skin was getting increasingly tender, too, making each smack more painful (and arousing) to endure. SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! Nick chuckled and Alex yowled, whimpering weakly against Nick’s chest, pressing his face against the skin above the bigger man’s pounding heart.

“Is it over yet, Daddy?” Alex pleaded in a shaky voice. His body trembled and his erection was driving him crazy. He had to tend to his urges – soon.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

“Not yet, pretty-boy,” Nick grinned as Alex grimaced, “but you’re doing so well. You can take this. Look at me.” Alex didn’t move, so Nick reached out a hand and forced his head up by pulling at his hair. “Look at me, darling,” he commanded again, locking eyes with his exhausted lover, “you can do this. I’ve got to teach you how to behave in public. Do you understand?”

Alex nodded, moaning subtly.

“I’ll be a good boy from now on, Daddy,” he promised.

Nick hit him again – and again, and again… Alex shuddered, frowning at the horrible sting. Behind him, Matt and Jamie were sniggering and wheezing with excitement, enjoying Alex’s ordeal. SMACK! Alex cried loudly, clenching his abused arse cheeks together. His muscles were getting sore and strained with labour, seeing as he kept tensing. SLAP! Alex groaned, biting his lip. SLAP! He howled, arching his back and throwing his head back. SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! Alex wanted to break down then, but resolved to simply gasping and yelping shamelessly, unable to contain himself.

“Nearly there, sunshine,” Nick announced finally, causing Jamie to huff with disappointment, “now, remind me what a good boy you are. Take your last five slaps without making a sound. Make Daddy proud.”

Alex held his breath once again, readying himself nervously.

SMACK!

He wanted to cry right there and then, but refrained from making that mistake.
SMACK!
His arms were shaking. Nick must have been able to feel it, too.

SMACK!
His skin was on fire and had been for so long now, Alex thought he was starting to go numb.

SMACK!
Biting his tongue just to keep quiet, Alex closed his eyes tightly and tensed every muscle in his tired body.

SMACK!
And there it was! The final part of his punishment was over, but he had yet to keep himself from screaming. It was all so intense, he couldn’t take this anymore. He needed his hands to be freed, he needed to rub his pelvis against something or someone, he needed to cum so bad, he needed to be fucked, and kissed, and held – he needed a bag of frozen peas over his aching arse…

Alex waited anxiously for Nick’s cue that was his liberation.

“Congratulations, love,” Nick smiled, raising his head to place a soft kiss to Alex’s unmoving lips. “You’re now redeemed.”

There it was.

Alex collapsed and slumped against Nick’s chest, feeling like the fires of hell might surround him and swallow him up, should he ever try to rearrange himself. He was utterly, completely spent.

XxX

Alex sprung back to life as soon as his hands were freed and the collar removed from his throat. He was suddenly kneeling in the middle of the bed, eyeing Nick, Matt and Jamie hesitantly, and with a hint of intimidation as well as anticipation. He was waiting for them to tell him what to do next, expecting the orders and commands to hail down over him.

But they didn’t.

“It’s time for your reward, babeh,” Matt said gently, sensing Alex’s caution, “I see that we have disciplined you well enough for now. Since you’ve taken your punishment, it’s time for you to tell us what you would like from us.”

“I’m – I’m getting rewarded now?” Alex double-checked, swallowing hard.

“Yes, you are,” Jamie smiled, approaching him flirtatiously, “so go on, babeh – what do you want?”

Alex felt his cheeks go red just thinking about the things that he wanted to do next. But starting out innocently, he merely looked at Jamie with his big, puppy-dog eyes that were supposedly impossible to resist.

“Can I – can I get a kiss now?” He begged pitifully, but it worked. They couldn’t say no to his
Of course you can, love. Come here.”

He and Jamie ended up in a tight embrace on top of the bed, Alex’s hands on Jamie’s shoulders and Jamie’s hands around Alex’s waist. They were soon snogging each other’s faces off, sighing and moaning into open mouths, biting at each other, tongues teasing and intertwining, dueling for dominance. When Jamie pushed Alex backwards, forcing him to land on his back, Alex whimpered at the sting of his bum hitting the mattress. As Jamie flattened himself down on top of him, he shushed and soothed the smaller man, kissing his torments away.

“Is this what you wanted, sweetheart?” He whispered into Alex’s ear, making the other shiver with delight.

“Yes,” Alex hissed, arching his back as he could feel Jamie’s fingers travelling down his body, tickling his skin.

“Is it all you wanted?” Jamie grunted, holding him even closer.

“I want,” Alex sighed and heaved, “I want somebody to fuck me.”

And that was how their passionate snogging soon turned into a full orgy. Catching the cue to join in, Matt took a hold of Nick’s hand and pressed a kiss to the bigger man’s lips.

“Come on, handsome,” he grinned, “let’s join the party, eh?”

Alex couldn’t even remember the order in which it all happened. He was fucked by Jamie, that much he knew. He was also fucked by Nick, who decided to go wild on him and rearrange his guts completely. After that, he found himself in Matt’s lap, riding him vigorously, like he couldn’t get enough. In this upright position, Jamie began to hold on to him again, kissing him grinningly as he reached down to stroke Alex’s erection, which had been ignored for way too long. Alex came all over Matt’s belly in almost no time. Jamie laughed at that, tonguing Alex deeply before licking some of the semen from Matt’s skin, swallowing greedily.

“Jameh, you fucking pervert,” Matt smirked, driving himself hard into Alex, making the skinny body bounce on top of him.

“You’ll love it,” Jamie smiled wickedly, wiping some more cum off with his finger, after which he inserted his finger into Matt’s hot mouth. “It tastes like little drops of heaven.”

“Mm, that it does,” Matt hummed, grimacing as he thrusted upwards even harder, hitting Alex’s prostate forcefully. “I’m so close, babeh.”

The fucking went on for ages, leaving everybody crushed with exhaustion. At one point, Nick had started fucking Alex again, with Alex kneeling down on all fours on the very edge of the bed. Then Jamie knelt down in a similar manner, facing Alex as Matt moved behind him and started to fuck him, too. Getting fucked hard together, Alex and Jamie were able to lean in and reach for each other, meeting in the middle of the bed. Kissing each other with wild euphoria, Alex cried and moaned when Nick slapped his aching butt and pounded him harder, shoving his face closer towards Jamie’s. Matt copied Nick’s moves, smacking himself against Jamie as hard as he could, penetrating the blond man deeply. Though Alex and Jamie trembled and were ready to collapse into a pile of whining and convulsing, they kept carrying their own weights, finding the extra strength in their shared kisses.

Looking into Jamie’s eyes while Nick impaled him firmly and brutally, Alex panted and whispered:
“Did you miss me while I was gone?”

Jamie’s forehead was bathed in sweat and his cheeks were redder than Alex had ever seen them.

“Yeah, Alex, we really did,” he chuckled, purring as Matt hit just the right spot, “it’s never – uh! – the same – without you.”

Pressing their lips together one final time before breaking apart, Alex cried and arched his back when Nick ejaculated inside him with one last smack. Then, Jamie was pulled backwards and held close by Matt as he delivered a final round of thrusts before climaxing with a feral roar.

Everybody laid gasping and wheezing, trying to catch their breaths collectively. After everything that had just happened, Alex was finally put at his ease and he was able to rest his head, knowing that he had finally been welcomed back home.

XxX

As they fell asleep together that night, Alex was nestled in between his boyfriends, feeling their arms wrapped around him protectively. He slept better than he had at any point during the tour, truly feeling that warmth from affections that were the entire reason for the smile on his face.

However, later that night, Alex started to toss and turn with disturbance under the covers.

In his dreams, he suddenly found himself tied to the headboard of a large king size bed that wasn’t his own. Yanking and struggling against his restraints, Alex could feel his heart racing. He had no idea how he had gotten himself into this situation and equally, he had no idea how to escape. Then a door opened. Looking up to face his captor, Alex’s eyes went wide with surprise: Miles was entering the imaginary room with a big grin on his face. As he started walking towards him imposingly, Alex could see that Miles was topless and only wearing a pair of tight, red leather trousers. He wore an erection which was making the trousers bulge at the crotch… Alex twisted and started to fight harder, but to no avail. He was stuck, very much against his own will. Miles saw his struggles and laughed loudly.

“Stubborn as always, I see,” Miles smirked, wearing that look that said ‘I’m going to fuck you silly, Alex, and you are not going to stop me’, and he continued: “why don’t you just stop resisting, Al? We both know you want this.”

No – no, he didn’t! Of course he didn’t! Not for real, anyway…

Alex kicked and threw his head back.

“Go away, Miles,” he cried, all panic-stricken, “I’m not supposed to be thinking about this, I – I can’t be thinking about you – or us! Not like this! You’ve caused me enough problems as it is.”

But Miles leant in, hovering above his face, loving Alex’s weak protests.

“You can’t even convince yourself, can you, Alex?” He laughed, pressing a finger down to Alex’s lips, hushing him. “You loved it when I kissed you and now you want me to do it again.”

No!
“Stop it,” Alex pleaded, hating how he couldn’t even be certain if he meant it or not, “go away! It’s over, Miles, I’ve made my decision. We can’t fool around like this – it’s not right!”

Alex started to whimper loudly in his sleep, accidentally kicking Jamie’s leg, waking up the blond man.

“Alex?” Jamie grunted, blinking his eyes open. “Alex, you’re having a bad dream! Relax.”

Alex continued to roll over, restless, moaning like he was fighting some illusory monstrosity. Jamie shook him by the shoulder, laughing quietly. Finally, Alex seemed to snap out of it. As the smaller man returned to a silent, peaceful sleep, Jamie reached for his phone, checking the time. It was just about 4am.

Then he had an idea.

Holding his phone up and snapping a picture of Alex as he was sleeping with Matt’s arm draped over him like a blanket, Jamie was feeling particularly cheeky. Almost as though he knew what Alex’s nightmare had been about, Jamie searched for Miles’s number on his phone. Hesitating only for a moment, Jamie giggled as he sent the picture of Alex to Miles with the caption reading:

‘He belongs to us, Kane.’

However, as he started to feel unnecessarily mean, Jamie thought it over and added an additional text message, saying:

‘Still – thanks for looking after him all summer. Appreciate it, mate.’

Putting his phone away, Jamie made himself comfortable and pulled the covers up to his chin, closing his eyes now that everybody had achieved their peace of mind. Finally, they all slept soundly, together again.

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